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ROUTLEDGE'S
EVERY BOY'S ANNUAL.

ADVENTURES IN AFRICA.



IN AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

EVERY BOY'S ANNUAL.

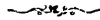
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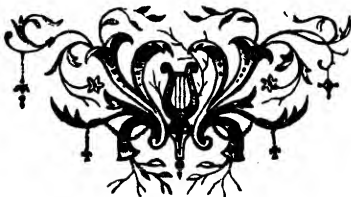
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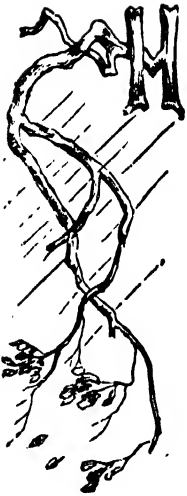


ADVENTURES IN AFRICA.

BY AN AFRICAN IVORY TRADER.

EDITED BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER I.



OW many more days, Jan, will it be before we get across this abominable desert?" I asked of our black guide, as we trudged along, he leading our sole remaining ox, while my uncle, Mr. Roger Farley, and I led our two horses laden with the remnants of our property.

"May be ten day, may be two ten," answered Jan Jigger, whose knowledge of numerals was somewhat limited.

I gave a groan, for I was footsore and weary, and expected to have had a more satisfactory answer. We were making our way over a light-coloured soft sand, sprinkled in some places with tall grass, rising in tufts, with bare spots between them. In other parts were various creeping plants, and also—though I called the region a desert—there were extensive patches of bushes, above which here and there rose clumps of trees of considerable height. This large amount of vegetation, however, managed to exist without streams or pools, and for miles and miles together we had met with no water to quench our own thirst or that of our weary beasts. My uncle was engaged in the adventurous and not unprofitable occupation of trading with the natives in the interior of Africa. He had come down south some months before to dispose of the produce of his industry at Graham's town, where I had joined him, having been sent for from England. After purchasing a fresh supply of goods, arms,

powder, and shot, and giving a thorough repair to his waggons, he had again set off northward for the neighbourhood of lake Ngami where he was to meet his partner, Mr. Welbourn, who had with him his son Harry, with whom I had been at school, and who was about my own age. We had, beyond the borders of the colony, been attacked by a party of savages, instigated by the Boers, two or three of whom indeed led them. They had deprived us of our cattle and men, we having escaped with a small portion only of our goods, two of our horses, a single ox and our one faithful Bechuana. To get away from our enemies we had taken a route not unusually followed across the Kalahari desert. We were aware of the dangers and difficulties to be encountered, but the road was much shorter than round either to the east or west; and though we knew that wild animals abounded, including elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, leopards, and hyænas, yet we believed that we should be able to contend with them, and that we should not be impeded by human savages. Day after day we trudged forward. The only water we could obtain was by digging into certain depressions in the ground which our guide pointed out, when, having scraped out the sand with the single spade we possessed and our hands, we arrived at a hard stratum, beyond which he advised us not to go. In a short time the water began to flow in slowly, increasing by degrees until we had enough for ourselves and our cattle.

We had now, however, been travelling sixty miles or more, without finding one of these water-holes; and though we had still a small quantity of the precious liquid for ourselves, our poor horses and ox had

begun to suffer greatly. Still Jan urged us to go forward.

"Water come soon, water come soon!" he continued saying, keeping his eye ranging about in every direction in search of the expected hole.

Trusting to Jan's assurances, thirst compelled us to consume the last drop of our water. Still, hour after hour went by, and we reached no place at which we could replenish it. Our sufferings became terrible. My throat felt as if seared by a hot iron.

Often I had talked of being thirsty, but I had never before known what thirst really was. My uncle, I had no doubt, was suffering as much as I was, but his endurance was wonderful.

We had seen numbers of elands sporting round us in every direction, but as soon as we approached them, off they bounded.

"Surely those deer do not live without water; it cannot be far away," I observed.

"They are able to pass days and weeks without tasting any," said my uncle. "They



can besides quickly cover thirty or forty miles of ground if they wish to reach it. We must try to shoot one of them for supper, which may give us both meat and drink. See, in the wood yonder we can leave our horses and the ox under Jan's care, and you and I will try to stalk one of the animals."

On reaching the wood, my uncle and I, with our guns in our hands, took a direction which would lead us to leeward of the herd, so that we might not be scented as we approached.

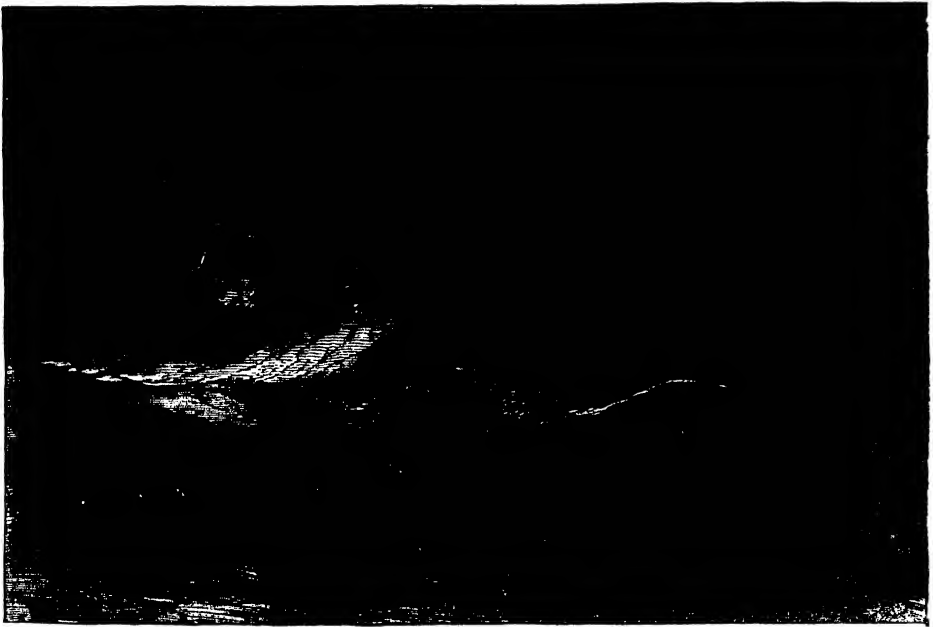
By creeping along under the shelter of some low bushes as we neared them, the elands did not see us. Hunger and thirst made us unusually cautious and anxious to

kill one. My uncle told me to reserve my fire, in case he should fail to bring the eland down; but as he was a much better shot than I was, I feared that, should he miss, I also should fail. Presently I saw him rise from among the grass. Lifting his rifle to his shoulder he fired; the eland gave a bound, but alighting on its feet was scampering off, when I eagerly raised my rifle and pulled the trigger. As the smoke cleared off, to my infinite delight I saw the eland struggling on the grass. We both rushed forward, and my uncle's knife quickly deprived it of life. It was a magnificent animal, as big as an ox, being the largest of the South African antelopes.

On opening its stomach we discovered

water, which, on being allowed to cool, was sufficiently pure to quench our burning thirst. We secured a portion of it for Jan, and loading ourselves with as much meat as we could carry, we returned to where we had left him. A fire was soon lighted, and we lost no time in cooking a portion of the flesh. With our thirst partially relieved we were able to eat. We had made our fire at some distance from the shrubs for fear of

igniting them, while we tethered our horses and ox among the longest grass we could find. In that dry region no shelter was required at night, so we lay down to sleep among our bales, with our saddles for pillows, and our rifles by our sides. I had been sleeping soundly, dreaming of purling streams and babbling fountains, when I awoke to find my throat as dry and parched as ever. Hoping to find a few drops of



water in my bottle, I sat up to reach for it ; when, as I looked across the fire, what was my dismay to see a large tiger-like animal stealthily approaching, and tiger I fully believed it to be. On it came, exhibiting a pair of round bright shining eyes. I expected every moment to see it spring upon us. I was afraid that by crying out I might only hasten its movements, so I felt for my rifle and, presenting at the creature's head, shouted—

“A tiger, uncle ; a tiger, Jan !”

“A tiger !” exclaimed my uncle springing up in a moment. “That's not a tiger, it's a leopard, but if pressed by hunger may prove as ugly a customer. Don't fire until

I tell you, for if wounded it will become dangerous.”

All this time the leopard was crawling on, though it must have heard the sound of our voices ; perhaps the glare of the fire in its eyes prevented it from seeing us, for it still cautiously approached. I saw my uncle lift his rifle ; he fired, but though his bullet struck the creature, instead of falling as I expected, it gave a bound and the next instant would have been upon us. Now was my time. As it rose, I fired, and my bullet must have gone through its heart, for over it rolled without a struggle, perfectly dead.

“Bravo ! Fred,” exclaimed my uncle.

"This is the second time within a few hours your rifle has done good service. You'll become a first-rate hunter if you go on as you've begun. How that leopard came here it's difficult to say, unless it was driven from the hills, and has been wandering over the desert in search of prey; those creatures generally inhabit a high woody country."

Jan exhibited great delight at our victory, and having made up the fire, we spent some time in skinning the beast. Its fur was of great beauty, and although it would add to the load of our ox, we agreed to carry it with us, as it would be a welcome present to any chief who might render us assistance.

Having flayed the animal and pegged down the skin, we returned to our beds, hoping to finish the night without interruption. As soon as there was light sufficient to enable us to see our way, we pushed forward, earnestly praying that before the sun was high in the heavens, we might fall in with water. Notwithstanding that Jan repeatedly exclaimed, "Find water soon! Find water soon!" not a sign of it could we see. A glare from a cloudy sky was shed over the whole scene; clumps of trees and bushes looking so exactly alike, that after travelling several miles, we might have fancied that we had made no progress. At length, even the trees and bushes became scarcer, and what looked like a veritable desert appeared before us.

I had gone on a short distance ahead, when to my delight I saw in front a large lake, in the centre of which the waves were dancing and sparkling in the sunlight, the shadows of the trees being vividly reflected on the mirror-like surface near the shores, while beyond I saw what I took to be a herd of elephants flapping their ears and intertwining their trunks.

"Water, water!" I shouted; "we shall soon quench our thirst. We must take care to avoid those elephants, however," I added, pointing them out to my uncle. "It would be a fearful thing to be charged by them."

The horses and ox lifted up their heads and pressed forward. Jan, to my surprise,

said nothing, though I knew he was suffering as well as my uncle and I were. I was rushing eagerly forward, when suddenly a haze which hung over the spot, broke and dispelled the illusion. A vast salt-pan lay before us. It was covered with an effervescence of lime, which had produced the deceptive appearance. Our spirits sank lower than ever. To avoid the salt-pan, we turned to the right, so as to skirt its eastern side. The seeming elephants proved to be zebras, which scampered off out of reach. We now began to fear that our horses would give in, and that we should have to push forward with our ox alone, abandoning everything it could not carry. Still my uncle cried "Forward!" Jan had evidently mistaken the road, and passed the spot where he had expected to find water. Still he observed that we need have no fear of pursuing our course. Evening was approaching and we must again camp: without water we could scarcely expect to get through the night.

Presently Jan, looking out ahead, darted forward and stopped at where a small plant grew with linear leaves and a stalk not thicker than a crow's quill. Instantly taking a spade fastened to the back of the ox, he began eagerly digging away; and after he had got down to the depth of a foot, he displayed to us a tuber, the size of an enormous turnip. On removing the rind, he cut it open with his axe, and showed us a mass of cellular tissue filled up with a juicy substance which he handed to us, and applying a piece to his own mouth ate eagerly away at it. We imitated his example, and were almost immediately much refreshed. We found several other plants of the same sort, and digging up the roots gave them to the horses and ox, who crunched them up with infinite satisfaction.

Our thirst was relieved in a way I could scarcely have supposed possible. The animals too, trudged forward with far lighter steps than before. Relieved of our thirst and in the hopes of finding either water or more tubers next morning, we lay down thankful that we had escaped the fearful

danger we had apprehended. As we advanced we looked out anxiously for the tuber-bearing plants, but not one could we see. I had gone on some little distance ahead, when I caught sight of a round object some way off which, as the rays of sun fell on it, appeared of scarlet hue. I ran towards it, when I saw what looked like a small oblong red melon.

"Here's something worth having!" I exclaimed, cutting into it with my knife. When I applied it to my mouth, to my disappointment I found that, although juicy in the extreme, it was perfectly bitter. I threw it down in disgust. Jan soon afterwards, on coming near, said:

"Dis no good, but find oders presently!"

Hurrying along, he struck one after another, and quickly handed me one perfectly sweet; when he collected many more, with which we returned to where my uncle had halted with the animals.

The fruit was far more gratifying to the taste than the tubers. We allowed the animals to eat as many as they wished, and, loading them with a supply in case we should fail to find others further on, we continued our journey.

Those melons lasted us another whole day and a night, and afforded the only liquid which passed our mouths. As we were on foot our view over the level desert was limited.

I was walking alongside my uncle discussing our future plans, having begun to hope that, in spite of the difficulties we had to contend against, we should get through, when I saw some objects moving rapidly in the distance. They were coming towards us.

"They are ostriches!" cried my uncle; "we must try and kill a few to obtain their plumes."

We halted, and remained perfectly still, hoping that the birds might approach us. Now they ran as fleet as a race-horse, now they stopped and went circling round. Two or three odd-looking birds, as they seemed, were moving at a much slower rate.

"Those Bosjeemen!" cried Jan.

We at length saw that the latter were human beings, their legs covered with white pigment and carrying the head and feathers of an ostrich on their backs, while each had in his hand a bow and a number of arrows. Presently they cautiously approached the ostriches to leeward, stopping every now and then and pretending to be feeding. The ostriches would look at the strange birds, but, not suspecting danger, allowed them to approach. One of the Bosjeemen then shot an arrow, when the wounded bird and his companions ran off; the former, however, quickly dropped, when the other birds stopped to see what was the matter, and thus allowed their enemy to draw near enough to shoot another arrow.

In this way three little yellow-skinned fellows each shot, in a short time, four magnificent ostriches. They had seen us in the distance, but instead of running away, as we feared they would do, one of them, guessing we were traders, came forward to bargain for the sale of the feathers, and Jan acting as interpreter, my uncle expressed a willingness to trade. The Bosjeemen then produced a number of reeds, scarcely the thickness of my little finger. Having plucked off the feathers, they pushed them into the reeds; and, thus preserved, the feathers were fit to travel any distance without being spoilt.

It was late by the time the whole operation was performed, and we had given the articles they had agreed to take in exchange. As the reeds weighed but little, the loads were considerably lightened.

Jan now explained to our new friends that they would be further rewarded if they would conduct us to water. They at once agreed to do so, and one of them, hurrying away to a spot at a distance where they had left their travelling equipage, returned with a dozen ostriches' eggs in a net at his back; he then made a sign to us to follow him, while his companions remained with the ostriches they had shot. Sooner than we expected he reached a hole, into which he rapidly dug with his hand; then, in-

serting a long reed, he began to suck away with might and main. In a short time the water flowed, and was led down by another reed into a hole at the end of an ostrich egg, which was soon filled with water. As we had a leathern bucket we were enabled to give our animals a drink, though we could not allow them as much as they would have liked.

The Bosjeeman then, refilling the eggshells, returned with us to where we had left his companions. We found that they had built themselves a hut, if so it could be called, in a thick mimosa bush, by bending the boughs so as to form a roof, covered by reeds lightly fastened together. The inside was lined with dried leaves, grass, and the coarser feathers of the ostrich. When they



saw that we were encamped, the three hunters lighted a fire and sat themselves down before it to enjoy a sumptuous repast of ostrich flesh. Though unattractive in appearance, they were honest little fellows, and we slept in perfect security, knowing that they would give us timely notice of the approach of an enemy.

Jan assured us that we might trust them, as it was a high mark of confidence on their part to show us where we could procure water, for they are always careful

to hide such spots from those they think unfriendly.

They accompanied us the following day, and led us to a pool, the only one we had met with while crossing the desert. Probably in many seasons that also would have been empty. Here our animals got as much water as they could drink, and we filled our water-bottles. We then parted from our yellow friends, who said that, as they were ignorant of the country to the northward, they could not venture farther.

Trusting to Jan's sagacity to find water, we proceeded in good spirits.

We had hoped to trade largely with the natives, but as we had lost the greater part of our goods, we should have to depend upon our own exertions to obtain the ivory and skins which would repay us for the difficulties and dangers of our journey. We had fortunately saved the greater part of our ammunition, which would enable us to hunt for some months to come.

Of course we knew Mr. Welbourn would be much disappointed at seeing us arrive with so slender an equivalent for the skins and ivory my uncle had taken south, instead of the waggon full of goods which he had expected.

"He is a sensible, good-natured fellow, and will know that it was from no fault of ours we were plundered," observed my uncle. "We shall still do well, and shall probably encounter more adventures than



we should have met with had we confined ourselves to simple trading with the natives. I should, however, have preferred that to undergoing the fatigues of hunting; besides which we might the sooner have returned with our cargo of ivory to the coast."

Several more days passed by during which we came to three spots where we were able to obtain a sufficient amount of water to satisfy ourselves and our thirsty animals. Sometimes for miles together not a drop could be procured, and had it not been for the tubers, and the little red mellons I have described, the horses and our patient ox must have perished. At length the sheen of water in the bright sunlight was seen in the distance. This

time we were convinced that it was not a mirage. We pushed forward, hoping that our sufferings from thirst were at an end. Trees of greater height than any we had yet met with since leaving the colony fringed the banks of a fine river. On examining the current we found that it was flowing to the north-east, and we therefore hoped that by following it up we should reach the lake for which we were bound. Our black guide, however, advised that we should cross the river, which was here fordable, and by steering north, considerably shorten the journey. On wading through the water we looked out sharply for crocodiles and hippopotami, lest one of those fresh-water monsters should venture to

attack us ; we got over, however, without accident. Having allowed our animals to drink their fill of water, and replenished our bottles, we encamped for the night under a magnificent *baobab* tree with a trunk seventy feet in girth as high as we could reach, while our animals found an abundance of rich grass on which to satisfy their hunger.

What pigmies we felt as we stood beneath that giant tree. An army might have found shelter from the sun under its wide-spreading boughs. We thought the spot a perfect paradise after our long journey across the plain.

We had not long been seated round our camp-fire, when Jan made a dart at his foot and caught a fly which had settled on it ; and, exhibiting it to my uncle, exclaimed—

“No good, no good !”

It was of a brownish colour with three yellow bars across the body, and scarcely larger than a common house-fly. We soon saw others buzzing about in considerable numbers.

I asked Jan what he meant.

“Das de *tsetse* : when bite horse or ox den dey die,” he answered.

As, however, neither my uncle nor I felt any ill effects from the bites of the flies, we thought that Jan must be mistaken, and at all events it was now too late to shift our encampment. We therefore, having made up a blazing fire to scare off any wild beasts, lay down to sleep, without thinking more of the flies, which did not cause us any annoyance.

The next morning we saw some of the creatures on the legs of our horses and the ox ; but we soon brushed them away, and, loading up, we continued our journey. They went on as usual. Jan, however, looked much disconcerted, and I saw him continually brushing off the flies.

“No good, no good !” he said, “hope soon get through, for de horses not go far.”

I asked my uncle what Jan meant. He replied that he had often heard of the *tsetse* fly, but never having passed through

a country infested by it, he was disinclined to believe the stories told of the deadly effects of its bite on cattle and horses.

CHAPTER II.

WE soon passed through the *tsetse* district, which was not more than a couple of miles wide, and, as our animals showed no appearance of suffering, we hoped that they had escaped injury.

We had determined to encamp early in the day near a pool fed by a rivulet which fell into the main stream, in order that we might shoot some game for our supper. Leaving Jan in charge of the camp, my uncle and I set off, believing that we could easily find our way back to the fire. We had gone some distance when we caught sight of a herd of antelopes. In order that we might have a better chance of killing one of them, my uncle told me to make a wide circuit, keeping to leeward of the deer towards a clump of trees, whence I might be able to get a favourable shot, while he lay down concealed by the brushwood near where we then were.

Taking advantage of all the bushes and trunks of trees on the way, I approached the antelopes without disturbing them. Looking out from the cover I had gained, I watched the beautiful creatures, hoping that one of them would come within range of my rifle. It was tantalising to see them feeding so quietly just out of my reach. Still, though I might not get a shot, I hoped that they might go off towards where my uncle was lying hid. Presently, however, they bounded towards me ; and, thinking it possible that they might again turn, I fired at one of the leading animals, which, notwithstanding its wound, still went on, though at slackened speed. Instead of reloading, as I ought to have done, I dashed forward to secure it. Scarcely, however, had I left my cover than what was my surprise, and I must confess my dismay, to see a huge lion ! Should I attempt to escape by flight, the savage

brute would, I knew, follow me. I fixed my eyes as steadily as I could upon him, while I attempted to reload. At the same time I knew that, even should I fire, I might only wound him, when he would become more fierce. There were trees near, up which it was possible I might climb should he give me time, but it was not likely that he would do that. I won-

dered that he did not pursue the antelope; but probably he had lately had his dinner, or he certainly would have done so. I continued loading, he lashing his tail and roaring furiously. I expected every moment that he would spring upon me. To escape by any other way than by shooting him dead seemed impossible.

I finished loading, and brought my gun



up ready to fire. Should I miss or only wound him, he would be upon me in a moment. I had hitherto remained quite silent, but it occurred to me that if I should shout loudly enough my uncle would hear my cry for help. I thought, too, that I might scare the lion." When once I had made up my mind to shout, I did so with might and main.

I was answered by a distant "hollo!" by which I knew that my uncle was still a long way off. He would, however, understand that I was in danger, and come to my assistance; or, if too late to help me, would provide for his own safety.

The lion seemed as undecided how to act as I was. As I shouted he roared, and again lashed his tail, but did not advance a step. This gave me courage; but, although the monarch of the forest did not appear in a combative mood, I felt very sure that, should I wound him, his rage would be excited. I dared not for a moment withdraw my eye from him, and thus we stood regarding each other. To me it seemed a prodigiously long time. At last he seemed to lose patience, for his roars became more frequent and louder and louder, and he lashed his tail more furiously. I raised my rifle to my shoulder.

He came on at a cat-like pace, evidently ignorant of the power of the weapon I held in my hands. In another instant he would spring at me. I pulled the trigger. To my horror, the cap failed to ignite the powder. I saw the monstrous brute in the act of springing, but at the same moment I heard the crack of a rifle close to me; the next, a tremendous roar rent the air. I was felled to the earth, and felt myself weighed down by a vast body, unable to breathe or move. It was some time before I came to myself, when, looking up, I saw my uncle kneeling by my side.

"The lion very nearly did for you, Fred," he said; "but cheer up, lad. I don't think you're mortally hurt, though you've had a narrow squeak for it. Had your gun not missed fire, you might have shot the lion yourself. Here he lies, and there's the springbok."

While my uncle was talking, he was examining my hurts. The lion had given me a fearful blow with his paw, and had injured one of my shoulders. It was a wonder indeed that he did not kill me.

"We must get you to the camp somehow," said my uncle; "I cannot leave you here while I bring the ox, so the sooner we set off the better."

Taking me up in his arms, he began to stagger on with me; but, though he was a strong man, I was no slight weight, and he had great difficulty in getting along. I asked him to let me walk, as I thought that I could do so with his support. When I tried, however, I found that I could not move one foot before the other. As we got within hail of the camp he shouted to Jan to come and help him; and together they carried me along the remainder of the distance.

"Now that we have you safe here, though I am unwilling to leave you, I must go back and fetch the antelope, for we cannot do without food," he said.

Telling Jan to collect materials for building a hut, as it was evident that I should be unable to move for some time,

and also charging him to keep an eye on me, he started off.

I felt a great deal of pain, but I retained my senses, and tried to divert my thoughts by watching Jan, who was busily employed in cutting long sticks and branches for the hut.

It seemed to me that my uncle had been gone for more than an hour, and I began to fear that some accident might have happened to him. Where there was one lion it was probable that there were others, and they might revenge themselves on the slayer of their relative.

Jan, however, kept working away as if satisfied that all was right, now and then taking a look at me, and throwing a few sticks on the fire to get it to burn brightly. He then began to prepare for roasting the expected venison by placing some uprights, with cross pieces to serve as spits, close to the fire.

"Hurrah! here am de Cap'n!" he at length shouted, such being the title he usually bestowed on my uncle. "He bring springbok, an' someting else, too."

I felt greatly relieved when I saw my uncle throw down his heavy load, consisting not only of the antelope which I had shot, but of the lion's skin.

"I brought this," he said, "to make a bed for you. You want it, though it is not fit at present to serve the purpose."

I thanked him for his offer, but declared that I would rather just then be left where I was, as any movement pained me.

Jan lost no time in cutting off some pieces of venison, and placing them to roast. My uncle also put on a pot with a small portion to make some soup, which he said would suit me better than the roast. Hungry as I was, though I tried to eat some of the latter as soon as Jan declared it sufficiently done, I could not manage to get it down. My thirst became excessive, and it was fortunate that we were near water, or I believe I should otherwise have died.

The hut was soon finished, and some leaves and grass placed in it for me to

lie upon. The soup did me some good, but I suffered so much pain that I could scarcely sleep all the night, and in the morning was in so fevered a condition, that I was utterly unfit to travel. I was very sorry to delay my uncle, but it could not be helped, and he bore the detention with his usual good temper. Nothing could exceed his kindness. He sat by my side

for hours together ; he dressed my wounds whenever he thought it necessary, and indeed tended me with the greatest care.

Day after day, however, went by, and I still remained in the same helpless state. He would not have left me for a moment, I believe, but it was necessary to go out and procure more game.

Jan had undertaken to scrape and prepare



the lion's skin. He was thus employed near the stream at a little distance from the camp when I was startled by hearing a loud snort ; and, looking up, what was my horror to see him rushing along, with a huge hippopotamus following him ! In another minute I expected to see him seized by its formidable jaws and trampled to death, and then I thought that the savage brute would make at me. In vain I attempted to rise and get my gun, but my uncle, when he went out, had forgotten to place it near me. I tried to cry out and frighten the brute, but I could not raise my voice sufficiently high. Poor Jan

shrieked loud enough, but his cries had no effect on the monster. He was making for a tree, up which he might possibly have climbed, when his feet slipped, and over he rolled on the ground. He was now perfectly helpless, and in a few minutes the hippopotamus would trample him to death. It seemed as if all hope was gone ; but, at the very instant that I thought poor Jan's death was certain, my uncle suddenly appeared, when, aiming behind the ear of the hippopotamus, he fired, and the monster fell. Jan narrowly escaped being crushed, which he would have been had he not by a violent effort rolled out of the way

(To be continued.)

ASCENTS AND ADVENTURES;

A RECORD OF

HARDY MOUNTAINEERING IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

BY HENRY FRITH.

Author of "The Adventures of an Engine Driver," &c., &c.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.



GREAT many years ago, when I was a little boy, I lived in Dublin. Anyone who knows that city on the Anna Liffey knows — or should know — the appearance of the Three-Rock Mountain overlooking the picturesque village of Dundrum. This hill is one of the Dublin Range, and is easily distinguished by the three masses of rock with which it is crowned.

My ambition at twelve years of age was to climb this mountain alone and unaided. It rises slopingly, and the

base is about five miles or so from the outskirts of the Irish capital. One fine morning, during holiday-time, I started off, and with only some bread-and-butter in my pocket, I began my journey. I had then only lately been presented with a silver hunting-watch, and wore it proudly; but this excellent timekeeper gave me much uneasiness during the day.

The road was lonely, and before I reached the base of the mountain, I was the sole occupant of the country road. As I plodded on I encountered a sturdy Irish tramp, a young man about sixteen years old, who asked me for alms, and "the time o'day av I plazed." I refused the former,

but complied with the latter request, foolishly consulting my watch to confirm my estimate of the hour of the day. The eyes of the tramp glistened; at least I suppose they glistened, for, to be candid, I don't think I remarked upon that circumstance at the time, but I noticed that he approached cautiously towards me. I, half fearing, moved onwards, and just then a man approached across the field adjacent. I hurried on, and, without seeing any more of the tramp, managed to ascend the mountain, and, amongst the granite boulders, ate my luncheon ravenously.

I was still in the enjoyment of some crust, when I heard the noise of a falling stone, and, looking up, beheld, at a short distance from me, the juvenile tramp, evidently looking for me — *and* my watch! I had so far escaped his observation, and his stone-throwing was, I believe, aimless; but I was the object of his search, no doubt. Stooping, I crept round the largest of the boulders, and wedged myself tightly within the aperture overhung by a great slab which effectually concealed me.

The boy came quietly along, and passed close to me. My heart beat loudly; I was terribly frightened. All alone on the mountain, my parents probably quite ignorant of my whereabouts, I fancied all kinds of horrors, amongst which robbery was as nothing. After a time, however, the tramp gave up the search, and I saw him descending, looking about him as he went. I did not venture to stir until I saw him trudging along the high road far below me, and then I left my hiding-place as the rain-clouds

came up from the County Wicklow and pursued me home.

That was my very first adventure on a mountain. I have had some since in other mountains, but I don't think I have ever been so alarmed as I was then.

As I returned that afternoon, I declared to myself that I would never venture up another mountain—a resolution, I am thankful to say, I had not sufficient decision of character to abide by; for I have been up many mountains since, and tumbled down one at least.

But I also wondered what was the use of mountains. What good did they do? where were they first piled up? did they grow, or were they shot up by earthquakes as islands are? These were some of the questions I, as a boy, and afterwards, asked; and as perhaps some other boys would like to know something about mountains before they (the boys, I mean) accompany me up, a few on paper, I will briefly enumerate some of the uses of our “everlasting hills.”

My own first enquiry was met with the reply that the mountains were “for fellows to get a view from,” a maxim lately adapted to mean that mountains were made to be climbed by Alpine Clubmen. But there are other and even more elevated uses than this. Mountains give us rivers and replenish them; they afford a resting-place to animals which would otherwise be destroyed; they affect our climate and shelter us from winds; and we should have no lakes nor springs without our mountains. When we carry all these facts to their consequences, we see how useful mountains are.

The great use of mountains is to distribute and collect water for our benefit. The vapours strike the lofty peaks and being condensed, descend as rain or snow. The windward side may therefore enjoy a very wet climate, the farther side a dry one. Snow lies and will not melt above a certain altitude.

But the origin of mountains is a very deep, or shall we rather say lofty question. And it is not a question of how the heavens

and the earth were made—about that there can be no question—but we may enquire about the structure of the earth, and how the gigantic forms which we see towering thousands of feet into the air, assumed those shapes and became so elevated above the surface of our globe. The proper study of geology should lead our minds to the grandeur of Nature, and a true admiration and reverence for the Almighty Power, which was in existence “before the Mountains were brought forth.”

There are two theories advanced respecting the origin of mountains: up-heaval,—or those produced from the crust of the earth by the action of hidden fire,—and the theory of *erosion* by glacier action. I have used the term “crust of the earth,” but it will be as well to say what that crust is, for, like other “crusts,” it has been repeatedly broken.

The earth's crust is composed of rocks, and these are divided into two kinds, viz., the “Unstratified” or Plutonic, and the “Stratified” or Sedimentary. The former lie lowest,—unless they have been upheaved by fire,—and at some time or other, some number of thousands of years before man appeared on the globe, were in a fused or melted condition; and when in process of time they became cooler they formed granite, serpentine and other hard rocks, which thus became the *first* “crust of the earth.” Such rocks form the mountains in North Wales, Scotland and Cumberland, which are therefore the oldest in the world.

No remains of animals have been found amidst this crust; so we may conclude that at that remote period the “earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.”

The Sedimentary rocks, as their name denotes, are deposited rocks, and, lying in strata, take certain forms and are given certain names, and are found to contain animal and vegetable remains. These stratified rocks are divided into ten “formations” each consisting of a number of “layers,” every layer to the geologist indicating a different period in the existence

The travellers started at noon on the 22nd of June, rather a different hour from that now generally adopted, and apparently climbed up the (now) well-trodden Mont-Anvert, and got down upon the Mer de Glace. What Columbus was to geographers Messrs. Windham and Pococke must have been to Alpine climbers. They went upon the ice and noticed the "cracks"—we call them *crevasses* now-a-days in our civilization—they walked with poles having sharp points at the end, though it does not appear they burned the name of the place upon them.

These gentlemen returned safely, and spread abroad their adventure. Although they encountered no difficulties nor ran any risks, they succeeded in initiating the taste for Alpine excursions, which had so far developed in 1786 that hotels were established, and these were "hardly able to contain the crowd of strangers" who came thither "from all parts of the globe" (De Saussure).

Even De Saussure appears at one time to have looked upon Mont Blanc as inaccessible, and although certain enterprising guides or peasants of Le Prieuré ventured upon the snow slopes to a considerable height, the great philosopher himself did not attempt the ascent. And so Mont Blanc remained unconquered, rearing its haughty head above the valley, and sending down avalanches to dare mortals to attack it on its own ground.

But De Saussure was not to be humbled by any mountain, and on the 13th of September, 1785, his party started to do their utmost. A small hut had been erected in anticipation of their arrival at the Aiguille de Gouté. It was not a commodious house at that elevation, nor was it altogether free from draughts. Some of the party complained of sickness, but De Saussure himself was charmed by the scene. However, fortune did not smile upon this brave attempt. We think it sometimes rash and foolish, now, for comparatively experienced climbers to try to scale an unknown peak, but these men were almost entirely new at the work. They

were impelled by love of science, and no daily papers told their exploits, or cannon thundered at their ultimate expense outside the *Hôtel de Londres* which even then existed.

The dawn of success was now rapidly approaching, and De Saussure began to "see his way" to the summit. He told Balmat, Couttet, and another, to investigate the state of the snow. They accordingly ascended, and after a terrible climb they managed to reach the Dome, and actually met other guides who had ascended in another direction.

Amongst that party of explorers was a native of the valley and a man not on good terms with the others. He had joined himself to the exploring party, and in spite of all hints and menaces to the contrary notwithstanding, he had followed in the traces of the other Chamouni men. Time after time he was warned back; time after time unassisted and practically alone did Jacques Balmat doggedly mount the great white mountain. He joined them at the great ridge which connected the Dôme de Gouté with the still distant summit—but was the Jonah of the party—he was sacrificed.

A snowstorm arose and the terrible hail beat fiercely upon the hardy mountaineers.

"Let us return!" they cried. "This Mont Blanc is raising its ghosts and fiends to beat us back; the storm-fiend is abroad—let us hasten down!"

"But Jacques Balmat?" said one, timidly.

"Let him alone; he is not of our party," was the cruel reply. "Let him find his way down as he found his way up—after us!"

So Jacques was not told of their intentions. He was just then occupied in his search for some rare crystals which, beneath the rock, required his attention. He found his crystals and, recovering himself, looked around. The storm was rushing down the mountain, the gusts of wind nearly tore him from his position and—

He was alone! Solitary.

Alone on the unknown and terrible

mountain—the home of evil spirits—the *Monts Maudits*. Alone in a storm, ice and snow around him obliterating his tracks, and far beyond human aid. Fourteen thousand feet above the sea, and alone!

Vainly did Jacques Balmat endeavour to return to Chamouni: unassisted, such a course was difficult under the most favourable circumstances; but in such weather, and with night advancing rapidly, it would

have been suicidal. He had very little choice:—either die in the descent or die up there, frozen to death during the night. There was a slight chance in his favour if he remained and kept warm!

Kept warm up there, above the snow-line, in the night!

He had heard of Greenlanders living in their snow huts, and knew that snow can be built up as a shelter. He immediately



Glacier des Bois.

clambered under the lee of a rock, and without much difficulty, though not without labour which at that height was distressing, Balmat managed to build up a snow shelter from the storm.

How he passed that night we may imagine but very faintly. Picture him: the only human being who has ever been in such a position, probably; high up the mountain in the deadly solitude—and those who have passed a night or two up in the snowfields know how awful the silence is at night, after the frost has locked the portals of the ice and snow, and Nature sinks to rest almost in the clouds. The thousand

welcome sounds of the valleys are here unheard; Death reigns supreme; the unearthly stillness is unbroken, and desolation is "writ large" upon the mountain peaks. Add to this his weariness and his superstitious terrors, the phantom shapes which would assail his over-wrought brain, and we have a source of wonder that he lived, and lived a sane man, throughout the night.

At length a streak of giant's fingers across the sky, behind the great peaks of the Oberland, far away, told the lonely watcher that day was at hand. He moved from his shelter; but though he stirred he could not feel his limbs. His hands at length

grew better, but his feet were without sensation—frost-bitten!

Jacques Balmat was a hero. Instead of returning to Chamouni that clear bright morning, he devoted himself, crippled as he was, to a further survey of the mountain. His efforts were successful. He found out the direct course to the top, clearly traceable; this route is still generally used as far as the plateau. Balmat then made his way down to Chamouni, and, without disclosing his secret, went home—and to bed—and for many weeks lay incapable of rising.

His medical attendant, Doctor Paccard, was all this time unremitting in his attentions to the sick man; and one day, when recovery seemed very near, Balmat told the doctor that he had a secret to impart to him, and after a stipulation as to the confidence reposed in him, Paccard was entrusted with the news.

They agreed to go up together without any other aid than their own sturdy limbs and stout hearts.

On the 7th of August they started. They slept on the mountain that night. Next morning they resumed their route, and though suffering very severely persisted. At about three in the afternoon they reached the summit, the first human beings who had trodden upon those virgin snows. The explorers were seen on the top, and at eight o'clock next morning when they reached Chamouni, quite worn out, and blistered with the sun's rays acting on the snow, they found themselves famous.

The White Mountain had been conquered by stern pluck and resolution.

Such were the pioneers of the Alpine Club, the forerunners of a race of mountain climbers, who now number hundreds, and who sigh like so many Alexanders for new worlds (of snow and ice) to conquer.

However, Mont Blanc had to take its revenge, and it did so, as we shall see later.

CHAPTER III.—THE REVENGE OF THE MONT BLANC.

DE SAUSSURE ascended Mont Blanc with impunity. He accomplished his wish—a wish which had been dominant for twenty-seven years in his mind. He was then happy, though in the account of his travels he speaks of his success as a painful sensation when he reflected upon what he had *not* done. I think that is much the same sensation which we all experience in after life.

In 1787 he determined to make another attempt upon Mont Blanc, and was advancing towards Chamouni for that purpose, when he encountered the brave Jacques Balmat who had already vanquished the Monarch, as we know.

Balmat's success fired De Saussure, and he accordingly pushed on to Chamouni only to find the weather worthy of 1879 (in anticipation) and nothing could be done. For four weary weeks the philosopher philosophically waited for a fine day, but it was not until August that the break occurred.

Accompanied by a body-servant and no less than eighteen guides carrying scientific apparatus and baggage, De Saussure ascended.

The first day's work was about six hours. On the second they found more difficulty, and one of the guides had a very narrow escape from falling into a crevasse. That evening the travellers reached the second plateau, and some of them suffered considerably from the cold and from the rarity of the atmosphere, which made breathing difficult, though De Saussure says, that he suffered from "*heat* and closeness of the air," in consequence of the tents having been so closely fastened up.

Next day, at eleven o'clock, they reached the summit, and thus the hope of years was accomplished. Notwithstanding the feeling of sickness, De Saussure remained upon the summit making observations until half-past three. The descent was accomplished

they reached Chamouni in good health and spirits.

That the difficulties were neither few nor trifling the narrative plainly intimates; the aspect of the glacier in descending had quite changed, and the route traversed on the 1st, could not be ascertained upon the 4th of August.

The meeting in the valley was a happy one, as all the relatives and friends of the adventurous party turned out to welcome them, and great was the rejoicing at their safe return.

Another very interesting ascent, and also valuable like De Saussure's from a scientific point of view, was made in 1844 by Messrs. Martin Bravais and De Pileur; but our space will not permit us to do more than refer to it.

After De Saussure many adventurers gained the summit, and the mountain good-naturedly permitted itself to be played with, although it occasionally reminded travellers that the symptoms of sea-sickness were not confined to the sea level. This nausea is one of the most unpleasant sensations of the climber. Even at the Gorner Grat I have suffered from it, under certain physical conditions, and then the feeling has suddenly passed away; but it is very unpleasant and might be dangerous if it overtook one in a critical spot.

However, Mont Blanc is now looked upon as a regular tourist beat; and in 1820, when Dr. Hamel made his ascent, it was becoming the thing to do if possible. This gentleman had some important observations to make; and so, in company with a Geneva philosopher and two young Englishmen and a dozen guides, the doctor determined to try his fortune on the mountain.

The Grand Mulets is the first stage now, and—on that occasion, at any rate—it appears to have been the halting-place. The route is so well known that it is perhaps scarcely necessary to indicate it. Nevertheless a hurried sketch of the way up may not be unacceptable to young people.

The first portion of the way, as far as the hotel at Pierre Pointue, can be accomplished on muleback. For amateurs, a night's rest there will be beneficial, so that a start may be made at an early hour next morning. About an hour and a half from the hotel a rock known as La Pierre de l'Echelle is reached. Then the Glacier des Bossons is entered on, and as soon as the couloir is passed—and the sooner the better—the snow is gained, and the glacier is surmounted with considerable exertion to untried lungs and heads. Now the sheaf of pointed rocks known as the Grand Mulets is attained, and here is a hut. Immediately before the traveller is the Dôme du Gouté. You can remain all night at the Grand Mulets, if desirable. Thence to the summit we cross the Glacier du Tacconay, and climb the Petites Montées to the Small Plateau. Another great "step" lands us upon the Grand Plateau, dominated by the "Red Rocks." Frequent avalanches sweep this portion of the route. It was here that the accident occurred to Doctor Hamel's party. The more usual way now includes the steep Mur de la Côte, where steps are cut in the ice slope. Thence the summit is reached with comparative ease; and when you get there the view is less interesting than from the Righi, although the feeling of being up so high, and the grand, if indistinct, panorama, compensate for many drawbacks.

Doctor Hamel and his party were detained at the Grand Mulets by bad weather. A tremendous thunderstorm lasted half the night, and it was not till the second morning that they could proceed.

The party were just ascending the "Red Rocks." Mr. Durnford, whose account is generally quoted, says he was arranging his veil, and the others passed him. None of them were tied, when the snow suddenly gave way "beneath their feet." It slid away much in the same way as it did when Mr. Gossett so nearly lost his life, and Bennen was killed, on the Haut de Cuy in the Valais, of which more anon.

This slipping of the snow would in itself

A TRIP TO CANADA :

IN THE STEERAGE.

By HORACE LASHBROKE,

Author of "The Unpleasant Passenger," "A Terrible Half Holiday," "My First Woodcock,"
"On the Clwyd," &c. &c.



ON Thursday, the 29th day of August, in the year of grace 1867, I set sail from Liverpool, in the good ship *Austrian*, bound for the port of Quebec.

Why I took my passage in the steerage, which, as probably most readers will know, is the cheapest, and as a natural sequence the most uncomfortable part of a mail steamer in which an emigrant can cross the wild seas, would, I imagine, not interest anyone to learn. Let it, then, suffice when I state the fact that I *did* take my passage as a steerage passenger; and that, if I could have conveniently, or inconveniently, paid for the luxuries of the saloon, I most undeniably should have done so.

For many reasons it was not a pleasant day for me, that Thursday, the 29th of August. I do not think anyone can leave his native land for the first time, possessing not the shadow of an idea as to when he will, if ever, return, and minus the companionship of even the most distant acquaintance, without feeling sad and downcast. Those facts alone will cast a gloom over his spirits, to say nothing of the sad farewells he must utter to the dear ones he leaves behind.

To be candid, however, "the dear ones" I left behind were few and far between: a few staunch, kind-hearted friends, a noble and loving mother, the one solitary relative out of many who came many a long mile to say "God speed!" and a gentle-hearted girl, to whom beneath a starlit summer sky I bid a long farewell.

On procuring my ticket at the company's

informed in a loud and angry tone, by the impolite young man whose business it was to receive my money and furnish me with the requisite document, that I had come too late; that I ought to have booked the day before; and that I ought to have been on board the *Austrian* at six that very morning. I expostulated, in spite of my motherly Scotch lady-friend, who had come with a nautical nephew of hers, to see the last of me, and who was afraid my resentment of official insolence might lead to my losing my passage in the *Austrian*, and necessitate my delay in England for another week. Finally, however, the officious young man cooled down, and asked me, in quite a conciliatory tone, as though my booking for Montreal would henceforth be a monthly occurrence, to "come at the correct hour next time!"

My ticket, I remember, cost me £4 4s. 8d. and I afterwards was surprised to find that others who had also taken their passage to Montreal had paid different sums varying from £4 to £4 15s. How it was so, I never discovered.

Having secured my passage, the next object was to purchase the necessary tins, requisite in the steerage, in the place of plates and other earthenware articles. This was soon accomplished at a small shop adjacent to the docks. A sea-chest was also needed as being more convenient than two or three old portmanteaus for a rough sea journey. Little difficulty presented itself on that score, as the man from whom the culinary articles had been purchased soon directed our steps in the right quarter for finding the article in requisition. But

task of getting on board the *Austrian*, lying out in the centre of the river, her prow pointing down the broad river, towards the sea, with whose pitiless waves she was so shortly destined to battle.

I, as a steerage passenger, should have gone with the rest of the steerage passengers in the tug-boat that left the landing-stage for our ship at 6 A.M. The steam-tug that left the floating landing-stage at 2 P.M. was for cabin passengers exclusively. On the floating landing-stage, assisted by my motherly friend and her nephew, I hastily unpacked two of my well-worn portmanteaus (a donation ere I sailed from a loving relative?) and soon filled the substantial sea-chest. And now to assume a virtue that I had not; *viz.* the character of a saloon passenger. It must be attempted, however miserable the failure. But those hateful plebeian tins, all tied together, and jingling sadly out of tune, how *could* they be hidden? Happy thought! A big rough overcoat in my possession would accomplish the deed! It was done in a moment. I tightly clutched my culinary articles, and my ingenious Scotch friend threw my cloak over my arm in such a manner as to entirely hide the necessities of which I felt—vain idiot that I was—very much ashamed. Yet, owning the vanity, it was *not* pleasant to be standing among first-class passengers under false pretences as it were, and with the knowledge that when you got on board your temporary home, you would find yourself among the rabble that form the major body of the common emigrants, and cut off from the more civilised and educated portion of the limited community.

Involuntarily my thoughts flew to the quiet home of luxury and ease; to "each calm pillow spread," where to-night would rest the heads of those onceloved and trusted, while mine——? A plague on the cramped deck of this hateful tug! For the fourth time have I been run up against, and my hidden belongings sent jingling in horrid, tell-tale discord. When shall we reach the good ship *Austrian*? We are very close now and my trusty friends are preparing to

say farewell. They have been permitted to accompany me on board the tug, but here we must part, though my nautical friend has hopes of seeing me and my luggage "stowed away comfortably," as he puts it, and of shaking hands on board the ship that is to bear me away from Albion's snowy cliffs.

At last we are alongside in a bustle of confusion. Passengers are saying good-bye to their friends, some with a pleasant ease as though they are parting but for an ordinary journey; others with stifled sobs and eyes all full of tears, as if conscious, poor souls, that "a dreary sea" rolling between them may prove an everlasting barrier this side the grave. Who can tell?

And now I am standing on the gangway, and am loudly requested to deliver up my ticket. Pressing closely behind me are several passengers armed, no doubt, with first-class documents. I present *mine*, blushing to the roots of my hair.

"You've got no right with this here," says my interrogator coarsely.

I offer an explanation with irrepressible warmth, when my nautical friend interposes, which interposition smooths matters the right way, and in another moment I am safely on board dragging, with his assistance, my portmanteau and my sea-chest below. BELOW! Shall I ever forget that "BELOW" "while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe?"

The good ship *Austrian*, which was, and is still, one of the Allen line of mail steamers, had a "flush deck," a "saloon deck," and a "tween decks," in the latter of which the steerage passengers "pigged in," or, in more polite terms, were berthed.

It was to the last-named region, of course, that I had to make my way. I shall never forget the sense of suffocation that came over me when I reached the compartment in which I had both to eat and sleep. It was a long, low cabin, the partition of which divided us from the engine-room, and consequently the atmosphere was stiflingly hot, added to which the smell of the lubricating oils, possibly suggestive of breakfast to an

Esquimau, created a nausea more easily imagined than described. Fortunately I never suffered from sea-sickness, though my feelings at times must have been equal to those of the unfortunates who fell a prey to that much dreaded malady.

So hot indeed was this cabin that a bottle of stout or ale placed in a hammock that hung close to, though clear of, the partition would in less than a couple of hours become actually *hot*.

The hammocks in this compartment were slung immediately over the tables on which our food was served. They were in rows of six, and depended when occupied scarcely two feet, if so much, over the tables.

There were from thirty-five to fifty people in this cabin, and so closely were the hammocks slung that it was no uncommon thing to bump up against your neighbour during the night, if either of you chanced to be restive in his slumbers. The stewards very frequently left the butter used at tea (*Kelly's famous Liverpool eightpenny!*) on the tables of our cabin, and, consequently, it was a common occurrence to see the feet and legs of a drowsy emigrant, bestirring himself in the early morning, in unpleasant contiguity with the same, while attempting to alight from his hammock.

But to return for a moment to my first sensations on witnessing this unprepossessing abode for a sea voyage of some days. I remember well I actually staggered back, vowing I could not breathe, and made my way on deck as speedily as possible.

"Oh! you'll soon get used to it!" said my nautical friend cheerily, who had placed my portmanteau in this stifling hot-house, and aided me in having my sea-chest stowed away in the allotted place for heavy luggage.

"Never!" I exclaimed emphatically, but with the conviction that I should be compelled to put up with it somehow. Necessity is a stern master, and in time I got used to that cabin with all its drawbacks. Surely the lesson did me good, inasmuch at least as it taught me to bear the easier the hardships of a later period.

And now the hour has come to wave a last farewell to those who have accompanied us from the shore and are signalling their adieus from the deck of the steam-tug. I vainly endeavour to discern my kind Scotch friends while I gaze from the altitude of the *Austrian's* forecastle upon the up-turned faces that people the deck of the little craft below. I wave my kerchief, but cannot see their comely forms or fond adieus! The tug-boat bears them rapidly away to the busy shore, and then I realize that I am indeed alone!

A queer feeling this solitude, with one's foot on the deck of a huge vessel bound for a foreign land, and no friend or acquaintance to open one's heart to or even take silently by the hand. A queer feeling, with less than half-a-dozen sovereigns pinned in one's watch-pocket, and no definite resting-place or occupation in perspective for you when you land on the distant shore. A queer feeling, with the knowledge of bitter wrongs, dealt, as most wrongs are, from the least expected quarters, smarting in one's bosom. A queer feeling with the heart-breaking reality before you that your departure is more a pleasure than a sorrow, more a matter of rejoicing than of repining to those who you foolishly fancied "loved you true!"

But hark! The boatswain's whistle sounds shrilly over the dim waters of the Mersey; the giant anchor is quickly weighed; the hour of six is announced on board in true nautical fashion; and, behold! we are moving slowly down the river out to the big ocean's "vast expanse." And now our speed rapidly increases, and soon we have left the long line of docks to our right, the more rural-looking shore to our left, and we are away out to sea almost before the autumn sun has sunk from sight beneath the sparkling waves. So, while the shadows of the evening close upon us, and the salt breeze freshens as we make "our liquid way," I look with mingled feelings, that feeble words can never paint, towards the distant hills of Wales.

Soon the night shrouds us in darkness;

the strong commanding voice of the officer on the bridge is heard above the wind, and, rolling myself in my cloak on deck, I try to sleep.

But "vain is the endeavour," so, soon after midnight, feeling myself somewhat chilly, I make my way below, and with no small amount of determination overrule my prejudices against the stifling cabin. Soon after seven we are aroused from our slumbers by a rough sort of creature whom the passengers address as "steward!" This worthy, like his fellows (there were three of them in all who attended upon us) seemed to think it perfectly necessary to address us as if we were dangerous animals with whom a fierce and overawing demeanour was necessary to maintain the safety of himself and the crew at large.

"Now get up, will yer? Breakfast's a-comin'," was the pleasant salute. There was ample time before breakfast arrived to get away up to the pumps, which were situated close to the cook's galley, and, taking with you your tin, draw water for your morning's ablutions. Now to draw water from the pump was easy matter enough, as the crowd was not very great, most of the steerage passengers as strictly avoiding soap and water as they would a plague; but the difficulty existed in finding a place on which to rest your tin when filled. You were not permitted to wash in the cabin where you ate and slept. The deck was naturally slippery, and the rolling of the vessel added to your dilemma. So "a lick and a promise" very often had to suffice as far as washing went. Having on this first morning made the best of a bad job, and finding I had some minutes to wait before breakfast would be served, I went on deck to enjoy the morning air and see what was to be seen. We were gliding at a moderate speed past the north coast of Ireland, and soon many eyes were turned with curiosity towards that portion of it known as The Giant's Causeway. The little island, too, where Bruce learnt his lesson in perseverance from the proverbial spider, was an object of much interest.

Soon after noon we reached Loch Foyle, where we cast anchor, and awaited the mails and more passengers from Londonderry, not setting sail again until 6 P.M.

Breakfast was decidedly our most palatable meal. It consisted of hot rolls and butter. The rolls, which were very small, were brought into the cabin on tin trays and one served out to each passenger. Although stated in the written regulations of the company that you could have as much food as you desired, no one, unless he had administered "a tip," ever got more than one small roll for breakfast.

We dined at noon, and the method in which we fed has left an indelible impression upon my memory. Two stewards appeared with the meat furnished for our repast on tin baking-trays. Twice a week we had salt fish instead, and on those days I always precipitately retired, not venturing below for some hours afterwards, owing to the unsavoury smell created thereby.

"Sit down, will yer?" was the general salute given in the usual fierce and authoritative tones. "If yer don't sit down, yer shan't have any at all! Sit down, will yer?"

A portion of meat having been served out to each, the potatoes, done in their jackets, were brought in on trays similar to those used for the meat, and were helped out to us by the stewards, who used their fingers for the purpose.

Supper was at eight, and consisted of hard biscuits and coffee. The coffee was as black as ink, and was served out of pails that certainly had not a cleanly appearance.

We were supposed to turn in for the night at ten o'clock, at which hour the lights were put out; but fortunately we had the privilege of wandering about on deck after that hour, if it pleased us so to do.

The number of steerage passengers amounted to nearly three hundred, if not quite, and among them were men and women of many European nations, viz., Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, etc. Their universal objection seemed to be the use of soap and water. There were, how-

ever, a few educated folk among the steerage passengers. Some returning from a brief visit to their native land, which, through a long disunion, had become foreign to them; others bound, like myself, for the unknown shores, in the hope of finding that peace which the land of their forefathers gave them not.

Among those who were for the first time emigrants, there prevailed a general impression that the new world would, to them at least, prove a land flowing with milk and honey. From the grey-headed veteran to the hopeful youth, this pleasant delusion prevailed. See yon toil-worn son of labour, with locks white as the driven snow, holding forth with almost childish glee concerning the imagined pleasures and luxuries that await him in the new home of which as yet he knows simply nothing. See, too, the boisterous youth, loud in dispraise of his native land, and holding forth in eulogistic terms of the unknown paths he means to tread. Poor fools! *Experientia docet!*

A contemptible weakness prevailed among the superior beings of the steerage. They wished to excuse themselves for being steerage passengers. They were not honest enough to own that they could not afford to take a saloon passage, nor wise enough to hold their tongues altogether on the matter.

I can recall vividly to mind a shabby-genteel old fellow with a large amount of watch chain, which didn't look like the genuine article by any means, explaining his reasons for travelling in the steerage.

"The steerage," he said, "has its disagreeables, and very great they are, very great, no doubt; but, my dear sir, you are more amidsthips, far more amidsthips! The unpleasant motion of the ship is consequently less discernable, in fact, does not exist to anything like the same degree. Now abaft the funnel, you know, the motion is awful, really awful! The saloon, sir, is an utter abomination—I can use no milder term—an utter abomination. That propeller, sir, causes such a fearful amount of disturbance, that for any person like myself, with an acutely delicate stomach, to attempt

to live in such proximity would be to sign his death-warrant. The rich viands, too, served in the saloon would but increase my nausea, and I should assuredly be hurried to an untimely end. Now in the steerage the food is no doubt execrable, but the motion of the vessel comparative peace! The steerage food I never eat, but the biscuits with which I have supplied myself and the sherry which I can procure on board, form a repast that will hold body and soul together until the voyage is over, and which, in this part of the vessel, I can retain upon my stomach. Now in the saloon I could not retain *anything* on my stomach; hence I am a steerage passenger by choice!"

Another gentleman took great care to assure everyone that *he* came out in the steerage simply because he had sent all his money on before him, determined that, should he get drowned, which would be "just his luck!" his relatives would have the benefit of it.

A third said *he* had sent his money on by the previous mail, because he dare not trust himself among his own class with "heaps of coin, by Jove!" he being "such a gay dog" that he would be bound to spend "a whole pot of money, 'pon his word."

Such were some of the excuses for what needed no excuse, and to which one listened with pity, incredulity, and contempt.

As the shabby-genteel man expressed it, some of the food was, to a delicate palate, "execrable," and I have gladly given sixpence for a small crust of bread and two small raw onions, and eighteen-pence for the remains of a currant tart.

But the majority of the steerage passengers seemed well satisfied with their fare; and if those who have been accustomed to good living go out to Canada or elsewhere in the steerage, they must be prepared to rough it.

It is now more than ten years since I took my voyage in the good ship *Austrian*, and probably the arrangements are of a more comfortable nature by this time.

Most of us have to rough it at some period of our lives, and depend upon it, it never does any one of us harm.

Speaking from experience, I am convinced that it is not the process of roughing

it that pains us, but *the cause that has compelled us so to do*. It is *there* wherein lies the pain, which no after luxury, no future peace, can ever wholly remove. With me, at least, it has been so. Good bye!

CHARLEMAGNE.

By L. M. C. LAMB.



From the early youth of the great emperor who first gave many still remaining traits of civilization to the countries over which he so long and so victoriously reigned, but few records remain; and though we have made diligent search, we have been unable to discover

any trustworthy details of the childhood of Charlemagne until we find him, a boy of twelve years old, sent as deputy for his father Pepin (surnamed *le Bref*) to meet Stephen III, Pope of Rome, when in A.D. 756 he came from the Holy See to implore the aid of the Frankish monarch against Astolphus, king of Lombardy who had declared war against him, already subdued Ravenna, and was now marching on the capital of the papal dominions. Pepin was returning from an expedition against the Saxons; and, though he pushed forward with all speed to meet the head of the Church, still he contrived to send his son Charles as an *avant-courreur* to testify to the pleasure he anticipated in personally welcoming the Pontiff to his dominions. It must be admitted that Pepin had other motives besides those of hospitality which caused him to hail with satisfaction the arrival of Stephen. To understand these we must for a moment revert to the time

when, of the three sons of Charles le Martel, Carloman the eldest abdicated from the portion of the kingdom left him by his father, Grifon was confined in a monastery, and Pepin found himself, *de facto*, sole ruler of France. This was in 751; and, says the chronicle of Eginhard, Burchard, bishop of Wurtzburg, and Fulrad a priest were sent to Rome to the pope Zacharias to consult him on this knotty point: "If one person has the title but not the power, and another the power but not the title, which ought to be the king?" Zacharias answered, "Whoever has the power ought to have the title also;" whereupon Pepin boldly deposed Childeric III., last of the *rois fainçants*, announced himself as sole sovereign, and was anointed to the office by Boniface, the pope's legate, the oil being poured upon his head from a phial stated to have been sent from Heaven, and which ever after figured in the coronation ceremonies of the kings of France.

Though Pepin had received this unction from Zacharias's legate, that pope was now dead, and the Frankish monarch was very desirous of having the ceremony repeated with the present pontifical sanction. He therefore received the pope with all possible consideration, bound himself by a formal promise to defend the papal dominions against the Lombard kings, and in return the pontiff solemnly repeated the office of coronation in the church of St. Denis, in-

cluding in it also Pepin's two sons, Charles (afterwards called Charlemagne) and Carloman, and appointing the Frankish sovereign and his successors Patricians of the Eternal City.

This ceremony being concluded, Pepin sent ambassadors to demand a cessation of hostilities from the Lombard king : Astolphus stoutly refused to comply with any such request, asserting that he did not recognise Pepin's right to interfere in the matter. His courage, however, very speedily cooled, and then we hear of him hastening to the monastery to which Pepin's brother, Carloman the elder, had retired, to beg the abbot to allow the royal recluse to proceed to Neustria, there to oppose as far as possible the influence Pope Stephen was exerting to his disadvantage. This embassy appears to have been unsuccessful, as Pepin immediately marched into Italy at the head of an immense army, laid siege to the town of Pavia, and finally defeating Astolphus who defended it, made him surrender to the Roman Church the territories known as the Pentapolis and the Exarchate. No sooner had Pepin started on his homeward journey than Astolphus repented of these humiliating concessions, and by a recommencement of hostilities caused Stephen to have recourse a second time to the Frankish monarch for assistance. The next year Pepin made another journey into Italy, but, having now learnt by experience how much faith might be placed in Astolphus's promises, did not leave the country until he had re-conquered Ravenna and all the Exarchate which belonged to the Greek empire, and by giving them to the representative of St. Peter, founded the temporal sovereignty of the papacy.

Shortly after this, Astolphus died, and by the influence and with the support of pope Stephen and Pepin, Desiderius was elected to the vacant throne, whence he was destined to give as much annoyance to Charlemagne as his predecessor had done to our hero's father.

It is more than probable, taking into consideration the early age at which Frank-

ish youths were allowed to bear arms, that Charles accompanied Pepin in his expeditions to Italy ; yet there is no mention of his having done so until 759, when the king went to renew a war begun long years before, with Waifra, Duke of Aquitaine : the ostensible cause of the present contest being to induce him to give up some valuable church lands which he had annexed. As in the case of the king of Lombardy, perfect compliance with Pepin's behests was promised ; but, as also in his case, with no further result than to necessitate a fresh invasion from the Franks, which however terminated in the submission of the entire province.

On his return from this journey, Pepin *le Bref* died of fever at Saintes, leaving his possessions divided between his two sons, Carloman and Charles. The exact limits of the territories assigned to each it is difficult to determine, the two best authorities being at variance on the subject ; but we are assured that Carloman was crowned at Soissons, which was ordinarily included in Austrasia, the same ceremony being performed on Charles at Noyon in Neustria. However, the joint reign of the two brothers was so short, that it is of no moment to us to define the exact boundaries of their dominions, with which they appear to have been perfectly satisfied, the only subject of contention on such matters having reference to the sovereignty of Aquitaine.

We have a pleasant glimpse into the domestic life of those days in the annals of the old chronicler, who dwells lingeringly on the various means devised by queen Bertha (in whom surely some of us can recognise the "Bertha of the Long Foot" of our nursery days !), to settle this dispute between her two sons. Another person was meanwhile meditating gloomily upon the now dependent state of Aquitaine, and this was Hunald, the father of the prince from whom Pepin had wrested both its possession and his life. Hunald hated the Franks most cordially, and had long been ardently desirous to free the duchy from their yoke. While Pepin lived success was doubtful, but now that

he was dead, and that two young and inexperienced princes governed his kingdom, Hunald determined to issue from the cloister in which he had taken refuge, and, declaring his sovereignty, call Aquitaine to arm in his behalf. Intelligence of this attempt at revolt soon reached Charlemagne, who at once prepared to repress it, and called upon his brother to assist him. Carloman responded by advancing into Poitou to confer on the course to be pursued ; but the meet-

ing ended unsatisfactorily, and Charles decided to undertake the suppression of the revolt alone : no easy matter when we consider that this was the first occasion when he had been called upon to lead his army into the field of battle ; and that, deprived of the aid on which he had reckoned from his brother, the forces under his command were comparatively small, while the warlike people of Aquitaine had been, so to speak, born and nurtured in



Charlemagne and his Wars.

combat and were formidable foes. But this need of self-confidence, military talent and energy, brought out at once the great resources of Charles's mind. He called into requisition all he had learned or dreamed of warfare, and behold the young warrior gallantly leading on his men with a decision of action and rapidity of movement never equalled in those days. The precipitate course of Charlemagne literally scared Hunald of Aquitaine, and sent him, almost without a struggle to defend himself, to seek the protection of his nephew Lupo, Duke of Gascony, who, however, on the demand of Charles, made no scruple of yielding to the fear which a contest with the young monarch inspired him with, and at once gave up his kinsman. The punishment

Charlemagne inflicted upon the rebellious Hunald was scarcely more rigid than the seclusion of the cloister to which he had condemned himself some years before, and which as we have seen, he had only abandoned to revenge himself on Charles for the subjection into which Pepin had brought his duchy. To Lupo the Frankish king was equally generous, forgiving his share in the insurrection on condition of his yielding up his kinsman and promising future obedience. Having thus reduced Aquitaine once more to subjection, Charlemagne returned from his first expedition, in which already, by his treatment of Hunald and Lupo, he had shown that clemency which so strongly characterised his after career.

We have already mentioned the death of

Astolphus and the election of Desiderius as his successor ; and we must now observe the manner in which this new monarch prepared to keep the engagements entered into by Astolphus, and to which he had most solemnly pledged himself. Not only did he attempt to evade the stipulated restitution of the church lands, but he actually renewed his predecessor's aggressions and tried to wrest from the papacy those territories which King Pepin had bestowed on it, even calling the Greeks back to prosecute their claims to the Pentapolis. Stephen now again sent to implore the assistance of his Frankish ally ; but, meanwhile, Pepin had breathed his last, and the pope's messenger had to invoke the help of the two princes who succeeded him. This was not a difficult matter ; young and ardent, they desired nothing better than to show their prowess by some deed of chivalrous daring, and the protection of the Holy See was a cause well worthy of their best endeavours ; so we find the desired help most willingly given, and an envoy, as also a large body of troops, despatched by each brother. Charles's ambassador to the Lombard Court executed his master's commission with great tact and caution ; while Dodo, Carloman's representative, made his communication so offensive, both in matter and manner, that the brothers would speedily have met in open warfare (in which the yet more horrible element of fraternal discord would have mingled), but for the interposition of Queen Bertha, who, as usual, filled the office of peacemaker. She at once undertook a journey into Italy ; and, to make short a long story, did not leave until she had healed the differences between her two sons, and obtained Desiderius's consent to a marriage being celebrated between Charlemagne and his daughter Desideria ; which alliance the queen hoped would be made the occasion of a solemn restitution of the contested territories to Rome, as also of a cessation of the existing enmity between the countries of the Franks and Lombards.

The pope at first opposed this projected union, which, however, took place ; when,

setting aside all the obstacles he had formerly raised, and seeing the advantages he would derive from it, he changed his tone to one of paternal benediction, and became yet more favourably disposed when he reflected that by this means he would be reconciled to Desiderius, his territories be restored and Italy tranquillised. But one of the chief parties to this union was to upset all the pleasing anticipations Queen Bertha and Pope Stephen had founded upon it ; and this was Charlemagne, who inspired with an unconquerable aversion to his Lombard wife, in spite of his mother's entreaties and Stephen's protestations, persisted in his design of divorcing Desideria and sending her home to her father. That this step did not tend to increase the amicable feeling between the two sovereigns we can well imagine ; nor can we be surprised at the Lombard king's resentment of the insult put upon him in the person of his daughter, and which now made personal hatred a new element in their discord.

Charles soon contracted a fresh alliance with a beautiful Swabian named Hildegard, and with her and the children she brought him were passed many happy years.

In 771 Carloman died, and his widow Gilberga, convinced of the disaffection of her husband's vassals, lost no time in proceeding to Italy, there to place herself and her two sons under the protection of Charlemagne's mortal enemy Desiderius. Charles now became sole monarch of all the Frankish dominions ; and, since during his two years joint reign with Carloman, he had earned the respect, admiration and esteem of his people by his noble, generous nature and his high-minded and loyal conduct, his accession was hailed with long and loud acclamations and delight.

The frontiers of France had long been ravaged by tribes of barbarians whom neither indulgence nor intimidation could conquer ; and against them Charles first determined to march, to try whether he might not be more successful than his predecessors in causing these Saxons to cease from pillaging his Transrhenane dominions. Rapacious to

an incredible degree, fierce and merciless, these Saxon tribes were the scourge and pest of the north ; possessing already extensive domains, thirsting for the conquest of more territory, masters of a considerable sea force and immense land armies, these marauders had as yet been too strong for the forces opposed to them. We have already stated some of the reasons which urged Charlemagne to undertake an expedition to Saxony, but we must not forget to add another most powerful one, which elevates our hero even above the point to which his character as a great warrior entitles him ; and this was his desire to convey the grand truths of Christianity and civilisation to his enemies.

In 772 Charlemagne, having concluded his military preparations, entered Saxony, and penetrated as far as the fortress of Ehresburg which he immediately besieged, and with such success that it soon presented no further obstacle to his advance. This event was followed by another even more important : we refer to the taking of the famous temple of Irminsula, the great idol of the Saxons. The accounts of this fane are so conflicting that it is difficult to form a very clear idea of what it must have resembled when the Frankish troops conquered it. The most we can do is to picture to ourselves an immense circular space open to the heavens, surrounded with buildings in which were placed the most costly and beautiful objects gained in their victories by the Saxons. Standing in the centre of this circle was a high marble column, on the pinnacle of which stood the figure of an armed warrior holding in his right hand a banner on which shone the brilliant colour of a crimson rose ; in his left a golden balance ; his helmet was crested with a cock ; a bear was engraved on his breast ; and on the cloak which hung from his shoulders was painted a lion standing in a flower-studded field. To this idol numerous human sacrifices were offered, and before it bent in adoration not one tribe alone, but the entire Saxon people. But now, anxious to open the eyes of the idolaters to the truths

of Christianity, Charlemagne's first object was to demolish both temple and god, which latter he buried deep down in the dark earth. All this had taken time, and now Charles's expedition was likely to have terminated fatally from a general drought which exhausted the rivers, and reduced his soldiers and horses to a pitiable condition. The young king recognised the difficulty of his situation but scarce knew what course to take to extricate himself from it : retreat was perilous, and advance almost impossible ; while a longer sojourn in the neighbourhood of Ehresburg meant certain destruction. At this crisis an incident took place which, by its opportune occurrence, was attributed by the Frankish soldiers to a direct interposition from Heaven on their behalf in reward for their summary destruction of Irminsula. During the burning heat of the day they had lain down, weary, thirsty and discouraged, to try to while away an hour or two in sleep : the sun seemed to scorch their very eyelids, their tongues felt like "dry wood" in their mouths ; but languor coming over them at last they sank into a deep slumber. When they awoke and looked around them, they could scarce believe the testimony of their eyes ; for instead of the brown, parched earth, green grass surrounded them, the bed of the river sparkled brightly in the evening sun, and the horses, revelling in the cool liquid, were standing in the stream, ever and anon putting down their heads to take deep draughts of the welcome beverage. The effect of this timely rainfall cheered and elevated both the minds and bodies of the Franks ; and, full of confidence in Divine protection, they marched gaily forward ready to fight, or if needs be to die in the good cause. But luckily there was no question either of fighting or dying just yet ; for, weakened by internal divisions and discords, the Saxons at once on the approach of Charlemagne, renewed the nominal subjection they had so often promised and so often failed to yield ; and he, willing to believe once more in their protestations, returned homewards having received from them

twelve hostages as guarantees of their good faith.

In Italy changes had taken place both before and during Charlemagne's Saxon campaign. Pope Stephen III. was dead, and the mitre had since already encircled the brows of Paul I., Stephen IV., and was now worn by Adrian I., who became a firm ally of the Frankish king, and who deeply offended Desiderius, King of Lombardy, by his absolute refusal to anoint the sons of Gilberga and Carloman (Charles's deceased brother) their father's successors.

Desiderius was evidently not a man to leave his enemies long in doubt as to the nature of his feelings ; and now he armed against Adrian, possessed himself of two towns of the Exarchate, and finally marched on Rome at the head of a large army. At the first intimation of this design Adrian had caused the old gates of the Eternal City to be pulled down, and ponderous strong new ones to be fixed in their stead ; then, having taken all possible measures to defend his capital to the last extremity, he awaited the arrival of his foe. An emissary had already been despatched into France to summon Charlemagne to assist the pontiff in his hour of need ; but as the only route now available was by the Tiber and the Mediterranean, and this to the citizens of Rome, unaccustomed as they were to maritime journeys, seemed scarcely possible, there had been considerable difficulty in finding anyone willing to undertake the embassy ; and, that person once found and started even, some delay must necessarily precede the arrival of the Frankish army : wherefore a goodly store of provisions was laid in, and Adrian prepared to defend the Holy City to the last extremity.

At length the emissary reached Thionville, where Charlemagne was staying ; and on representing the critical situation of the Pope, had the gratification of seeing the Frankish monarch take immediate steps to redress the wrongs Desiderius was inflicting on the Papacy. Unwilling to proceed to extremities without first giving the Lombard king a chance of escaping bitter chastise-

ment, Charles sent messengers to demand an instant cessation of his raids on the church dominions ; and, in the event of non-compliance, the envoys were instructed to warn Desiderius of his determination of bringing an immense army to the immediate aid of the Pope. The Lombard king rejected Charles's demand, laughed at his threat, and sent the messengers back to state his intention of proceeding in regard to the papal dominions as best pleased him ; whereupon, unmindful of the dangers and difficulties of a march over the Alps in the midst of a rigorous winter, Charlemagne divided his immense army into two bodies, giving the command of one to his uncle, Duke Bertrand, with instructions to cross the mountains by the "Mont Joux," while he would lead the other by way of Mont Cenis. Overcoming all obstacles, the Frankish army passed safely over the Alps, and proceeded with incredible rapidity to where Desiderius was stationed ; when, after turning his flank, they so frightened him with the idea, that his retreat would soon be entirely cut off, that, abandoning all resistance, he fled to Pavia, whither Charlemagne pursued him and laid siege to the capital, which, well victualled and garrisoned, held out while all the rest of the kingdom, town by town, fell into the hands of the victorious Franks. Leaving at Easter the continuance of the siege to the management of his most able generals, Charles set out from Pavia with a considerable army, and an imposing train of nobles, bishops, and priests, for Rome ; there, to be formally received as Patrician or military governor of the Holy City, an honour he had well earned by his spirited and valorous defence of the papal territories from the aggressions of inimical powers. Tidings of his approach filled the citizens of Rome with rapture : shouts and songs of triumph rent the air, and the grateful pontiff exerted himself to the utmost to give a worthy reception to his champion. Blazing with jewels, clothed in robes of purple and gold, and with a gem-studded crown on his brow, Charles appeared at the head of his train.

Arrived near the church of St. Peter, the Exarch's cross and banner met him; and, preceded by them, the monarch, having dismounted from his horse, went on foot to the cathedral, kissing in holy reverence each step as he mounted to the great door where the pontiff stood ready to receive this noble son of the church. On their first meeting both pope and king were for a moment silent, each lost in admiration of the noble sentiments which he knew lived

in the breast of the other; and when the diadem of Patrician crowned his brow, we may be certain Charlemagne inspired no more reverence and affection in Adrian's heart than when, still uninvested with this insignia of temporal power, he had nobly fought in the cause of the Holy See.

After some days spent in the regulation of the civil affairs of the papacy, Charlemagne started on his journey back to Pavia for the purpose of bringing to a conclusion



Charlemagne and his Government.

the lengthened siege of that city; and though much was necessary before that was effected, the inhabitants at last threw open their gates to the victorious Franks, and delivered Desiderius, with his wife and daughter, to their mercies. But no cruelty stained this conquest, no plunder wrested from the citizens, enriched, perhaps at the cost of the innocent, the Frankish army: the treasures amassed in the palace were the only spoil annexed by Charlemagne's soldiers, and their monarch contented himself with the assumption of the title of King of Lombardy, and caused a medal, commemorative of the date of the fall of Pavia (774) to be struck, bearing on it the simple motto: "*Devicto Desiderio et Pavia recepto.*"

At Milan Charles was invested by Adrian with the iron crown of the Lombards; and having received the oath of homage from the nobles of his new kingdom, he once more set out for France, hoping that the leniency he had shewn to them would cause the inhabitants of this new possession to act loyally by him. During Charlemagne's absence from their immediate vicinity, his troublesome neighbours the Saxons, forgetful of all their solemn protestations, had recommenced their ravages on the border territories; and no sooner had Pavia surrendered, than he made all haste northwards to punish them for their disobedience by sending four armies to attack them at different points, while he made great preparations for their final subjection in the

following year. To this end Charlemagne bent much energy, and early in the next year all his measures were taken and he was once more in the field against the recalcitrant Saxons: success was attending him on every side, and already he had in prospect a victorious termination to this contest and the enjoyment of a well-earned interim of repose, when news reached him of a revolt in Italy, led on by Rodgaud Duke of Friuli, and the Duke of Spoleto, for freeing themselves from the subjection they had so recently sworn to observe, and either winning their recognition as independent duchies, or establishing on the throne of Desiderius his son Adalgisus, then resident at Constantinople. To cross the Rhine and proceed to Italy was Charlemagne's immediate decision, and the first bright days of spring saw him advancing upon Friuli long before the revolted Lombardians suspected him of having crossed the Alps. Rodgaud was killed, the conspiracy annihilated, and before Easter the Frankish troops marched triumphantly into Treviso, where once more the Lombard nobles renewed their lightly plighted oaths of submission. No sooner had he reduced the south to obedience than Charles marched northwards to quell certain disturbances which had arisen from fresh inroads of the turbulent Saxons, and which now threatened to be more formidable than before, since the revolt was led by a new "War-King," named Witikind, who to great personal courage added qualities in which his predecessors had been deficient—military skill, and the talent of command. Scarcely had Charlemagne started for Italy, before Witikind, who regarded the oft-pledged obedience of the Saxons as an abominable humiliation, stimulated his countrymen to violate their recent oaths, and assert their independence; hence ensued the raids on the Frankish frontier which recalled Charles, who marched with such rapidity and with such an immense force that he made terrible havoc with the Saxons, and finally caused Witikind to seek safety in flight to Denmark.

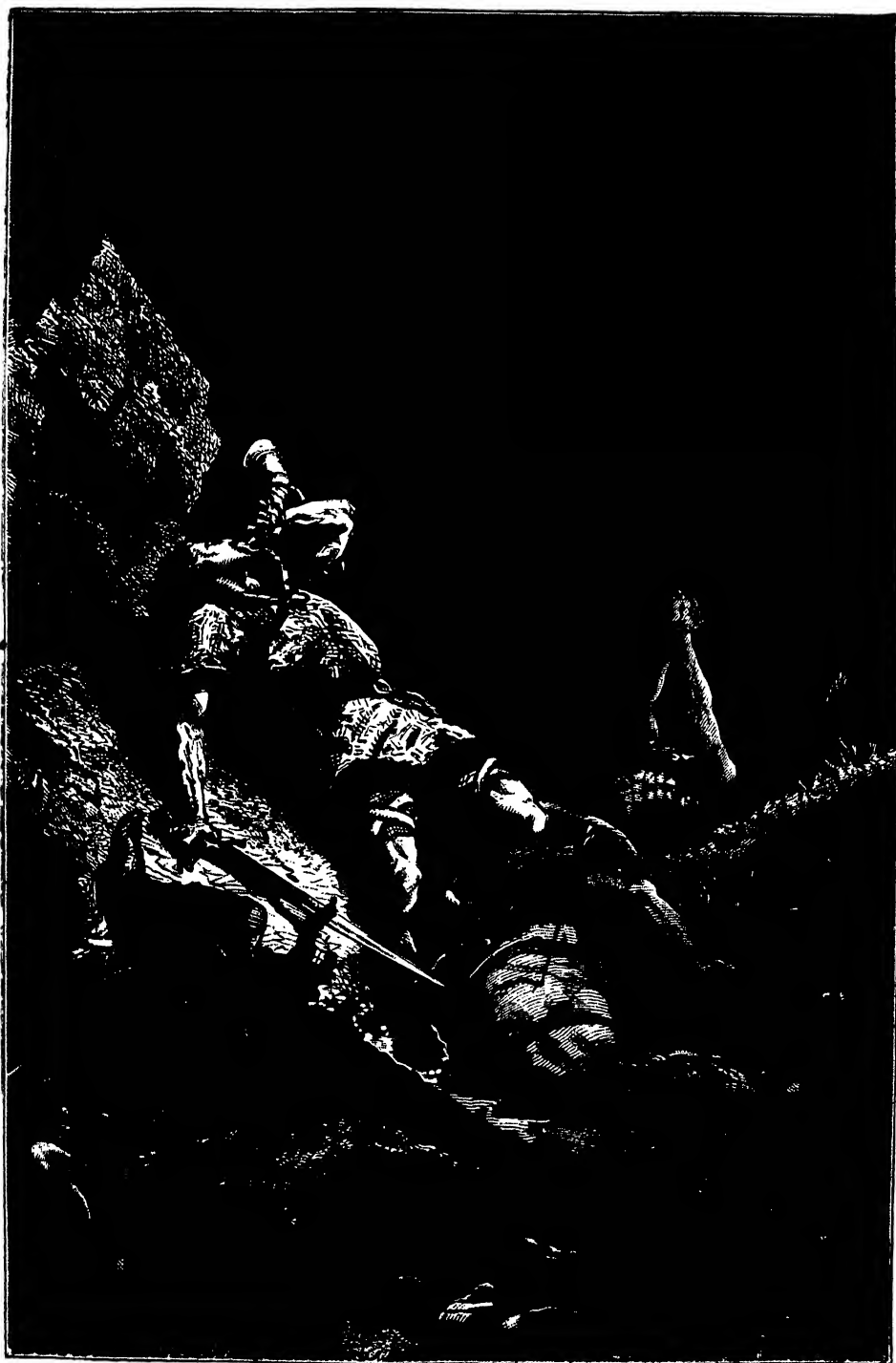
Charlemagne's next journey was into Spain, whither he was called to assist Ibn-al-Arabi, Emir of Arragon; and we next find our warlike king leading on his army across the Pyrenees and attacking in turn the cities of Saragossa, Barcelona, Gerona, Huesca, and Pampeluna, and reducing the provinces of Navarre and Arragon to submission. Made prudent by experience, Charlemagne took every possible measure for retaining in his possession these newly-conquered dominions, and did not leave Spain until he had fully organised the defence of this southern frontier, when he returned northwards for his final contest with the unruly Saxons.

It was while on his homeward route that occurred that massacre of Charlemagne's rear-guard under the command of Roland, which has so often been made the theme of warlike songs in olden days; when the Vascons, who lay in ambush in the fissures of the rocky passes of the Pyrenees, poured out on the serried ranks of Franks, threw them into confusion, and killed the gallant Roland, whose exploits were celebrated in song, whose harp in the quaint poesy of the age—

"Briuent li mont et li vauls resona;
Bien quize lieues li oïes en ala,"

while his "Durandal" lifted to his lips as he lay mortally wounded among the heaps of dead and dying, tried to give the alarm to those of his comrades who might yet escape the bitter vengeance of the Vascon hordes, who, enraged at the Frankish conquest of their country, shewed no mercy in this their hour of triumph.

The long standing struggle with the Northern depredators was now to be terminated; but not before the one frightful example of severity which tarnishes the glory of Charlemagne's long reign had taught them that there was a limit even to his clemency: we allude to the execution of 4,500 of the foremost Saxon rebels, which by his order took place in one day. Even while admitting the cruel barbarity of this act, we must pause to consider the vast



Death of Roland at Roncevaux.

provocation the Saxons had given Charles, and remember with what ever-recurring revolt and disaffection they had met his unvarying clemency. However, the unruly Saxons were at last conquered: even their leader Witikind acknowledged the supremacy of the Frankish king, and added the crowning glory to Charlemagne's success by his conversion from the gloom of idolatry to a participation in the blessings of Christianity. From this time the vast extent of the dominions possessed by the Saxons exhibited a different aspect from that it wore before its acknowledgment of the Frankish yoke: new and prosperous towns broke the monotony of the prospect, monasteries and schools disseminated among the Saxon youth the benefits of education, while the comforts of civilised life gradually found their way into every homestead.

In 787, occurred the revolt of Tassilo, Duke of Bavaria, and the Duke of Beneventum, who, seeing Charlemagne busily occupied in settling the affairs of Saxony, took this opportunity to try and shake themselves free from the yoke that bound them to him. A vast conspiracy was concerted, by which it was decided that Tassilo, assisted by the Avars (or inhabitants of Pannonia), should attack Austrasia, whilst the Duke of Beneventum, united to the Greek forces of the Empress Irene, should overrun and pillage Italy. Intelligence of this intended revolt reached the ears of Pope Adrian, who, instantly despatching a messenger to bear the tidings to Charlemagne, brought that monarch southwards at the head of a large army: Tassilo was surprised, and, unassisted by the Avars, who had not yet had time to join him, compelled to entreat forgiveness of the Frankish king, who, unable to place any reliance on his protestations of repentance, sent him and his son to the retirement of a monastery, and gave the counties into which he divided their duchy to Frankish governors in whom he could trust. As for the Duke of Beneventum, the presence of Charlemagne caused his warlike intentions to vanish with wonderful rapidity, and he lost no time in

sending his son Romuald with many costly gifts and fair speeches to renew his vow of obedience, and to entreat the Frankish king to desist from his hostile advance into the duchy. At first Charles was willing to believe in Romuald's representations; but finally, perceiving that his mission in reality was only to gain time for the arrival of the Greek forces to assist the Duke of Beneventum in his rebellion, he was naturally enraged at being considered a fit butt for such duplicity; and, advancing with rapidity into his vassal's territory, arrived before the Greeks could land, and so cut off the duke's only hope of aid, causing him to seek safety at Salernum, whence, if necessary, he could escape by sea. On his arrival at Capua, Charles found another ambassador from the duke in the person of his second son Grimwald, who came "with proposals no longer intended to amuse, but to satisfy." With his usual generosity Charlemagne pardoned his disloyal vassal, detaining Grimwald as hostage for his father's future behaviour, and only exacting, to avoid all further disputes as to his authority, that the coins of the duchy should in future bear upon them his name as sovereign lord. His next care was to make a journey into Pannonia; and, to teach the Avars not to interfere again between him and his subjects, he carried on a contest with them which, though it lasted for eight years, yet ended in their defeat and his capture of their "Ring" or camp, where all the treasures of the nation were stored, and which was the absolute stronghold of their power. This camp once in the hands of the Franks, the Avars were no longer formidable; this hoard of wealth once in the possession of Charles's soldiers, in the words of the old chronicler, "from poor, as they were before, they became rich."

We must reluctantly pass over the details of the next few years of Charlemagne's life, and meet him again on Christmas Day in the year 800, when, full of honours and rank as he already was, by the unanimous desire of the people, Pope Leo III., the successor of Adrian I., raised him to yet



Charlemagne inflicting Baptism upon the Saxons.

greater dignity by crowning him Emperor of the West, while countless multitudes thronged round him shouting :—"Long life and victory to Charles Augustus, crowned by God great and pacific Emperor of the Romans !"

From being monarch of a comparatively small sovereignty in 768, we have traced the career of Charlemagne until, King of Lombardy, Patrician of Rome, Exarch of Ravenna, conqueror of Pannonia, and liege lord of Beneventum, we have seen him crowned with the title of the highest temporal rule : Emperor of the West.

During more than thirty years one contest had followed another ; state after state had been added to the territories over which the Frankish king had first reigned ; and now, arrived at the summit of power, and at the mature age of sixty years, there seemed few objects left, the possession of which could add to his enormous influence. One however there was, just one ; and with this the Emperor of the West might challenge the whole world without much fear of the consequences : so to its attainment he now directed his attention. Hildegarde, the beautiful young Swabian, who, on the repudiation of Desideria, had gained Charlemagne's love, had died long years since (in 783), and been succeeded in his affections by two other consorts, the last of whom, Luitgarde, had also paid the debt of nature in 800 ; consequently, there was no obstacle to impede a fresh union, and this was the aim of the great king's desire. By an alliance with Irene, the widow of Leo IV., Emperor of Constantinople, the Empires of the East and West would form one invincible Power ; and, with this project put before them and the fullest instructions given, ambassadors were sent to solicit the hand of the widowed sovereign. However, this marriage was destined not to take place ; for while the treaties were still pending, a revolution occurred, which resulted in the elevation of Nicephorus, Chief Treasurer of the Empire, to the throne of the East ; while it entailed Irene's fall and

exile to the Isle of Lesbos, where she died nine months later in great poverty.

Of the numerous children of Charlemagne, we hear that Charles, the eldest son of Hildegarde, was appointed to the succession of France and Germany ; Pepin was created king of Italy ; while Louis's share was Aquitaine, Gascony, and the Spanish marches. Already past the age at which both his father and grandfather had died, Charlemagne determined to make all possible arrangements for the peaceable division of his possessions before he in his turn should taste the repose of the grave, wishing to spare his children those dissensions and heart-burnings which the one province of Aquitaine had sown between his brother Carloman and himself in the days of his youth. To settle these important questions, and cause them to be ratified by the consent of the General Assembly of his princes and nobles, the Emperor summoned his children to his palace near Thionville, and then, with every precaution against future discord, a charter was drawn up, assigning to each son his portion in such absolute terms that none could feign non-comprehension of his will. This done, the princes left Thionville, having each solemnly sworn to accept the partition of his dominions commanded by their father, and to obey his decrees.

But this division, by which the Emperor had sought to avert schism and jealousy from the minds of his children, was never to be needed ; for now, in his old age, Charlemagne was destined to see with bitter sorrow first one and then another of his gallant sons precede him to the tomb, while he was left to mourn their loss. The young king of Italy died in June, 810 ; and scarcely had the Emperor secured the succession of his dominions to his grandson, ere he received the tidings of the death of his eldest and favourite child Charles, to whom he had looked to continue the work of civilisation and mental culture of his subjects, to which he had devoted every spare moment.

Of his three promising sons, none now remained but Louis, duke of Aquitaine ; and



Charlemagne presiding at the School of the Palace.

on him was lavished all the tenderness of the Emperor's noble nature. A meeting of the General Assembly was convened at Aix-la-Chapelle, and there Charlemagne demanded the assent of his nobles to his nomination of Louis as heir of all his empire, and exhorted them to allegiance and obedience to this his successor. Then turning to his son, he solemnly and impressively asked him if he would guard and protect the holy faith of Christianity in the empire, and faithfully and mercifully govern his subjects. To this Louis, in a voice thrilling with emotion, answered, "By Heaven's help I will!" and Charlemagne, pointing to a crown which by his command had been laid on the altar of the church in which this ceremony took place, directed his son to place this symbol of sovereignty on his head, and accept it as "a gift which he held from God, his father, and the nation."

The end of Charlemagne's long life was near at hand; and though with unceasing activity he yet personally superintended the reconstruction of the lighthouse at Boulogne, and took long and fatiguing journeys for the purpose of inspecting the progress of nume-

rous great works, grief at the loss of his sons had made great inroads upon his hitherto robust constitution; and little by little he was compelled to desist from such arduous undertakings. At length his weakness became so great, that he could no longer move from his couch; his appetite was gone; and only by small quantities of water could he alleviate the parching feverish thirst that was the prelude to his death, which occurred at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 28th January, 814.

The name of this truly great man must for ever live in the annals of wise and brave kings. Intrepidity and military skill, prudence and noble generosity, a strong feeling of religious fervour and an ardent desire to promote Christianity in all his dominions, are a few of the qualities which marked his character; while, in the laws existing at the present time in several of those countries which acknowledged his sovereignty, we can still trace the high-minded justice of their founder, and find one more justification for our admiration of the Emperor who stands forth a victorious hero in the dark ages of European history.



SCHOOL-DAYS AT KINGSCOURT.

A TALE OF 1803.

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CHAPTER I.



It was a dull evening late in the spring of the year 1785, when a young man, dressed soberly, but in the style which, in those days, was the unquestionable mark of the gentleman—alighted at the far-famed hostelry of the Bolt-in-Tun. He had journeyed a long distance that day, by the marvel of the age, the new Highflyer coach; which had accomplished the extraordinary distance of seventy miles between early dawn and sunset, arriving punctually to the time, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. This unparalleled feat was straightway reported in the taproom of the Inn, where a number of the old *habitués* of the road were assembled; and while some of the juniors of the company expressed their satisfaction at the vast improvement which had recently been effected in the speed of travelling, and predicted that the time would come yet when coaches would achieve as much as six, and even seven, miles an hour, *including* stoppages—the elders shook their heads, and gave it as their opinion that no good would come of such rash doings. "Four miles an hour had been the rate at which His Majesty's Mails had travelled in their young days, and what was enough for them ought to be enough for their children: four miles an hour was the utmost speed, at which, in the opinion of the Clerks of the Post Office, letters could be safely conveyed; and the Post Office Clerks ought to know, if anyone did. How fast *would* people like to have the letters go?—they would just like to know that! They might try their six,—or seven

miles an hour, for all they knew; but, it was a shame and scandal to risk people's necks in that way, and the public would find out the mistake in time, and go back to the old practice!"

The traveller, of whom we have spoken, did not take any part in the discussion. He stood in the corner of the taproom, hastily swallowing some refreshment: and, having made arrangements with a porter, to convey his luggage, consisting of several heavy boxes, to one of the wharfs lying beyond London Bridge, expressed his intention of proceeding thither himself, with what speed he might. He had been detained several hours, he said, by an untoward accident, and wished to reach his destination with as little delay as possible.

"Shall the tapster call you a coach, sir?" asked the landlord, as his guest paid his reckoning. "There is a stand at no great distance."

"I thank you," was the reply, "but I purpose to proceed thither on foot."

"On foot? Are you well advised, sir? Do you know the way? It is no easy one to find; and the streets are scarcely safe on a dark evening like this. Take at least a link-boy with you."

The stranger smiled. "I know the way," he said, "unless the city has undergone more alteration than I think is likely, and I can walk the distance faster than one of your hackney coaches could accomplish it. As for my safety, I know how to protect myself." He laid his hand, as he spoke, on his sword; which was still the ordinary wear of the gentleman of the day, though the fashion was now beginning to die out.

"No doubt, sir," returned the host, eyeing the young man's stalwart frame, and noting the vigour and determination which his whole appearance exhibited. "You are more than a match for most men, were you to meet them singly. But even you could scarce encounter a dozen. The footpads, who are apt to lurk about the blind alleys and dark corners of the streets, might think it safer to leave you unmolested. But the Bloods—"

"The Bloods—who are they?" interposed the other hastily. "Are they a new description of street robbers?"

"Hardly that, sir; though they do pillage honest folk sometimes; but they say it is only for their amusement. They are a set of young roysterers—lords, and baronets, and members of parliament, some of them. And I have heard tell, there's greater folk even than these, sometimes to be found among them; though that's neither here nor there, as they say. But anyhow, there's little to be got out of them, in the way of bringing 'em to book for what they do to people."

"What do they do to people?" asked the young man.

"Well, that depends in a great measure on the way in which people behave to them. If they hold their tongues and don't show fight, they content themselves, perhaps, with rolling them in the gutter, or holding them under the pump, or turning their clothes inside out, and then tying them to the lamp-posts. But if so be that they are fractious—why they're apt to handle them pretty roughly—knock their eyes out of their heads, or their teeth down their throats, or it may be run 'em through the body, and make an end of 'em for good and all! You had better be careful, sir—you had, indeed.

"I am obliged to you for your counsel, landlord," said the traveller; "I had heard of such doings, but imagined that a stop had been put, ere this, to such doings. I trust I shall not encounter any of the enemies you describe. But if I do, I must defend myself, as I best may; and that hitherto has been indifferently well. I give you good evening, and renewed thanks."

He bowed as he spoke, and, turning off, began to walk rapidly in the direction of St. Paul's Cathedral; which might be seen in the distance, looming indistinctly against the fast darkening sky. He proceeded, without pause, along Fleet Street and up Ludgate Hill, crossing St. Paul's Churchyard, and then diving into a series of narrow lanes and courts which modern improvements have long since swept away. But here he was obliged to moderate his pace as well as to proceed more cautiously. The condition of the streets, in the times of which we write, was said to be a great improvement on what it had been in previous generations; but it was, nevertheless, such as the Londoner of the present day can hardly imagine to himself. Refuse and filth of all kinds were thrown down from the windows of the houses, and were not removed, sometimes for days together, even in the broader thoroughfares; while in the crooked and narrow alleys, which wound their way through the high irregularly built houses, the pedestrian had to make his way through a heap of muck, into which his feet sank over the ankles. The rain which had fallen during the day had not been sufficient to carry off the accumulated garbage, but had reduced it to a liquid state; and the stench, as the traveller passed on, was almost insupportable. Nor was it easy to avoid the holes and puddles with which the road was beset. It was thirty years before the birth of the gas companies, and no ray of light broke the Cimmerian darkness, save what proceeded from two or three miserable oil-lamps, dotted here and there at long intervals in the wider streets, or the feeble reflection of lighted candles in the first-floor windows.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, the traveller strode resolutely on, making, as it seemed, but slight account of annoyances which would have been accounted intolerable in the present day, and accomplished two-thirds of his journey, with no worse interruptions than what proceeded from the importunity of sturdy beggars, or the rough badinage of loungers at the tavern doors.

But a more perilous encounter was at hand.

He had entered a long and very narrow street connecting two wider thoroughfares, and had advanced some distance down it; when, suddenly, two men issued from a dark passage between two houses, taking him in flank and rear, before he was aware of their approach. One of them bestowed a smart buffet on his hat, which was driven down over his forehead and eyes, not only blinding him for the moment, but throwing him completely off his balance. The other made a snatch at the gold seals dangling from his fob, and in another moment the unlucky wayfarer would have been despoiled of his purse also, if he had not struck his first assailant so heavy a blow with his clenched fist, as to convince him that he had an antagonist to deal with, of whom it would be desirable to rid himself as speedily as possible. Shouting to his companion to run for it, he himself plunged down the same passage through which he had made his entrance on the scene, and was lost to sight. The other had already taken to his heels down the street. The owner of the watch paused a moment to readjust his hat, and then darted after him, shouting at the top of his voice for the watch.

But there was little prospect of his call being answered. If it was thirty years before the era of gas lamps, it was forty before that of the new police. The Londoner, who, when hustled or insulted in the streets, complains that the guardians of the peace are never to be found, has small notion of what the condition of things was a hundred years ago. A few wretched scarecrows, dressed in white box-coats, and carrying horn lanterns and rattles, were stationed at rare intervals in watch-boxes; where they commonly slumbered throughout the night, more difficult to rouse from their sleep, as an ordinary rule, than any others of his Majesty's subjects. A favourite amusement with the "Bloods," of whom mention has already been made, was to lay these boxes, with their occupants, flat on

their faces, where the latter remained, as helpless as turtles turned on their backs, until some compassionate passer-by restored them to their proper position.

But though no aid was forthcoming from this quarter, the injured party shewed no disposition to abandon the pursuit. Faint as the light from the windows was, it was sufficient to enable him to keep the fugitive in sight until they had almost reached the end of the lane, where an oil lamp was suspended over a tavern door. But immediately adjoining this appeared an archway, leading down to a nest of dark courts and alleys, where pursuit would have been too dangerous to be attempted. The robber caught sight of this haven, and made directly for it. He would have reached it in safety, as his pursuer was still some thirty yards behind him, if at that moment two gentlemen, one an officer in uniform, and the other dressed in the fashionable garb of the day, had not turned the corner of the street and interposed themselves between the runaway and his place of refuge.

"Stop him, gentlemen, stop him," shouted the traveller. "He is a rogue, and has stolen my watch. The fellow has it in his hand at this moment."

Thus adjured the newcomers seized the delinquent by the collar, threatening to run him through with their swords if he offered any resistance, or attempted to escape.

But the culprit did neither. He handed the watch to its owner, who had now come up, hot and breathless, and earnestly entreated his pardon.

"It was hunger drove me to it, sir," he said, "I have not tasted food this twelve hours, and I was driven to desperation. I escaped last night from a debtors' prison, and have been in hiding all day. If you give me into custody, I shall be sent back to that hateful den, and shall never have the chance of getting clear of it a second time."

"Debt, hey?" observed the gentleman in plain clothes, "are you sure, my friend, you have been guilty of no worse felony than that? What is your name, and what may have been your calling?"

"This is my first and only offence, sir—before Heaven it is! My name is David Wood, and I had a small farm in Essex, where I worked as hard as any man could do for my living. But hard times, and sickness, and losses, made me a beggar, and my creditors were merciless."

"Aye, David, I never heard of creditors who were not. But it rests with this gentleman to say, whether he will press the charge."

"Do not do so, sir, I entreat you," said Wood, turning to the man he had robbed. "If I could but obtain honest employment, I would gladly work for any wages to get the means of living decently. My neighbours will answer for me, if you ask them."

"You seek honest employment, and been used to farm labour, do you say?" returned the traveller. "Would you be willing to enter the service of a gentleman who is about to leave England and seek his fortune in a new country?"

"I would do so most thankfully," was the answer.

"And you can refer me to persons who can vouch for your story?"

"I can. The vicar of my parish knows me well, and will answer for me."

"Come with me then to my present lodging. To-morrow I will make the needful inquiries. Gentlemen," he continued, "turning to the officer and his friend, who had stood by listening to this dialogue, and lifting his three-cornered hat as he spoke, "I have to return you my thanks for your assistance, and bid you good even."

He was turning away when the officer, who hitherto had taken no particular notice of his appearance, suddenly stepped forward, and exclaimed in a tone of astonishment, "Frank, can this really be you?"

"Frank, Frank Atherley," cried his companion at the same moment. "It can't be, and yet, by all that is wonderful, it is! What brings you here, and whither are you going?"

The young man addressed started with what seemed to be equal surprise, mingled

with annoyance. "I did not recognise you, Rupert, nor you either, Mark Harlow, any more than you did me; and our meeting is as unexpected, as it is undesired. I will not detain you any longer, good even."

He was once more turning away, but the officer stepped forward and put himself in the young man's way.

"Stop," he said; "since we have met, we cannot part thus. You are aware that my father—our father I should say—has been most anxious, for weeks past, to obtain information respecting your movements?"

"I am quite aware of it," rejoined Frank, coldly.

"But he has failed—failed altogether to learn anything."

"I should not be surprised. I at least give no information to spies and eavesdroppers."

"Spies! eavesdroppers!" retorted the other hotly, "to whom do you apply those words?"

"To those," returned Frank in the same tone as before, and regarding with a stern look the faces of both his kinsmen, "to those who are not ashamed to dog a gentleman's steps, and listen behind doors and at odd corners."

"Do you dare insinuate that I have done either?" shouted Rupert.

"Or do your words apply to me?" added Harlow.

"I apply the words to those who have demeaned themselves to employ the base tools set to watch me," replied the young man. "I do not say that you, Rupert Atherley my brother, or you either, my cousin Mark Harlow, have yourselves condescended to put your ears to the keyhole, or follow me in my walks, wrapped in a disguise; but you have paid others for doing this, and that to my thought is every whit as vile!"

"It is false," cried Rupert. "By Heaven, Frank, it is well that I remember you are my brother. Any other man should have answered to me with his life for these words, and that before we parted this night."

"And for you, Mark Harlow," continued Frank Atherley, wholly unmoved by his brother's angry outburst; "you have done as ill as Rupert, and have not his excuse—my father's wishes. You will do wisely, sir, to stand out of my way, or I may forget our cousinship, and requite your meanness and treachery as they merit."

"Meanness and treachery!" repeated Harlow sternly. "Cousinship does not warrant terms like those, I trow, and cousins may fight, though brothers may not. You will withdraw those words, sir, or render me satisfaction for them on the instant."

"Nay, let us wait till to-morrow morning, or at least repair elsewhere," suggested Rupert, who had had a minute or two for reflection, and whom the prospect of a mortal struggle between his two nearest relatives had somewhat sobered. "This is no fitting place, or time either, for an encounter. Perhaps, too, Frank may be able, after all, to give some explanation—"

• "It is somewhat late for explanation," interposed Harlow, "and the matter methinks is plain enough as it is. Frank may try to carry off this matter with a high hand; but none the less has he disgraced us by falsehood and trickery, and finished the business by a low and infamous marriage, if marriage there has been—and for my part——"

What further he might have added, can only be conjectured, for Frank, who had hitherto kept some restraint on himself, appeared to be roused by his kinsman's last words to a pitch of wrath greater than that of his adversaries. Calling on Harlow to draw, he snatched his own sword from its sheath, and in another moment the two young men had crossed blades, and were engaged in a deadly combat. The angry altercation of the last few minutes had been a sound too familiar to attract much attention, but the clash of steel was a different matter. Windows were thrown up; figures, some of them half-dressed and holding lights, appeared at the doors; a number of men poured out from the adjoining tavern. The combatants were surrounded by an ex-

cited crowd—some clamouring to them to desist, others calling on those round them to stand by and see fair play, the shrill screams of the women adding to the uproar. One or two of the bolder among the bystanders were for endeavouring to seize the sword-arms of the duellists, but were prevented by Captain Atherley, who drew his own weapon, and threatened to run anyone through who attempted it. Meanwhile the contest proceeded with unabated fury. Both were experienced swordsmen, Harlow the more skilful and the cooler of the two, but these advantages were compensated for by the superior vigour and activity of his opponent. At length Harlow made a thrust, which was but imperfectly parried, and the blade grazing Frank Atherley's side was entangled for a moment in the padding of his coat. Before he could withdraw it, he received the point of his antagonist's sword in his left side, which it completely transfixed. With a deep groan Harlow fell back into Rupert's arms, and the victor, returning his weapon to its scabbard, stepped up to the wounded man, and looked anxiously in his face.

"Rupert, before Heaven, I did not intend this. I thought but to disarm or disable him. Are you sore hurt, Mark? Will you not speak to me?"

"I fear he is, Frank," said Rupert, who was endeavouring to staunch the flow of blood. "The wound is in a dangerous place, and your sword has gone deep. He has swooned with pain. But we have all been to blame, and you had better look to yourself, or you may have to answer this with your life. You may safely leave him to us. The surgeon has been already sent for, and is at hand. You can do Mark no good by lingering here."

"He advises you well, sir," whispered David Wood, who had stood by watching the encounter. "The watchmen as well as the surgeon will be here almost instantly. You had better make your retreat down this alley while you can. It leads by passages, with which I am acquainted, to the riverside. Thence you can easily

make your way to the docks. Lose not a moment, if you are wise. There are some here inclined to detain you as it is, and you know what would happen then."

"You are right," said Atherley; "I care

little for myself, but others would suffer, whom it is my duty to protect. Lead the way, good fellow, and I will follow. You shall not miss your reward."

He cast one last glance at his late ad-



versary, hoping to carry away with him some faint spark of hope to relieve the bitterness of his self-reproach. But he could gather none. The surgeon had now arrived, and was applying such remedies as his skill suggested: but his look of grave concern, and the ghastly pallor of Harlow's

face which seemed to bode the worst, struck a colder chill to his heart.

"The curse of Cain will be on me," he muttered. "I must flee—flee instantly—as he did, from the face of him I have slain." He followed his guide through the throng, who for the most part seemed to

regard him with compassion, rather than horror, and disappeared through the archway.

Meanwhile a lady was waiting in a small chamber overlooking the Thames, a little below London bridge, anxiously listening for the step of a man she expected. She had been looking for him throughout the whole morning; and her agitation had been much increased by an interview which had taken place early in the afternoon. She was young, not more than seventeen it seemed, her figure light and well-shaped, and her features more than commonly lovely: but the grace, observable in all her movements, seemed rather the result of natural refinement, than the polish which is acquired by intercourse with the world. There was a shrinking timidity too in her demeanour, which might be habitual to her, or be caused by the embarrassments of the situation in which she now found herself.

"What can have delayed him all these hours?" she muttered several times to herself, as she perused and reperused a letter received two days before. "He says he will arrive, without fail, early in the forenoon, and it is now nigh on four o'clock! And the next ship does not sail for two or three days. It will be impossible for us to be ready for the *Quebec* to-morrow; and every hour's delay is full of danger."

She started at this moment, for the tread of some one ascending the stairs was heard without.

"It is not his step," she murmured, "but it must surely be a messenger from him." She threw open the door as she spoke, and ran out upon the landing, but recoiled as she caught sight of the figure of a strongly-built man, apparently about forty years of age, who was regarding her with a look, in which sorrow and anger seemed combined. He was respectably dressed, though not after the fashion of the gentry, and his face might have been thought handsome, but for the sternness of its expression. She uttered a cry of mingled surprise and dismay, and darting back into the room, tried to secure the door against the intruder.

"You need not shun me thus, Lucy," he

said, advancing into the room, "I come with none but kind intentions towards you. I have never had any other feeling, and never shall have, unless you wrong me. If you will but listen to me, you may yet be saved."

"There is no evil threatening me from which I have need to be saved," she answered. "My only wish is to be allowed to follow out my plans without interference. I do not doubt you mean me well, as you say; but if so, the greatest service you can do me is to leave me unmolested."

"Unmolested, Lucy! Do you call it molesting you to seek your presence for the purpose of offering you an honest man's hand—an honest man who has loved you ever since you were a child, and to whom you ever showed kindness, until this false and treacherous scoundrel——"

"Stop," interposed the girl, "say what you will to me, but I will not hear him maligned."

"There is little fear of that," retorted her visitor, bitterly; "it would be difficult to say anything worse of him than he deserves. But hearken to me. It is nearly seventeen years since your father, my old friend, left you to my charge. I have watched over you, and cared for you, as though you had been my own daughter."

He paused a moment.

"I know you have always been kind," said Lucy, somewhat melted. "I have ever given you the affection of a daughter, if you would have been satisfied with it."

"But you have known for these three years that it would not satisfy me. You knew that I wanted you for my wife, and you spoke no word, nor ever by so much as a look discouraged me. It was not until some six months ago, when this young spark of a penniless London lawyer came dangling about your grandmother's house, and tried to relieve the dulness of his idle hours by making love to you, that your heart was turned away from me. Nay, hear me, girl—I *will* be heard, for the matter of that—I say he has never really cared for you at all, and if you are unwise enough to trust him, he will cast you off

when he is tired of you—as a child throws away a broken plaything.”

“You do him wrong, most grievous wrong,” exclaimed Lucy. “He will never forsake me. He means me nothing but good.”

“Nothing but good ! He has made you his wife then, I conclude, before carrying you off thus abruptly from your home and friends ? and yet I see no ring on your left hand, Lucy.”

The girl blushed till her face and neck were one mass of crimson. “I shall not answer you,” she rejoined after a short pause, speaking with more haughtiness than anyone who had noticed her previous demeanour would have thought possible. “You have no right to insult me thus. I desire you to leave me, sir. Come here to-morrow morning, if you will ; and you will find one who will be ready to answer any question you may put to him—one whom you will not dare to treat thus !”

“To-morrow, say you, Lucy ?” he returned. “Aye, but were I to comply with your suggestion, should I find you here to-morrow ? Remember what trouble it has cost me to trace you out. And yet I cannot believe that you at least would deliberately deceive me. Will you assure me, on your honour, that if I go now, you or your—companion, will be here to answer my questions at this hour to-morrow ?”

“On my honour, I will,” replied Lucy. “We have no thought of quitting this place for two or three days to come. Farewell ; in spite of your harshness, I believe you wish me well.”

He took her hand and kissed it. “I do indeed,” he said. “What you term harshness is the truest kindness. But beware how you or he play me false,” he added with a return to his old manner. “I will never forgive you or yours, if you do. I am a man who never forgets friend or enemy. Beware how you make me the last.”

He went slowly down the stairs ; and the girl, left to herself, sank into a chair, and gave vent to a flood of tears, which she had hitherto suppressed.

CHAPTER II.

NEARLY eighteen years had passed since the events related in the previous chapter,—years marked by events of the gravest importance, not to the future of England only, but to that of all Europe also. So far as the former was concerned, her prestige was certainly greater than it had been at the outset of the period. The establishment of her Indian empire had more than compensated for the loss of the American colonies ; the enormous growth of her commerce had added largely to her wealth ; while the great naval victories of Ushant and the Nile proved that her ancient strength was no way diminished. In France there had been the total overthrow of the Monarchy, the Reign of Terror, the Directory, and the Consulate,—one important event succeeding another with bewildering rapidity. Europe generally had been ravaged by desolating wars ; which had recently, to all appearance, been brought to a conclusion by the peace of Amiens, signed in October, 1801. This had given very general relief ; though wiser heads foreboded, only too correctly, that the mutual jealousies which had been roused, and the heavy blows which had been dealt by both parties, allowed but little hope that the present pacification could be anything but a momentary lull in the tempest. Buonaparte’s well-known hostility to England, the only power which had persistently refused to acknowledge his authority or connive at his ambitious schemes, had aroused a corresponding feeling on the part of the British people. Though for a while open hostilities had been laid aside, the scorn and hatred which the name of a Frenchman called forth had undergone no diminution.

Politics were not so much the favourite as the universal talk of the day. It was not in Parliament only, or at public meetings, or in the houses of the upper classes, that the policy of the Cabinet and the designs of the First Consul were canvassed. These formed the staple topic of the farmers

when they met at market, at the tradesman's ordinary, the fair, the race-course, and the tap-room of the public house. Even school-boys forgot to talk about the doings of their masters and ushers, the amusements of the playground and the allurements of the cake-shop, to discuss the evil deeds of Bonyparty (as he was generally called in those days) and the drubbing he had, to the intense delight of the English people, undergone at the hands of Sir Sidney Smith.

The boys of Kingscourt—as Dr. Chapman's school situate near Milstead in the good county of Marls, was called—formed no exception to this rule. They had assembled one April morning in the year 1803, in the broad meadow, skirted by ancient beech trees, which formed their cricket ground—for the double purpose of having their first practice that half-year, and settling their eleven for the season. This topic was rendered the more interesting, because it was well known that the pupils of a rival school kept by one Dr. Forbes, and right Mount Parnassus, intended to challenge them to play a match at cricket, before the summer holidays. As hot rivalry had subsisted for many years past between the "Parnassians" and themselves, the prospect of the encounter had roused an extraordinary amount of interest. Besides this, an order had been issued by the headmaster that morning, peremptorily forbidding the practice of smoking, which had sprung up among the boys about the beginning of that half-year. This prohibition had excited both indignation and dismay among most of the seniors of the school, who had adopted the habit in question with all the enthusiasm of new proselytes. At any other time one or other of these topics would have occupied the attention of the boys to the exclusion of all others.

But a report had been received that morning from London, of the celebrated interview between Buonaparte and the English ambassador, Lord Whitworth, which had produced a profound sensation throughout Great Britain. To be sure it had occurred considerably more than a fortnight

previously. But news was slow of transmission in the year 1803, and commonly received so many alterations and embellishments, before it reached a mere country village like Milham, that in all likelihood it would have scarcely been recognized by the original reporters. The boys had just heard of it from Steve Holmes, one of the first-class boys, who had returned from Milstead (a town about two miles off) to which he had been allowed by the doctor's special permission to pay a visit, and had arrived just after they had finished choosing the eleven.

"I say, you fellows," he began, as soon as he had entered the cricket field, and had gathered an attentive audience round him. "There's tremendous news from France! Old Nicolls told me all about it half an hour ago. Bony and Lord Whitworth have had a furious blow up. Bony shook his fist in Lord Whitworth's face."

"By Jove! you don't mean that," exclaimed James Monkton, the tallest and strongest boy in the school. "I shouldn't think Lord Whitworth is the sort of fellow to stand that."

"No, he wouldn't," continued Holmes: "he squared up to Bony in return; and there would have been a regular fight, only the other people who were there parted them."

"They were afraid old Bony would be thrashed," suggested Cook, "and I'll be bound Bony was afraid himself, after that licking he got from Sir Sidney Smith. What did he do, Steve?"

"Bounced out of the room in a wax, old Nick said," answered Holmes.

"This isn't the first quarrel they've had," remarked Northcote, "There was another two months or so ago. I heard my uncle talking about it the last time I was at Wavelsbourne. It was about a Maltese orange, or a Maltese dog, or something belonging to Malta—"

"It was the island of Malta," interrupted Bell, "I know all about it. That's in the Channel, just off the coast of France, you know, and belongs to England, and Buonaparte insists on the King of England giving it up, and—"

"You are quite wrong," said Cook; it's Egypt, not Malta, that Bony wants to have. He means to live there, and turn Mahometan, and kill any Englishman who attempts to cross over to India—"

"That's all you know about it, is it?" interposed Monkton. "I happen to know what the quarrel with Lord Whitworth really was about. It wasn't about Malta, and it wasn't about Egypt, but it was about the English newspapers. Buonaparte insisted upon it that everyone who mentioned his name in a newspaper in a way he didn't like, should be hanged without trial; and Lord Whitworth would only agree that he should be transported for life. I know that is so, because my uncle's a barrister."

"And he wanted all the French Royal family and the emigrants too to be hanged if they didn't leave England in a week—don't forget that—" added Northcote.

"All the emigrants, do you say?" asked Dick Thorne, the wag of the school—"what old Des Moulines along with the others? that would be something to see, wouldn't it?"

"There's always something to see, when he's present," remarked Cook. "There was such a game this morning. You know how savage he always gets, when anything is said about those French Republicans, whom he can't abide. Well, this morning Dick here persuaded Jack Fielding, who is as soft as butter, to ask him whether he wasn't brother to the fellow who was guillotined about ten years ago!"

"You don't mean Jack really asked him that?" inquired Wood. "I should like to have been by, and heard that, I must say."

"It was great fun," said Thorne. "Old Des Moulines burst into a towering passion, and laid into the fellows whom he saw grinning, with his cane right and left. 'Do you mean to insult me, Sare?' he shouted with a volley of French oaths. 'His name is not spell the same as mine. He is an infame—what you call a scoundrel. I would have kill him through the body, if I meet him. I would have made him fall on his knee, and say: 'Hurrah for De Bourbon!'

Mention not the polisson's name to me, or I will report it to the master!'"

"Poor Moossoo!" observed Bell. "Well he is going to leave in another two months. We may leave him alone till then."

"Moossoo going to leave, Bell? who told you that?" asked Shute.

"Collins told my father so," said Bell. "Moossoo is a friend of some French chap, Noodle or Doodle, or some such name—"

"Cadoudal, I suppose, Georges Cadoudal," corrected Wood, the head boy of the school. "He is a famous Breton chief. I heard all about him last holidays. He hates Buonaparte, rather worse than we do."

"Just so, George," rejoined Bell. "Well Bony thinks old Des Moulines, amongst others, means to send a fellow over to France, to shoot him from behind a hedge, or poison his broth, or something of the kind, and intends to be beforehand with him."

"How do you mean beforehand, Austen?" asked Wood.

"He is going—so Moossoo fancies at all events—to send a lot of his men, well armed, over in a boat some dark night. They'll land at the Dane's Cove, pull Des Moulines out of his bed, and carry him over to Paris, where Bony will soon square accounts with him."

"I think there's some mistake, Austen," said Shute. "It's that queer old friend of Des Moulines's, that lives in a cottage out beyond Pitts's—or rather, used to live there, for he has left the neighbourhood."

"Oh, I know the fellow you mean," said Wood, "I saw Des Moulines coming out of his house one day—a tall, dark-bearded chap, with a scar on his cheek."

"That's the man," said Shute. "Des Moulines had had a row with him. He came to Chapman to complain of Des Moulines, or something. Anyway, it's because of him that Moossoo's going. I heard my father talking about it."

"Well, if he is going, it doesn't much signify why," observed Northcote. "But

we've had enough of him. What did Nicolls say about the tobacco, Steve?"

"He wouldn't sell us any," returned Holmes. "Longshanks has been down there and threatened to withdraw his brother's custom, if he sold any more to the boys. He blew him up, sky high, for ever having let us have any."

"I shouldn't have thought Nick would have knocked under like that," remarked Northcote. "Chapman's custom is worth a good deal, I dare say; but Nicolls has made a pot of money, and is an independent sort of chap. I know he told my uncle, when he was canvassing, that if he hadn't been of the same politics with him, he wouldn't have voted for him, though he is his tenant."

"Only fancy that!" said Hewett; "a tenant refusing to vote for his landlord, and talking of *his* politics! I should think your uncle would turn him out pretty quick!"

"Yes, I expect he would," assented Northcote, "and he'd get ducked into a horse-pond, and well thrashed into the bargain, and serve him right, too. But I say again, I wonder at an uppish fellow like Nick knocking under to old Chapman, who's nothing but a schoolmaster, after all. And as for Longshanks, he's not even that, only an usher!"

"Aye, but I judge Longshanks said something more than that his brother would take away his custom," said Holmes. "From what Nick let drop, I think he hinted something about his getting tobacco in some unlawful way."

"What, from smugglers?" suggested Monkton. "I know I've heard that a deal of smuggling goes on along this coast. Lieutenant Roby and his men are continually on the look out, I know. Yes, if Longshanks had got hold of anything, and hinted it to Nick, he'd knock under, I dare say."

"I dare say so too," said Thorne, laughing. "It would be enough to ruin Nick, if it was known. Well then, there is no help for it, I suppose. There's no one else in Milstead who could sell us the tobacco."

"Yes, Goody White could," remarked Hewett, interrupting.

"I doubt that," replied Thorne; "she would be more afraid of the doctor than Nicolls is."

"She wouldn't venture to set his orders at naught, I dare say," returned Hewett. "But, you see, she doesn't sell tobacco at present. Therefore of course the doctor and Longshanks haven't said anything to her about it."

"They'd soon find it out, and put a stopper on her," said Monkton.

"Yes, if they knew she was selling it," observed Cook. "But they needn't know anything about it. She needn't exhibit it in her shop, only get it, and sell it to us on the sly—"

"I don't fancy things done on the sly," interposed Wood.

"And besides," added Shute, "you must tell her, or she would be selling it to every one; and if you told her, she couldn't say afterwards she knew nothing about it."

"Oh couldn't she," exclaimed Cook with a laugh, "leave that to her!"

"She couldn't without telling a lie, Shute means," said Wood, "and I shouldn't choose to have anything to do with inducing her to do that."

"Wouldn't you?" cried Cook with a sneer. "How very virtuous of you!"

"Cook wouldn't encourage lying, I am sure," interposed Hewett, "nor would any of us. But I do not see that we could be answerable for Mother White's lies."

"We should have a deal on our consciences, if we were," remarked Thorne.

"And if Wood doesn't like it, he may go without the tobacco;" said Cook.

"I certainly should go without it, then," said Wood, his colour rising. "Between telling lies oneself, and profiting by the lies of other people, there seems to me very little distinction."

"I agree with you, George," said Bell; "and there is another thing also to be considered. Whatever Mother White might declare, none of us could say that we didn't

know all about the Doctor having forbidden tobacco."

"That, no doubt, is quite true," remarked Hewett. "None of us would think of doing that. It would be quite unworthy of us. But then the Doctor could only punish us, if he caught us, by giving us an imposition or keeping us in during play-hours, and we might be willing to take the chance of that."

"I think he could do something more," said Bell, "and what is more, I am pretty sure he would. He would prevent the match with the Parnassians, which he has allowed; as it is."

"You are right, I expect," observed Northcote. "He is very apt to punish the school in that way, if the seniors set the rules of the school at naught. Don't you remember the water-party two years ago, Steve?"

"Yes, I do," answered Holmes. "Captain Palmer, Jack Palmer's father, had put in at Milbay, and was lying off Leddenham Pier. He offered to take the first two classes in his yacht for a cruise to Reginald's Tower, and jolly fun it would have been. But three of the first class had gone out of bounds, without leave, to bathe; and he stopped the whole thing, notwithstanding that the Captain had got everything ready. Yes, I expect you're right; if he caught us bringing in tobacco, after he'd forbidden it, two to one he would forbid the match with old Forbes's fellows."

"Well, it would be a great bore if he did," said Bell. "The match is safe to be good, whoever wins. It is to be played in Broadleigh Park. Colonel Morley has sent down orders to old Hagan, at the keeper's lodge——"

"Hagan!" interrupted Shute, "what is that the colonel's keeper—the fellow we saw one day about three weeks or a month ago, going out with a gun and a dog, and asked his leave to gather primroses in the park? He is a grumpy sort of chap, if it is."

"That's the fellow," replied Bell. "He hasn't been at the Lodge very long, and

doesn't know people yet. He wasn't uncivil, you may remember, when we explained who we were. I dare say he has very strict orders about keeping the people out of Broadleigh."

"Never mind his incivility," said Holmes. "What has Colonel Morley told him?"

"He has told him that the match is to be played on the piece of turf between the house and the lake, and Hagan is to be sure and have the ground watered and rolled. And the two elevens are to dine in the Fishing Temple—a sort of Greek building, you know, with statues of gods and goddesses, and all that."

"I know," said Northcote; "I was at a party there two years ago. My uncle had leave to use the house and grounds, for a sort of *fête* he gave before the election. Yes; it's a first-rate place for a cricket-match, that's certain, and for a cricket dinner too."

"And besides that," added Bell, "if Colonel Morley comes down in time for the match—as very likely he will—he'll give the cricket dinner. He was at school here himself, I believe, ever so long ago, and is very fond of the place."

"What a jolly old chap," said Cook. "Well, you're right; it would be a great pity to lose that."

"Particularly," added Wood, "when we are pretty safe to win the match."

"I don't know that we are that, though," put in Monkton. "They've got some good players at Forbes's this year, I've been told. Pitts, you remember, Steve, was telling me about them one day about a fortnight ago."

"Yes," said Holmes, "he told us they had got a bowler, called Morison, I think, who bowled very swift and straight; and another, whose name, I think, was Hughes. He bowled with a curious twist, which puzzled fellows at first, though not when they got used to it. And they had one crack bat—I forget his name, Black, I fancy—anyhow, he could play like anything. But the rest of them were not much, and the last two or three were good for nothing."

"Well, we needn't be afraid of that," said Hewett. "I don't think the swift

bowling will match yours, Northcote. Indeed, Pitts said it wouldn't, you know. And I would back James's batting against this fellow Black's any day. You know, Longshanks said the other day what a difficult matter it was to get him out."

"Yes; and we have a first-rate wicket-keeper this year, and long stop too," added Shute. "I don't think there can be much doubt of our beating them. I agree with Bell, it would be very foolish to run the risk of being forbidden to play the match for the sake of this tobacco. And after all it is only a chance that Mother White could be induced to get it, and we should run a considerable risk of being caught smoking, supposing that she did. I vote we leave the smoking alone altogether—any way till the match is over."

"Well, I for one don't agree to that," said Holmes. "I am as much for the match as any one. But I don't see that we run any risks by trying to get the tobacco at Mother White's. Anybody that doesn't like it may go without, but I am not inclined to give up the fun of smoking without any sufficient reason. We must take care not to be caught—that's all."

"As for our being caught," said Hewett; "I know something which would prevent that."

"Do you, Hewett?" observed Thorne. "I should like to hear what it is."

"So should I," said Cook.

"So should we all, I expect," added Bell.

"Out with it, Ralph," said Holmes; "we're all listening."

"I don't mind telling it to the first class, if they will promise to keep it secret," said Hewett, "and I know I can entirely trust their promise."

"Go ahead then," said Monkton, "there are none but first class fellows here, and we'll all be mum."

"Will you all?" rejoined Hewett. "Steve here, and James, and Everard—I know they would consent, and so, I am pretty sure, would Cook and Thorne—"

"All right," said the two boys named in the same breath.

"But there are Wood and Bell and Shute," continued Hewett; "and perhaps they might not be willing to give their words. Of course, if they did—"

"I should not betray any secret, if that is what is meant," observed Wood, "but I might be obliged—"

"Obliged, Wood," repeated Monkton, "how could you be obliged?"

"It might be something, George means, which a fellow would have no right to keep secret. I agree with him, and so I think will Shute."

"Yes," said Shute, "I shouldn't like to promise in the dark, as I may say, to keep anything secret."

"Well then, you three fellows had better clear off, and leave Hewett to tell us his secret," remarked Cook.

"With all my heart," said Wood haughtily. "Come along, Austen, we'll put up the wickets, and mark the ground. Longshanks and Collins were to come out at half-past ten, and it is close on that now."

The three boys moved off accordingly, and the remaining six, retreating out of earshot of their younger schoolfellows, seated themselves—some among the roots of the old beeches which grew thick in one corner of the cricket ground, and some on a seat which had been put up under one of the largest of them—while Hewett proceeded to the disclosure of his secret.

"You know," he began, "the old house at the back of the playground, that's been shut up ever so many years—"

"What Millwood, eh?" asked Thorne. "I should rather think we did know it. You might as well ask us if we knew the schoolroom."

"Well I didn't mean but what you knew it," resumed Hewett. "The back buildings—stables, outhouses, kitchens, whatever they may be—they come down right against the playground wall. Were any of you ever inside them?"

"No," said Holmes; "I've several times been in the old court in which they stand, but there's neither door nor window looking

into it. There's nothing but a dead wall, and the court itself is so high, that it would be very difficult to scramble over. No fellow has ever been inside any of those rooms, so far as I know."

"I'll tell you a fellow that has been there," said Hewett: "I myself. I was there yesterday."

There was a general cry of surprise. "Why, how in the world did you manage that, then?" asked Northcote.

"It happened in this way," said Hewett. "I had been playing fives with Shute, and a good many balls had gone over into the court. After he had gone in, I got over the wall to pick them up. One of them had fallen into the old ashpit close under the house wall. I scrambled in to get it, and while I was stooping to pick it up, all of a moment the bottom of the pit gave way, and I fell down four or five feet into a sort of vault under it."

"I say, this is interesting," said Thorne; "a regular 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' this. Well, go on, Hewett."

"Well, I picked myself up and looked about me, how I was to get out: the floor hadn't broken in, I found. It was a solid piece of oak, two inches thick. On looking closer at it I discovered it to be a trap-door turning on hinges, and there were some steps leading up to it. But the most remarkable thing was that the hollow ran right under the wall, and on the other side were some more steps and another trap."

"By Jove!" said Monkton. "Did you open the trap?"

"Yes I did, and went up. I found myself in a large square room—it had been a stable once I should fancy, for there were only one or two windows, high up in the wall, and there were the remains of a loft. It was very dark, for the windows, few as they were, had been bricked up, and light only came through two small openings in the roof. There was a door leading apparently to some other out-houses, but I hadn't time to see what there was on the other side. It was just supper-time, and I was

afraid of being missed; so I scrambled back again, and luckily no one saw me."

"Well, that's something like a go," said Holmes; "I vote we go and explore the place on the first opportunity."

"I say ditto to that," said Northcote; "but we must be careful to go in and out at times when we sha'n't be seen. I agree with Ralph about this. This room of his will enable us to smoke without fear of being found out, if we take proper care. We can keep our tobacco and pipes there too, and they will be as safe from detection as if they were a hundred miles off: and if we always take off our coats and waistcoats before we begin smoking, none of us will carry away any smell of tobacco."

"They may see us getting over the wall and back," observed Cook.

"Yes, of course. But then the ushers, most likely, will think we are getting over to fetch the fives-balls. We must be careful, that's all. And the best time for going to the room, will be in the dusk of the evening. There is an hour or so, you know, before prayers, when we are allowed to be out in the playground, and the masters and ushers very seldom come out."

"I vote we explore the place at that time this evening," suggested Northcote; "only I think we ought to tell Wood and the others. They'd never tell."

"I don't agree with you," said Monkton. "We'd better keep it to ourselves—for the present at all events. Well, we are to meet at half-past seven, I suppose."

"That's the time" assented Holmes; "and now I expect it's about time for the cricket practice. I heard the clock strike something just now."

"It is just half-past-ten" said Monkton consulting his watch, "and here come Longshanks and Collins."

"Longshanks," by which title of honour, Mr. Edward Chapman, the Head Master's brother, was ordinarily known, owed his title of honour partly, like his namesake, to his length of limb, and partly to the high-handed manner, in which, according to the general belief, he was wont to deal with his

pupils; who in consequence sometimes called him "King Edward the First." He had been in the first instance designed for the law, and had duly eaten his terms, and been called to the Bar by the honourable society of Gray's Inn. But after ten years experience, he had found the study of the law, and its practice too, so little to his mind, that he had thrown up his profession, and come down into Marlshire to be his brother's senior classical assistant—a post he was much better fitted for than to pore over legal subtleties, or make impassioned appeals to juries. He was a right-minded and simple-hearted man, who instinctively loved boys and their ways, as such men generally do. Out of school he was a first-rate cricketer, and fives player, a fine

swimmer, and could even now dispute the palm at the high leap with the nimblest of his pupils. The Eleven, under his skilful teaching had proved almost invariably successful in their contests with rival players.

In school he was a painstaking and conscientious master, and moreover had more anxiety respecting the formation of his pupils' characters, than was usual with the schoolmaster of that day. Many a boy acknowledged a deep debt of gratitude to him; and many more owed it, though without acknowledging it.

While he and Mr. Collins, the junior classical teacher, are choosing sides, we will take the opportunity to give some description of Kingscourt, its neighbourhood and its inmates.

(To be continued.)

PUZZLES.

Cryptograph.

1.

xbqtpqtauyvj (qtjttmbwvytcctawxit)
ntulvacqrrblnvzmbxnvwocqtrbrnetaCqxix
fqtatuxwzrwobdwytixbvwctfxctabpnxjtu
xwwetauxwxcnutablvaixtkdrotarwobqxut.

Common Proverbs.

2.

6, 23, 16, 11, 14, 9, 9, 18, 1, 14, 16,
14, 9, 19, 16, 15, 8.

3.

1, 18, 7, 14, 14, 18, 16, 10, 9, 14, 7, 21,
9, 9, 15, 5, 9, 14.

4.

19, 1, 15, 31, 5, 1, 15, 8, 21, 19, 1, 20,
16, 18, 7, 3, 5, 14, 12, 9, 11, 20.

Diamond Puzzles.

5.

1. A consonant of hissing sound.
2. An article that's often found.
3. The travellers stay and good support.
4. What happens oft with casks of port.

5. A poet now comes to our view;
A goodly poet he is too.

6. The farmer's great delight we see,
7. And food for you and food for me.
8. What ne'er with man is thought too stale.
9. A vowel now doth end the tale.

Poetical Puzzle.

Fill in the blanks and name the author
I — by — smoke — so — curled
— the — elms — a — was —,
And — said — there's — to — found —
the —
The — that — humble — hope — it —.

Double Arithmoren.

7.

My initials and finals read downwards
will name two planets.

- 55 a e = a space between hills.
51 z e a = a girl's name.
1000 rbeun = a quantity.
1000 totsurt = farthest.
250 hatsok = coarse cloth.

Charade.

8.

My *whole* doth glory in his *first*,
 Whilst he contemns my *second*;
 As "one who revels much" on earth,
 By all my *whole* is reckoned.

Square Word.

9.

A poisonous tree. Part of fruit.
 A medicinal plant. A river in Scotland.

Drop Letter Puzzle.

10.

Huhsryokhlprnhnteomsbuh,
 Hrsalelmuaadcecigto;
 Btfihtaduefhacetet;
 Hrotawtromtshlhlhmos.

Square Word.

11.

Failure; A portion of land; Tardy;
 Stitched.

Logogriph.

12.

Whole I am a slab; curtail me, I am an
 article of furniture; transpose me I am the
 cry of a sheep; behead me twice I am to
 devour; behead me I am a preposition;
 and curtail me and I am the indefinite
 article.

Charade.

13.

When parched earth in sunshine basks,
 Or rain and hail in torrents fall,
 My *second* shelters from them all.
 And school-boys busy at their tasks
 Do what my *first* imports,
 And are my *whole* when they are done,
 And they resume their sports.

Double Acrostics.

14.

My initials and finals name two poets.
 A river in Australia.
 A river in South America.
 A river in Spain.
 A town in Russia.
 A town in Denmark.
 A river in Africa.
 A town in Canada.
 A town in Hanover.
 A river in Patagonia.
 A river in Scotland.

Transpositions.

15.

(Musical Composers.)
 Talk can move a high livin'.

16.

Blind Walter met ten snails.

17.

I'll plan u a chapel-chamber.

18.

Elisa Ri once found a birdie.

Drop Letter Puzzle.

19.

Oteoyonoia,
 Weehpnadyrsgo,
 Styugnvlmie,
 Weigvrepnlw.

Charade.

20.

My *first* was a troublesome boy,
 Not my *next* I *third* to state:
 My *whole* is pretty and gay,
 And once was worn by the great.

Numerical Charade.

21.

My 1,2,7,5 must be brave.
 My 9,8,3,4,6,10 is refined.
 My *whole* is often seen in gardens.

Square Words.

22.

A marine production.
 A dramatic composition set to music.
 A kind of riddle.
 One of the sons of Tarquinius Superbus.
 A rope with a noose attached.
 23.
 A musical instrument. A man's name.
 Obscurity. Solitary. The Latin for
 a name.

Double Central Deletions.

24.

To play for money, please delete,
 And then a storm your sight will greet.

25.

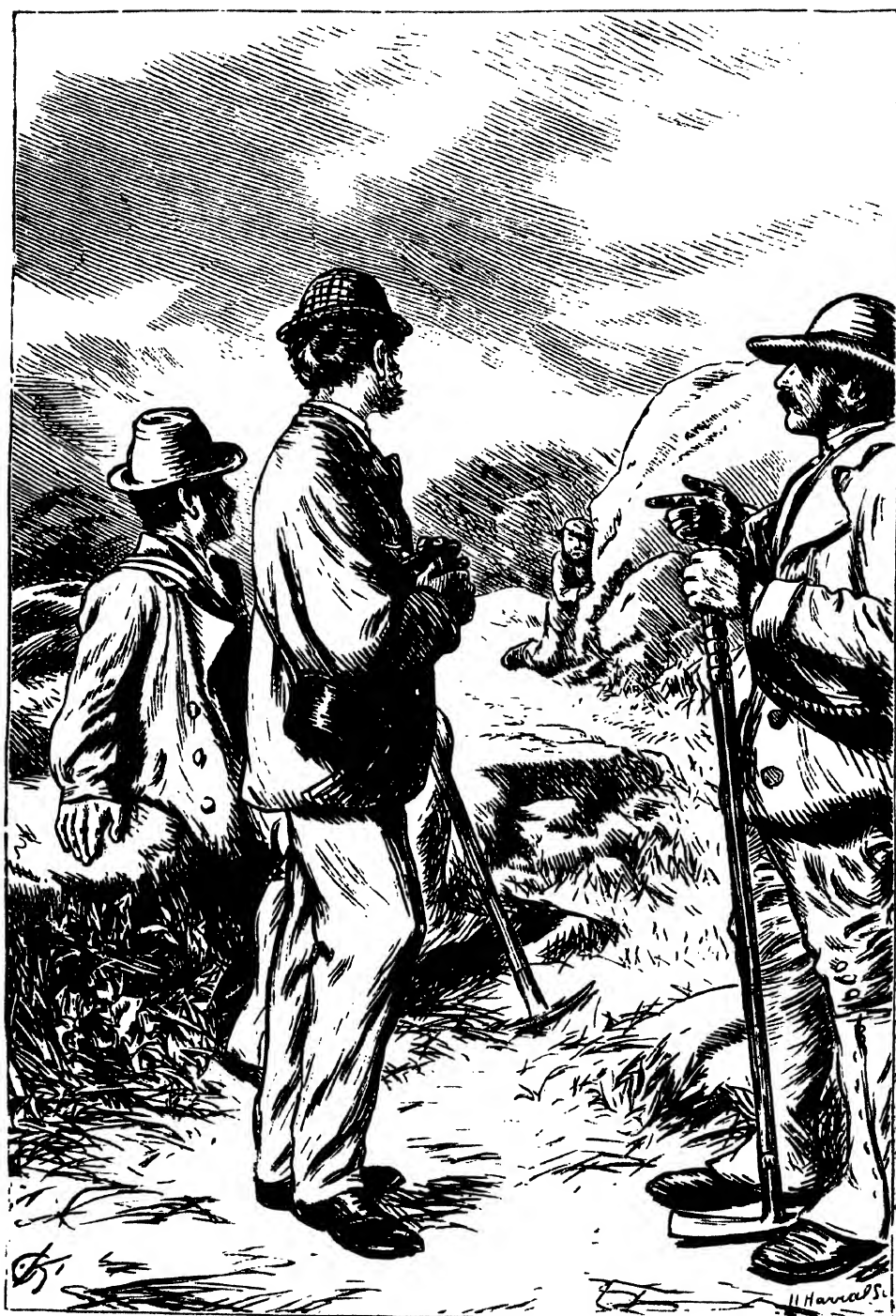
Delete a seed, and then 'tis true
 Part of a ship will come to view.

26.

A kind of glue delete, 'tis strange
 To a piece of money it will change.

27.

A tiny insect you will meet
 If you a space of time delete.



OUR IMP OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER ON THE CUMBERLAND FELLS.

By W. W. FENN.



OW the adventure I am going to relate, turns upon a boy, and a very unpleasant boy. But before I begin to tell you about him, I must explain how I and the two friends concerned happened to be in the region where we met him, viz., the Cumberland lake district.

We, that is to say, I, Fred Lambton, John Newsome, and Henry Brewster, three clerks in a government office, were great cronies, given much to cricket, and

most athletic sports, but more particularly to mountaineering and climbing. We, two of us at least, had done in our time a fair amount of difficult feats in this field of daring and pluck, many of the most dangerous Swiss peaks having fallen, as the phrase goes, to our intrepidity. We are all three members of the Alpine Club now, though, at the time of which I write, Brewster was a mere novice, and had not qualified; indeed he had never done any mountains, at home or abroad. He was a kindly, brave, but very simple fellow; and I am afraid we often used to take unfair advantage of this latter quality, making him occasionally the butt for what is vulgarly called "a sell." He was always open to "a sell," and to this day even, in spite of his experience, is easily taken in. Our names, however, are not to be found on the books of the club, because I prefer to use fictitious ones, seeing that sometimes people do not

like their doings made public in this fashion especially when personal acts have to be spoken of by the actors themselves. Therefore, you will understand that Fred Lambton, John Newsome, and Henry Brewster are very real individuals indeed, whose names alone are shams.

Well, early one spring some years ago, we found we could get a short release from the daily round of our several occupations; and we determined, as it was too early to go to Switzerland, to spend our short holiday in climbing some of the Cumberland peaks.

"It will be very mild work after what you and I have been accustomed to," said Newsome to me with a wink; "but it will just suit Brewster here as a good bit of training for what he will have to go through in the autumn when we get him on the slopes of the Matterhorn!"

"Oh! there can be nothing amongst the Cumberland mountains that will train one for that, I expect," said Brewster simply; "that will have to be faced after a very different fashion."

"Ah!" went on Newsome; "I know a place that you will find pretty nasty in Cumberland, and which will try your nerve a bit; still the chief advantage of such a trip as we propose lies for all of us in the good stretching of wind and limbs that it will give us; we will go up Scawfell Pike, by Mickledore."

"Mickledore? what's Mickledore?" asked Brewster.

"Oh! a roughish bit of rock-scramble, a nasty place for a novice," and Newsome winked again at me; as he looked towards Brewster.

"Well, all right," said the latter, "I'm

game ; yow show me the way, and I'll be bound I'll follow ! ”

“Spoken like the true mountaineer that you'll one day become, under my tuition,” cried Jack ; “you'll have to take an ice-axe, though.”

“Ice-axe,” repeated Brewster, “what on earth shall I want an ice-axe for, unless it be *to axe* my way with ? ”

“Now look here, Brewster, if I ever hear you make that joke again, we part,” said Newsome solemnly, and with a fierce glitter in his eye. “No, sir,” he went on, when he felt he had sufficiently impressed the other by his manner, “you'll want an ice-axe here and there, if you follow my lead, to climb with ; for I shall take you up several places very like the side of a house, where you'll have to hold on by your eyebrows, or your ice-axe, I can tell you.”

Poor Brewster, thoroughly abashed by the consequences of his rash levity, apologised with mock humility ; but I am bound to say, I never heard him commit himself to any such humorous suggestion again.

And so, within a fortnight of this, a part of our talk over preliminaries, we found ourselves towards the end of March, safely deposited by the north-western railway at Windermere, where a dog-cart was in readiness to take us to Rossthwaite, which was to be our head-quarters for the time we were to spend in the neighbourhood.

We had got within a few miles of our destination, when I, who was driving, saw a little ahead of us an extraordinary apparition. A cloud of dust that might have looked like the beginning of a sandstorm in the desert was rising from the centre of the road ; and in the midst of this, only dimly discernible through its density, was the gyrating figure of a boy in his shirt-sleeves. He was whirling his jacket round and round, at the full extent of his arm, and by the wind which he thus created was enveloping himself in the thick veil of triturated sand and granite. On hearing the approach of our vehicle, he desisted from this edifying amusement, and with a hop, skip, and jump, as if in pantomimic

expression of great fear at the chance of being run over, made for the low stone-wall at the side of the road, and placing his back against it and stretching out his arms and legs, as if this flattened position was the only one which would leave room enough for us to pass him, patiently awaited our arrival.

He was not more than ten or eleven years of age, and looked like a low London street boy, a sort of working jeweller's or watchmaker's errand boy ; such a young chap as you might meet any day in the region of Clerkenwell, swinging a blue bag, flattening his nose against all the shop windows, making furtive dashes round street-corners at other boys, ya-whooping, yelling, whistling, and careering from one side of the way to the other, availing himself of every opportunity to create noise and mischief, giving derisive imitations of cats, dogs, cocks and hens, and what not, assisting at all accidental incidents or street rows, and, in a word, up to every impish trick that an education in the streets generally inculcates. And, as I say, looking like this sort of individual, he seemed singularly out of place in the midst of the romantic scenery of the Cumberland lakes. Yet here he was, and when we first saw him he was conducting himself as I have described, and, as far as the surroundings enabled him, very much as if he had been going along Wilderness Row, or St. John's Street Road.

So strikingly incongruous was his appearance, that anybody, however unobservant, must have noticed him. The instant we had driven past him on the dog-cart, he raised a kind of war-whoop at us, accompanying it by a frantic dance and a series of hideous grimaces. He prolonged this performance until a turn in the road hid him from our sight ; but, as we caught the final glimpse of him, and he of us, he was outdoing himself in the violence of his gesticulations and shouts.

“A neat young blackguard, that, upon my word,” said Jack Newsome, as we were all gazing back at him. “How on earth did such a young varmint get down here ? ”

"Well, I should have said, by 'excursion train,' if it were the tourist season," said I. "All sorts of cads and *canaille* get shot out amongst these hills then; but just now, in the spring time of the year, to see such a young scaramouch as that *is* rather odd."

We thought no more about him then, however, little dreaming that one of us was going to have a narrow squeak for his life through the mischievous propensities of this young imp of darkness.

Having established ourselves at the comfortable and picturesque inn at Rossthwaite, we spent the next day in a good long ramble over hill and dale as a preliminary to the first expedition or ascent (to use the Swiss term) that we were to make. This was to be by Mickledore to Scawfell, and Scawfell Pike, down the Screes to Wastwater Lake, refreshing at Ritson's Inn, and then walking back to Rossthwaite. Brewster's wind did not seem to be in very good condition, for he more than once got blown, and had to sit down and rest during our first excursion; so that, after we had been out for an hour or more the next day, on our way to Scawfell, neither Newsome nor myself were surprised to find him knock up, and cry off.

"I'm not up to the mark," he said. "I'm very sorry to break down in my matriculation, as it were, but I am out of sorts."

"All right, old chap," I cried; "Jack and I will go on, and you can stroll back to the inn, when you have had a good rest here; you'll come right in a day or two, and we'll go up again for your sake when you are more fit, won't we, Jack?"

We had halted on a steepish slope of open heathery moorland, or fell, as it is called in that country, with enormous boulders and blocks of craggy rock here and there, jutting out from amidst the heather, long grass, and ferns, that sheltered in the damper places.

"Yes, that will be the best plan," said Newsome, backing up my suggestion; "and see here, Brewster, my lad, here's a stunning place to rest on: a delicious couch of

heather, with a rocky back, and arms of Nature's best manufacture."

As he spoke, he ensconced himself under the lee, and in an accommodating angle of one of the aforesaid big bluffs of crag.

"Well! here we'll leave you, then," we said, after a few more expressions of regret and chaff at our having to part company; "we shall be back to dinner at seven, and we must return past this identical spot, so, if you feel better in the afternoon, come up and meet us; mind you don't lose your way, by the bye, there's a good deal of mist and cloud hanging about, and it might settle down before you are aware of it."

The morning had been ominously fine for the time of year, and scarcely suggestive of a continuance of fine weather.

"Oh! yes, I shall come up again," answered Brewster, settling himself in the the seat Newsome had shown him. "I shall sit here for an hour or so, stroll home and have some lunch, and then come back and meet you. I don't know what has come to me, but I feel strangely lazy and stupid."

"Nothing very strange in that, old man, is there?" said Newsome in his pleasant chaffy way. "But you've been leading too luxurious a life lately. You want to rough it a little, my boy: hardy Norseman, and that sort of thing!—you understand! Bye-bye. We'll look out for you here, as we come back."

And so we waved our adieus, and parted.

It is not the purpose of this narrative to describe the mountaineering exploit which my friend and I accomplished, according to our intention, with complete success that afternoon. You may try it yourselves some day, perhaps, if inclined to adopt this healthy sort of athleticism as the best means of preserving the sound mind in the sound body; and then you will learn how it was that, having followed the route indicated to Wastwater, we, in returning to Rossthwaite, necessarily retraced part of the way we had taken at starting.

Nothing worth noting happened until we

came near the spot where we had left Brewster. This we did towards six o'clock in the evening, and when the mist and cloud, which had been hanging about all day in an undetermined sort of fashion, seemed settling down in good earnest. Here an undulation in the ground suddenly brought us within view of the figure of a man at about fifty yards' distance. For a moment we took it to be that of our friend; but, on approaching him as he was standing attentively scanning the opposite fell-side, we saw we were mistaken. He wore a pair of high leather gaiters, a sort of Norfolk jacket, a very slouchy wide-awake, and had something apparently slung over his shoulders, whilst in his hand he held an ice-axe similar to our own.

On coming up with him, for he was standing immediately in the direct path we were taking down the fell, we saw that he was a gentleman, notwithstanding the extreme roughness of his dress, which at first sight suggested the groom or gamekeeper.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "do you know any thing about this ice-axe? I see you carry similar ones, and I found this, just a little below here, ten minutes ago."

A mere glance at it, convinced Newsome and myself, at once, that it was Brewster's, and we said simultaneously:

"Yes, it belongs to a friend of our's, whom we are expecting to meet hereabouts, where did you say you found it?"

"Just the other side of yonder boulder there! Come with me, and I'll show you," was the reply.

Three minutes brought us to the mass of rock, where Brewster had sat down. "And," went on the gentleman, resting the ice-axe against it, "there, that's the way it was standing when my eye fell upon it. Seeing nobody near, I took it up, and when you came over the hill, I was just having a look round, in the hope of finding an owner for it; for I must tell you, that about a couple of hours ago I saw a young gentleman carrying an axe that looked very like this, coming up in this direction from Ross-thwaite."

"But where can he be?" I said, much puzzled; "we've seen nothing of him, and if it was our friend, as no doubt it was, he was to come up here to meet us."

"Well! it's rather odd, certainly," went on the stranger, "and I will tell you farther, that he was in rather odd company when I saw him; or at least he was talking to the queerest-looking customer I have ever seen in these parts—a kind of street boy, a fellow who might have been picked up out of a London slum."

Newsome and I instantly exchanged glances of understanding.

"Why, it must have been that young vagabond we passed on the road the other day," I exclaimed; "there could hardly be *two* such creatures hereabouts; this description tallies exactly."

"Of course it does," said Newsome, "and you say our friend was talking to him?"

"Yes, and the boy was gesticulating and pointing up this fell-side, and the other; your friend, I presume, appeared to be listening with much curiosity, but really, except for the boy's strange appearance, I should hardly have noticed them. I was on my way to a little farm that belongs to me over yonder; and, coming back I took a short cut across this fell, and so came upon the ice-axe."

"Well! it's extremely perplexing," cried Newsome. "I hope that fellow has not come to any grief and lost himself, or tumbled over a precipice; there are one or two nasty places a little higher up there. No, that would hardly be the case; but then, why did he leave his ice-axe here? It is certainly his, for I bought it for him."

Our new friend had taken it up again, and was examining it at this moment, Newsome at the same time using his field-glass, to sweep the horizon with.

Presently he called out at the top of his voice, "Hallo! hallo! Brewster, ahoy! where have you hidden yourself?"

No sooner had the echoes of the shout, once or twice repeated, died away, than the stranger turned suddenly to Newsome, and said, pointing away to his right—

"There's the boy, at any rate ; you have brought him out—there ! just behind that boulder ; do you see ?"

Of course we saw in an instant : there was the boy, sure enough, in a sort of crouching posture, as if creeping out from hiding under the lee of a huge mass of rock about seventy yards distant. He was eying us with a grim, impudent leer, which was quite visible, notwithstanding the long way we were off.

"Here, you boy, come here ! come here directly," we cried in a breath, as we beckoned to him ; but, instead of obeying us, he disappeared behind the crag. We instantly set out towards him.

"He'll try to dodge us, if we don't look out," cried Newsome ; "he has been up to some mischief here. I'll go round one side, and do you go the other, Lambton," he said to me ; "and perhaps you'll bring up the rear, sir, in case he makes a bolt for it. What can have happened ?"

So, in open order, we three nearly abreast approached the crag, which, as we came up to it, we saw abutted upon the ridge, or precipitous slope of a deep ravine, having a boulder-strewn torrent at the bottom, one of the common characteristics of mountain sides. There was barely room to get round the rock ; but Newsome had gone on one side, and as I was about to make for the other, the boy suddenly rushed out from his ambush, having evidently caught sight of Newsome, and so saw that his retreat was cut off in that direction. His intention obviously being to escape us, I pounced on him, and had him by the collar in no time. Shrieking and wriggling as if he were being murdered, he cried,

"Ere, what are you a-doin' of ? let go, can't yer ! I ain't done nothink to you. I didn't go to shove the bloke over the clift ; he done it hisself, I tell yer !"

Instantly guessing at something of what might have happened, I said,

"What do you mean, you young devil-skin ? Tell me where that gentleman is that you were seen with an hour or two ago ?"

"Well, you let go, then," he cried.

"Not a bit of it," I answered. "What do you mean by 'clift,' and 'shoved over ?' Explain yourself directly, or I'll be the death of you ! Where's the gentleman ?"

"He's down there ! can't you see ? arn't you got no h'eyes ?" the imp rejoined, pointing down to the bottom of the ravine, which, being wooded, was very difficult for the eye to penetrate, through the rising mist and increasing darkness.

My two companions here came up ; and as soon as they understood what I had elicited from the boy, began eagerly to scan the depths of the chasm.

"Ah ! by Jove ! there he is, poor fellow ; quite still—dead, I fear !" were the startling words that at length broke from Newsome's lips. "How are we to get him up ? The side here is too precipitous, and with the darkness and this mist coming on, we may not have time to get round to him by an easier way."

"I have it," called out the stranger, who was kneeling on the edge of the cliff, peering over ; "this rope will enable one of us to scramble down, and by its aid we can soon manage to hoist him up, what a lucky thing I thought of carrying it home from the farm !"

Whilst speaking, he had taken from his shoulders across which it was slung, a longish coil of rope.

"Here," he went on, "bear a hand, one of you, and I'll go down."

"No," cried Newsome, "you hold on, sir, I'm a lighter weight than you, and I'll go down to our poor friend,—Lambton, you come with me ; let that young varmint go,—what does it mean, how can it all have happened ?"

"Well ! you let go o' me, and I'll tell yer," broke in the boy, and being only anxious now to see after poor Brewster, I released him ; but, on the instant, he darted away, derisively shouting something which I did not catch, about an eagle.

The motionless form was lying some thirty feet just below where we were standing, and where the crag was most precipi-

tous ; but it was to be hoped that his fall had been broken by the thick tangle of brushwood at the bottom. Moving a few yards further on, Newsome said he could see a comparatively easy way down ; and taking the end of the rope which our stranger companion held, began to let himself into the ravine. I followed by the same route, the gentleman still holding on to the upper end of the rope, and very soon we were both bending over Brewster, and examining his condition. He was quite unconscious, but so far as we could make out, had no bones broken, only one side of his head was badly bruised and cut.

Our first thought was how to get him up out of the ravine, as we could render him no assistance there, and had we had anything in the shape of a litter, it would have been impossible to move him upon it on such uneven ground. So, making the rope fast beneath his arms, getting firm hold of of him, and signalling the stranger to haul on very gently, Newsome and I, together carrying our friend, began with great difficulty to retrace the way by which we had descended.

Rough, steep, and rocky, with masses of fern and stems of young trees intercepting us at every yard, our path was not easy ; but by degrees, after a climb of twenty minutes, we managed, being pretty decent cragsmen, to reach the top, and to lay Brewster down upon a tolerably level bank of heather. In a minute or two, he opened his eyes, and putting his hand to his head, complained of great pain. We were at least two miles from our inn, and it was quite evident that he could not walk ; so the gentleman in the gaiters volunteered to go back to his farm for assistance. In the course of half-an-hour he returned with two labourers, carrying an impromptu litter, made of a mattress, placed on a hurdle ; and by that time Brewster had so far recovered under our care, and such restoratives as we were able to administer, as to relieve us from any immediate fears. We did not bother him with many questions then, you may be sure ; but carried him home to our hostelry and got

him to bed without delay. The doctor whom we sent for, confirmed our opinion that he had sustained no permanent injury ; and having given him a composing draught, said that by the morning, if he slept well, he would probably be pretty much himself again. Yet he had had a bad fall, and a very narrow escape ; indeed it was a miracle, looking at the place over which he had toppled headlong, that he had not been killed on the spot.

Meanwhile, nothing could have been kinder than the people were at the inn, and our stranger friend, who turned out to be a resident squire in the neighbourhood, offered us every sort of attention, promising to try and discover who the young ragamuffin of a boy was, and where he was hiding, for it is hardly necessary to say we saw no more of him that night. By the middle of the next day, Brewster had so far recovered as to be able to give some account of the catastrophe, and what he said ran pretty much to this effect.

"In the afternoon, I was strolling, as arranged, up to the rock where we parted, and was about half way between it and the inn, when the boy whom we had passed the other day on the road started out from under the lee of one of the boulders on the hill side, much as if he had been an imp in a pantomime.

"I say, guv'nor," he said, ranging up alongside of me, "would you like to see a eagle ? 'cos if yer would, I know where there is one ; I've been a watchin' him all day !"

"Eagle !" I answered, "there are no eagles hereabouts, surely ?"

"Oh ! ain't there though ? I tell yer I've seen him four or five times, and I knows where his nest is."

"Nonsense," I said, "you wouldn't know an eagle if you saw one ; it's only a hawk at the most."

"Well, you come along o'me, I tell yer ; he's up here, and I'll show yer," and he capered on ahead, gesticulating and pointing towards the place where you fellows found me.

"Well then," I said, "you go and put some salt on his tail, and then you'll be able to take him to the Zoological Gardens."

"Ah, I don't want none o' your chaff," he said, turning round with an impudence that had something vicious in it, 'Think I don't know nothink, I suppose: know as much as you do, I dessay,' and then he slouched sulkily on again, with his hands stuffed into his breeches' pockets, and I continued my way to our rendezvous, not sorry to be rid of the amiable youth's company. He inclined a little to the right of my path, and by the time I had seated myself under our rock, I still saw him. He had reached the verge of the chasm, and there he remained fully half an hour, pottering about, clambering over the rock, lying flat on his stomach, and peering over as if watching something, throwing stones into the hollow, whooping and whistling, and every now and then beckoning to me.

"Well, you know, you fellows always say I am easily sold," continued Brewster, a flush rising to his unduly pale cheek, "and I suppose it's the case, for somehow I began to think that, after all, perhaps, what the boy said was true. I have heard that eagles are occasionally seen in all mountainous districts, and as I was rather tired of waiting for you, I slowly walked across to the boy to see what it really was that so occupied him. I had unintentionally brought the ice-axe out with me again, after luncheon, and I stood it where that gentleman luckily found it, meaning of course to come back. When I came up to the boy, he was lying flat on his stomach looking over the edge of the steepest bit of rock. Turning and seeing me, he said:

"Come and lie down here, guv'nor; don't make a noise, and if you shoves yourself well forrard, you'll see him a-feeding his young 'uns; theer, jist in under that bit o' clift stuff: I 'eaved a stone or two at him, but he don't take no notice: see what you can do.'

I peeped over in the direction indicated, but could see nothing in the shape of bird or beast, and said so.

"'No, yer ain't forrard enough. Yer can't see him 'cept yer lies down,' said the boy.

"So then I did as I was bid, stretching my head and shoulders as far over the edge as I could. I fancied I heard the young beggar utter a kind of chuckle, but of this I cannot be sure; nor can I be sure that what followed was really due to him, I hope it wasn't. I don't think—young blackguard that he is—that he really intended to do more than 'sell' me; I can't believe he gave me a push, though he might; but certain it is, that on a sudden, I lost my balance and fell, head-over-heels, down the steep. I saw everything upside down for a second, felt a blow on the side of my head, and remember nothing more till I found you fellows bending over me."

"Why he's a veritable imp of the mountain," exclaimed Newsome, when Brewster had finished; "however, it's very lucky things are no worse: what an ass you were!"

"Yes, it will be a lesson to me," said Brewster, "for the future, not to be *gull-ed* by eagles!"

"Oh! you are beginning to joke, are you?" said Jack, "then you are getting all right, old man; but remember what I said about the ice-axe,—none of that! And now my mind is easy about you, I shall make it my business to seek out that boy, and give him a good licking; and I am more than ever anxious to find out how such a young brute can have turned up in these parts."

But every effort we made, during the remaining ten days of our stay at Rossthwaite, to elucidate the mystery was unsuccessful. Our squire friend could discover nothing about him; and, beyond the fact that certain labourers and country folk had, like ourselves, noticed him prowling about the neighbourhood, and could testify to certain mischievous practical jokes that he had been up to, no one knew whence he came or who he was.

Apparently terrified by the possibility of our vengeance, he gave us a wide berth, and it was many months ere we set eyes on

him again, and then under very different circumstances.

By the time we got back to London, Brewster was pretty right again, and we speedily ceased talking of our adventure; but I declared that, sooner or later, one or other of us would be sure to encounter the boy in the London streets. He had the true cockney twang, and the only thing that puzzled us was, how he could have found his way into Cumberland.

On the fifth of the following November, about four or five o'clock in the evening, I was going home from my office up Holborn Hill (for all this happened long before the viaduct existed,) when the familiar and popular performance of Punch and Judy arrested my steps. Like the rest of the world, I seldom pass a Punch and Judy without lingering; and I did so now the more readily because the evening was favourable to *al fresco* entertainments.

A large crowd had assembled just up from the corner of Ely Place, where Messrs Codlin & Short had set up their booth. A flaring petroleum lamp illumined the theatre, and shed a strong light upon the grinning faces of the audience. I am always as much amused by watching the audience, as by watching the stage at any theatrical entertainment; so, of course I indulged my propensity now. I won't stop to tell you of my speculations and philosophisings about the owners of the upturned countenances; only I give you a hint that such a field affords a fine opportunity for the study of character.

Suddenly, whilst thus engaged, I recognised on the skirts of the throng, and not five yards away from where I was standing, the unmistakable ugly "mug" of our "Imp of the mountain!"

"I knew it!" I said to myself, "I knew I should see that boy again in London."

As I was moving towards him, I hardly know with what intention, I saw him deliberately shy something over the heads of the crowd, straight at the theatre. Simultaneously as he ducked to elude observation after this feat, there ensued the fizzing ex-

plosion of a cracker, and I saw that the missile had fallen right down into poor Punch's stage, and was now banging and spluttering away within the green baize. There was a great commotion in the crowd, of course; people turned round indignantly with the cry of, "Who did it?" "Where is he?" whilst the man who plays the drum and pandean pipes came bustling forward.

It is hardly necessary to say, that, for the second time in my life, I had seized the young vagabond firmly by the collar. In a few minutes, amidst screechings and yellings, he was handed over to a policeman and marched off to the nearest station-house, accompanied by myself, the representative of Messrs. Codlin & Short, and the usual following of tag-rag and bob-tail.

I hope I am not malicious, but I certainly had a grim satisfaction in finding that chance had made me the instrument for bringing down some retribution on the head of this young culprit. He deserved no consideration from my hands, so I told the inspector what I had seen him do; and the next morning, with Mr. Short, I appeared against him before the magistrate, the boy having been locked up all night.

As I walked to the police-court, I determined that I would find out how he came to be in Cumberland; and indeed it was curiosity more than malice that now made me follow up the affair. Well, the charge was proved against him, and the magistrate, after reading him a severe lecture, appeared about to pass some sort of mild sentence upon him, when there burst into the court a sobbing middle-aged widow woman who turned out to be the imp's mother. Amidst tears and supplications, she recounted how the incorrigible nature of the boy was always getting him into trouble; how she believed there wasn't any real harm in him, only he was so very mischievous, there was no doing anything with him. She would be very thankful to the magistrate, if he could send him to a reformatory or to sea, or anywhere where he might be controlled and made to mind what was said to him.

"Lor' bless your worship," she said; "it

was only last spring I got his uncle, his poor dead father's only brother, who is a farmer-in-Cumberland, to take him for a time, to get him away from the streets; but when he was up there, he wasn't one bit better, for he ran away, went wandering about the country, stayed out three or four nights together, slept under hedges or anywhere I suppose, for he was heard of more than thirty miles away from his uncle's house, and was only got back by advertising amongst the police."

Hereupon the magistrate renewed his lecture, consulted with a colleague, and finally, to cut this rather long story short, ultimately settled to get this boy taken into a marine training-school, with the purpose of his being eventually sent to sea.

"It is the only sort of field," said the magistrate, "where his very peculiar practical tendencies are likely to be put to any good account; such young ragamuffins, when they get tamed, often make excellent sailors."

The worthy stipendiary's words, I happen to know, have been verified; for again, curiously enough, after an interval of a few years, I have encountered quite lately this abominable boy; no longer, however, the uncouth mischievous imp of the Cumberland Fell, but a hard-working, if somewhat frolicsome sailor. Very fittingly, too, my friends, Newsome and Brewster, were with me at the time, and thus it was.

We had gone down to eat whitebait at Greenwich, and, finding we had an hour or two to spare before dinner, we paid a visit to one of the training-ships for boys lying in the Thames. We had been seeing all the sights such an institution could show us, and were about taking our leave of the officials, when one of the youngsters, who was assisting at the gangway, touching his cap, with a knowing look at us, said.

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen; you don't remember me as well as I remember you."

The moment he spoke, however, we did remember him; there was no mistaking that voice, the cockney twang was almost

as strong as ever, notwithstanding the marked improvement in his mode of speech. He had but little grown, and his face still wore an elfish, queer, uncanny expression; but the trim sailor's garb, respectful bearing, and the long discipline to which he had been subjected, had wrought an immense improvement and alteration.

"Why, it's the imp of the mountain!" cried Newsome. "Look you here, young fellow, now we've got this unexpected chance, let's have it out about that eagle's nest. We'll let bygones be bygones, but we want to know what you meant by it all. Did you really think you'd seen an eagle?"

"No, not I, sir," he answered, with his old impudent leer, and roguish eye twinkling, "not I, sir, and I'm very sorry that what I done brought mischief to the gentleman. I was only having a lark with him, and then he goes and tumbles headlong over."

"Well, but what was the lark about the eagle? what was the fun in that?"

"Well, beg your pardon, sir, but I dare say you've heard of people being sent for pigeon's milk on the first of April; so I thought I'd ask the gentleman to come and look at a eagle's nest, why not?"

"But what's the joke?" continued Newsome.

"Why, because, don't you know, sir, it was the first of April, and I wanted to make an April fool of him, that's all; and very sorry I am he got hurt through it—I never meant that; and I've been all along wanting to beg your pardon for it, sir," he added, looking at Brewster; "and when I see you lyin' like dead at the bottom o' the clift, I was that frightened I didn't know what to do; I dursn't show myself, and I was a-watchin' of you, when I heard the gentleman holler. Then I looked out, and they seed me; and I beg your pardon, sir."

And here then was the simple secret of it all,—all due to the idiotic vagaries of a young monkey whose overflow of animal spirits, from being mis-directed, or rather from never having been directed at all, had found a vent in vulgar practical-joking. Of

of water, yet water we must reach before we could venture to camp.

Jan generally led the ox, while my uncle walked by my side, holding the rein of the other horse. Again and again my poor animal had stumbled; when, as my uncle was looking another way, down it came, and I was thrown with considerable violence to the ground.

My uncle having lifted me up, I declared that I was not much hurt, and begged him to

replace me on the horse. The poor animal was unable to rise. In vain Jan and he tried to get it on its legs. He and Jan took off the saddle and the remaining part of the load, but all was of no use. At last we came to the melancholy conclusion that its death was inevitable. Our fears were soon realized: after it had given a few struggles, its head sinking on the sand, it ceased to move. We had consequently to abandon some more of our heavier things,



and having transferred the remaining cargo to the ox, my uncle put me on the back of the other horse. Scarcely, however, had we proceeded a mile than down it came, and I was again thrown to the ground, this time to be more hurt than at first.

I bore the suffering as well as I could and made no complaint, while my uncle and Jan tried to get the horse up. It was soon apparent, however, that its travelling days were done, and that we had now the ox alone to depend upon.

"I wish that I could walk," I said, but when I made the attempt I could not proceed a dozen paces. Had not my uncle supported me I should have sunk to the ground. We could not stay where we were,

for both we and our poor ox required water and food.

"We must abandon our goods," said my uncle; "better to lose them than our lives. We will, however, if we can find a spot near here, leave them *en cache*, as the Canadian hunters say; and if we soon fall in with any friendly natives, we can send and recover them."

He had just observed, he said, a small cave, and he thought that by piling up some stones in front of it the things would remain uninjured from the weather or wild beasts for a considerable time.

As it was only a short distance off, while Jan remained with me, he led the ox to the spot. The cave, fortunately, had no in-

habitant; and, having placed the goods within, and piled some stones so as completely to block up the entrance, he returned, retaining only the powder and shot, the ostrich feathers, three or four skins, our cooking utensils, a few packages of tea, coffee, sugar, pepper, and similar articles weighing but little. Unfortunately, in building up the wall, one of the larger stones had dropped, and severely injured his foot. He found it so painful that he was unable to walk. He, therefore, mounting the ox, took me up before him. I, indeed, by this time could not even hold on to the saddle, so had not he carried me I should have been unable to travel. We now once more went on. It was already late in the day, and before long darkness overtook us; still we could not stop without water, which we hoped, however, to find before long. In a short time the moon rose and enabled us to see our way.

The prospect was dreary in the extreme. Here and there a few trees sprang out of the arid soil, while on every side were rocks with little or no vegetation round them. We looked out eagerly for water, but mile after mile was passed over and not a pool nor stream could we see. I suffered greatly from thirst, and sometimes thought that I should succumb. My uncle cheered me up, and Jan declared that we should soon reach water and be able to camp. Still on and on we went. At length Jan cried out—

“Dare water, dare water!”

I tried to lift up my head, but had not strength to move. I heard my uncle exclaim—

“Thank heaven! there’s water, sure enough. I see the moonbeams playing on the surface of a pool.”

I believe I fainted, for I remember no more until I found him splashing water over my face; and, opening my eyes, I saw him kneeling by my side. Jan was busily engaged in lighting a fire, while the ox was feeding not far off. A hut was then built for me, and as soon as I was placed in it I fell asleep. In the morning I awoke greatly

revived. My uncle said he was determined to remain at the spot until I was sufficiently recovered to travel, and I promised to get well as soon as I could. When breakfast was over he started off with his gun to try and shoot a deer, for we had just exhausted the last remnant of venison we possessed.

As, sheltered from the rays of the sun, I lay in my hut, which was built on a slight elevation above the lakelet, I could enjoy a fine view of the country in front of me.

Jan, having just finished cleaning my gun, was engaged a little way below me in cutting up the wood for the fire, singing in a low voice one of his native songs.

Presently I caught sight of my uncle in the far distance advancing towards a rounded hillock which rose out of the plain below. Almost at the same moment, I saw still further off several animals which I at once knew to be deer coming on at a rapid rate towards our camp. They were taking a direction which would lead them close to where my uncle lay in ambush. They were followed by others in quick succession, until a vast herd came scampering and bounding across the plain like an army, two or three abreast, following each other. Twice I heard the report of my uncle’s rifle. On each occasion a deer fell to the ground.

Jan cried out that they were blesboks, one of the finest deer in South Africa. They had long twisting horns, and were of a reddish colour, the legs being much darker, with a blaze of white on the face.

I never saw a more beautiful sight. Jan was all eagerness, and, taking my gun, he went in chase; but before he could get near enough to obtain a shot, the whole herd was scampering away across the plain, laughing at his puny efforts to overtake them.

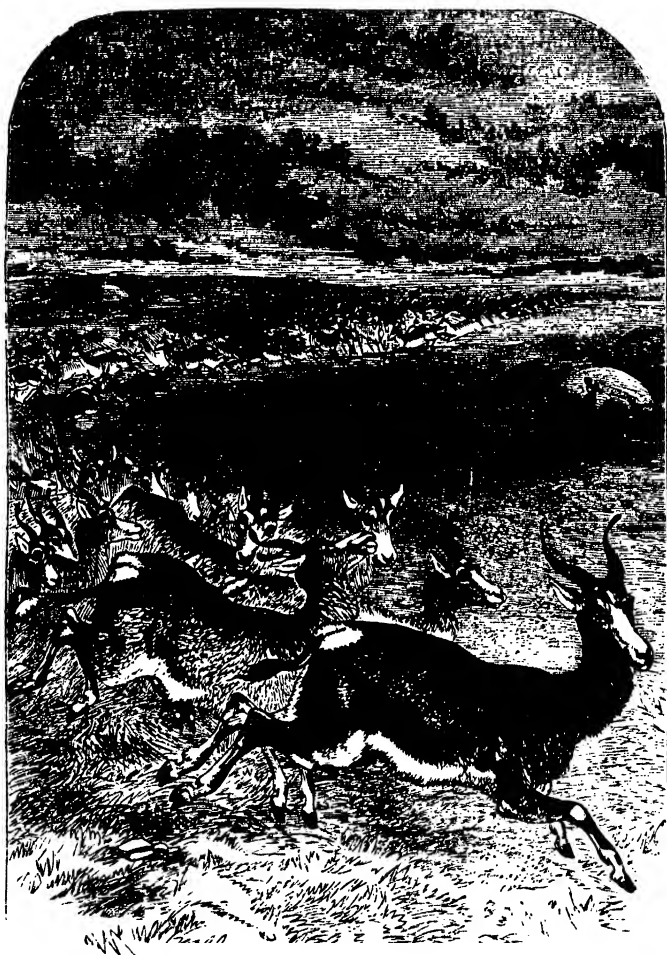
In a short time my uncle appeared, carrying a portion of one of the animals on his back, and immediately sent off Jan with the ox to fetch in the remainder.

Here was wood and water, and game in abundance, so that we could not have chosen a better spot for remaining in until

I was myself again. As we had plenty of meat he was able to concoct as much broth as I could consume. It contributed greatly to restore my strength ; and, judging by the progress I was making, I hoped that we should be able shortly to resume our journey.

CHAPTER III.

IN a few days I was able to stroll a short distance from the camp, always taking my gun with me. Though I still walked with some difficulty, I every hour found my strength returning. Had we possessed a



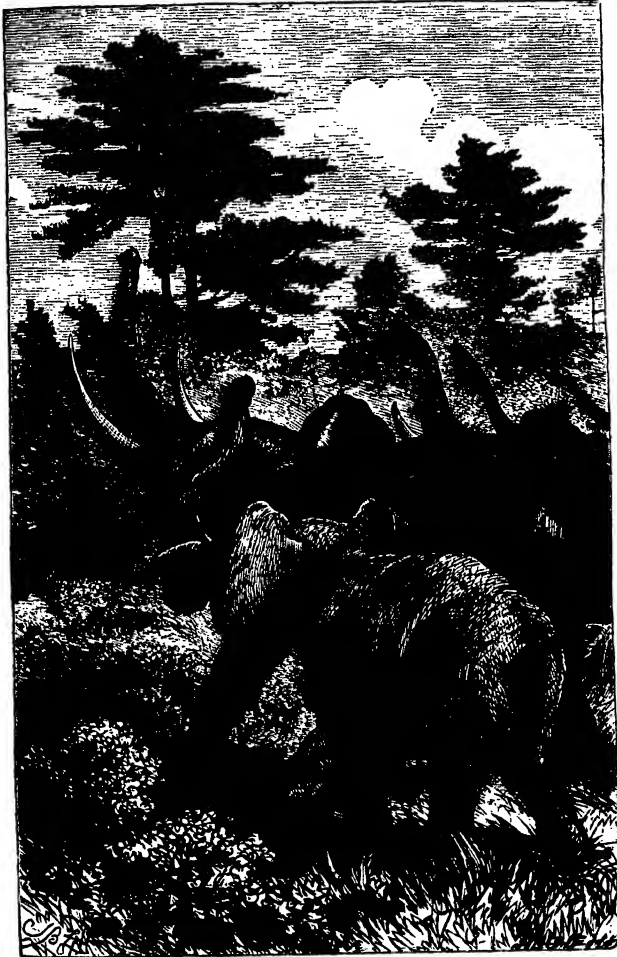
waggon we might have loaded it with skins, so abundant was the game ; but, although we prepared a few of the most valuable, we could not venture to add much to the cargo of our poor ox. At last my uncle, seeing that I was strong enough to undertake the fatigue of the journey, announced his intention of setting off, and I determined

that it should not be my fault if I broke down again.

In order to try my strength, I accompanied him on a short shooting excursion from the camp, where we left Jan to look after the ox and our goods. I found that I got along far better than I had expected ; the satisfaction of once more finding myself able

to move about greatly raising my spirits. We had gone but a short distance when looking over the bushes we saw some objects moving up and down which, as we crept nearer, turned out to be a pair of elephant's ears.

"We must have that fellow," said my uncle; "we can carry his tusks and one of his feet will afford us a substantial meal." The elephant, we fancied, did not see us; and keeping ourselves concealed by the under-wood, we cautiously advanced. Presently we found ourselves on the borders of an open glade, a few low bushes only intervening between ourselves and the elephant.



He now saw us clearly enough, and not liking our appearance, I suppose, lifted up his trunk and began trumpeting loudly.

"If he comes on don't attempt to run," whispered my uncle, "but face him for a moment, and fire at his shoulder; then leap on one side or behind a tree, or if you can do so climb up it with your rifle. I will look out for myself." As he spoke the elephant began to advance towards us. I fired, as did my uncle, the moment afterwards; but, though we both hit him, the huge beast, after approaching a few paces nearer, instead of charging, turned away to the left, and went crashing through the wood.

We having reloaded were about to follow him, when the heads of nearly a dozen other elephants appeared from the direction where we had seen the first; and, advancing rapidly through the shrubs which they trampled under foot, with trunks and tail stuck out, and uttering loud trumpetings, they came rushing like a torrent down upon us.

"Come behind these bushes!" cried my uncle, "and don't move thence if you value your life."

I felt as if my life was of very little value just then, for I could not see how we were to escape being crushed by the huge monsters as they rushed over us. My uncle fortunately possessed all the coolness required by an elephant hunter.

"Fire at that fellow opposite," he cried. "I'll take the next, and they'll probably turn aside."

We almost at the same moment pulled our triggers. The elephant at which my uncle fired stopped short, then down it came with a crash on its knees; while the one I aimed at rushed by with its companions, very nearly giving me an ugly kick with its feet.

We had both dropped behind the bush the moment we had delivered our fire. On went the creatures trumpeting with rage, and disappointed at not finding us.

We were not free from danger, for it was possible that they might return. As soon, therefore, as their tails had disappeared among the brushwood, we reloaded and ran towards some trees, the trunks of which would afford us some protection. Here we waited a short time in sight of the elephant which lay dead on the ground. We could hear the trumpeting of the others grow less distinct as they made their way through the forest, either influenced by fear or excited by rage, fancying they were still following us up.

"They will not come back for the present," said my uncle at length as we issued out from among the trees, when he at once began to cut out the tusks from the dead elephant. These he calculated weighed together fully a hundred and ten

pounds. This, however, was a greater weight than he could carry, and he would not allow me to attempt to help him.

"You shall convey one of the feet to the camp, and we will try our skill in cooking it," he said, dexterously cutting it off.

Taking a stick he ran it through the foot so that I could the more easily carry it. He then having shouldered one of the tusks, we set out for the camp, well satisfied with our day's sport.

As soon as we arrived we sent off Jan for the other tusk, as he could easily find the way by the track we had made; while my uncle dug a hole close to the fire, into which he raked a quantity of ashes, and then covered it up. After some time he again scraped out the ashes, and having wrapt the foot up in leaves, he put it into the hole, and covered it up with hot earth. On the top of all he once more lit a fire, and kept it blazing away for some time.

The fire had well-nigh burnt out when Jan returned with the other tusk. He told us that on his way back he had seen the spoors of the elephants, and that if we chose to follow them, he was sure that we should come up with them, and should most probably find those we had wounded.

We now uncovered our elephant's foot, which Jan pronounced to be as satisfactorily cooked as his own countrymen could have done it. The flesh was soft and gelatinous greatly resembling calve's head, and was so tender that we could scoop it out with a spoon. I don't know that I ever enjoyed a meal more. Although we could not venture to load our ox with more than the two tusks we had already obtained, my uncle, hoping soon to fall in with Mr. Welbourn, determined to try and obtain the tusks from the other two elephants we had wounded, and to leave them concealed, until we could send for them. There was the risk, of course, of their being discovered by the natives, as we were now approaching an inhabited part of the country. We had still a couple of hours of day-light, and as I did not feel myself fatigued with my previous exertions, my uncle agreed to

allow me to accompany him, while Jan was left to clean the tusks and to prepare straps for carrying them on the back of the ox.

We soon discovered the elephants' spoor, and followed it for some distance, the splashes of blood we found here and there showing that the wounded animal had stopped to rest. It would be necessary, as we approached them, to be cautious, as they would be on the alert and ready to revenge themselves for the injury they had received.

We now every moment expected to come upon them. We stopped to listen; no sound could we hear to indicate that they were near us. We, therefore, went on until, reaching the top of a hillock, we caught sight of some water glittering among the trees. Advancing a little further a small lakelet opened out before us, in the shallow part of which, near the shore, stood an elephant, sucking up the water with his trunk and throwing it over his neck and shoulders.

My uncle remarked that he was sure it was the animal we had wounded, but that he was still too far off to give us a chance of killing him. We were making our way among the trees, hoping to get near without being perceived—though that was no easy matter as he kept his sharp eyes turning about in every direction—when, from behind a grove which had before concealed them, several more rushed out.

"They see us!" cried my uncle. "We must get up among the branches and shoot them as they pass, for they will not let us escape as easily as before."

Fortunately, near at hand was a tree, up which, without much difficulty, we could make our way. My uncle, going up first, helped me to follow him.

Scarcely had we secured ourselves when the elephants came up with their trunks sticking out and trumpeting as loudly as before. As they kept their eyes on the ground, they did not see us. We fired at at them as they passed.

We remained for some time expecting

the wounded elephant to follow its companions, but as it did not we began to hope that it had succumbed, and that we might find it dead in the neighbourhood. We were about to descend to look for it, when the heads of three giraffes, or camelopards, as they are sometimes called, appeared among the trees; the animals lifting up their tall necks to crop the leaves as they advanced. As they were coming in our direction we agreed to wait. By descending we might frighten them. In a short time one separated from the others, and got so close that my uncle could not resist the temptation of firing. As the shot entered its neck the graceful animal sunk down to the ground, and lay perfectly dead. The other two trotted off to a short distance, alarmed by the report; but, seeing no human foe and not knowing what had happened to their companion, they stopped and continued browsing on the leaves as before.

"The chances are that they will soon come this way, and so we cannot do better than remain where we are," observed my uncle.

We sat some time watching the graceful creatures as they stretched up their long necks to a remarkable height, in search of the young shoots and leaves. Presently we saw one of them turn its head and look towards its dead companion. The next moment a lion burst out from among the bushes and sprang towards the giraffe on the ground. I had fancied that lions never condescended to feast on a dead animal; but probably there was still some little life in the giraffe, or, or at all events, having only just been killed, the carcase could have had no savoury odour. Directly afterwards we heard a roar, and another lion sprang from the cover, the first replying with a roar which made the welkin ring. If we could not kill the lions, it was evident that we should soon have none of the meat to carry back with us. Instead, however, of beginning to tear the giraffe to pieces, the lions began walking round and round it and roaring lustily, possibly thinking that it was the bait to a trap, as they are taught by experi-

ence to be wary, many of their relatives having been caught in traps set by the natives. So occupied were the brutes with this matter that they did not discover us though we were at no great distance from them.

The two giraffes, on hearing the first lion roar, had trotted off, or they would probably have soon been attacked.

"Stay here, Fred!" whispered my uncle to me: "I will descend and get a shot at one of those fellows—don't be alarmed. If



I kill him, the chances are the other runs off. At all events, I will retreat to the tree, and do you keep ready to fire, should he follow me, while I reload. In the meantime there is no real danger."

I felt somewhat nervous at hearing this, though my uncle knew so well what he was about that I need not have been alarmed for his safety. Before I could reply he had

descended the tree. Holding his rifle ready, he advanced towards the lions, but even then, as he was to leeward they did not discover him.

He was within fifteen paces of them, when he stopped and levelled his rifle. Just then they both saw him, and looked up as if greatly astonished at his audacity. He fired, and the first lion, giving a spring in

the air, fell over on the body of the giraffe.

The second stopped, hesitating whether to leap on his enemy or to take to flight. This gave my uncle time to reload when he slowly stepped back towards the tree, facing the lion, which advanced at the same pace.

"Now, Fred! let me see what you can do," he shouted out as he found that the brute had got within range of my rifle.

I obeyed him, earnestly trusting that my shot would take effect. I felt sure that I had hit the animal, though, when the smoke cleared off, to my dismay I saw it about to spring at my uncle. He stood as calm as if the creature had been a harmless sheep. Just as the lion rose from the ground, I heard the crack of his rifle, and it fell back, shot through the heart. I quickly scrambled down to the ground to survey the giraffe and the two lions. My uncle seemed in no way elated by his victory. "If we had had our waggon we might have secured the skins," he observed; "but as it is, we must content ourselves with some of the giraffe's flesh, which we shall find palatable enough for want of better."

Drawing his knife, he at once commenced operations on the giraffe. We soon, having secured as much of the meat as we could require, ran a couple of sticks through it and started off to return to the camp.

Darkness, however, came down upon us before we had gone far; still, we hoped to be able to find our way. Scarcely, however, had the sun set, when the mutterings and roars of lions saluted our ears; and of course we had the uncomfortable feeling that at any moment one of them might spring out on us. We cast many an anxious glance round, and kept our rifles in our hands ready for instant use, hoping that we should have time to see a lion before he was upon us. We had no fear at present of human foes, as the country through which we were travelling was uninhabited; though we might fall in with hunting parties, who were, however, likely to prove friendly. Besides lions, there was a possibility of our encountering hyænas, leopards, and wolves, which, when

hunting in packs, are as dangerous as in other parts of the world.

My uncle made me go ahead, while he kept five or six paces behind, so that, should a lion spring out at me, he might be ready to come to my assistance. We kept shouting too, to scare away any of the brutes we most dreaded; for, savage as is the lion, he is a cowardly animal except when pressed by hunger. Fortunately the sky was clear, and the stars shining out brightly enabled us to steer our course by them; but we went on and on, and I began to fear that we had already passed our camp. I expressed my apprehensions to my uncle.

"No!" he answered, "we are all right. We shall see the fire in a short time, unless Jan has let it out, which is not likely."

"But perhaps a lion may have carried him off, and killed our ox also, and we shall then be in a sad plight," I remarked.

"Nonsense, Fred!" he answered; "you are overtired with your long walk, and allow gloomy apprehensions to oppress you. I wish that I had not brought you so far."

After this I said no more, but exerted myself to the utmost; though I could scarcely drag one foot after the other, and had it become necessary to run for our lives, I do not think I could have moved. I looked about, now on one side now on the other, and fancied that I could see the vast heads and shaggy manes of huge lions watching us from among the trees. I did not fear their roars as long as they were at a distance. At length I heard what I took to be the mutterings of half-a-dozen, at least, close to us. I shouted louder than ever, to try and drive them off. As soon as I stopped shouting I listened for my uncle's voice, dreading lest one of the brutes should have seized him. I could not stop to look round, and I was most thankful when I again heard him shout—

"Go on, Fred; go on, my boy. We shall see Jan's camp-fire before long. I don't believe there's a lion within half a mile of us. During the night we hear their voices a long distance off."

At length I saw, right ahead, a glare cast

on the trunks and branches of the trees. It was I hoped produced by our camp fire. Again, again, we shouted; should any lions be stalking us, they were very likely to follow our footsteps close up to our camp, and might pounce down upon us at the last moment, fearful of losing their prey. I felt greatly relieved on hearing Jan's shout in reply to ours; and pushing eagerly on, we saw him sitting close to a blazing fire which he had made up. He was delighted to see us, for he had become very anxious at our long absence; especially as a troop of elephants, he said, had passed close to the camp; and, as one of them was wounded, he knew that they had been met with by us, and he feared might possibly have trampled us to death. He had heard, too, the roar of lions near at hand. We found the giraffe's flesh more palatable than I had expected. As soon as we had eaten a hearty supper we lay down to rest, Jan promising to remain awake and keep up a blazing fire so as to scare away the lions.

Every now and then I awoke, and could hear the roarings and mutterings of the monarchs of the forest, which I heartily wished were sovereigns of some other part of the world.

Greatly to my disappointment, after the fatigue I had gone through I was unable to travel the next morning, and we had to put off our departure for another day.

My uncle went out for a short time, to shoot an antelope or any other species of deer he could come across for provisions, as what he killed for food one day was unfit for eating the next.

He had been absent for some time, and as I felt that a short walk would do me good, I took my gun, intending not to go far from the camp. I had some hopes that I might come across an antelope or deer during my short excursion. I of course took good care to keep a look-out on either side, lest I should be surprised by a lion or a leopard, the animals mostly to be feared in that region. It was not impossible that I might fall in with an elephant, but I had no intention of attacking one if I did, and

should have ample notice of its approach, so that I might keep out of its way. I had gone about a quarter of a mile or so from the camp, and was thinking of turning back when I reached a tree which I found I could easily climb, as the remains of branches stuck out almost close to the ground. I got up for the sake of taking a survey of the country around, and especially over that part of it we had to travel the next morning. I found my lofty seat very pleasant, for I was well shaded by the thick foliage over head, while a light breeze played among the leaves, which was refreshing in the extreme. I had some difficulty in keeping awake, but I endeavoured to do so fearful of letting go my gun, or, perhaps, of falling to the ground myself. I did my best not to fall asleep, by singing and by occasionally getting up and looking around me.

The tree grew, I should have said, on the side of a bank, with a wide extent of level ground to the eastward, dotted over with thick clumps of trees, some large enough to be called woods; while nearer at hand, on either side of me, the vegetation was more scattered, here and there two or three trees only growing together. In some places single trees alone could be seen, rising in solitary grandeur from the soil. I had just got up when I caught sight of an elephant, which had come out from one of the clumps I have mentioned, where it had probably been spending the hot hours of the day, and advanced slowly towards me, now plucking a bunch of leaves with its trunk, now pulling up a shrub or plant. Presently I caught sight of a man with a gun in his hand coming out from the forest to the left and making his way towards where the elephant was feeding. He apparently did not see the animal, which was hidden from him by an intervening clump. When he got closer I recognised my uncle. Wishing to warn him of the neighbourhood of the elephant, I shouted as loudly as I could bawl; but, from the distance we were apart, he could not hear me. The elephant also took no notice of my voice but went on feeding as before.

Presently my uncle came in sight of the monstrous beast, which must have seen him at the same time, for it ceased feeding and turned its head in the direction he was coming. Nothing daunted, my uncle con-

tinued to advance, keeping, however more to the right, which would bring him towards the tree on which I was perched. The elephant began to move towards him. He quickened his pace—he was now in the



open ground, over which he was making his way, exposed to great danger. He was aware of this and kept his gun ready to fire, though should he miss, he would be at the mercy of the brute. I considered how I could help him, but saw it would be madness to descend the tree to fire and therefore remained where I was, praying that, should my uncle fire, his shot might be successful.

Presently, up went the elephant's trunk; and, trumpeting loudly, he went at a fast trot directly towards my uncle, who, stopping for a moment, levelled his rifle and fired; but, although the shot took effect, it did not stop the elephant's progress.

(To be continued.)

ASCENTS AND ADVENTURES;

A RECORD OF

HARDY MOUNTAINEERING IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

BY HENRY FRITH.

Author of "The Adventures of an Engine Driver," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GLACIERS OF MONT BLANC.—THE MER DE GLACE.—THE COL DU GÉANT AND THE AIGUILLES.—AN ACCIDENT.



VERYBODY who has ever been to Chamouni has visited the Mer de Glace, and a great many who have not been to Savoy know the appearance of that extensive glacier. But as I am writing for young readers, and as I wish them to learn something from these notes of adventure, I will endeavour to describe a glacier, and its surroundings.

A glacier, then, is a frozen torrent—a mass of moving ice, decending slowly but surely, always melting, always renewed. The rate at which glaciers move varies, but the progress can be ascertained; the Glacier of Miage, moved 250 feet in one year, and this is frequently exceeded. As the ice moves it carries with it stones and sometimes immense masses of rock. We often see blocks of stone in our mountain valleys in England or Wales. These have been probably transported by the ice long generations ago. The great Maen-Bras on the west of Snowdon is an instance in point, and in Cwm-glas, near Llanberis Pass there is a regular moraine which shows the geologist that an immense glacier must formerly have existed in the valley.

A moraine is the name given to the rubbish thrown out by the glacier, which remains at its outflow when the ice is melted. These moraines also extend at the sides, and they are then termed *lateral* to distinguish them from *terminal* moraines.

There is another portion of the glacier which must be noticed, and as the term frequently occurs in Alpine literature it is advisable to mention it. This is the *névé*, or unconsolidated glacier. The surface of this névé is smooth, and extends across the hollow space between the upper cliffs, while it awaits its inevitable change into ice. Being so high up amid the high and almost inaccessible pinnacles of the mountains, no plants are found, no wild animal is to be seen, and the natural termination to this snow-field is the most formidable of all crevasses—the mighty *bergschrund*. As I have stated in another paper a *schrund* is a *crevasse*, but a *bergschrund* is a gigantic and terrible chasm, which often puts a stop to the anticipated climb. These, and the *moulins* which can be viewed on the Mer de Glace, are some of the phenomena of glaciers. The *moulins* are the vanishing points of the glacier streams which rush along their icy beds as an ordinary river might, and, after a rapid course, disappear through a hole in the ice, the depth of which can only be conjectured. This swirling stream, as it twists and flashes out of sight, forms a *moulin*.

Adventures on the glaciers are by no means uncommon, and even somewhat experienced travellers are placed in situations of great danger. One such incident is related by Professor Forbes.

An American traveller had started alone from the Montanvert to explore the Mer de Glace, and had managed to scramble up to

the crags of Trélaporte, which are rarely visited. As the day wore on he attempted to retrace his path, but made a false step and slipped over a rock. Fortunately his clothes caught on some bushes, and so far checked his fall that he was enabled to scramble up to a ledge where, completely surrounded by precipices, he remained all night perfectly solitary amid the terrible silence of the snow-fields. His situation was most precarious. The ledge was only about a foot wide; it thinned off in one direction and stopped sharply against an overhanging cliff on the other. He could never have climbed it unassisted; and, below, the precipice went sheer down about two hundred feet above yawning crevasses of blue ice. The poor traveller had fortunately been seen by two lads, who, assisted by a guide, at the imminent risk of their lives, managed to get him down in safety but perfectly exhausted.

The great Mer de Glace possesses two streams known as the Glacier du Géant and the Glacier de Lechand. The former is sometimes called Glacier du Tacul. The excursion to the Jardin is very interesting and not fatiguing nor dangerous to average walkers.

The Col du Géant, which forms the crest of the mountain chain west of the Mer de Glace is the passage by which the adventurous traveller may cross from Chamouni to Cormayeur. It is only of comparatively late years that the difficulties of this pass have been surmounted. De Saussure reached the Col in 1788, and actually remained seventeen days upon it, making various observations which are very valuable. The people of the Piedmont valleys believed him to be a sorcerer, and it was actually proposed to send troops to dislodge him and his attendants, for the summer proving so very dry, the want of rain was attributed to his agency.

In 1860 a terrible disaster happened upon this pass. Three English travellers and a guide perished on the Col du Géant. They had slipped upon the snow, and, being tied together, dragged each other

along and finally fell over the precipice. The circumstances under which this accident happened are as follows, and as described by Professor Tyndall, who shortly afterwards went over the Col.

It appears that on the side of a slope of snow is a rough rocky ridge, along which the descent is usually made. The travellers, fearing that the difficulties of this ridge might prove too great, as all the party appeared more or less exhausted, proposed to descend along the snow. Like many other slopes, it fell off very gradually at first, and after a time became much steeper. Such a slope is very deceptive, and to the uninitiated climber dangerous (as the present writer once learnt above the Grimsel, after a fall of snow or recent rain). A *glissade* down such a slope may result in an *avalanche* if the upper surface of snow is not consolidated.

The party in question reached the top of the Col, but the guides then wished to return, alleging that a fog was coming on. To this suggestion the Englishmen refused to agree, and the snow was entered upon. The party were roped in a fashion, and as soon as one member of it slipped he pulled the next man off his legs, and so on till all were sliding downwards. One guide at the back and the leading guide held the rope only in their hands, and they let it go. They thus saved their own lives perhaps at the expense of the others; but it is difficult to determine whether they could have arrested the rush down. But from the narrative I gather that they might have stopped the fatal *glissade*.

Still none of the party apparently possessed sufficient presence of mind to do as a companion of mine did under similar circumstances. We were once descending a small but rather steep slope in the Oberland. It was early in July, but we had no rope, and, trusting to our legs, we started. A slip on my companion's part jerked his baton from his hand as he fell on his back. But with wonderful agility and coolness he at once turned upon his face, and without any other leverage or

break-power, except his hands, wrists, and toes, he managed to "pull up" close to the edge of a very uncomfortable-looking "drop," and so saved himself. Now, had the poor fellows on the Col du Géant made a similar use of their sticks, or even of their hands, it is most probable that the fatal termination of the expedition would not have to be recorded. As it was, however, they rushed down to a raised ledge of rock, over which they were "tilted," and in another moment they were dashed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice.

The rope in this instance was useless—or worse. *Apropos*, I think a few words upon its proper application, quoted from a former article of mine on the subject, may serve as a caution to any young mountaineers amongst my readers.

"When a party are tied together, the rope must be kept tight between each traveller and his predecessor. In this case the danger is reduced to a minimum, for a slip will not pull the follower down, and the rope being 'taut,' the one slipping cannot fall far. But a loose rope is almost as bad as none at all."

These observations have been tested since I first penned them, and I venture to think that most experienced climbers will consider them at any rate good, if not very good, advice on the subject.

However, I would not advise any unskilled person to attempt the Col du Géant. For the bold Alpine Clubman it is all very well, tiresome only, perhaps. To an unskilful traveller it is very dangerous at times, though ladies have crossed it without extreme difficulty. Ladies have also scaled Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. A Russian gentleman was lost on the Col in the year 1873.

The most tragical event that ever happened on Mont Blanc, and we believe upon any mountain, was the terrible loss, a year or two ago, of eleven persons. Three gentlemen and eight guides set out to ascend the mountain. They all reached the summit in safety, and had actually commenced to descend, when suddenly a

terrific whirlwind arose, and in a few moments they were wrapped in a cloud of snow. There were anxious spectators in Chamouni watching their progress, and the last view of the unfortunate party disclosed them standing together in a group as if for mutual protection and warmth; then the merciless snow again hid them in a shroud, and they were never again seen alive.

The next day passed, and the next, before any attempt at rescue could be made. Even then the brave fellows who composed the expedition were compelled to return and wait for an opening in the weather. Thus ten days were passed, and at length a party of fifty set out to recover the bodies.

After a terrible climb amid the storm which still raged with diminished force, some spots upon the snow were detected. These were five of the bodies. One was the corpse of an American gentleman, who had died as he was sitting in the snow, his head buried in his hands. For two whole days he had lived, sitting up in the clouds as it were, in those dread solitudes, no companions but the dead and dying, no hope to cheer him, shut in by the snow-storm which closed life to him. He had made some attempts to trace with his frozen fingers a few lines in a diary which we quote here—a melancholy relic of the expedition. The first entry was made evidently just after the descent had commenced:—

"We reached the summit at 2.30. Immediately after having quitted it I found myself in a whirlwind of snow at 15,000 feet. We have passed the night in a grotto dug in the snow—an uncomfortable asylum—and I have been ill all night.

"*September 7th: Morning.*—Cold very intense. Much snow. It falls without cessation. Guides uneasy.

"*September 7th: Evening.*—We have been on Mt. Blanc two days in a terrible snow-storm. We are lost, and I have no hope of descending. Perhaps someone will find this book and send it to you."

Then follows a touching message to his wife and family, and concludes thus:—

"We have no provisions. My feet are already frozen, and I am exhausted. I have only strength to write these words. I die believing in Jesus Christ, with the

sweet thought of my family, my friendship, and all. I hope we shall meet in heaven. Yours always ——"

This sad record was found beside him.



Aiguille du Géant.

Some of the ill-fated party were never discovered, but some day no doubt they will be carried down to the valley by the all-preserving glacier. It is most melancholy to picture the strong man sitting waiting

for Death ; and without provisions, or any hope of rescue, sending with his last efforts a loving farewell to his family and friends, but yet recording his testimony to his Saviour.

Five bodies were carried back to Chamouni, the others still remain wrapped in their shroud of snow upon the terrible White Mountain of Savoy.

Beneath Mont Blanc, on the south-west and south, are the Glacier and Col de Miage, which at one time were considered very difficult, but later reports are more favourable. Some very interesting accounts of the passage of this Col are preserved in the archives of the Alpine Club, and to these papers we are indebted for some of the facts of the excursion.

The party started from Cormayeur to reach Chamouni, and entered upon the Glacier, and after an easy ascent upon it, came in sight of the Col, which looked anything but promising. A halt for consideration and breakfast was then suggested, and the suggestion was forthwith adopted. A line of route was decided on, and, after half-an-hour's halt, a new start was made upwards. The course was rendered very difficult in consequence of numerous crevasses, and while the leader of the party was busy cutting steps, his feet suddenly slipped, and he as suddenly disappeared into a crevasse.

The following man carefully peeping down could discern nothing but the hat and one arm of his companion, but he had most fortunately and curiously fallen almost astride of a piece of ice; so fixing his ice-axe firmly into the wall of the crevasse, he managed to sustain himself until a rope was thrown down, and he was drawn up again, apparently none the worse. To his presence of mind, in addition to the providential manner in which he fell, he owed his life.

This was a warning it would not do to neglect, but the ascent became still steeper, and the falling stones from the *coulours* or channels in the rocks became, if monotonous, certainly dangerous. A very stiff climb up almost perpendicular rocks ensued; and, at length, after some tremendous scrambling, the Col was reached, the summit gained, and a successful descent accomplished.

Two years later, what might have been

and very nearly was a fatal accident happened upon this very Col. We have mentioned the couloir or channel of ice down which the stones dash headlong. Anyone who has never seen one of these slippery and fearful corridors in the mountains, and can fancy a slide at a very steep inclination, will not have any further inclination to try one. That any living being could fall down one of these terrible places and live, is almost incredible, but the young gentleman I refer to recovered, and is now, I hope and believe, well and hearty.

It was in July 1861, and the distinguished party of Alpine climbers quitted the rocky shelter beneath which they had been passing the night, and soon after they had gained the summit of the Col de Miage, one of the party was observed to be missing. An immediate search was instituted, and it was observed that his tracks led to the edge of a terrible ice-slope, and there suddenly ceased. The conclusion was that he had fallen over the slope, and soon afterwards the unfortunate man was descried a long distance below. He had fallen—as was afterwards ascertained—a distance of nearly eighteen hundred feet in perpendicular height!

When his friends reached him the great difficulty was to carry him up and home. And here—let people say what they will, (and some people will say such things) about the exaggerated way in which Alpine climbers talk of danger and difficulty—here was a case, if ever there was one, in which pluck and decision were needed. How was this terribly wounded man to be brought to Chamouni? It is true no bones were broken, but the skin of the patient had been in many places fearfully torn away, and his body presented quite a raw appearance. His clothes were stripped from him by the violence of his fall over hard snow, and his fingers much mutilated by his efforts to stop himself by clutching the snowy surface.

Fancy the pain he must have endured, exposed as he was to the cold on the glacier, without clothing or even skin to resist the frost, and you can imagine his position.

Fortunately his friends—such men as Rev. Charles Hudson and Rev. Leslie Stephen—were thoroughly practical mountaineers, and no time was lost. A sledge had accompanied the party, boards and runners had been carried piece-meal. These were now united, and the patient laid thereon, covered with plaids &c. as well as possible.

This was child's play to the ascent. To walk up a steep snow-slope is no joke, particularly when the snow is soft, but to carry a wounded man up when a bearer might at any time go into the yielding snow up to his knees was no easy task. Exposure might be death. Haste was everything, and yet it was impossible to make haste!

When after great exertions the main body of the party were united again to their friends, a guide was sent on for a stretcher; one of the friends hurried on to Chamouni for a doctor; while another started to telegraph from St. Gervais to Geneva for an English physician, and also for a carriage.

Meantime the indefatigable bearers proceeded over glacier and moraine, over ice and snow with scarce a rest. Surrounded at times by precipitous rocks, walking in the bed of a torrent, stepping from stone to stone, or even lowering their wounded friend down long steps of rock, the hardy mountaineers kept ever descending. At six Bionay was reached, and there a doctor and a carriage were in waiting. At half-past six the sufferer was in bed at St. Gervais, just ten hours after he had fallen from the summit of the Miage. From half-past nine till half-past six his devoted companions had attended him, carrying him over numerous obstacles, and subsequently nursing him tenderly. The calmness and patience displayed by the sufferer are represented as beyond praise.

It was extremely fortunate that all the conditions of the weather and the snow were favourable to the transport of the half-conscious invalid, and if the sledge had not been providentially at hand the consequences might have been fatal. Under Dr. Metcalfe's care the patient recovered his

strength, but it was some time before he overcame the effects of the shock he had sustained.

The foregoing account is founded upon the narrative written by the Rev. Charles Hudson, who was in constant and unremitting attendance upon the patient.*

CHAPTER V.

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIGUILLE VERTE AND THE AIGUILLE DU DRU.

IN June 1865, I started with two friends to make a little tour in Switzerland, and as we were new at climbing we limited ourselves to such peaceful and gentle expeditions as we were justified by our youth and inexperience in attempting. With the laudable intention of seeing as much of Mont Blanc as possible without any of the danger and with as little fatigue as might be, we mounted the Brevent and Flegère. We ascended to Montanvert very early one morning in July, and walked over the Mer de Glace to the Jardin, and back to the hotel or inn on the Montanvert again—and felt better.

We retired pretty early that evening, and were enjoying the sleep of the just—just having come off the ice—when we were aroused by much shouting and cheering, and at length the foundations of the house were shaken by the discharge of a small cannon.

There was no war impending, so we had no cause to suspect enemies. The Mer de Glace was the only way by which people would be likely to arrive so late, and the cannon announced that somebody had done something unusual. We were far too modest to attribute the excitement to our accomplishment, for we had every reason to believe that the route to the Jardin had been traversed before *we* attempted it—and, besides, the guns would have announced the triumph sooner had it been ours!

* "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers." 2nd Series.

One of my companions and myself were occupying the same room, and we were awake at once.

"What's the matter?" we asked each other, but as we were both perfectly ignorant of the cause of the noise neither was able to give a satisfactory reply.

Before long a pair of seven-league boots appeared to be stamping about for exercise. The rooms shook and the windows rattled. The stamping increased sevenfold, and voices joined in cheering accents of congratulation. Decidedly the boots (not the *garçon* but the "leaguers") had done something wonderful. We could not sleep, what was to be done? The pair of boots before referred to, now appeared to have been joined by other pairs seven times thicker than itself, and these in concert stamped the inn almost to pieces. Then a silence.

The popping of corks now broke upon our ears, and for this reason perhaps,—though I do not myself think that we were in the least influenced by any feeling but a curiosity to behold real live mountaineers—we arose, and hurrying on our clothes, joined the party in the eating-room. The landlord and, I think, four travellers were there, an empty champagne bottle or two accounted for the corks, and the travellers were accounting for themselves.

They had scaled the Aiguille Verte, that impossible looking pinnacle of rock which rises amid so many other apparently impracticable "needles" above the Montanvert. We congratulated the successful climbers warmly, which act, as the night was chilly was perhaps agreeable to their feelings; and then—well then we had some champagne. Why not?

The travellers, as we afterwards learned, and recalled with a very melancholy interest, were the Rev. C. Hudson—who was killed upon the Matterhorn a few days afterward;—Mr. Thomas Kennedy, Mr. Hodgkinson, and their guides; Michel Croz I think was one. The clergyman did not remain long up at the Montanvert; but Mr. Kennedy stayed and took a bed, which I fancy one of our party yielded to him.

We turned in, at least two of us did, and next morning crossed the Mer de Glace, and descending by Argentière, walked by the Tête Noire to Martigny.

So far I can speak of this ascent; and as I have always taken a great interest in that particular rock, I subsequently made myself acquainted with the facts of the case as set forth in the Alpine Journal as they appeared in 1867.

It seems that Mr. Whymper had previously scaled this mountain, but we were distinctly told that the travellers we met were the first persons who had reached the summit. This erroneous information may be accounted for by the ill-feeling of the Chamouni guides for Mr. Whymper's German guides, as stated by Mr. Kennedy in his account of his ascent.

The difficulties of such an ascent must have been immense, and Mr. Kennedy says his little dog which accompanied him all the day "began to look unhappy." No wonder: "she could not walk in any but an up and down direction and sitting on her hind legs was perfectly impossible." The party managed to scramble up an icy corner, but found that progress was in that direction impossible. Mr. Kennedy describes one part as follows—

"We climbed up what seemed to be a little spire of rock rising from the ridge—it was in reality the end of a level and very sharp section of it; along this we balanced ourselves until a projecting piece of stone caused each in turn to embrace it with his arms, while his body hung in mid-air over the Montanvert."

This must have been a pleasant position. But by some wonderful mountaineering feats they all succeeded in reaching the summit; even the little dog climbed or was pulled up, and immediately and very sensibly went fast asleep on a knapsack. The descent was almost as perilous, if not more perilous, than the ascent, and when the party lost the moon-light they were much distressed, for their eyes were dim and weary from glare and fatigue. Mr. Kennedy says it was a wonder none of them tumbled down

a crevasse. "It was almost impossible to see whether the ice was level or not, and many a time we walked against a small hillock of ice—cutting ourselves against the sharp spikes. . . . My little dog howled piteously, her bleeding feet would scarcely



Crossing a Snow Bridge.

let her walk, and our progress was slow and weary." But, as I have already related, about two o'clock A.M., the advanced guard of this very adventurous party arrived at the Montanvert and aroused us. The next day they ascended Mont Blanc to refresh themselves after the sultry day they had had upon the Aiguille Verte.

Another ascent was made from the Glacier of Argentière; and, if I may say so, I prefer this great glacier to even the Mer de Glace. A walk—and it is a stiff pull up skirting this beautiful icefall—will well repay the climber. We did not go very high, being new to the work and fearing to overdo the fatigue if we penetrated to the upper glacier, but Professor Forbes relates his experiences, and we certainly enjoyed our new although somewhat fatiguing scramble in 1870.

The gentlemen who ascended the Aiguille from the Argentière Glacier found it a tremendously difficult climb, but they at length succeeded. From the summit they could perceive their friends at the Jardin which—as perhaps I should have stated before—is a small green patch of vegetation surrounded by everlasting ice and snow and situated in the glacier.

The gentlemen at the Jardin were, when perceived by their friends, indulging in the usual Alpine luxury of champagne, some of which they had carried up expressly for the benefit of the climbers; who, however, never got it. The descent was continued through a thunder-storm which took advantage of the occasion; and at last, half-blinded by lightning and wet through by the rain, the party at last reached a hut and waited for dawn. Day-break was good enough to appear about the usual time, and the party reached Chamouni in safety at 10 A.M.

I have not in this instance ventured to give the details of the ascent, which, to those unacquainted with the localities would be uninteresting as no special incident marked the expedition. But for endurance and pluck this ascent will be ranked high. Twenty-two hours severe climbing with scarcely a stop is a long time, and Messrs. Middlemore and Maund must be men of no common endurance and pluck to have succeeded in crossing the mountain as they did.

Before quitting the neighbourhood of the Mer de Glace, it will be only right to record the success of Mr. C. T. Dent who after two or three unsuccessful efforts has

at last succeeded in scaling the Aiguille du Dru.

This adventurous gentleman not only brings to his task a bold but also a cheerful spirit. His narrative is couched in terms of dry humour which are very amusing, and render his account of his failures as interesting as that of his success. "The Aiguille du Dru," he says, "has been photographed, portrayed in little distorted pictures on work-boxes, trays and the like, stared at by Cook's tourists (for these same tourists, by the way, Mr. Dent seems to have considerable aversion), and otherwise insulted as often as any mountain in the chain, Mont Blanc excepted."

At any rate Mr. Dent does not include climbing up a mountain or treading upon it among the "insults," so he started from Chamouni about midnight, and ascended to the Montanvert. The landlord of this hostelry, he says, will come to no good end inasmuch as he once charged Mr. Dent "five francs for the loan of a *second-hand collection of holes which he termed a blanket*." *

The party got on the glacier and were going nicely along when suddenly the guides dropped as if they had been shot, or seized by their feet. But the

quickly disappeared, and was forthwith stigmatized as "unlucky," as it happened to be alone, which perhaps was its misfortune, not its fault. A gentle reminder from a falling block of ice, however, soon caused a movement, and they proceeded.

The progress was slow, as the ascent was very difficult. Steps had to be cut, and the immense axe of one of the party—which had a tendency to poke its user in the stomach and otherwise misbehave itself even to the extent of slipping out of its master's hands and sticking itself up haughtily in the snow at a great distance off—delayed the ascent. After all they were obliged to return and a subsequent trial a day or two afterwards proved equally unsuccessful. It was a defeat; but such a defeat was as honourable

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as a victory, for from the point gained the mountain was absolutely impracticable.

Still Mr. Dent was not discouraged. For four successive years he attempted this peak, and was as often foiled. Last year (1878), however, he made several other expeditions, and finally in September, he boldly ascended. The difficulties he met with were legion. There was a way—that he could see—but such a way! “A narrow flat couloir or gully, plastered with ice from top to bottom invited—or forbade—further progress. Above, a pendulous mass of great icicles, black and long, like a bunch of elephant’s trunks, crowned the gully.”

After perhaps some of the most difficult climbing over rocks that has lately been done even by Alpine Club men, the party reached a spot where, between two stones, the sky could be seen far above. Nothing could be beyond this, and of course nothing higher, and so, after a troublesome climb over snow, the Aiguille du Dru was conquered.

And then? What did it all amount to? someone may say. What was the use of risking one’s life scrambling up a mountain from which the view is far inferior to many lesser peaks? Of actual benefit to the present generation, perhaps there is little in such expeditions undertaken for mere amusement and not in the cause of science. But the pluck and endurance necessary for such expeditions bring out the best attributes of the climber. No

selfishness, no unkindness, no littleness of spirit, can animate the true lover of Nature’s grandeur. The pettiness of mere humanity is nowhere more strikingly displayed than on these grand mountain heights. But here also friendships are cemented, acquaintances are made, and foes become friendly upon the glaciers which, curiously enough, tend to thaw the coolness so usually existing between tourists. After all there are great benefits to be obtained from climbing, so long as proper precautions are used.

The descent from the Dru was almost as laborious as the ascent. Darkness overtook the party before they had reached their camping ground; and owing to a mist they were detained upon the glacier until half-past two in the morning. But they were soon afterwards on the alert, and at ten reached Chamouni in safety.

Retrospection is often the charm of travel. “What keener charm than to pass in review these simple wholesome pleasures, to see again, as clear as in the reality, every ledge, every hand and foothold, to feel the fingers tingle and the muscles contract at the recollection of some tough scramble upon rock or glacier!”

These are some of the pleasures, says Mr. Dent, and we ourselves can call to mind no more enjoyable recollections than those which remind us of the maybe oft-trodden but ever new and varied peaks and passes of the Alps.

(To be continued.)



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And then? What did it all amount to? someone may say. What was the use of risking one’s life scrambling up a mountain from which the view is far inferior to many lesser peaks? Of actual benefit to the present generation, perhaps there is little in such expeditions undertaken for mere amusement and not in the cause of science. But the pluck and endurance necessary for such expeditions bring out the best attributes of the climber. No

selfishness, no unkindness, no littleness of spirit, can animate the true lover of Nature’s grandeur. The pettiness of mere humanity is nowhere more strikingly displayed than on these grand mountain heights. But here also friendships are cemented, acquaintances are made, and foes become friendly upon the glaciers which, curiously enough, tend to thaw the coolness so usually existing between tourists. After all there are great benefits to be obtained from climbing, so long as proper precautions are used.

The descent from the Dru was almost as laborious as the ascent. Darkness overtook the party before they had reached their camping ground; and owing to a mist they were detained upon the glacier until half-past two in the morning. But they were soon afterwards on the alert, and at ten reached Chamouni in safety.

Retrospection is often the charm of travel. “What keener charm than to pass in review these simple wholesome pleasures, to see again, as clear as in the reality, every ledge, every hand and foothold, to feel the fingers tingle and the muscles contract at the recollection of some tough scramble upon rock or glacier!”

These are some of the pleasures, says Mr. Dent, and we ourselves can call to mind no more enjoyable recollections than those which remind us of the maybe oft-trodden but ever new and varied peaks and passes of the Alps.

(To be continued.)



Another ascent was made from the Glacier of Argentière ; and, if I may say so, I prefer this great glacier to even the Mer de Glace. A walk—and it is a stiff pull up skirting this beautiful icefall—will well repay the climber. We did not go very high, being new to the work and fearing to overdo the fatigue if we penetrated to the upper glacier, but Professor Forbes relates his experiences, and we certainly enjoyed our new although somewhat fatiguing scramble in 1870.

The gentlemen who ascended the Aiguille from the Argentière Glacier found it a tremendously difficult climb, but they at length succeeded. From the summit they could perceive their friends at the Jardin which—as perhaps I should have stated before—is a small green patch of vegetation surrounded by everlasting ice and snow and situated in the glacier.

The gentlemen at the Jardin were, when perceived by their friends, indulging in the usual Alpine luxury of champagne, some of which they had carried up expressly for the benefit of the climbers ; who, however, never got it. The descent was continued through a thunder-storm which took advantage of the occasion ; and at last, half-blinded by lightning and wet through by the rain, the venturesome travellers reached a hut and waited for dawn. Day-break was good enough to appear about the usual time, and the party reached Chamouni in safety at 10 A.M.

I have not in this instance ventured to give the details of the ascent, which to many unacquainted with the localities would be uninteresting as no special incident marked the expedition. But for endurance and pluck this ascent will be ranked high. Twenty-two hours severe climbing with scarcely a stop is a long time, and Messrs. Middlemore and Maund must be men of no common endurance and pluck to have succeeded in crossing the mountain as they did.

Before quitting the neighbourhood of the Mer de Glace, it will be only right to record the success of Mr. C. T. Dent who after two or three unsuccessful efforts has

at last succeeded in scaling the Aiguille du Dru.

This adventurous gentleman not only brings to his task a bold but also a cheerful spirit. His narrative is couched in terms of dry humour which are very amusing, and render his account of his failures as interesting as that of his success. "The Aiguille du Dru," he says, "has been photographed, portrayed in little distorted pictures on work-boxes, trays and the like, stared at by Cook's tourists (for these same tourists, by the way, Mr. Dent seems to have considerable aversion), and otherwise insulted as often as any mountain in the chain, Mont Blanc excepted."

At any rate Mr. Dent does not include climbing up a mountain or treading upon it among the "insults," so he started from Chamouni about midnight, and ascended to the Montanvert. The landlord of this hostelry, he says, will come to no good end inasmuch as he once charged Mr. Dent "five francs for the loan of a *second-hand collection of holes which he termed a blanket*." *

The party got on the glacier and were going nicely along when suddenly the guides dropped as if they had been shot, or seized with simultaneous fits. But the cause was only an innocent and distant chamois which quickly disappeared, and was forthwith stigmatized as "unlucky," as it happened to be alone, which perhaps was its misfortune, not its fault. A gentle reminder from a falling block of ice, however, soon caused a movement, and they proceeded.

The progress was slow, as the ascent was very difficult. Steps had to be cut, and the immense axe of one of the party—which had a tendency to poke its user in the stomach and otherwise misbehave itself even to the extent of slipping out of its master's hands and sticking itself up haughtily in the snow a great distance off—delayed the ascent. After all they were obliged to return and a subsequent trial a day or two afterwards proved equally unsuccessful. It was a defeat ; but such a defeat was as honourable

* The italics are ours. Perhaps the landlord fancied there was only a Dent in it.

as a victory, for from the point gained the mountain was absolutely impracticable.

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no school games were going on ; would invite them of an evening to his private sitting-room, entering into their personal tastes and pursuits with a heartiness, which was generally very agreeable to his pupils. He carefully avoided interfering in school quarrels : but whenever a boy came to him for advice, he always gave it kindly and conscientiously, respecting most punctiliously the confidence reposed in him. Again and again angry ebullitions of discontent and party feeling were quieted down through his wise, and generally unsuspected, influence. Of course a character of this kind is always disliked by such boys as it tends to keep in check ; and some two or three of the first class were apt at times to express themselves, in terms more forcible than flattering, respecting him. But his skill at all school-games, the valuable help he rendered the eleven, and the zest with which he entered into all outdoor amusements, made him on the whole a popular character.

Mr. Heywood, the ciphering master, was an elderly man, who had been longer at Kingscourt than Dr. Chapman himself, and was regarded by every one as part and parcel of the place. He performed his work with the unvarying regularity of an eight-day clock, only that he never required to be wound up. He seldom expressed any opinion, except in matters immediately relating to his day's work, and always agreed entirely in any sentiment which another speaker might address to him. It is to be presumed that he would some day grow old, and possibly have to give up work altogether, though it was difficult to believe in the possibility of this last.

Mr. Collins, the junior, was a young man, not two-and-twenty, who had come some eighteen months before the beginning of this story to Kingscourt. He had been a favourite pupil of Edward Chapman, and his father had destined him for the army. But before the necessary arrangements could be carried out, his father died, and his affairs were found to be in so embarrassed a condition, that no money was

forthcoming for the payment of his son's commission, or indeed for his maintenance ; and after a year of hardship, he was glad to accept of his old master's offer of a home and maintenance as a junior usher at Kingscourt.

The only remaining master was M. des Moulines, a French *émigré*, who had been an officer in the Swiss Guards of Louis XVI., and had been cut down and left for dead in one of the corridors of the Tuileries, in the attack made on that palace by the mob in 1792. One of the men appointed to bury the dead, had discovered that he still breathed, and was moved to such unusual compassion as to carry him home and nurse him till he had recovered. But he was then obliged to escape with nothing but the clothes in which his Jacobin friend had attired him, and had dragged out a miserable existence ever since as a teacher of the French language. Under ordinary circumstances, the bravery and devotion he had displayed would have secured the admiration of the boys ; but the detestation with which the French at that time were universally regarded, and which schoolboys carried out to the utmost, neutralised any feeling of this kind. And, besides, there is an inbred antipathy, it would seem, between a French teacher and an English schoolboy, as natural as that which subsists between cat and dog, or terrier and rat. I have a vivid recollection of my old French usher. He was, I believe, a worthy man, and no worse tempered than his neighbours. But however pleasantly the lesson might begin, before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, he had become involved in some personal controversy as to his conduct at Austerlitz or Eylau ; on which occasions he had, according to his own account, performed prodigies of valour, but which the boys were wont to accept with very dubious belief. One after another, the young urchins would discharge their shafts at him, after the manner of picadores at a Spanish bull-fight, until he stamped and bellowed like the baited animal in question. After half-an-hour or so, one of the boys generally enacted the part of matador,

and gave him the *coup de grace*, by some reference to the Battle of Waterloo, at which poor M. Sennes had been among the vanquished. He would thereupon glare round him, seize his stick, and commence an onslaught on his tormentors, which would certainly have ended in something serious, if the whole throng had not forthwith evacuated the room, leaving him to find his way home, a sadder man, if possible, than he had been before. All complaints to the master were utterly vain. One boy, it appeared, was as bad as another, and the whole class could not be flogged every day in the week. Equally vain was it to engage a fresh teacher. The weak points of the latter were discovered, and treatment applied accordingly, before the first month was up; and always, before the end of the half-year, the unhappy foreigner had been driven to the verge of distraction. At last the *status quo* was accepted on all hands, as the only possible course to be pursued; and regularly every day, between eleven and twelve o'clock, the *ταρτομαχία* was celebrated for the diversion of the boys.

Thus much of the masters. The boys most conspicuous in the story have now to be described. There were nine of them in the first class, lads from sixteen to eighteen years of age, fair specimens, for the most part, of the English Schoolboy of the period, but differing in some important respects from one another.

The three boys who took the lead among the more noisy spirits of the school, were Holmes, the second boy in it, Monkton, and Northcote. The father of Steve Holmes was a clergyman, beneficed at Milnthorpe, in Derbyshire. Steve was what is called a thorough schoolboy—reckless, good-hearted, tolerably diligent under pressure, but by no means in danger of injuring his health, by excessive study; incapable of anything mean (or “sneaking,” as schoolboys phrase it), but thinking it no sin to shirk his work, or hoodwink his master, if he could; frank, bluff, and, above all things, abhorring humbug.

James Monkton was the son of the army

contractor, of whom mention has already been made. The latter had begun life with very small means, but by aid of his natural astuteness and unwearied perseverance, had contrived, before his fiftieth year, to accumulate a large fortune. He had then purchased Cheselden Park, an old county property lying a few miles from Leddenham, and assumed all the airs of a grand seigneur. He had contemplated sending his boy to Eton, under the idea that he would associate with Lord Halesham's son, whose estate was contiguous to his own. He had gone so far as to enter James's name at the same tutor's house, where he knew young Lord Brayley was to be sent. But the two lads had met at a cricket party one day soon afterwards, and his lordship's merciless snubbing of the “son of the snob who had bought Fred Brackenbury's place,” gave old Monkton such mortal offence, that he resolved to abandon the idea of sending his son to a school where he was likely to be so treated, and placed him at Kingscourt instead. “There, at least,” he remarked, “it will be known that he is the heir of Cheselden Park; and if Lord Brayley ever offers himself for the county, as I am told his father intends, as soon as he is of age—why, he may find that Jeremiah Monkton, Esq., of that same Cheselden Park, isn't quite so small a personage as he thinks him. Sir Hugh Northcote's my man for one seat; and as for the other—when the old warming-pan who holds it now gives it up, it ain't impossible but Jeremiah himself may start for that plate.”

Sir Hugh Northcote, the gentleman referred to, was disposed to regard Mr. Monkton in a different light, from that in which Lord Brayley had viewed him. He was aware that he was purse-proud, dictatorial, and irreclaimably vulgar. But he commanded a considerable amount of influence; and Sir Hugh, who had obtained but a narrow majority at the last election, could not afford to offend him. He therefore instructed his nephew Everard, who had been a pupil of Dr. Chapman's for

about twelve months when James Monkton was sent there, to show the latter all possible civility, and continue on the best of terms with him. Young Everard was not at first greatly inclined to follow these directions. Monkton was a big, blustering, and rather coarse, fellow. Everard had no fancy for these qualities, and preferred Wood and Bell, who came next above and below him in the school, and were in all respects a complete contrast to the friend recommended to him. But Monkton, after a while, was found to be not such a bad fellow after all. He wasn't ill-tempered, and had lots of money which he spent freely enough. Besides this, he was careful always to treat Northcote with civility, and even deference. The two, therefore, though not entertaining any very warm sentiments of friendship, continued to be close companions during their school-life.

Cook and Hewett, two others in the same form, were hangers on to the three above-mentioned. Cook was a somewhat feebler likeness of Monkton, less clever, less daring, and rather more coarse, lacking as he did, such refinements as the wealth and occasional society at Cheselden Park conferred on its inmates. He always followed the lead of Holmes and Monkton, and was ready to take up any proposal of theirs with a zeal often greater than their own. The other lad, Ralph Hewett, was a less commonplace character. He was Holmes's cousin, and had been early left an orphan; his father, who had been ruined on 'Change, having left him, as the sole legacy he had to bestow, to his brother-in-law, the Rev. Ambrose Holmes. The latter had done his best for the lad, who was the son of his favourite sister. He had given him the run of the parsonage, and had paid for his education at Kingscourt. But he had never liked Hewett—why, he could hardly tell himself. He was not troublesome, or idle, or ill-behaved. As regarded profession, indeed, he was amiability itself. He had always an excellent reason for whatever he did, and if he asked for a favour, it was rather for others than for himself. But the

Rev. Ambrose distrusted him, nevertheless and his cousin, Steve Holmes, ever and anon would tell him, in that exceedingly plain English to which schoolboys are addicted, to hold his palaver for an out and out humbug as he was.

The truth was, Master Ralph had very early made the discovery, that if he was to get on in the world, it must be by the exercise of his own wits, and that neither his uncle, nor any other of his father's friends had the means, even if they had the inclination, to befriend him. He had no great fancy for the drudgery by which alone success can be secured, and judged it much more satisfactory to rise in the world by clinging to the skirts of some powerful patron. Accordingly, he made it his business to secure the good-will and, as he hoped, the good offices of Northcote and Monkton; who were already possessed of the advantages he desired. Sir Hugh Northcote was a member of the Government, and Mr. Monkton was an East India Director. Either of these could give him a lift in life, which, he fondly hoped, would lead on to fortune.

He succeeded so far, that Monkton and Northcote admitted him to their intimacy, and had even let drop a hint that he might perhaps be asked to spend the summer holidays at Wavelsbourne or Cheselden. But, as is usually the case in such friendships, they treated Hewett with that scant ceremony, which borders closely on contempt. Dick Thorne, who was next below Cook in school order, was a clever fellow, and a general subject of amusement to the school. He had a good deal of quiet humour, which he would give vent to on almost every occasion of school life. But his extreme indolence prevented his taking the lead, either in the schoolroom or the playground, which his talents would have enabled him to secure had he chosen it.

The three remaining members of the first class were very different from any hitherto mentioned. They constituted what might be called the good element in the school, and held in check, to a great extent at all

events, the pernicious influence of Monkton and Cook. Austen Bell and Jack Shute, the former the son of the Milstead physician, and the latter of the Milstead attorney, were quiet gentlemanly lads, both of them great friends with Edward Chapman, and next to George Wood (who has yet to be mentioned) the most promising scholars in the school. In temperament they did not resemble one another, Bell being very quiet, shrewd and observant, while Shute was quick and impetuous. But both on every occasion of trial were safe to be on the side of right. They were both much attached to the remaining lad of the class, whose rare ability, as well as the amiability of his character, made him their leader on all occasions.

George Wood was something of a puzzle to his schoolfellows. No one knew exactly where he came from, or who his father had been—further than that a warm friendship had formerly existed between him and the Headmaster, Dr. Chapman. Mrs. Wood resided at a small cottage, at a place called Patcham, a mile or two from Milstead. She lived in strict seclusion, receiving visits from no one, but the Doctor or his brother Edward.

Rumour so far spoke the truth, that Francis, Wood's father, and Dr. Chapman had been schoolfellows at Essingham, in Yorkshire, some five-and-twenty-years before the date of this story. There their friendship had been cemented by an adventure, which had imperilled both their lives. They had gone together, one half-holiday, to amuse themselves at a fair held two or three miles off. As they entered the village they heard loud shouts, and saw a mob of boys chasing a large dog, which was running straight towards them. As it came nearer, they discovered from the shouts of the pursuers that the animal was mad. They immediately took to their heels. In another minute Chapman's friend was safe in an adjoining stable, of which he was able to shut and fasten the door. But Chapman had stumbled over a large stone, and so hurt his foot that he was for the moment

unable to rise. In another moment the mastiff would have seized him, had not his friend, catching up a stable-fork, rushed out to the rescue of his friend. He struck at the animal, which instantly turned on him. It was a large and powerful beast, and though Francis contrived to keep it at bay for a minute or two with the sharp prongs of his weapon, he must inevitably have been seized by its deadly fangs, if the crowd had not now come up; when a man armed with a poleaxe, gave it its death blow.

From that day the boys were inseparable; and when Francis repaired to the University, and George Chapman became an usher in his father's school, they continued to write regularly to one another. Six years after Francis's departure, he reappeared one day in Essingham. He had been reading law in London, where he had been taken ill with low fever, and ordered by his doctors to pass three or four months at least in the pure country air. He had chosen Essingham out of affection for his old friend, who on his side welcomed him with equal cordiality. Lodgings were found for him at old Mrs. Crofts, who had been the matron at the school some few years before, but had now retired to a roomy cottage, to pass her remaining days, waited on by her great-niece Lucy Burroughes.

Here the young barrister passed the summer, greatly to his contentment; but when the time came for his return to London, he was in no hurry to avail himself of the licence to depart which his doctor had now given him. He had found attractions at Essingham which he had but little anticipated. In other words, he and Lucy had fallen in love with one another. Lucy was a charming girl, in education and refinement far superior to her great-aunt, with whom she had been obliged to take shelter when, at seventeen, she found herself a penniless orphan. The young man could not bring himself to leave the village, until Lucy had agreed to become his wife, as soon as he had secured an amount of income sufficient to allow him to marry.

He knew, and honestly told her, there was no hope that his father would give his consent to the match. The latter was the younger son of a man of old family, who had inherited little but pride and poverty. The former of these, however, was treasured up, as a most precious possession, by both the old man and his eldest son, a captain in the Indian army, now at home on leave. The folly, as well as the discredit, in their eyes, of such a *mésalliance* as the young man contemplated, rendered it idle to expect that they would sanction it.

Under these circumstances the vows of the lovers were exchanged in secret, no one but George Chapman being aware of their engagement. But the happy suitor had not returned to his chambers in the Temple a fortnight, when a visit from his father's solicitor apprised him that all had been discovered. An old friend of Lucy's father, who had acted as a kind of guardian to her throughout her girlhood, and who, it was suspected, had long been her lover—having become convinced that some secret understanding existed between the young people—had revealed all he knew or suspected to the young man's father.

An angry correspondence ensued between father and son, the former threatening the youth with the loss of the slender patrimony, which in the ordinary course of things would descend to him, and the latter persistently refusing to break his engagement, whatever might be the consequences. Whether the like pressure was put on Lucy, the story saith not; but one day she disappeared from Essingham, having been aided in her flight, it was surmised, by her lover's friend, George Chapman. Such, at least, was the conjecture of the disappointed suitor, who had betrayed her secret in hopes of preventing her marriage. He made every exertion to discover the retreat of the lovers; and failing, it was presumed, in this, grew more and more unsettled in his habits, until, six months after Lucy's flight, he too disappeared, having enlisted, it was generally believed, in the Indian service.

George Chapman thrived in the world, and

became first senior usher, and then Headmaster of Kingscourt School in Marlshire. He had been settled there only a few months, when he one day received a visit from a lady dressed in deep mourning, in whom, to his surprise and regret, he recognised his former friend, Lucy Burroughes. She had just returned to England, she told him, a widow, with one son about eight years old. She had no friends, she said, to protect and help her, unless he would perform those offices. Her means were narrow, but she had enough for her wants and her boy's. "He is called 'George,'" she continued; "you will guess after whom."

"You may be sure I will render you all possible help," he said, kindly. "I suppose," he added, hesitatingly, "I must not ask after my poor friend?"

"Mr. Wood," she replied, "died about two years ago. It was an accident. I would rather not speak of it."

"Wood!" exclaimed Dr. Chapman, in surprise.

"His name was Wood," she answered: "ask no further."

The doctor complied. He made inquiries and engaged a suitable cottage, as near Milham as could be found, gave her what help she needed in the arrangement of her affairs, and about three years afterwards received young George as a pupil at Kingscourt. The boy showed both ability and industry, and passed with much credit through the lower classes. At the time when our story begins, he was approaching his seventeenth year. He had a few months before attained the dignity of the headship of the first class, and was now hoping to obtain a nomination, as a scholar, at one of the Oxford colleges.

CHAPTER IV.

Two or three days had passed since the morning of the cricket practice. The six first-class boys, who had been made aware of the secret underground passage into Milwood House, had taken advantage of a

dark drizzly evening to make a complete examination of it. All the school had gone indoors,—the seniors to their studies, the juniors to the schoolroom,—three-quarters of an hour before the usual time, and were amusing themselves with chess, or draughts, or story-books, until the arrival of the supper hour. The six conspirators had slipped out unobserved, and, scaling the wall with all celerity, had followed one another through the trap-doors into the mysterious chamber beyond. Here they lit a lantern by the help of a flint and steel which Hewett had brought with him, and then made a close survey of the room. They soon gave up the idea that it had ever been a stable. It was boarded throughout with solid and well-fitted planks, and the walls were panelled with oak, though the thick coat of dirt, with which the panels were encrusted, prevented this from being seen at first. What Hewett had taken for a loft were the remains apparently of a gallery, which had run round the room at the height of about seven feet from the floor. Again, the windows, of which he had spoken so slightly, were found on examination to have been a series of long narrow openings separated from one another by stone shafts, such as are seen only in the reception rooms of a gentleman's house. It was evident that the present apartment had been of that description, and the great thickness of the walls confirmed the opinion.

Having completed their researches, the boys next endeavoured to penetrate further into the house, it being quite clear that the room did not belong to the offices or out-houses, but was a part of the mansion itself. But here they were disappointed. The strong massive oak-door, the only one in the room, was firmly secured—they could not discover how—and resisted all their efforts to open it. There was no key in the keyhole, but the evening was too dark for them to see anything through it. Resolving to come again on a more favourable occasion and make another attempt, the boys returned to Kingscourt, much

excited at the discoveries they had already made.

"They assembled next morning under the beeches to deliberate as to what should be their next step.

"I vote we go down to Jack Scraggs the blacksmith, and get him to open that door," proposed Northcote. "I doubt our managing it even with picklocks. But I've heard that there never was a lock yet that could puzzle Jack. We must go to-day, you know, or wait till next Tuesday."

"I think that would certainly be best," said Hewett; "and afterwards we will go to White's."

"Do you?" said Holmes. "I don't. You forget, Everard, that Jack, if he is to pick the lock, must be taken up into the room through the trap; and, if that is done, our secret will very soon cease to be one. I've heard say that Jack is the greatest gossip in Milham."

"You're about right, Steve," said Monkton. "No, we must try the picklocks ourselves. Jack sells them, you know, and we could get him to put us up to the right way of using them without telling him exactly why we want to know."

"Exactly," assented Hewett, "we need give no hint at all about the door—most likely he'll think we want to open one of our boxes."

"We'll go then," said Monkton, "and then we can go on to mother White's, about the tobacco, as Ralph proposed."

"Just so," said Hewett, "I shouldn't like to have suggested that, you see, if it hadn't been for the discovery of the room—'the Chimney,' as Thorne proposes to call it. Buying the tobacco might otherwise have got one of us into a scrape, but this room will make everything safe."

"All right, Ralph," said Northcote. "We'll go on to the Goody's as soon as we've done with old Scraggs."

Having paid their visit to the blacksmith and obtained the picklocks, together with some elaborate instructions how to use them, the boys posted off to their favourite resort on half-holidays, when no school

game was in progress—the shop, or as she delighted to call it, the warehouse of Dame White. A warehouse it might certainly be called, if a collection of wares of the most strangely assorted and miscellaneous character gave any title to the name. The shelves along the back were heaped with cheap calicos, cotton prints, shawls, smock-frocks, and all other articles which go to make up the rustic toilet. The drawers were filled with tapes, ribbons, stockings, and the like. Opposite the counter, cases exhibited glass and crockery, knives, candlesticks, pots and kettles. Facing you, as you entered, were piles of groceries, candles, cheese, tea, sugar, lard, bacon, butter and eggs; while the window was devoted to cheap confectionaries—hardbake, bulls-eyes, toffee, comfits, gingerbread, and similar condiments: this portion of the “warehouse” having a special reference to the young gentlemen of Dr. Chapman’s and Dr. Forbes’s establishments. Mrs. White’s was indeed a kind of medium of communication between the two schools; because, although by an arrangement made by the two Masters, the half-holidays at the two schools occurred on different days, so that the boys never actually encountered each other in the village—yet both were wont to discuss their own and their rivals’ affairs in Goody White’s hearing: who invariably detailed them to the other party, together with copious additions and emendations of her own, the next time any of them chanced to enter her shop.

On the present occasion she had no sooner caught sight of the faces of Monkton and Holmes, who were the foremost of the party, than she proceeded to open her bundle of gossip; which on this occasion was evidently more than commonly large.

“Dear heart, Mr. Monkton, how glad I be to see you, and you too, Mr. Holmes and Mr. Northcote, and all the other young gentlemen. Why, ’tis an age since any of you were here, to be sure!”

“Yesterday week, Goody,” said Holmes, “not a day longer.”

“Yesterday week, Mr. Holmes! yester-

day month, you must mean. Why I was saying to Mr. Morison—that’s one of Dr. Forbes’s gentlemen who was here yesterday—of all the customers that come into my shop—leastways, I should say, my warehouse—there’s none like the young gentlemen from Kingscourt. ‘Not,’ says I, ‘but what those as belong to Mount Molasses are quite the gentlemen, but I gives the palm to those that come from Kingscourt —’”

“There, that will do, mother,” interposed Holmes, “we haven’t time for any of that——”

“That’s just what Mr. Morison said,” resumed Mrs. White, who, when she had wound herself up, was not to be stopped by mortal man till she had run down again. “That’s just what Mr. Morison said: ‘We know your kindness, Mrs. White,’ says he, ‘and we valley it, but we haven’t time to stop. We only want a new cricket-ball. There’s a famous cricketer,’ says he, ‘the best in Lunnnon they say, as the Doctor’—not *your* Doctor, young gentlemen, but his’n—‘has hired to teach us bowling and batting and all that——’”

“Hallo! I say, Mother White,” broke in Holmes, “do you really mean that a professional cricketer is hired to teach the Parnassians?”

“I mean it solemn, Mr. Holmes. Those was the words he spoke, if they were my last. Jenkins the man’s name is, and he lodges at Giles Simpson’s, and he come here last night for a pat of butter and——”

“I say, this oughtn’t to be allowed, you know,” again burst out Holmes. “It isn’t fair upon us; if one eleven is to be trained by a London professional and the other hasn’t any help—what sort of fair play is that?”

“Well, it would be a bore,” said Northcote; “but you know the Parnassians have two or three times complained of the help we get from Longshanks, who, if he isn’t a London professional, is a crack hand, anyway.”

“You are quite right, Everard,” observed Hewett; “I remember we told them we

had a right to all the help we could get, and they might do the same."

"And I daresay the fellow is only some player in a country eleven, who happens to be staying a week or two in the village," suggested Cook. "I dare say old Blanco can tell us all about him. Let's go into the parlour and have a chaff with him."

He opened the door of a room leading out of the shop, and went in, followed by Northcote and Hewett. Here they found Gaffer White, known to the boys as "old Blanco," a quiet, harmless body, who apparently had had all the life taken out of him by his garrulous partner, like a horse which had been subjected to the shocks of an electrical eel. Monkton, Holmes, and Thorne remained behind, and the first-named was about to broach the subject of the tobacco, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a man in a rough seaman's jacket and tarpaulin hat. He did not see the boys, who were hidden by the door as he threw it open.

"Well, dame," he began, "I've got you pretty nigh all the things you wanted—a famous lot of ribbons and gloves, and the silks and velvets for the lady. We landed the cargo last night, and——"

"You've made a mistake, Mr. Burn," interposed Mrs. White, who had been winking and beckoning to him with all her might. "I want no silks nor welwets, and know no one as does. You're mistaking me for some one else, I s'pose——"

"Oh, never mind us, Goody," said Thorne, "we wont tell any tales out of school, I can assure you. So you've landed the cargo safe, have you, old boy? I wonder where Lieutenant Roby and his men were!"

"I don't understand what you're a-talking about, sir," returned Mr. Burn, austere; "I haven't nothing to do with any liff-tenants; and you're mistaken about a cargo. I judge as you didn't hear very plain what I was saying——"

"Oh, yes, we did," said Monkton, "we heard plainly enough—I did, anyhow. But what my friend here says is quite true

We're not informers. I know there's a lot of smuggling going on along this coast; the revenue officers came over to my father about it last holidays, as he was the nearest magistrate. But I don't see what there is to make such a fuss about, and, anyhow, it is no business of ours."

"I assure you, my dear young gentleman," began Mrs. White, "I never——"

"Gammon, mother," exclaimed Holmes, "do you think we are such flats that you can impose upon us? Come, out with the silks and the velvets. I should like to have a look at them. I'm not sure I don't want a pocket-handkerchief myself."

"And I should like a pair or two of silk stockings, or a cravat or two, if they're to be had cheap," added Monkton.

Phil Burn seemed considerably perplexed. He looked doubtfully from one speaker to the other, and then stepping up to the door of the inner room, where Cook's voice was to be heard in conversation with Gaffer White, he locked it, and took out the key. He then exchanged a few words with Mrs. White in an undertone, after which he addressed Holmes.

"I see as you ain't a gentleman to get a poor man into trouble."

"I don't know why I should, I'm sure," returned Holmes.

"Nor yet you neither, sirs," added Burn, turning round to the others.

"Nor yet we neither," assented the two addressed.

"And if he did run a cargo now and then, as hadn't paid no duty to the government," continued the smuggler—he paused.

"I don't know what business it would be of mine," said Holmes, supplying the hiatus.

"Unless you wanted, maybe, as you was a-saying just now," proceeded Mr. Burn, "unless you happened to want a silk handkercher or two, or a batch of silk stockings as didn't come to half the price as they'd charge you in the shops at Leddenham, and be twice as good; or a few gallons of French brandy—the French knows how to make that, if they know nothing else—or a pound or so of tobacco——"

"Tobacco, hey?" exclaimed Cook, who had gone round by the outer door and re-entered the shop at this moment; "have you got any tobacco to sell?"

The sailor looked greatly discomposed, and was about to deny all knowledge of the article in question, when Monkton interposed. "It's all right, Mr. Burn," he said, "this gentleman is one of us. I don't know that any of your stockings or cravats would suit me, but I've no objection to go and look at them; and if they do, I dare say we shouldn't differ about the price. We'll go at once, if you like. What do you say?" he continued, turning to Northcote and the others; "will you come too?"

Holmes, Hewett, Monkton, and Northcote assented. The other two expressed their intention of returning to Kingscourt. But Mr. Burns, apparently, did not take kindly to the proposed arrangement.

"It's a long way, young gents," he said, "and I'm not sure as you'd like to go to the place, where I keeps my goods. You might get into trouble, if you was seen there. And besides——"

"Never mind the trouble," said Northcote; "we're not afraid of that."

"P'raps you're not, sir," responded Burn; "but I don't know but what I am. You see, 'taint only you as might get in trouble if you went to my house. Now, if I was to go down to where *you* lives——"

"If you did, we should all be safe to get into a row," observed Monkton. "If Chapman, or Heywood, or Collins saw you about the playground, they'd report it straight to the Doctor."

"Would they, sir?" said Burn. "Well, then, the only thing will be for you to follow me at a distance; you can keep me in sight, you know, till you get to 'Ebba's Stone,' the place where I keeps my boat—the 'Lord Nelson,' I calls her."

"I know her," said Holmes; "a very pretty craft she is."

"So she is, sir," said the old sailor, greatly pleased at this appreciation of his favourite: "there never was a prettier. Well, then, if you'll follow me to the Cove

where she lies and wait there a bit, I'll bring you the things as you wants."

"Done with you," said Holmes. "Come along, my lads—we've time enough, but not much to spare."

"Yes, but wait a moment," said Monkton. He lowered his voice so that Goody White, sharp of ear as she was, might not hear. "Do you know exactly what we do want? I was only joking just now."

"Ain't it handkerchers and stockings?" asked the man in an equally guarded tone.

"That's not what I want, at all events. It's tobacco. You said you had some of that?"

"Plenty, sir, and no better to be had in London; and it ain't above a third of the price as Mr. Nicolls asks, either."

"All right, Burn. Bring us as much as we four can carry in our pockets; and now move off as fast as you can. You see," he continued, addressing his three companions, when they were clear of the shop, "we'd better not tell either Cook or Thorne about this. We'll give them a share of the tobacco, of course. But they might get talking, and tell Bell and Wood. Thorne in particular is likely to tell them."

"Well, he wouldn't mean to do it, I am sure," said Hewett; "but he, no doubt, might unintentionally let the cat out of the bag. But, even if Wood and Bell did learn about it, do you really think——"

"I really think Wood, at all events, would be as likely to tell Longshanks about it as not," said Holmes.

"I can't believe that," said Northcote. "I know Wood is a good deal altered of late——"

"Yes, since Longshanks has got hold of him," assented Hewett. "There is no denying that."

"Still I don't think he'd go so far as to tell anything to the masters," said Northcote. "Think what a good fellow he used to be."

"I don't agree with you, Everard," remarked Monkton. "To my mind he's always been a snob. No one knows who his father was, or where he comes from."

"It is impossible to deny that," observed Hewett, "however one might wish to."

"And people say all sorts of strange things about his mother," added Monkton. "She shuts herself up and won't see any one. Every one thinks it's very suspicious."

"Not every one," remonstrated Northcote. "The doctor and Longshanks both visit her."

"That may be because the doctor has taken such a fancy to George," said Hewett. "He and Longshanks are for ever giving him something, or doing something for him. Longshanks has taken him out somewhere or other to-day. I heard him tell Bell he had been invited to go out with him."

"Every one to their taste," said Holmes. "It isn't the way I should like to pass a half-holiday. And I must say I agree with James, so far at all events, as that I shouldn't wish Wood to know anything which I didn't wish the masters to know also. You remember about that time, last autumn, when we went to bathe without leave. Some one saw us and told Chapman. He asked all the first class whether they knew anything about it, and Wood wouldn't give any answer."

"Yes, Chapman couldn't prove anything," said Hewett; "but I am sure he was convinced that we had gone down to the beach, and he wouldn't give us leave to go out again all the rest of the half. Yes, we owe Wood one for that, that's certain."

"Well, here we are at the place this fellow spoke about," said Northcote, who seemed anxious to put a stop to the conversation. "This is 'Ebba's Stone,' and here's the 'Lord Nelson,' I should know her anywhere without the name painted on her stern."

"She's a nice looking boat, that's certain," assented Monkton, "and I should like to have a sail in her. She'd hold half-a-dozen comfortably. Perhaps on some holiday we could get Burn to take us out for an hour or two."

"Yes, if we could keep Chapman from finding it out," said Northcote. "He'd

make a tremendous row about it, if he did. But we might manage it."

"I wonder," said Holmes, "that Burn—that's his name, isn't it?—I wonder that Burn keeps his boat in a place like this."

"What do you mean?" asked Northcote, "the Dane's Cove as this is called, is generally thought to be one of the snugest and safest anchorages anywhere about here."

"I didn't mean that it wasn't," observed Holmes, "but only look what a lonely place it is. There are two or three boats, to be sure. But there isn't a house anywhere in sight. If anybody chose to come here by night, shove her off and get aboard, they might be fifty miles off before it became known that she was gone."

"Oh, no one is likely to do such a thing as that," said Monkton. "Anybody that went off in that way, would be sure to be missed from home, and suspicion would be at once directed to them. And the boat's well known along this coast. She'd be seen somewhere and notice sent to Burn immediately. Burn knows what he's about. He's sharp and quick enough."

"He's been quick enough this time at all events," remarked Hewett, "for here he comes—tobacco and all. Well, he has brought enough to set us up for some time to come. What is he beckoning and calling to us in that way for, I wonder?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Northcote. "This was where he told us to meet him, wasn't it?"

"Yes to be sure" answered Monkton. "But there is something wrong nevertheless. Well, Burn, what is it?" he added as the old seaman came running up hot and breathless.

"Run down and hide yourselves in the boat," cried the old man, as soon as he could speak. "Didn't you hear me calling to you? Here's your master a-coming in a gig, and a young gent with him. It's too late," he added, "we can't reach the boat. There's no help for it, you must come up here as quick as possible, or you'll be caught."

He began scrambling up the rock as he spoke, and the boys followed as quickly as they could—moved partly by the fear of

being caught out of bounds, partly by unwillingness to get Burn into trouble, but mainly because their curiosity was greatly excited. The old man continued to ascend until he came to a place where the face of the rock was cracked and seamed by the action of the sea and frost, and crept, head first, into a cavity which was almost filled by moss and weeds. Immediately afterwards he pressed a spring, and an iron door, three or four feet further in, and completely hidden by a bed of rushes, flew open.

"Come in here as quick as you can," said the smuggler in carefully subdued tone. "I hear that gig already. It isn't more than a hundred yards from the turn now."

The boys complied with alacrity. They sprang up one after another as nimble as cats and plunged without pause down a narrow flight of steps, cut out of the rock, as it appeared, on the top shelf of which Burn was standing. Hewett was first, Holmes and Monkton close after him, and Northcote last. The latter had no sooner entered, than the smuggler swung to the iron door and secured it again.

"Stay where you are, young gentlemen," exclaimed Burn, the moment this manoeuvre had been accomplished, "you musn't go no lower on them steps, or you'll break your necks. This is only a hole in the rock, and no one knows how deep it may be."

Monkton, Holmes, and Northcote obeyed this injunction, and sat down, each on a step, listening to the rumble of the vehicle as it rolled by. But Hewett had hurried down the steps, and had nearly reached the bottom before the old sailor spoke. He had advanced far enough to perceive that the warning, as to the peril of his neck, was a mere inversion, and his curiosity was so greatly roused that he paid no heed to the smuggler's order, but hastened on till he came to the bottom of the staircase, when a strange and startling scene presented itself.

He found himself in a cavern—a natural hollow in the limestone cliff apparently, though enlarged in some places by human labour. It might have been fifty feet long, and of a still greater height. Air and light

came through fissures in the end nearest to the sea, where the rock was not more than four or five feet in thickness. The uneven floor was heaped with barrels and boxes, some piled in orderly array one above another, some emptied of their contents and scattered about in wild confusion. Higher up were flat shelves, on which seats and tables and beds were arranged, while here and there the rock was blackened by the traces of charcoal fires. Hewett could discover no other entrance to the vault, than that by which he had made his way in, but at a short distance from him, he saw a man stooping over a barrel, the contents of which he was examining. As the rumble of the gig echoed through the cabin, he looked sharply round, and Ralph had only just time to step back into the doorway. Even as it was, the man apparently noticed something, for he seized his hat and made straight for the staircase. Hewett ran up as fast as he could, and rejoined his companions, just as Burn opened the door by which they had entered. Holmes and Northcote immediately leaped down and ran off. The other two delayed a moment.

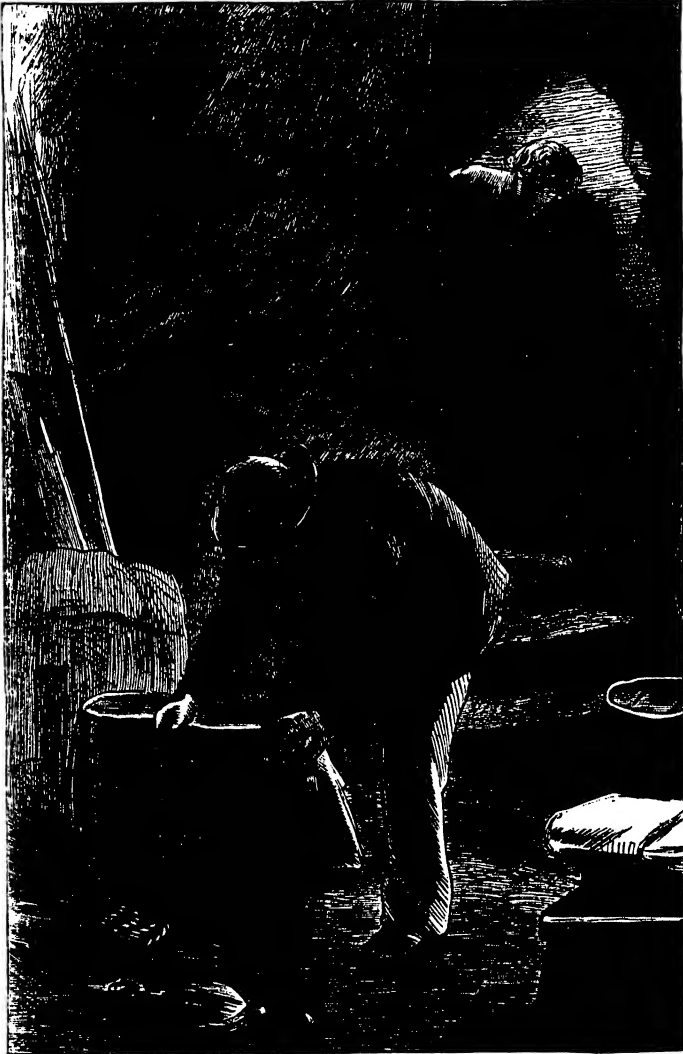
"Now, young gentlemen," said Burn, impatiently, "this isn't a place for you to stay in."

"It isn't a place for them to have *come* into," said a stern voice. Immediately afterwards a strongly-built man past fifty, with a thick beard concealing the lower part of his face, and a sou'-wester hat pressed far down over his forehead, emerged from the opening. "It isn't a place for you to have come into, young gentlemen," he repeated. "What were you dreaming of, Phil, to let them in? You know our rules, I suppose?"

"Yes, I know 'em, Andy," returned Burn, deprecatingly. "But, you see, 'twouldn't have done for this Edward Chapman to have seen these young gents along wi' me. He's threatened already to lay information against us, and he'd have done it for certain if he see'd them in my company. And after all," he added, winking hard at his companion, "it's only a hole in the cliff

they've seen, where a man may be snug, when the sharks is after him. And they won't say nothing about that—will ye, my young masters?"

"I hope they won't," rejoined Andy, "for our sakes, and still more for their own. It is, as you say, only a hole in the cliff, but we're not going to have that blown upon. Hark you, young gentlemen! I'm not going to make you take any oaths and



all that. But I'll just warn you that if you so much as hints anything about the place you've been in, it will be the worst day's work you ever did in your lives. There was a lad about your age, who found out somehow that there was such a place as the one you've seen. He thought he'd make money by it, and started for Leddenham to give information to the Preventives. What do you think happened to him?"

He looked at Monkton, who answered with a very lame attempt to carry it off easily. "Oh, I don't know. He got walloped at Leddenham, perhaps."

"He never got to Leddenham," said the other. "His body was washed up half way—at Lindley Bay. He'd fallen over the cliff somehow. No one ever heard how—leastways the constables never knew. Good evening, young gentlemen."

"We'd better hold our tongues about this," said Monkton to Holmes and Northcote, when he and Hewett overtook them.

"We mean to," they answered.

Hewett said nothing, but he meant it too—unless some one made it worth his while to speak.

Andy looked after the boys, as they moved off. Then he turned to Burn. "We can't trust to them holding their tongues," he said. "That way by which you let them in, must be closed up."

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

By L. M. C. LAMB.



OWARDS the close of the year 997, a prediction had been made in France to the effect that the world would only exist a thousand years; that Heaven, tired of witnessing the petty strifes and tyrannies of mankind, would then dissolve into the void from which it was created, the cause of such endless heart-burnings and contentions. The approach of the year 1000 was therefore anticipated with awe; a religious fervour filled the minds of all, who by increased devotion hoped to appease the wrath of Heaven; and, when at length the dreaded date had passed and still the fertile fields around and the blue sky overhead remained unchanged, the people, overjoyed at this escape from what they had feared as an inevitable doom, testified their gratitude by further acts of piety and devotion.

Now began the pilgrimages to the tombs of holy men, to ask their intercession with Heaven to divert future calamity, and to obtain forgiveness for past sin; saints, till now forgotten, were remembered; offerings poured down in a golden shower; monasteries arose as by enchantment, while the bells of church and chapel rang out at every hour to call the repentant to prayer and pious meditation. Soon this did not suffice; and now bronzed and stalwart warriors,

habited in pilgrims' garb and bearing staff and wallet, were to be seen crossing the most difficult passes of the Alps on their way to the tombs of the holy apostles at Rome, whence, buoyed up by the pope-promised hope of salvation, Jerusalem became the goal of pilgrim desires, and, foot-sore and weary, the "palmers" arrived at the sea-shore, to take ship and proceed to the Holy Sepulchre. From every class of society came these aspirants for Divine favour; the poorest peasant and the proudest lord met on this journey where all were equal, the community of purpose warranting a temporary fellowship which would have been scouted at home in those days when caste distinctions were so rigidly enforced.

Amongst those fired with religious enthusiasm and the wish to seek in the Holy Land that peace which his conscience, burdened with many sins, would not let him enjoy in his recently acquired duchy, was Robert, Duke of Normandy, who called together his subjects and vassals at Fécamp to make known to them his intention of leaving them for this distant and dangerous expedition. A universal expression of discontent greeted the duke's announcement; one and all agreed that it was much more for the interest of the duchy that he should remain at the head of affairs, and not thus leave his possessions to be overrun by

Bretons and Burgundians with nothing to stay their being hurried to destruction by all the troubles sure to spring up on his departure : moreover there was no heir, no responsible head of the state, suggested one of the auditors of Robert's startling declaration.

"Not so, by my faith," answered the duke, "and it is for that I have called you here : to show you a little son I have, little indeed now, but he will grow. He shall be your duke under the guardianship and charge of my lord Henry, King of France, who will be his protector. I acknowledge this child as my son ; receive him and you will do well. From this time forth I give him *seizin* of the duchy of Normandy as my acknowledged heir, and I constitute Alain, Duke of Brittany, governor and seneschal of Normandy until my return or my son William's attainment of man's estate."

Having thus spoken, the duke took the future "Conqueror" in his arms, embraced him tenderly, and presented him to the assembled barons and vassals to receive their oaths of fealty and submission. Right unwillingly were they made by many of those present ; still, though they were dissatisfied with their duke's decision, they could suggest no other plan : if he must go and leave them, this little son might as well represent him temporarily, especially as there was no one else under whose authority all Duke Robert's vassals would not have considered themselves aggrieved.

This event occurred in 1034-5, when, according to some historians, William would have been eleven, or according to others seven years of age, the precise date of his birth not being known, and different authors giving, some 1023-4, and some 1027-8, as the most likely periods.

Duke Robert having, as he thought, satisfactorily settled his little son's succession, lost no time in starting on his pilgrimage, taking William with him as far as Paris, where the child would do homage to King Henry for his duchy and receive that monarch's assurance of protection and support. Arrived at the French capital, Duke Robert attended by his pilgrim knights,

was introduced to the royal presence holding his little son by the hand ; the customary homage was performed, and then in impressive tones the duke asked Henry to accord his protection to William during his pilgrimage, to permit him to dwell at court, and to maintain his cause against any enemies who, taking advantage of his father's absence, should make inroads on the duchy : all which Henry promised to do, and so Duke Robert proceeded on his route to Rome, there to receive the Order of the Cross from the hands of Pope Benedict IX. From the Holy See he went to Constantinople, where he became so ill with fever that his journey had to be continued in a litter ; and it was whilst in this cumbrous conveyance that the duke met another pilgrim, who, having accomplished his pious object, was returning to Normandy. The story goes that the palmer, saluting the duke's party, enquired if they had any messages for anxious friends at home. "Yes indeed," replied Duke Robert, "prithee tell my people that you saw me being carried by a legion of demons on my road to Paradise." Several other anecdotes are told of William's father, but as they have no bearing on his son's biography we must pass them by, and think we cannot do better than give our readers here in a few words a slight account of his other parent, called by various authors Herlette, Herleve, Arlette and Herleva ; though it is quite unnecessary to enter into many details concerning her, as, after the first few years of his life, she appears to have had very little to do with the career of the son who was one day to become the leading figure in the history of his time. Arlette then was the daughter of Fulbert, a furrier or tanner of Falaise. One day she was washing linen in the little brook which ran at the foot of her father's garden, when the clatter of horse's hoofs made itself heard in the distance. Arlette looked up from her washing as the sound came nearer and nearer ; the sun was glittering so brightly that she put up her hand to shield her eyes from the dazzling rays ; this attracted the attention

of the horseman, who looked and looked again at the pretty, bare-footed figure standing in the rippling water. Presently he pulled up his horse, jumped from it, and a conversation was begun between the young lord and the village maiden. Time went on, and somehow, either going out or returning to the castle, Duke Robert always found that his road lay by the cottage by the stream, in which lived the fair Arlette. At last the young lord told his love; the village maiden lent a willing ear, and a few months later saw her and her little son living in sumptuous state within the grim, old castle, the delight and joy of Duke Robert's heart. By-and-by a daughter arrived to call the young duke father, but his heart had already given its best love to his son William; and when he started for his distant pilgrimage, as we have seen, he imposed his base-born boy as his successor. Arlette afterwards married Herluin de Conteville, by whom she had a daughter and two sons, Odo and Robert, of whom we may perhaps hear more later.

Duke Robert's nomination of a successor, however needless it may have appeared when he left them full of health and vigour, was after all justified by events; for at the end of the following autumn news came that he had died at Nicæa in Bithynia, and no sooner did these tidings reach Normandy than the nobles, freed from the awe of his authority, raised a storm of dangers and distresses which needed the instant attention of Alain, Duke of Britany, and Raoul de Gacy, as guardians of the young William.

The Norman barons armed their vassals, fortified their strongholds, and joined the different factions, at the head of which were the young duke's uncle, William Earl of Arques, Guy of Burgundy, Roger de Toni, and even in the end King Henry himself, who forgetful of all he owed to Duke Robert, did not disdain several efforts to rob his young son of a portion of his inheritance. Alain of Brittany immediately flew to the scene of action hoping to quell the disturbances, and confirm William in the ducal seat, but he was killed while besieging the

castle of Montgomeri: another staunch friend, Thurcytel of Neufmarché en Lions was murdered, and Gilbert Count d'Eu also paid for his fidelity with his life. Thus William was bereft of his faithful servants, and betrayed even by his "over-lord;" his turbulent vassals set at nought all attempts at authority, and made the entire duchy a scene of devastation and bloodshed; and affairs were indeed looking black for him, when help came in the persons of those faithful followers of Duke Robert who now only returned from the Holy Land, and who, finding his son in such a critical juncture, formed themselves into what they called a Great Council, in the deliberations of which it was decided that William must immediately return from the court of his faithless "lord paramount," and under the guidance of an able guardian take his proper position in his duchy. Proposals were accordingly sent to King Henry, and they being disregarded, a further embassy was despatched requiring the instant restoration of the young duke, and the formal recognition of his right to the titles and possessions of his father. The ambassadors were also empowered in the event of Henry's refusal, to offer conditions which should make his consent a source of gain to himself. Their representations had the desired effect, and we now find the young duke, the grandson of the tanner of Falaise, taking possession of the duchy of Normandy, and submitting himself to the tutelage of Raoul de Gacy, who with William's consent had been chosen his guardian. One dispute after another was begun and ended with the warlike vassals; one enemy disposed of only to give place to a fresh one. The young duke's presence was needed at a dozen places at once; and, knowing this, King Henry, anxious to add one more item to the general perplexities, took the opportunity to summon him to Evreux, to do homage for his Norman possessions. The summons could scarcely have come at a more inconvenient time; still the king was lord paramount, and to hear was to obey: so, attended by a goodly train of knights

and gentlemen, William set forth. Perhaps the almost martial array of his followers was designed to impress the king with an idea of the power and state of his great vassal; perhaps on the other hand it was only the ordinary train of a great noble: anyway William met with a much better reception than he had anticipated, though the real purpose of the king speedily showed through the thin varnish of welcome with which he greeted him, and it was more in the tone of a dictator than that of a protector, that Henry declared that the famous fortress of Tillières (built by Duke Richard the Good as a protection against the Count de Chartres), must be given into his hands and destroyed. William was perfectly aghast at such a demand; he hesitated, but finally with much reluctance complied with the king's desire, and gave orders for the surrender of the castle. If the young duke had, knowing the importance of his stronghold, doubted the advisability of yielding it to King Henry, Gilbert Crespin, the actual governor of the fortress, a grim old warrior who had received his charge from Duke Robert, had no two opinions in the matter. He received the duke's messenger with due respect, until he heard the nature of his communication; when, thinking the fellow must be mad, he bid him return whence he came, saying, no persuasions or entreaties should make him yield to what he considered both a disgraceful and humiliating requirement. So he shut himself up in his fortress with a strong garrison, awaiting the arrival of the besiegers, and held out resolutely until a written order from William left him no further doubt as to the sanity of the first messenger, and no resource but obedience, when with a heavy heart he gave up the cherished border fortress. One condition was, however, attached to the surrender of Tillières, and that was, that it should be completely destroyed, and that the French king should bind himself not to rebuild it for four years, having settled which matter, William and his gallant company returned to Falaise, the boy-duke incensed beyond measure at the conduct of the king, who could thus

despoil the son of his benefactor, and by no means ill-disposed to seize the first opportunity of retaliation; a desire which increased a thousand fold when, a little later, Henry invaded the duchy, passed through the county of Hyêmes, and set fire to several of the towns; then laden with spoil he turned homeward and in direct defiance of his plighted word, rebuilt and garrisoned the dismantled castle of Tillières. Treachery from another quarter was to add one more to the list of William's troubles: Toustain de Goz, Count of Hyêmes, when his own county was reeking with blood, left it to its fate, and at the head of a strong force marched upon Falaise, where he had the audacity to garrison the castle against the duke. William's rage at this insult was unbounded. Falaise was his capital, his birthplace, and with it were associated all the dearest memories of his young life: could there be a grosser or more flagrant act of disloyalty than a vassal holding this castle against his feudal lord! Dire chastisement was in store for the misguided count: William assembled his forces, and under the command of Raoul de Gacy they marched towards Falaise, where the scale was soon turned in favour of its rightful lord, and to the disadvantage of the rebels; the unhappy Toustain, convicted of his guilt, threw himself at William's feet, imploring pardon, which the young duke granted, but only on condition of his leaving the duchy never to re-enter it, and the confiscation of his property.

From about this period William appears to have taken the reins of government entirely into his own hands; and now, with this bloodless victory as his initiation into actual warfare and his incentive to future combat, the young duke determined to prosecute his first success by advancing to where King Henry was encamped, between the towns of Hyêmes and Argentan, when he speedily caused the monarch to evacuate the places he had taken possession of, with the one exception of the fortress of Tillières, which William would have given much to have had again his, and in the same state

of defence as before old Gilbert Crespin had so sadly surrendered it.

Several acts of clemency graced William's first assumption of power: he pardoned his rebel vassal, the Count of Hy mes, on the intercession of his son, as also several other offending subjects. The archbishopric of Rouen was now conferred upon his uncle Maulger; but in after years, on account of his unbridled and licentious conduct, was withdrawn from him and bestowed upon Lanfranc,—who, from being an obscure Italian monk, rose by his own talents and William's protection to the proud position of Primate of England.

We now come to the rebellion of the earl of Arques, brother to the above-mentioned Maulger, and this revolt shows us one of the archbishop's treacheries; when not content with or grateful for William's generosity, he unscrupulously promoted, by all the means in his power, his kinsman's disloyal conduct. The rebel earl had long been nursing an ill feeling towards his nephew, which at present had only found vent in calling him hard names behind his back. Finding this state of things both troublesome and unremunerative, he determined to throw aside all pretence of vassalage; and, breaking into open rebellion, he fortified himself in his castle of Arques, sounded the tocsin of war in the ears of his dependants, and resolved to fight to the death for what he considered his undeniable right to the ducal crown, which it galled him to see worn by the illegitimate son of Duke Robert. Not content with the aid of his own vassals, and other discontented nobles, he appealed to the king for help; and ere long Henry was marching with a numerous following towards Valogne, whither William hastened, leaving the siege of Arques to be carried on under the command of the Earl Guiffard, and summoning his recalcitrant uncle to Rouen, there to await his arrival to receive homage for his earldom. The duke's great object was naturally to cut off the further advance of the French contingent; and in this he was so successful, and acted so diplomatically, that he made his conduct to the king,

when he finally agreed to a cessation of slaughter, assume all the virtue of a magnanimous forbearance. Henry's rude soldiers meanwhile heaped reproaches on him for a defeat which had resulted in the loss of hundreds of men and horses, and the abandonment of a great portion of the baggage, scoffingly suggesting that he should send conveyances for the dead and dying, and hurling at him a tirade of venom and abuse which would vastly astonish a monarch of modern times!

Bad tidings came also to the duke from Arques, where a party of mercenaries in the pay of King Henry had succeeded in throwing succours to the besieged earl, whose men were holding out all the more obstinately for this welcome help. On hearing this intelligence and this fresh treachery of his "over-lord," William, putting spurs to his *destrier* (or war-horse), cried to the few gallant knights surrounding him, "Let those who love me follow me!" and without drawing bridle led them straight to Pont Audemer, when, changing his spent steed for a fresh one, he pushed on to Arques. His unexpected appearance gave fresh ardour to the besiegers: under their lord's commands nothing was too difficult or dangerous for his warlike soldiers to attempt; they rallied round him with shouts of triumph, and rushed on the till now impregnable fortress with such fury and courage, that the rebel earl, terrified at the aspect of his assailants, hoisted a flag of truce, and sent to demand terms to avert the impending danger. An unqualified submission was the only consideration which would induce William to pardon this vassal, with whom, in addition to the anger he felt at his rebellion, he had already a heavy debt to settle, for his having brought the French forces of King Henry to ravage and overrun his dominions. The earl's messenger was forthwith despatched to convey William's answer to his master, and the final result was that his life was spared, the estates and dignities he so ill knew how to grace being confiscated to his conqueror. As for King Henry, a temporary peace was concluded with him, and,

Duke William hoped, a salutary lesson learnt by him, as he could now have no further doubt of the young warrior's wish and ability to maintain his claim to what he considered his rights by force of arms, should milder means fail him.

A well-earned repose was now the object of the duke's desires ; and, indeed, his dominions had much need of a time of peace in which to recoup the strain the incessant strife the last few years had entailed. So now we find him devoting himself to the encouragement of peaceful arts, promoting commerce, erecting numerous churches and public buildings, organising special councils of his wisest and most trusty subjects, and in every way doing his utmost to repair existing evils and to maintain peace with adjoining powers.

In the midst of these occupations an interruption occurred, in the alarm of an impending danger greater far than any which had already threatened : we refer to the revolt of Guy of Burgundy, who entered into a conspiracy with Niel, lord of the Cotentin, the viscount of Bayonne, Grenoult du Plessis, and other malcontents, to set aside the sovereignty of William, and himself assume the ducal power to which he alleged his right of succession in virtue of being the son of Alice, daughter of Duke Richard II. and born in lawful wedlock. But Guy and his confederates were by no means in favour of openly defying William, or in other words giving him a chance of defending himself : their plans were laid with the greatest secrecy, and a general meeting was at length agreed on to take place at Bayeux, each member going there separately so as not to excite suspicion. Arrived at the rendezvous the conspirators sought out a hostelry, and after much deliberation decided to dispose of the young Duke William by assassinating him during his sleep at night. The smallest details of this plan were discussed ; and, certain of its success, the plotters called for wine and ale to drink to their merry meeting when the tanner's grandson should be disposed of. Laughter and jests now filled the room : the faster the

wine flowed into their goblets, the more their tongues were loosened, and the less prudent they became ; for not one of them noticed a bundle of dark clothes which lay huddled together in one corner of the hall, or gave a thought to what it might contain. Loud and louder laughed the drinkers, dropping now and again words that seemingly had a disturbing effect upon the black bundle, which moved cautiously, and presently exposed to view a pair of sharp black eyes :—but for a moment, however ; a second later the dingy heap lay quiet, hardly daring even to breathe, but drinking in eagerly every word that was uttered by the group at the table ;—eagerly, indeed, for was not this ungainly, misshapen specimen of humanity none other than Galet the “fool,” or jester of duke William, a man attached to him by scores of kind actions which, though sometimes roughly done, were yet enough to awaken gratitude in the fellow's lonely heart ? The last measure of wine finished, the plotters rose : “To night at Valognes,” was the phrase with which they parted. As the last footfall died away, Galet rose, wrapped his black mantle closely round him, and quickly and quietly stole to the door of the hostel. He watched the nobles out of sight, then plunging into a hazel thicket, he threw down and hid his cap and bells, cut himself a trusty staff and set out for Valognes, where he arrived footsore and weary enough, possibly, but before midnight.

To make his way to the duke's quarters was his next object, and, after one or two rebuffs and surly remarks at the late hour of his appearance, he succeeded in reaching William's presence. To arouse his master was the work of a second ; to tell him of the conspiracy, and of the band of plotters, who would ere another hour surround the little town in which he lay, took scarcely longer : “Fly, fly for your life,” implored Galet.

A fleet horse was quickly saddled by the duke's own hands, and soon he was speeding away towards Véz St. Clement. Without stopping, William rode on towards the sea-shore ; for Bayeux and all the adjacent country was in the hands of the rebels, and

the utmost caution was needed to avoid them. By daybreak the little village of Ries was reached, but the good horse was exhausted, and his rider no longer knew the road which would take him to Falaise, where, surrounded by faithful subjects, he could give battle to his disaffected vassals. William turned in his saddle and looked anxiously to see whether he was pursued: no other sights or sounds but those of the quiet village life met his gaze; but there, at the gate of the castle, stood a man who was observing his every movement with scarce concealed interest. The duke looked more intently, and now he recognised Hubert de Ries, his own vassal. Betrayed by one after another of his barons, William was beginning to doubt them all, and would fain have passed unnoticed; but Hubert came forward, and respectfully accosting him asked why his lord rode so furiously and at such an hour.

"Dare I trust you, Hubert?" asked William.

"Ay, fair sir; if it be trouble that brings you, I will help you as best I may."

The duke then told him of the treachery of Guy of Burgundy and his accomplices, and ended by declaring his intention to proceed at once to Falaise. Hubert called two of his sons, bade them saddle his three fleetest horses, and, telling them enough of their lord's peril to rouse their energy, sent them to show him a safe and quiet road, and be his escort in case of danger.

Hardly an hour had passed ere Hubert from his court-yard heard the clatter of arms and the tramp of horses' feet. Going out to the gate to discover the cause of the commotion, he saw a large body of soldiers headed by one of the conspirators William had named to him that morning; who instantly demanded whether De Ries had seen the Duke that day. "Ay, that have I," responded Hubert.

"And which way did he take?" was the next question.

"Wait a moment while my horse is saddled, and I will ride with you," returned De Ries. "He is gone but a little before; we could soon overtake him."

Hereupon Hubert gave orders for a horse to be prepared, and, mounting at once, "led them about another way," until the duke safely alighted at Falaise.

The conspirators, though enraged beyond measure at the failure of that part of their plot which concerned the assassination of William, knew they had ventured too far to retreat; they, therefore, collected all the forces they could muster, and began laying waste the fair country of Normandy, until they forced Duke William (finding himself outnumbered and utterly unable to withstand his foes) to the humiliating necessity of crossing the French frontier to crave the assistance of King Henry, his lord paramount, at Poissy. Though, of course, the monarch was by his very position bound to to render aid to his great vassal, despair alone could drive William to seek help from one who had behaved so treacherously towards him and who had so lightly regarded the word he had plighted to Duke Robert; and bitter indeed must William's feelings have been, when he had to crave such assistance; however, as "necessity has no law," he had to make up his mind to the inevitable, and, ere long, reappeared with the king at the head of a large force, to take summary measures with his disloyal barons.

We now come to the great battle of the *Val des dunes*, or "Valedune" as one of the old writers calls it. The king and his French troops pitched their camp between Argency and Megidon, William and his followers taking up their position near the river Meance, and the insurgents being assembled at Valedune, "a long, broad and slightly elevated plain sloping gently towards the east," and from the different descriptions we have met with, the very place for a warlike encounter. Both Henry and the duke were marshalling their forces, and the battle was about to commence, when the sharp eyes of the king descried a large party of horsemen who, joining neither Normans, French nor rebels, were standing at a little distance. He turned to William and asked whether the new arrivals were friends or foes; the duke hesitated as he recognised in the

leader of the troop Raoul de Tesson, lord of the forest of Cingueleiz, one of his own vassals ; and the thought flashed across him of the small value some of his feudatories put upon their oaths of fealty ; so, as we say, he hesitated a moment before he answered : "Sire, I believe those men will aid me, for Raoul de Tesson, their leader, is my vassal and has no cause of quarrel against me."

Viscount Raoul meanwhile stood aloof with his followers, pressed by some to join the rebels, by others to side with his liege lord and the king. "But my oath?" asked he at last, referring to a vow he had taken to strike the Norman duke whenever he should first meet him.

"Strike the duke if thou wilt," answered an old knight who had seen many another battle-field ; "strike him if thou must, but perjure not thy plighted faith to thy lord."

Raoul looked up at his counsellor. "Thou sayest well," he cried, and forthwith putting his company in motion he rode to the side of Duke William whom he struck with his gauntlet, laughingly saying, "What I have sworn to do, I perform : I had vowed to smite you as soon as I should find you, and as I would not perjure myself I have acquitted myself of my oath, and henceforth will do you no further wrong or felony."

"Thanks to thee," replied William, and forthwith Raoul and his followers ranged themselves among the Norman host and fought valiantly. The armour glittered in the sun ; lances and pikes were raised ; shields showed forth the blazon of their owners, as the French and Norman armies advanced on the rebel forces, bidding the traitors stand forth, and shouting all the while their war-cries—"Montjoie" from the French, "Dex aie" from the Normans, and "Saint Sever ! Saint Amant" from Renouf de Briscard and "Hamon aux dents," rent the air. Foremost and in the thickest of the fight the stalwart figure of the young duke appeared, fighting with the reckless daring of a lion, encouraging all around him by his gallant bearing : Henry too bore his part bravely though thrice unhorsed in the fray

by the Cotentine, a fact which gave rise to the rhyme in quaint old French :

"De Costentin iessi la lance,
Ki abati le rei de France."

But if the king was easily unhorsed, that did not knock the valour out of him ; for we hear that he "arose up nimbly and boldly, and laid about him well with lance and sword ;" till Renouf de Briscard, seeing that the advantage was all on the side of the Normans and French, was seized with a tardy repentance for having engaged against his lord ; and now, only desirous to get away from the battle, threw down lance and shield "running with outstretched neck," and "casting no looks behind him." Niel of the Cotentin fought on gallantly but he saw his men lying dead in heaps around him, others were wounded, more again palsied with fear, standing idle, or taking flight ; till at length he, the noble "chef de Faucon" saw the utter uselessness of staying and left the battle-field sadly, "his heart filled with regret."

This, William's first hand-to-hand battle, finished to his glory and the discomfiture of the rebels ; who now came to implore his pardon, made such fair promises, and, (as Wace has it), "paid such fines, that he granted them peace and acquittance of all their offences." Guy of Burgundy escaped by flight to Brionne, whither William pursued him, and caused him to surrender both himself and his possessions. We are, however, left to conclude, that the duke afterwards accorded him full pardon, since we find the once rebellious Guy fighting loyally under the duke's banner at the memorable battle of Hastings. The other members of the foiled conspiracy were punished in different degrees, according to the extent of their offence ; the accounts of those times mentioning the chastisement of Grimoult du Plessis, who was "imprisoned at Rouen where he died ;" his lands being given to the Church. Having thus dealt with the factious nobles of his duchy, and caused his authority to be recognised by them, William turned his attention to strengthening his alliances with King Henry, and the neigh-

bouring princes of Maine, Anjou and Poitou ; but he was again forced to buckle on his armour and assemble his liegemen, this time to aid the king against Geoffry Martel, Earl of Anjou, an ambitious prince who asserted his claim to a portion of the French monarchy, and prepared to enforce it by strong measures. Eager to prove his gratitude for Henry's assistance at Valedune, William, once opposed to Martel's troops, outshone even his customary valour ; in the end, bringing upon himself the reproaches of the king for the reckless manner in which he exposed his person to danger, the sovereign "imputing that to ostentation, which was but the heat of his courage and age." Once, while out on a reconnoitring expedition and attended by four or five only of his knights, William was suddenly surrounded by a party of the enemy "numbering fifteen." Without a moment's hesitation he lowered his lance and speedily unhorsed his first assailant, who broke his thigh in the fall ; a second shared a similar fate ; and the duke's followers emulating the valorous conduct of their leader, soon the little Norman band was on its return to camp with the triumphant addition of seven prisoners taken in the fray. This good news quickly spread among the soldiers, who, shouting with delight, pressed round the duke and his little party, until they so inflamed the jealousy of the king, that, forgetful alike of honour and gratitude, he hastened to conclude a peace with Geoffry Martel, in which he carefully excluded the faithful ally who had so quickly flown to his rescue and done him such good service. On hearing of this new treachery William was most naturally incensed against the king ; and we may conclude that this feeling was not lessened when intelligence reached him, that the old spirit of disaffection was again rife in Normandy ; that his border towns were in a state of insubordination ; and that for this fresh trouble he was again indebted to the machinations of his "lord paramount."

To reach Falaise was now the first item on the duke's programme ; and a tolerably difficult one to accomplish, when we reflect that

he was in an enemy's country, and that that enemy, enraged at several defeats, sought nothing better than to interfere with his retreat.

The journey was however managed, Falaise reached, fresh troops collected, and at their head William marched to Domfront, a fortress on the western portion of the frontier which divided Normandy from Maine, and laid siege to it, surrounding the town on all sides to cut off the advance of any convoys of provisions. He had not long to wait, before news came of the approach of Count Geoffry at the head of a large force to relieve the castle ; and here we get a story from the quaint historian, William of Poitiers, which is too characteristic of the customs of those far-off days, to be omitted. Hearing of the approach of Geoffry, William sent two of his knights to demand the earl's reason for this intrusion in his dominions. "Geoffry Martel comes for the pleasure of a personal encounter with Duke William," was the answer, which went on to say that early on the following morning Earl Geoffry would be before Domfront, mounted on a white horse, wearing a particular kind of armour, and bearing a shield with a designated device. To this William's knights replied, that the earl need not take so long a journey, for that their master, equally eager for an encounter, would meet him on the road ready for battle, and equipped in a certain manner. With the first grey light of morning William and his Normans set forth, all ardent for the fray, but none among them so eager as the duke, who longed to find himself face to face with his foe. As they rode along, each eye scanned the distance for the first glimpse of Earl Geoffry and his men ; but, though they looked hard and long, no sign was visible, and had they even started on their morning's outing, the braggart Angevins had certainly now vanished like mist before the morning sun, and the gallant Normans had no resource but to turn back to their camp, grumbling at their ill-luck in not having taught more modesty to their boastful foes.

(To be continued.)

PUZZLES.

Square Words.

1.
An instrument for cutting. Superior.
Girdles. Not hidden. Pauses.
2.
Comfort. Insects.
To hinder. To discover.

Double Acrostic.

3.
Herbage. Part of the foot.
A town in Wales. A colour.
A law term. Matter.
Fright. Help. Contests.
Initials and finals name a British strong-
hold, and the persons from whom it was
taken.

Charade.

4.
My *first* a piece of water is,
My *second* an exclamation ;
My *third* is used by fishermen,
My *whole* defends the nation.

Cryptograph.

5.
Zh exulhg klp gdunob, dw ghdg ri qljkw,
Wkh vsgv zlwk rxu edbrqhwv wxuqlqj,
Eb wkh vwudjjoqj prrqehdpv' plvwb oljkw,
Dgg wkh odqwhuq glpob exuqlqj.

Pyramid Puzzle.

6.
The end of all. A boy's name.
A colour. Belts. Unmarried women.
Centrals give an English town.

Square Words.

7.
A kind of stone. Worships. Healthy.
To injure. A manager. To regard.
8.
Belonging to Rome. A plant.
Measures. To turn away. Homes.
9.
A weight. To revoke. To add. Gentler.
A riding-school. Ancestors (transposed).

Double Acrostic.

10.
A root. A musical composer.
A country in Africa. A town in England.
A lake in North America.
A town in France.
The initials and finals read down give
two Members of Parliament.

Charade.

11.
In *second* dark and gloomy,
My jet-black *first* doth dwell ;
My *whole's* a right good novel—
We know the author well.

Diamond Puzzle.

12.
A consonant. Part of the body.
A sewer. An art. A child.
An hotel. A consonant.

Double Acrostic.

13.
The finals will name a famous philoso-
pher, and the primals his wife.
A town in Spain. A town in Russia.
A drug. A famous naval battle.
An island in Scotland. A kind of fuel.
An officer in the Zulu war. A Jewish sect.

Charade.

14.
My heavy *second's* oft
By huge *first* borne ;
An English poet *whole*
To rest has gone ;
And good Queen Bess
Was one the less,
In subjects brave and true.

Double Mesostich.

15.
Among the historians of this enlightened
land,
In foremost rank these writers e'er will
stand.
1. An orchard fruit, of violet hue ;
2. Strive who may it comes to few.
3. 'Cute and strong, and hard-fisted he ;
4. And ever just as these should be.

5. With strength of arm these won the race ;
6. And this appeared on many a face.
7. A straight one keep, in all your ways ;
8. A character in Shakspeare's plays.

Double Acrostics.

16.

Bravely both the armies fought,
How dear the victories were bought !

1. A promise or a covenant ;
2. A country then for this you'll want.
3. In Middle Age a knightly sport ;
4. Howe'er you toil, he can't be caught.
5. The name of one who England swayed ;
6. An iron fence or balustrade.
7. A colour for the seventh see ;
8. A term in music this will be.

17.

The empire of the world was mine,
Reverse me and you'll see,
The empire of the human heart
Will still belong to me.

Transpose me, and with matchless art
Of arms and arts I sing ;
Transposed again, I ruin all,
Arts, empires, everything.

Cryptograph.

Sinu gsua zjietsg suj dyjjoij
Hsu mij hdiim'w mij egguj'w xja ;
Ypp suj nyowumh dygxsoint hyow,
Hsu nehg duul ij hsu dopp wou.

Square Words.

19.

To construct. A bird. To prevent.
To immerse. To enrol.

20.

A teacher. To adjudge. A tower.
A musical note. A sluggard.

21.

A leaf. Burdened. A grown up person
To dig. To go into.

22.

To scale. Pertaining to a heavenly body.
To habituate. Animals. A town in France.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

On pages 55—56.

1.

A shepherd boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame ;
Where dancing sunbeams on the water
played, [shade.

And verdant alders formed a quivering

2. Never too late to mend.
3. A little pot is soon hot.
4. Many hands make light work.
Shakspeare.

6.

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully
curled

Above the green elms, that cottage was
near ;

And I said, ' If there's peace to be found
in the world,

The heart that was humble might hope
for it here.' "

7. Venus—Earth.

8. Spend—Thrift = Spendthrift.

9. Upas, Pulp, Aloe, Spey.

10.

When the stray rook shall perch on the
topmost bough.

There shall be clamour and screeching I
trow ;

But of right to and rule of the ancient nest,
The rook that with rook mates shall hold
him possest.

11. Miss, Isle, Slow, Sewn.

12. Tablet. 13. Content.

14. Montgomery—Longfellow.

15. Michael Ivanovitch Glinka.

16. William Sterndale Bennett.

17. Carl Phillip Emanuel Bach.

18. Francois Adrien Boieldieu.

19.

On the holy Mount of Ida,
Where the pine and cypress grow,
Sat a young and lovely maiden,
Weeping ever, weeping low.

20. Phil—I—Beg = Philibeg.

21. Heliotrope.

22. Coral, Opera, Rebus, Aruns, Lasso.

23. Organ, Rollo, Gloom, Alone, Nomen.

24. Gamble—Gale. 25. Kernel—Keel.

26. Cement—Cent. 27. Minute—Mite.



HOW WE MANNED THE LIFE-BOAT.

HOW WE MANNED THE LIFE BOAT.

BY WALTER HALSTED.



WE had been expecting it for weeks, and more than one false report of its arrival had been circulated, raising hopes only to damp them again. Now, however, there was no room for further doubt, for it was officially announced at the Town Hall that our new Life Boat would arrive to-morrow.

I say *our* new Life Boat, for I was Hon. Secretary of the committee formed for the purpose of supplying our ancient borough with one. Until now we had managed to exist without anything of the kind; but when during the autumn the *Mary Jane* of Yarmouth had gone to pieces on the Chenies, as the reef some three miles off was called, it was generally felt that another winter must not pass, before the ancient borough of Shalton possessed a Life Boat of its own.

It was not therefore to be wondered at if we felt somewhat excited at its near advent, or that preparations of a somewhat extensive character had been set on foot to receive it with all due honour. It was generally agreed that nothing short of a procession through the principal streets would do justice to the occasion, and no pains were spared to make the "incoming" a success. The only matter which at all threatened to overcloud the harmony which prevailed, arose on the question who were to be in the boat during its procession. One party was emphatically of opinion that the mayor and corporation should be seated in the boat during its progress, while another was equally positive that the boat committee should have that privilege. The controversy waxed fierce, but it was at length suggested by our chairman, Captain Bell, inspecting commander of the coast-guard,

that he and the secretary should ride in the boat as representatives of the committee and the town, while the regular crew with old Tom Sturge, the chief boatman, as coxswain, should man the boat, dressed in their cork jackets, and ready for service. This suggestion was accepted, and as by it I should be in the boat, it pleased me vastly.

The day fixed for the arrival was the 14th February, and the morning broke in a manner which argued badly for the success of the installation of the *Valentine*, for so our craft was named. The wind was coming up in gusts from the south-west, and long thin scud was flying at a terrific rate overhead, while deep black clouds were banking up to windward, suggestive of heavy weather.

I communicated my fears to old Tom Sturge as we hurried to the station to await the arrival of the boat.

"Taint over fair-looking, sir, can't say as it is," he replied after a careful look all round; "but if you axes me, I don't think we shall have much to speak of afore the night," and with this assurance I was contented.

Although we were about early, there was much to be done, but by the time the boat arrived we had everything in pretty good order, which is saying a good deal when it is remembered that it is no easy thing to arrange a procession. At length all was ready, and after a good lunch, the signal was given to start, and the procession moved out of the yard of the railway station about two o'clock. For a country town we did not do so badly. Of course we had no such luxuries as camels, elephants, black servants, and triumphal cars; such can only be enjoyed by rich and very ancient corporations, and besides we had no travelling circus from whom to borrow them. However we did very well con-

sidering; for the fire brigade, the coast guard, the volunteer corps with its band and of course its cadet company, the Odd Fellows and Foresters made up a goodly array; and the mayor and corporation in hired carriages were not unimposing. Last of all came the Life Boat on its carriage, drawn by ten horses provided by the local board; her crew in her, dressed in their cork jackets and looking ready to face any danger, while Captain Bell and myself sat in the stern—beside us standing old Tom Sturge, one's very beau ideal of a sailor. The whole town had turned out *en masse* to see the sight, and a general holiday was kept. The streets were enlivened with flags and with more or less appropriate mottoes, and the entry of the *Valentine* was most triumphant. The only "damper" to the proceedings was the rain, which, as the evening came on, fell freely, and, by the time we had finished our course, the wind was rising rapidly, with that hollow sound so well known to those who live on the coast.

At five o'clock there was a tea in the town-hall for the sailors and boatmen and their friends, as well as for those who had joined in the day's work, while all the subscribers to the boat fund were invited to a banquet in the council chamber. After the feasting a great many speeches were made upon the event of the day, and all was harmony and goodwill; when suddenly a disturbance was heard without, and a voice, which I at once recognized as Tom Sturge's, was heard in angry tones—

"Vast heaving there. I must and will see the captain," and before any of us could interfere, the room door was burst open and Tom plunged headlong into the room, "bringing short up" as he afterwards expressed it, against a side table, which he nearly overturned.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, addressing Captain Bell, who was sitting at the far end of the room, near the mayor, who was presiding; at the same moment he pulled off his cap which he twirled round and round in his hands as if his life depended on it.

"What is it, Tom?" said his chief, smiling and looking rather amused, and not disposed to be too critical.

"May I speak a word, sir?" continued Tom, looking very much out of place in the company amongst whom he found himself.

"Yes, and speak out, man," replied the captain.

"Well then, sir, and axing your pardon, ladies and gentlemen all—" and here Tom made a sort of short bow meant to include the whole company, "but Bill Stubbs, as is on duty, sir, has sent up from the guard-station to say as how there's rockets been throwed up in the offing like as if a ship in distress was making for the bay."

In an instant all was confusion and most of the men seizing their overcoats followed the captain and myself down to the coast-guard station.

On arriving we found an anxious crowd of boatmen and others gazing sea-ward, for the news had quickly spread, Bill Stubbs being closely surrounded as, with his glass to his eye, he looked out into the darkness.

"Can you make her out, Stubbs?" enquired the captain as we pushed our way through the crowd; and at the sound of his voice the people fell back a little, forming an eager circle round us.

"No, sir, not at all," replied the man, handing the glass to his officer.

"Whereaway did you see the rockets?"

"About two points to the sou'west, sir, at first, may be some four or five mile away, and twice afterwards nearer."

Captain Bell carefully examined the whole bay with his glass, but the squall was so heavy that it was impossible to distinguish any object at a distance.

"Perhaps she may have gone about and got off the coast, or if she could hold her course with enough 'after' sail, she may be under the lee of the point and safe in the bay."

While the captain was speaking these last words a loud report of a cannon was heard, and the echo rolled along the cliffs.

This was immediately followed by a rocket, then another gun and another rocket, in quick succession. A low murmur ran through the crowd, for all knew that, unless anchored, the ship must be dangerously near the dreaded Chenies.

"Where is Mr. Buntling?" demanded the captain somewhat sharply.

"Here, sir," replied the commissioned boatman in charge of the station, as he approached touching his "sou'wester."

"Send up a rocket in reply."

"Aye, aye, sir."

In another minute a rocket sprang into the air with a roar, cleaving its fiery way through the rain and mist. A pause and then—

"Give them another, Mr. Buntling, and let us see where they are."

Again a rocket bounded upwards, and the anxiety increased as a minute, then two, passed without any response from the ship.

"Mr. Buntling."

"Here, sir."

"Take the rocket apparatus and life lines, with as many men as you want, and hurry to Cattecombe. If she escapes the Chenies she will drive ashore there."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"And, Mr. Buntling."

"Sir."

"Send Sturge here."

Tom Sturge presented himself the moment his name was called.

"Sturge," continued Captain Bell, "bring down the life-boat, we may want her,"—and turning to me, "Mr. St. Aubyn, will you kindly see about the horses, we may have to transport her along the coast."

It seemed an age before the horses were ready, and meanwhile Sturge had been examining the fittings of the boat and putting everything in order. In twenty minutes from the time we had started we were again on our way to the beach with the *Valentine*. And not too soon, for as we drew up on the shore, a blue light suddenly lit up the sea and showed the outline of a ship fast upon the Chenies.

"Life-boat crew, stand by," shouted Captain Bell.

Several men sprang forward, but it was seen that nearly half the crew had gone with the rocket apparatus.

"Volunteers for the Life Boat," cried the captain.

Immediately a score of fishermen and others pressed forward.

Captain Bell chose as many as he required and honoured me by picking me out one of the first.

"Now, lads," he continued, when he had made his choice, "we shall have tough work to-night, and are as likely to lose our own as save those poor fellows' lives out there. Besides, we have never tested the boat, and don't know what she can do, so if any of you like to fall out and give up the attempt, let him say so now. I want men I can depend on to come with me."

Not a man stirred however: nothing would have induced anyone of them to flinch because of the danger.

"Man the boat," said the captain, after a short pause, and we clambered into our places, for in the heavy sea running it was necessary we should be launched from our carriage. I took my place just behind the stroke oars which were seized by Tom Sturge and another. Captain Bell was the last to get in, having remained to give some orders to those on shore. He immediately put his hand on Sturge's oar as he said—

"No, no, Sturge, to-night we want the best hand at the rudder—and you are coxswain—give me the oar;" saying which he took the oar from Tom, sending him to steer, the post of honour, which Sturge had left for his superior officer.

The gale had by this time increased to a perfect hurricane. The rain was coming down in torrents. The sea was awful to contemplate, and the huge black billows dashed on the shore with a thud, and a shower of foam, which sent the blinding spray far up the beach. Nothing more had been seen or heard of the vessel for some

minutes, when at length a solitary gun was heard over the noise of the elements. A fierce flash of lightning at the same moment discovered the wreck upon the Chenies. Another and another gun followed in quick succession, and now all held their breath, for we knew the time had come, when we must commence our fight with the elements and *must* conquer if we were to save life.

"Prepare to launch," was the word of command from Sturge.

A hundred willing hands were ready to work, and the carriage was pushed to the water's edge. Tom watched the fearful billows as they rolled in, waiting his opportunity.

"Now, lads, launch," he roared, adding, "with a will together," as he saw the chance. We moved, then in a moment dashed into the boiling sea.

"Give way, all," cried Tom. Our oars fell together into the seething cauldron of foam around us, and we shot forward. For an instant our way was stopped, as a heavy wave, curling white at the top, rolled almost over us, striking us heavily. It seemed at first as if it must go over us, but no, we rose high on its breast, but only to be carried along with it, as we thought, to be dashed on the shore.

"Pull hard, lads—that's it, so again," from Tom, and the wave passed from under us, and we were off on our errand of mercy.

And now it was that Tom Sturge showed his skill. The heavy waves, breaking into foam as they reared their heads, came sweeping on; but with a touch of the helm, he put the boat's head well up for them, and we went gaily over them, shipping but little water. It was very hard work rowing. First we mounted up a wave, which seemed, as it passed, a perfect wall of water, and then suddenly descended with a rush, but only to encounter another, and then another. We were pulling too in the very teeth of the gale, and except for an occasional flash of lightning we could not see where we were going. Bill Stubbs was our "bowman," and stood up to direct our

course, and, when the time came, to throw a rope. At last we judged we must be nearing the ship, and both Stubbs and Sturge were peering through the darkness in the hopes of seeing something of her. Just then a heavy sea struck us, and we heeled gunwale under, until I thought we must have gone over, but old Tom put the tiller down, and the boat, still staggering under the blow and the weight of water we had taken in, came up a little to the wind and waves. At this instant a vivid flash of lightning (followed immediately by a heavy roll of thunder) showed the wreck right before us, to the vigilant Stubbs.

"Wreck on the starboard bow," he reported.

"Aye, aye," from Sturge, as he turned us more towards the quarter directed.

"What do you make her out, Bill?"

"A large heavy-laden brig," was the reply, "hard and fast on the reef, her mizen topmasts gone, and someone in the rigging."

"Steady there pulling, and stand by to heave a rope."

"Aye, aye, stand by," repeated Stubbs, as we approached on the top of a wave quite close to the ship.

"Now heave," said Sturge.

Stubbs swung the rope round and round, and then it shot away, and fell between the masts.

"Back all," roared Sturge, and we quickly responded, and well it was we did, or we should have been carried right on the vessel by the force of the waves and swamped.

The line which Stubbs had thrown was quickly hauled in on board the ship, and a hauser being attached we were able to lie off the vessel, at a short distance, for it was impossible to get alongside with safety. However one by one the crew attempted to reach the boat by aid of the cable, and though more than one man was washed away by the waves, a life-line dexterously thrown rescued him, and so at length all were saved, the master being the last to leave the ill-fated vessel.

I shall never forget the scene while the crew were being hauled on board. To see what we were about it was necessary to burn a blue light, which shed a fitful and ghastly glare upon the scene. The ship proved to be a large brig and seemed to have encountered the full force of the gale. Her sails, or the only two which were set, were blown into ribbons, and flapped about with a noise like a hundred rifles discharged together, as they strained and struggled to be free. The mizen upper masts had broken short off, and part of their wreck was still hanging alongside, against which every wave sent it, with the force of a battering-ram. The rigging was flying wildly about, and every now and then a vast wave would make a clean sweep over the ship, deluging her with tons of water. The wind whistled and shrieked through the shrouds in a fearful manner, as if the demons of destruction were laughing over the accomplishment of their work, while from the dark masses of cloud astern the lightning ever and anon blazed out with fearful and dazzling brightness, lighting up for an instant with horrible distinctness every detail of the surrounding scene.

At length all were safe in our boat, and we commenced the almost more dangerous task of returning to the shore. The extra weight in the boat made her less buoyant, and as now we had to run before the seas, we incurred a fearful risk in being overtaken by them and swamped. Ofttimes we were obliged to cease pulling, and back our boat up a wave to prevent its overwhelming us, and as we neared the shore the fury of the waves increased. Sturge threw out a large balloon-shaped bag from the stern, which catching the water prevented our going too fast. As we approached the land a blue light was fired, and by its aid we could see the thickly crowded beach thronged with anxious faces watching for our return. We pulled in as near as safety would admit, and then commenced a tedious waiting until a chance offered for going through the breakers. We let go an

anchor over the stern, and allowed ourselves to drift in as close to the shore as possible, but again and again were forced to haul off, so terrible were the breakers. After waiting nearly an hour in danger of being swamped by every wave, yet without getting near enough in to cast a line, Captain Bell volunteered to swim to the shore, and take a rope with him.

At this suggestion there was a general growl of dissent, for it seemed almost beyond human strength to swim and land in such a surf. However the captain was determined. Binding a rope round his waist, and giving Stubbs orders to pay out enough slack rope as he went, he plunged into the sea and struck out manfully for the shore. We watched him with the keenest interest as he rose and fell with every wave, swimming well, but slowly, for the rope added to its weight every stroke he took. We came in as close as possible the better to help him, and by the aid of the blue light saw him nearly reach the land, when a monster wave hid him from sight, and when it had passed he was no more to be seen. In vain we strained our eyes, he did not come to the surface, and worse, the pull on the rope ceased,—he was gone!

A despairing cry arose from our crew when they knew their leader had disappeared, but ere anything was said, and scarce knowing what I did, I had plunged into the boiling sea, and struck out for the place where we had last seen him. Almost immediately, although it appeared a long, long time to me, I came in sight of his body floating face upwards, for the cork-jacket supported him. Straining every nerve I reached him, seized his form, and dragging with me, I knew not whether a dead or only a senseless man, I struck out for the beach. But should I ever reach it? the thought would force itself upon me, and seemed to paralyse my efforts. Should I leave him to his fate? His fate! how did I know he had not already met it? But no, that was a horrible suggestion, and came from no good angel; and when I remembered that the lives of

those in the boat depended, humanly speaking, upon the rope, which was still fastened to his waist, reaching the shore, I determined to do or die. So I held on as we were overwhelmed by a great wave, which carried us on with its force, and then broke into foam, above, around, and about us. Another and another then followed, each bearing us nearer land, but my strength was ebbing fast. Once I looked behind me, and instinctively tightened my hold as I saw a volume of seething, whirling water lifting its head far above us, as if pausing a moment ere it swooped down on its prey. Down it came with all its awful force, turning and tossing us about, heaving us along whether we would or not, and then, as if in a paroxysm of rage, dashing us to the ground. Then, ere I could struggle to my feet, the under-tow caught us with a great sigh, and dragged us under the succeeding wave. Confused and partly stunned, I fought wildly with the seas which raged on every side, but never left my hold of Captain Bell—but beyond that not knowing what I did. Another instant and we were again hurled with fearful force upon the beach. In an agony I dug my toes into the shingle, and clutched it with my hands as I felt the dreadful under-tow fast sweeping me away. My senses began to fail; my whole life commenced to pass in rapid succession before my mind. Now I was at school,—more knocks and bruises—then something shot me forward to college. There were my old friends, the companions of many a boating and cricket match. Was that my mother? she would never have treated me so hardly; why should she injure me like this? And there were my sisters and brothers, but why did they all come and stare at me? and why did they pull me about so? Ah, leave me alone, for I am once more a little child, and I know I am being put in my cradle, and presently I shall sleep such a deep, calm, placid sleep—only they rock too much, and I am in pain—but I shall be better soon, better soon.

When I awoke to consciousness it was to

find my head heavily bandaged, a general feeling of soreness, and a dim recollection of some terrible event having occurred. Soon someone approached me, and I recognised the doctor.

"Doctor," I said feebly, "what has happened?"

"Hush," he replied, "you must keep very quiet."

I tried to think, but it hurt my head so that I could not remember anything very distinctly. Just then a bell sounded. In an instant it brought back something of the scene through which I had passed, and I burst into tears.

"Now really you must be quiet," said the kind doctor, "or we shall have you very ill,—there, don't speak, I will tell you all. You went in the Life Boat, and have saved Captain Bell's life, and through his the lives of all in the boat. Captain Bell is very ill, but I think will pull round; so comfort yourself."—A feeling of thankfulness came rushing over me, like one of the mighty billows from which I had been so lately rescued, and I went off into a peaceful sleep, from which I awoke much refreshed—and recovery quickly followed.

After a long and anxious illness, Captain Bell slowly recovered also, though he has never been quite the same man since that dreadful night. He has retired from the service and lives at Shaulton, where I also continued to reside. Tom Sturge is now the commissioned boatman, and is in charge of the coast-guard station. The Life Boat has many times been called away on her merciful work since that February evening, and Sturge has won great renown for his brave endeavours to save life. I have never been out in her again, but often of a summer's evening Captain Bell and myself stroll down to the watch-house to see old Sturge, and hear him spin his yarns. One that he is very fond of, which his audience of boatmen are never tired of hearing is his description of that February night when first we manned the Life Boat.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

BY L. M. C. LAMB.

(Continued from page 110.)

E now come to the time when, leaving a large force before Domfront, William marched by night to Alençon, his own disloyal fortress, which had opened its gate to his enemy, and was even now garrisoned against him by a body of Angevins; who, as they saw him approaching, with more impudence than wit, fell to shouting insolent words, deriding the duke with the misfortune of his birth, and hung out skins and furs, crying, "La pel, la pel al parmentier" (which Mr. Freeman renders, "Hides,

hides for the tanner"). William, enraged and stung to the quick, swore a great oath that he would not leave the town till the hands which had hung out such tokens were "lopped like the branches from a tree;" and sorry we are here to have to record the future "Conqueror's" first act of wanton cruelty; how, setting fire to the gates and palisades of the bridge which spanned the river Sarthe and divided him from the town, he consumed those obstacles, and, mad with rage, led his willing soldiers on, till, once inside the walls, he but too truly carried out his threat, as the hands and feet of thirty-two of the inhabitants, hurled without the limits of the city of Alençon, testified. Having thus avenged himself,

William turned his back on the scene of his ferocious and unworthy conduct, and hastened again with all speed to Domfront; where, intelligence of his treatment of the people of Alençon having preceded him, he found the rebel garrison most anxious to come to terms, indeed to agree to anything provided they could get away from his wrath with life and limb. So the Norman banner waved proudly from the tower, and Domfront became a border fortress of the duchy. William marched triumphantly through the territory of Maine, fortified the Castle of Ambrières, and thence returned to Rouen, where he was greeted with an enthusiastic reception from his loyal subjects.

In 1041 was instituted "La trêve de Dieu," or truce, so strongly indicative of the warlike times of which we write; by which it was enacted (to put some curb upon the almost hourly combats that were taking place) that from each Wednesday evening until the following Monday morning, on feast days, at Advent and during Lent, an entire cessation of hostilities should be observed; that each man should, during this time, shut up his anger and desire of combat in his own breast, and only be allowed to resort to arms on the days of the week left free by the truce: whoever infringed this new law of the Church, should be excommunicated and banished from the country in which its observance had been violated.

In 1051 William announced to his great council assembled at Rouen his intention to proceed upon a visit to his relation and ally, Edward the Confessor, of England. Some historians say that the duke undertook this journey for the purpose of recalling to the English king a promise he had given to Duke Robert, that, if he died

without issue, he would by will appoint William his successor. It is most probable that some such motive did urge William to take this journey; and even his ablest defenders do not pretend that he started on this, at that time, lengthy and unpleasant expedition from no other desire than to perform a special act of courtesy to the Saxon monarch. He landed at Dover, where, surrounded by Norman soldiers, and hearing on every side the Norman tongue, it seemed more as though he were in the land that owned him her liege lord than in a foreign country; but we must recall the long years which King Edward had spent in Normandy, the friendship he had had formed for many of her nobles, and we shall feel less astonishment at the large number of posts of confidence and honour which they filled at the English Court. William's reception, therefore, by these men who were his own vassals, was enthusiastic; indeed, more like that usually accorded to a sovereign than the one the Norman duke on a visit to the Saxon king could have anticipated. Feasts and revelries of all kinds greeted his arrival, while even the austere Edward relaxed something of his usual severity to welcome his guest, whose enjoyment of English hospitality was unfortunately cut short by news of an unpleasant nature from Normandy; and soon we find the duke crossing the channel once more, on his road to punish the fresh disturbers of his tranquillity.

For some time William's counsellors had been hinting, in terms unmistakeable, the desirability of his making an alliance which should both bring heirs to Normandy and cement friendly relations with some one of the powerful princes whose good or ill feeling was matter for consideration. The subject was now again mooted, and this time William replied that he had already decided upon the lady to whom he should make the offer of his hand, namely, Matilda, daughter of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders. Great surprise and disappointment greeted this declaration, nay more: at a great council held at Rheims this

marriage was strictly prohibited, the parties thereto being within the forbidden degree of relationship to one another; and, somewhat prematurely, perhaps, the duke was excommunicated by his uncle, Maulger, Archbishop of Rouen. However, he was not the man to be shaken from his purpose by persuasions or anathemas: the more opposition a project of his met with, the more determined was he to carry it out; and in this case pique added another incentive, for Matilda herself had declined the alliance on account of an attachment she had previously formed for a Saxon lord, who, alas! had the audacity not to respond to her affection. The duke vowed she should marry him, *quand même*, and since pride or rather vanity was a great feature in her character, he would do his best to subdue that unhappy quality, and then hear what she would have to say. Accordingly, he set off with a small following for Bruges, the capital of her father's earldom, saw the maiden on her way from mass, richly habited in gold-embroidered garments. Quickly the duke dismounted, and, throwing the reins to an attendant, advanced to meet Matilda; whom, without more ado, he seized by the waist and rolled, fine clothes and all, in the muddy street. A queer commencement to a courtship this; but certain it is that either her thoughts on arising from her unsavoury couch had veered round, or that some occult influence which does not transpire had been used, since the main fact remains, that Matilda of Flanders was married to William of Normandy in her father's castle of Angi, and thence triumphantly conducted by her husband to Rouen. We have already said that Archbishop Maulger had hurled the thunders of the Church at William should he dare espouse Matilda; and now we see that William not only had dared, but had brought his bride to the very city in which Maulger dwelt. The reason was, that the duke had already referred the matter of his marriage to the representative of St. Peter, and held under the seal of Pope Victor II. the pardon for the act which had so incensed the arch-

bishop : to this dispensation was appended a condition, namely, that each of the parties to the marriage should expend a certain sum of money upon the building and endowment of a religious house. Neither William nor Matilda thought this too dear a price for the privilege of passing their lives together, and forthwith each set about the pope's mandate, William by building the monastery of St. Etienne at Caen, and Matilda the convent of the Holy Trinity, in which she ever afterwards showed a deep interest, and of which her daughter Cecilia eventually became abbess.

In 1056 Matilda gave birth to her son Robert, the future cause of so much heart-burning and unhappiness to his parents, and of the only bitter quarrels that disturbed the wedded life of the "Conqueror" and his beautiful duchess.

We now come to the battle of Mortemer (1054), when king Henry of France, who had long viewed with secret distrust and jealousy the increasing power and possessions of his great vassal, under pretence of restoring to the duke of Anjou those territories which William had annexed, marched at the head of a large force to Mantes where he was joined by Geoffry Martel, all eagerness to take the field by the side of his liege lord and powerful ally. William of Normandy soon appeared before Evreux to oppose Henry's further advance, while the Count d'Eu with a second army proceeded to Caux to await the arrival of the king's brother Eudes with the reserve troops. Earl Eudes meanwhile was losing valuable time idling with his soldiers in the fertile country near Lyons, allowing them to pillage towns and villages, burn houses, and commit every sort of depredation. Of all this William's spies brought him full and frequent information ; and while the earl still believed the enemy at Evreux the second Norman army under Count d'Eu appeared before Mortemer, where the French soldiers lay, and setting fire to the town caused the unlucky idlers to fly on all sides, seizing such arms as they could quickest find, and then making for the barriers ; where fresh bodies

of Normans were awaiting them, and guarding all the issues. A hot conflict began which lasted until three in the afternoon, and finally terminated to the entire advantage of the Normans, and the utter defeat and destruction of their enemies. News of this victory quickly reached the Duke who resolved to lose no time in passing on the intelligence to king Henry, but to do this in such mysterious fashion that it should increase his distress and sorrow. We translate the following passage from an old French book on the subject. "Night come, he sent one of his [men] who mounted in a tree near the king's camp and began to utter loud cries. The sentinels having asked him why he cried thus at such an hour, he replied : 'Alas ! I bring you bad news ; conduct your chariots and waggons to Mortemer to carry away your dead, for the French came to try the valour of the Normans, and they found it much greater than they could have wished. Eudes their chief has ignominiously fled, and Guy, Count of Ponthieu, is made prisoner : all the rest are either prisoners or dead. Announce this news to the French king from the Duke of Normandy !' " Palfreys and horses were saddled, waggons loaded, tents and huts burned, and Henry, in the words of the old chronicler, "went off on his way homeward, looking cautiously behind him," and with wrath and hatred in his heart to the vassal who had once again worsted him."

From Paris he sent a messenger to William to deliver up the prisoners he had taken, on which condition "he would make a truce with him till other cause of difference should arise," and ending with the promise that whatever territory William had won or might win from Geoffry Martel should never be a cause of war between him and the French monarch. Words cost Henry nothing, and we have already seen what reliance might be placed on his promises ; so we need feel no astonishment that now again he secretly vowed he would never rest until he had revenged himself for his defeat at Mortemer.

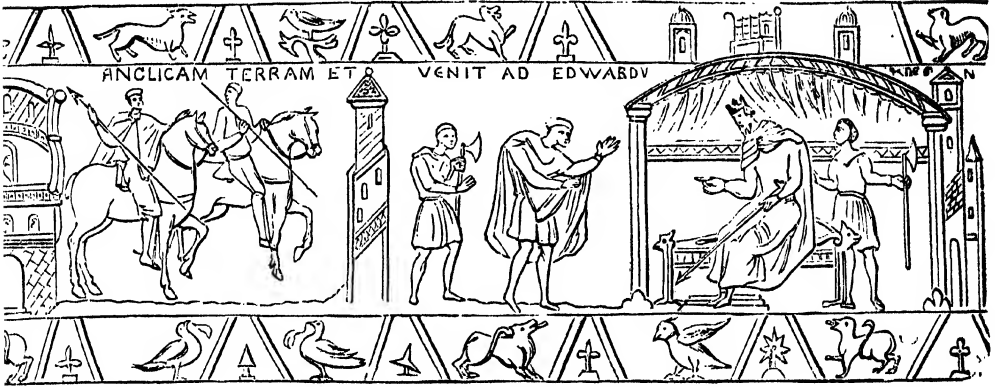
In August, when the yellow corn was still waving in the fields, he re-entered Nor-

mandy ; and, burning and destroying everything on his way, assaulted Hyèmes and garrisoned St. Pierre sur Dive. News of his invasion reached William at Falaise, as also of his proposed route, which was to march towards Bayeux, and, having ravaged and laid waste the surrounding country, to return to his own dominions by Varaville, Auge and Lievin. William was kept well-informed of the king's movements by his spies ; so he hurried after him, calling to arms all the "villeins" he found on his way, who flocked round him, armed with pikes and clubs. The duke waited in the distance until Henry, leaving his baggage waggons to follow, had crossed the river Dive with his immediate followers and a large portion of his troops ; when, rushing desperately on the remainder of his train, he forced them to advance precipitately on the bridge, which "being old and rotten, brake," while men, horses and waggons rolled into the water amid its *débris*. Cries of terror and despair rang through the air from the unhappy French, who, driven back from the other bank by another body of Normans and unable to retreat, their baggage and hundreds of their men lost in the river, saw themselves hemmed in on all sides, and had to acknowledge the failure of their enterprise. From the height of a neighbouring hill, Henry looked down on the fearful scene ; saw the swollen river, the horses and brave men struggling vainly to rescue themselves ; heard the fierce shouts of the Normans as they called on those left on their side of the river to yield, and wept with grief and rage, as with a heavy weight at his heart he turned his face homewards, and "never bore arms more."

We must now mention Harold's arrival in Normandy, for which event three separate causes are assigned : the first says that this son of the powerful Earl Godwin was sent by Edward of England to announce that sovereign's nomination of William of Normandy as his successor ; the second, that Harold while on a pleasure excursion in a fishing-boat was driven by contrary winds on to the shores of Ponthieu, where he was

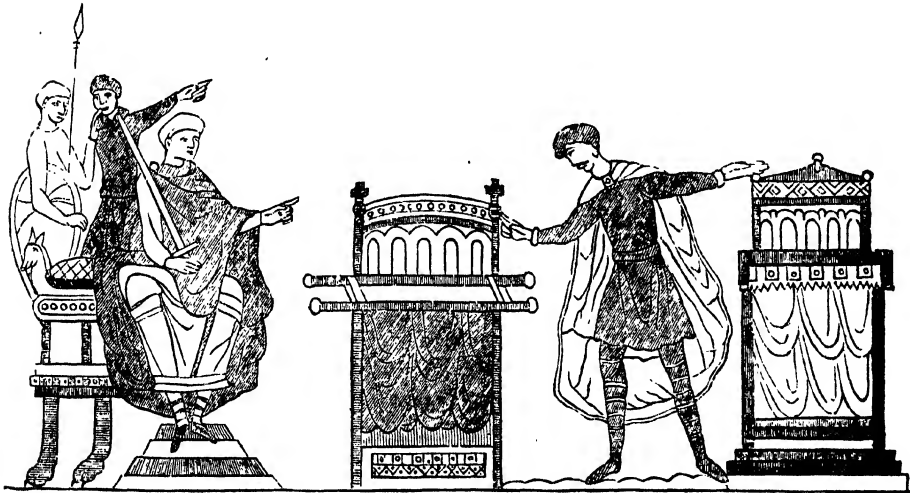
taken prisoner by Count Guy ; and the third version, that he went to demand from William his brother and nephew, who had been left in Normandy as hostages. The Bayeux tapestry, so rich in details of the Conqueror's life, here fails to help us ; for though it gives us a group in which two persons (one of whom we may conjecture to represent Harold), are receiving the English king's instructions for a journey, the inscription over it does not enlighten us, as it is simply "Edward, Rex." The idea of Harold having been wrecked on the coast of Ponthieu is also not borne out by the tapestry, as the ship conveying him does not appear to be suffering from bad weather, and the inscription simply says that "his sails being filled with wind, he came into the territory of Count Guy." The only theory then remaining is that of his having gone to demand the hostages ; and this again the tapestry, which shows him on his return to England, does not encourage, as it represents him in the attitude of a guilty person craving pardon for some un- or ill-performed task. We therefore must leave this matter to the elucidation of our readers, and content ourselves with saying that William ransomed him from the hands of Count Guy, and brought him to the Norman court, where he entertained him with much cheer and great honour, giving him horses and arms, and making many feasts to pleasure him ! But William did not lose sight of his own interests all this while, but thought what an advantage it would be to him could he gain such a rival as Harold to his side in the struggle for succession which would assuredly follow the Confessor's death. To this end he cajoled Harold, and said that, if he would lend his aid to enforce the promise King Edward had both given to Duke Robert and renewed to himself, that he should succeed him in the possession of the crown of England, he would give him his fair daughter Adela as his wife, and deny him nothing which he could ask ! Finally, William called a council together at Bayeux, caused holy relics of all the saints to be conveyed there, placed in a large chest and

covered with a cloth ; when he summoned Harold, who with his hand placed on this improvised altar swore on his oath to marry Adela ; to deliver up England to the duke ; and “thereunto to do all in his power, according to his might and wit, after the death of King Edward, if he should live, so help him God !” Then William uncovered the



chest, and showed to his guest's affrighted gaze the relics of all the holy saints upon which he had sworn this great oath.

Stirring incident here seems to cease until the year 1066, when we come to the death of Edward the Confessor, and the



Harold's Oath.

assumption of the title and estate of king, by Harold, in direct violation of the oath taken so solemnly at Bayeux ; this however he tried to justify by asserting that it had been extorted from him by fear, and that until William had lifted the cover from the temporary altar, he had no idea what it contained. When the Duke of Normandy

heard this, he was out hunting ; “his face from rosy became white” as he quitted the party, and turning his horse's head returned to his castle, where he sat down moodily on a bench and became so absorbed in thought that hours passed unheeded. At last one of his followers decided to break in upon his reverie, and asked what ailed him.

Then the words came like a torrent from the duke's lips, as he told of Edward's death and Harold's "treacherie." The knight waited until he had said his say, and then told him to sit no longer mourning like a woman, but to be up and doing; to cross the sea, dethrone the usurper, and make good his own claim. The duke at once called a council to decide on the measures to be taken; and, by their advice, sent messengers to remind Harold of his perjured oath, and urge him to yield peacefully the land which otherwise William would come well-armed to take from him. The messengers returned with Harold's answer: the oath had been obtained unfairly, and the English king would neither marry the duke's daughter nor yield the



Harold's Oath. (By Sir John Gilbert.)

fair land over which he reigned. This reply reached William at his council at Lillebonne, and then and there he assured himself of the fidelity of his vassals, and of the assistance they would afford towards an invasion of England. At this time a "great star" appeared, shining for fourteen days; "such a star as is wont to be seen when a kingdom is about to change its king," says Wace; and this comet is represented, by the deft fingers of Matilda and her ladies in the tapestry, with six long rays reaching to the ground, and was considered by the superstitious as a sure presage of William's

success in the forthcoming expedition. Carpenters and divers workmen now were assembled, wood collected, and the building commenced of those ships which should take the Norman host to the shores of Britain. All one summer and one autumn were thus spent, the vessels as they were finished being taken to St. Valery, where at last the wooden armament was drawn up, their number varying in the account of each historian, some saying "seven hundred ships, less four," while others estimate them at two or three thousand sail.

The wind at St. Valery was contrary, and

full a month passed ere the Normans could put to sea; the favourable breeze finally, according to them, having been sent by the intercession of the Saint whose shrine and relics were brought from the church to the shore to receive the prayers and supplications of the eager knights. At length they started, William making the passage in a vessel called the *Mora*, the gift of his duchess, and which bore at the prow a child's figure whose face was turned towards England, the arrow of his bent bow pointing in the same direction. Everyone knows how William and his men landed at Pevensey; how he fell as he disembarked, and, fearing the superstition of his soldiers might look upon this misadventure as an evil omen, cried, "See, lords, by the splendour of God, I have seized England with my two hands; all is our own here, and now we will see which of us all is the boldest man." One of the soldiers, sharing his enthusiasm, snatched a handful of thatch from a hut and handed it to the duke saying, "Sire, I give you 'seizin' of this land;" and William answered; "I accept it, may God be with us." Everyone knows this, and also, how, at the very moment of the duke's landing, Harold was rejoicing over a victory he had gained from his brother Tosti, who was that day slain near Pomfret in Yorkshire; how, when the news of William's invasion reached him, he came full speed southwards calling for fresh men and supplies as he rode.

Once again as Harold approached, William sent to remind him of his broken oath, and to require him even now to relinquish possession of the country; but the envoy returned, followed by a messenger from Harold, offering a sum of money and safe conduct if he would rid the island of his presence. To this William replied that he was not come for wealth or for anything but King Edward's gift, and to that he would enforce his right by strength of arms. An encounter was the natural result of this, and was fixed for the following Saturday.

The morning dawned, the 14th of October, Harold's birthday; the Norman host

advanced from Hastings to Telham Hill, whence the English army was visible, encamped on a rising ground then called Senlac. An incident had already happened to Duke William that morning, which he, dreading the superstition of his soldiers, and their tendency to regard the merest inadvertency as an evil omen, had laughed at as a happy prognostication. His squire in his haste had placed the back of his hauberk towards the front. William saw the doubtful looks of one or two of the men near, and instead of scolding the fellow for carelessness, said:

"Many men would scarcely venture into the field after an accident like this, but I don't believe in omens or divinations of any kind; my trust is in God, and if this mischance disheartens any of you, I will turn your grief to joy, for if it betokens anything, it means that I, who am a duke, shall by this day's work become a king."

Rollo de Terni, by hereditary right the duke's standard-bearer, came now to petition that he might for the day exchange his ordinary service for more active duties; so the consecrated banner was unfurled, and given into the charge of Toustain du Blanc, Lord of Bec Crespin. Mounted then on the famous war-horse presented to him by the King of Spain, and which he had named Bayard, the duke charmed all his followers by his martial appearance and skilled horsemanship as the proud steed curveted and pranced under his gallant burden. His army was divided into three bodies, of whom Roger de Montgomeri and Fitz Osborne, Count de Breteuil, commanded the first; the second was confided to Geoffry Martel and "Hugues," a German prince; the third being entirely composed of Normans, and in which were the cavalry and the bands of archers who performed the duty of vol-tigeurs, was led on by the duke himself. In the English camp, Gurth, one of Harold's brothers, had vainly entreated to be allowed to take command of the troops while the king (to avoid "the penalty of perjury" which he might possibly pay should he engage against William) remained in safety.

Harold combated all Gurth's entreaties by saying that he was no coward, and that he would not have his men risk their lives while fear held him in safety; so he stationed himself on the hill where now stands Battle Abbey, planted his standard, and declared he would there stand the attack of whoever should seek him.

The Normans advanced steadily, and Harold, standing by his gonfanon, said to Gurth:

"Brother, which way are you looking? See you the duke coming yonder? Our people need dread no mischief from such a puny force while I have here four times a hundred thousand men."

"By my faith," replied Gurth, "you have men enough, but a great gathering of peasants and vilanaille is worth little in battle. The Normans are all well armed; many of them come on horseback, and will trample our men under foot; they have lances and shields, helmets and hauberks, bows, and barbed arrows that fly fleetlier than the swallows."

William now came in sight attended by his standard-bearer and the flower of his army; the two other companies advanced also with their leaders, and prepared to attack the English in three places at once. Trumpets, bugles, and horns sounded; men ranged themselves in line; bows were bent, lances raised, and the fight began, amid the cries of "*Oli crosse!*"* and "*Ut!*"† from the English, and "*Dex Aie!*" from the Normans. Now the Saxons rushed on, now again they were borne back by the pressure of the foe; swords and lances were wielded by cunning hands; taunting words and defiance echoed on every side, till they came to a fosse which, in the heat of the fray, the Normans had crossed unwittingly, but which they now fell into backwards.

A panic seized a portion of the invaders, seeing which, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, rode up, crying—

"Stand fast, friends; be quiet, and move

not; fear nothing, and, by God's will we will conquer yet."

All day the fight had lasted, the advantage being first on one side, then the other; when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the Normans, finding how the English covered themselves against the arrow-shots by their shields, aimed them straight upwards into the air, so that in their fall they might strike the enemies' heads; and thus it was that one of these weapons dealt the fatal blow to Harold, and, entering his right eye, put it out. In his agony Harold pulled out the arrow, and then, faint with pain, leant upon his shield.

The advantage at this moment was with the English; they pressed more and more on the Normans, causing them to fall back, and, half maddened with joy, cried out—

"Cowards, cowards that ye are: you came hither to seize our property. Get ye home now: leap the sea, or drink it dry, that ye may return to your wives and daughters."

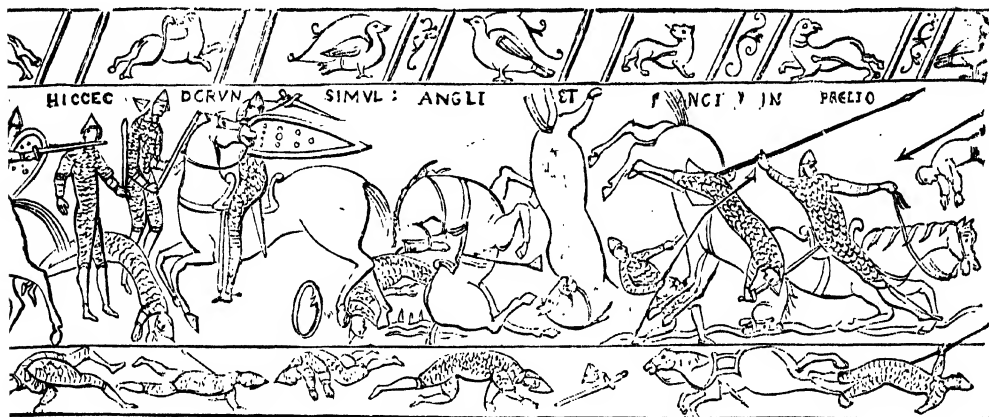
Then at last the Normans turned upon their foes. "*Dex aie!*" cried they as they looked round for their brave duke, who was still striving hard to reach Harold: seeing, however, the mind of his men, he turned and came to them; lance and shield in hand he led them on to the standard where Harold yet remained fighting to the utmost though he was suffering grievously from the arrow-wound in his eye. A Norman knight rushed at the English king and beat him to the ground, and, as he strove to rise, another hit him in his thigh, which was cut to the bone.

Right valiantly the English king had fought; but now his standard was fallen and he lay on the greensward—dead. The English, seeing this, lost heart and fled, leaving William master of the field: a space was cleared of the dead relics of the fray, and here, in the midst of the carnage and horror of war, the Conqueror caused his tent to be pitched, and slept that night, proceeding next day to Hastings and Dover whence he sent messengers to bear the news of his great victory to friends and allies abroad.

* "*Holy Cross.*"

† "*Out.*"

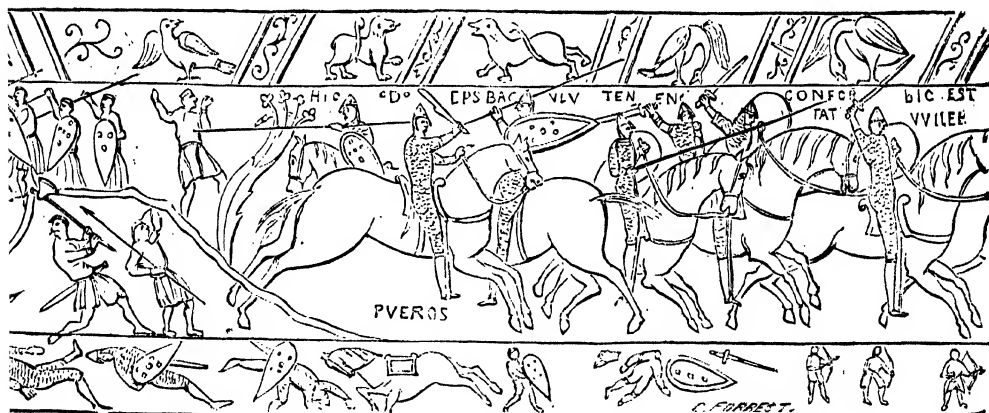
The ambassadors to Matilda found her on her knees in the Benedictine Convent of Nôtre Dame near St. Sévère, surrounded by nuns, and praying ardently for the success of her lord. Overjoyed at the happy tidings, the duchess, now queen, caused a Te Deum to be sung, and decreed that from that time the priory should add



to the name it already bore, the words "De Bonnes Nouvelles," which it has ever since retained.

William's next move was to march

towards London, but taking a circuitous route he passed through Sussex, Surrey, Hampshire, and Berks, crossed the Thames at Wallingford, and continued his progress



through Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Herts; until he arrived at the castle of Berkhamstead. A feeble attempt was got up by some of the nobility to seat Edgar Atheling, the grandson of Edmund Ironside, upon the throne in place of the Norman who had killed their Saxon Harold; but this was quelled immediately by William,

who, disdainful to repulse the ringleaders with a larger force, sent out five hundred of his men to meet them, and they so effectually routed the malcontents that they sent a deputation to the Conqueror to offer their allegiance, and made Aldred, Archbishop of York, their mouth-piece. William was anxious to postpone the ceremony of

his coronation until Matilda's arrival ; but on the representations of the deputies, he consented that it should take place on "Midwinter day ;" when, splendid preparations having been made, he entered the capital on horseback, and rode surrounded by a brilliant company of English and Norman nobles to Westminster, where the ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of York. After this William withdrew again to Berkhamstead, where he kept open court, and amongst other things busied himself with the foundation of the Abbey Church of St. Martin, now called Battle Abbey, erected on the spot where Harold's death had sealed William's victory. Here perpetual prayers were to be offered for the repose of the souls of those brave fellows who had fallen in the sanguinary combat of Senlac.

Having placed strong Norman garrisons in all his castles, and appointed Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, regent of his kingdom in conjunction with Fitz-Osborne, William hastened back to Normandy in the good ship *Mora*, eager to embrace his consort and enjoy the glory of his English conquest among his Norman subjects by the display of the noble English suite who accompanied him, and the magnificence of the gold and silver plate he brought back. Brilliant festivals attended the Conqueror's return ; Caen, Fecamp, Falaise, and Rouen, vying with each other in the splendour of their welcome. News of a revolt aroused him from the pleasures of court gaieties : the men of Kent had made an attempt to surround and retake the town and castle of Dover ; and symptoms of disaffection were rising on every side. So, leaving his duchess and his eldest son Robert as joint regents of the duchy, he set sail and arrived at Winchester on the 7th December ; proceeding thence to London, his mere presence awing and calming the malcontents. The following year witnessed the institution of the "Couvre-feu," which, by forbidding subjects to leave their own dwellings after seven o'clock in the evening on pain of death, was a great preventive of assassination and seditious meetings.

Matilda of Flanders arrived in England in April 1068, and with much splendour and magnificence was crowned queen in Westminster Abbey, all present being charmed with the graceful and courteous beauty of their new sovereign as she passed through their ranks attended by her family. Trade and commerce now flourished and increased under the rule of the Conqueror, a new code of laws was prepared and enforced, and the "odious tax" of Danegelt revived ; which last measure brought a fresh list of troubles on the Norman monarch in the rebellion of the people of Exeter and some other towns, which, however, he speedily subdued.

The disaffection of the two powerful earls, Edwin and Morcar, next claimed William's attention. They had already entered into negotiations with the Kings of Scotland and Denmark, and the princes of Wales ; and now a league was formed to attack England in several places simultaneously. York had been seized, or rather had given itself up to the rebels, and the disaffection was daily gaining ground ; when, receiving news of the state of popular excitement, William hastened northwards with a large army, retook York, and, to punish its inhabitants for having yielded to the insurgents, levied such heavy taxes upon them that with the proceeds he built another fortress in a more commanding spot than that on which the former castle stood. Then, having subdued his unruly subjects and compelled Malcolm, King of Scotland, to sue for peace, he returned south with his prisoners and hostages to hold a rod of iron over his vassals in that portion of the kingdom. The estates and properties belonging to the English were taken from them and handed over to Norman invaders, while the former owners were compelled to fly or take service under these new masters ; the ecclesiastical appointments were also reserved for them. So the English people found themselves thrown out of all preferment whatever, and had cause to rue the day that had given them so stern and harsh a lord.

At the commencement of the disturbances Queen Matilda and her family had retired to Normandy, and now (1073) William meditated a second voyage to repress a rebellion which had broken out in Maine. To lessen as much as possible the danger of his absence from England, he left all his countrymen behind, and took with him an army composed almost entirely of English, by the aid of whose courage and valour he reduced the turbulent country to submission; and returning to Normandy spent there the greater part of the following year, thus enjoying one of the very few seasons of repose his warlike disposition left him.

We have before hinted at William's son Robert as the cause of much sorrow to his parents, and the time has now arrived for us to enter into a few details respecting this matter. Conjointly with Matilda, William had appointed him regent in Normandy; and now, after an almost absolute rule of eight years, Robert could scarce brook the interference of his father in state affairs, and not daring to own the truth, and unable to find any better excuse, he pretended that his discontent was due to William's not having formally invested him with the county of Maine as he had promised. William's reply to this presumptuous reason was characteristic: he said he never undressed until he went to bed, and that he had no intention of dividing his possessions until his death should make them useless to him.

Robert left his father's presence with rage and bitterness in his heart, and, passing under the window of a room in which his brothers were, he either did not or feigned not to hear them call him. They shouted again, and as Robert still took no notice, they determined to attract his attention in spite of himself; so they took up a jug, and threw its contents on Robert's head. Of a naturally violent temper, and being already incensed at his interview with his father, Robert construed this boyish trick into a deadly insult; and, bounding upstairs with his sword drawn, burst through the door, and would have made his brothers pay dearly for their frolic, had it not been for

the timely arrival of the Conqueror, whose authority very soon sent Robert down again; when, mad with passion, he saddled his best horse, called together the few discontented comrades who held to his side, considering him ill-used by his father, and rode off in the direction of Rouen. Directly William heard of this, he issued orders for the apprehension of Robert and his companions wherever they might be found; but the malcontents contrived to escape to the castle of Hugh de Neufchatel, where, many of the nobility joining him, he broke into open revolt. Queen Matilda was wretched about this eldest son, who enjoyed from the first more than his due share of her affection; she entreated and implored her husband's mercy for him, and finally arranged a meeting, the result of which was only to hasten matters to a crisis, and send Robert at the head of all who were disaffected to his father, into the Beauvoisis, where he intrenched himself in the castle of Gerberoy (secretly favoured by the French king), and determined to hold it to the last moment against his father. The Conqueror, accompanied by his son William, now came up to the castle, which he besieged as obstinately as Robert defended; and, to make short a long story, in a hand-to-hand combat this unworthy son wounded his father severely in his sword arm, and unhorsed him. Some authorities argue that William's face was so much concealed by his helmet that Robert could have no idea whom he was attacking; and, since this theory is borne out by the repentance afterwards professed by him, let us hope it is not advanced without some foundation. Be that as it may, the Conqueror, smarting under the pain of his wound and his rage at being defeated by his son, muttered a hasty malediction and hurried away to his troops, whither Robert, who by this time had found his brother William, hastened to reiterate his sorrow for having dealt him this his first wound. But it needed all William Rufus's persuasions and all Matilda's tears to arrive at a satisfactory termination to the unnatural quarrel. However, when William I. of

England did forgive, he did so thoroughly ; and soon he sent a letter to his erring son summoning him to the court at Rouen, where he was received with affection, and whence in 1078 he departed in command of an army sent to Northumberland against king Malcolm. A fortress was here begun by William Rufus which was called New Castle, and which was the first beginning of the existing town of that name.

In 1081 William commenced the Domesday book, a grand census by which he learnt the exact nature and extent of lands possessed by each of his subjects, in what town or village they were situated, and every detail down to the number and size of the fish-ponds on the different estates. 1078 saw the foundation of the massive Tower of London laid, though only of that portion known now as the "White Tower," which was completed and surrounded by walls by William Rufus in 1098. In the next year was begun the great chase since called the New Forest, where the Conqueror dispeopled Hampshire for thirty miles, and destroyed thirty-six churches to make a hunting ground for himself and his followers ; and when he also laid upon his already heavily taxed subjects a new impost varying from two to six shillings upon every "hide" of land ; which fresh extortion the old chroniclers term "hydage."

A great grief was now soon to fall upon the Prince whose career had been marked by such success : we refer to the death of Matilda of Flanders which took place at Caen on the 2nd November 1083. William hastened from England on hearing of her illness, but was only in time to receive the last adieux of his consort. In 1086 he was once more called back to Normandy by the invasion of Philip, king of France ; who, claiming many lands of which the Conqueror had possession, persuaded his son Robert (who with Henry had been acting as regent of the duchy) to join his standard against his father. The city of Vernon was taken before William heard of the attempt on it ; but, as dilatoriness was not one of his failings, "with incredible celerity he passed

into France," laid waste and pillaged many of the principal towns of Poitou, and then retired to Rouen to wait the adversary's next move which came in the guise of a summons to do homage to Philip for the kingdom of England.

"Nay," answered William : "for the duchy of Normandy, if you will, for I hold it from him ; but as for the kingdom of England, by my own good sword I won it, and homage for it I will do to no man."

These decided words had the intended effect, and Philip returned to his own dominions unwilling to draw down the unbridled wrath of such an enemy as William.

But, for all his brave words, the Conqueror was not sorry to see the French troops vanishing into the distance ; for he who in his life had scarcely ever ailed anything now felt ill and shaken ; so much so, indeed, that he was obliged to forego his active life, and take to his bed where he lay dangerously unwell for some time. Philip probably thought that his great vassal, weak, and confined to bed was a much less formidable person than when equal to lead his troops into the field ; so, in an unwise moment, he asked "whether the good old English woman would leave her bed soon." This was repeated to William, and, we may be sure, with some of the additions an unkind remark always gets in circulating. Flying into a violent passion, he swore that so soon as he could rise, he would light a few fires in France as a thank-offering. This was no idle boast, for scarcely was he sufficiently recovered to mount his horse, ere we find him entering France in arms, spreading devastation around ; setting fire to towns and villages, and driving the unhappy and homeless inhabitants before him. At Mantes he made another "little bonfire," and in his eager triumph entered the town while its ashes were yet smoking : by mischance his horse set foot on some burning embers, and plunging violently with fright and pain, threw William in such a manner that he died of the injuries then received. He was put in a litter and carried back to Rouen, where the most

skilful physicians used all their efforts to cure him, but his sands were run ; remorse, and horror for his cruelties and oppressions filled his mind ; and, as death approached, anxious to make amends if possible for some of his sins, he gave large sums to the English, and made a long confession of his various wicked deeds. This ended, he turned his face to the wall, slept awhile, and passed away on the 9th of September, 1087.

Scarcely was the breath out of his body before knights, servants, and all his attendants, seizing anything they could lay hands on, flew to their own dwellings and left the master so lately dreaded almost naked upon the floor. The Archbishop of Rouen, hearing of his death, commanded that the remains of the Conqueror should be conveyed to the monastery of St. Etienne, which, as we know, had been raised by him as a peace-offering to the Church on his marriage ; but none could be found who would undertake the charge, until at length a knight, named Herluin, at his own cost, had the body embalmed and made ready for the grave, and brought it to Caen. Here a scene was enacted well betokening the small regard a dead tyrant can inspire. Anselm Fitz Arthur stood up as the body

was about to be lowered into the stone coffin.

"This ground whereupon we stand was some time the floor of my father's house," said he, "which that man, then Duke of Normandy, took violently from him, afterwards founding thereon this monastery. This injustice he did, not by ignorance or oversight, not by any necessity of state, but to content his own covetous desire. Now, therefore, I do claim this ground as my right, and do charge you, as you shall answer for it hereafter, that the body of the spoiler be not laid in my father's homestead."

The bishops and nobles were astonished at this speech, but at last compounded with Fitz Arthur to allow the burial in consideration of a large sum of money. Nor was even this the last disturbance of the Conqueror's remains, for in 1562 his tomb was opened by savage soldiers, who, enraged at not finding the jewels they had heard of, turned out his bones from their resting-place, and threw them right and left : they were afterwards collected, and *some* of them replaced in the coffin. What an ending to him who was spoken of as "*Invictissimus Gulielmus*."



SCHOOL-DAYS AT KINGSCOURT.

A TALE OF 1803.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,

VICAR OF OLD SHOREHAM, SUSSEX.

Author of "Schoolboy Honour," "Wroxby College," &c. &c.

CHAPTER V.



weeks had passed. It was now the middle of May, and bright fine spring weather. The horse-chestnuts were in all the fulness of their glory; the Maythorn, the lilac, and the laburnum had just donned their gorgeous liveries of pink and yellow. The first-class boys had been released from school, and were taking counsel how to make the most of the half-holiday which the doctor had been pleased to grant.

"We can't play cricket," observed Northcote; "we've never been able

to find the ball which Monkton hit into the shrubbery, and Mother White, of course, was just out of cricket-balls—sold the last this morning, and expects a new batch to-morrow."

"And we can't go and bathe," said Monkton. "Chapman wouldn't give leave yesterday. He says he isn't sure the weather is thoroughly settled yet."

"Well, we might go down to the Dane's Cove," suggested Cook. "It is a hundred to one against our being seen there."

"Dane's Cove," repeated Monkton hastily; "I judge we've had enough of going there!"

"How enough, James?" asked Northcote; "I thought it capital fun, for my part."

"It wouldn't be fun, if we were seen hanging about there by those fellows," said Monkton, "and they chanced to be caught, and fancied——"

"They won't be caught," returned Northcote; "didn't you hear what Collins said?"

"No; what was it?" asked Monkton.

"He was telling us this morning that Roby and his men were out the other night, and caught sight of a boat, which they hailed. The men on board took no notice, but pulled away, as hard as they could, round the Pinnacle point. Roby gave chase, and declares that he wasn't two hundred yards behind them, when they disappeared round the corner; but when they got round themselves, there wasn't a trace of the boat to be seen. It was a bright moonlight night, and they could see the whole coast for half a mile as clear as daylight. There was no place anywhere near, where a boat could have put in. The cutter went close into shore—you know it is deep water close in—and examined every crevice. They thought the boat must have been sunk, and lay about till morning and then made another search, but could find nothing. They are dead puzzled, and have offered a large reward to anyone who can solve the mystery."

"How much have they offered?" inquired Hewett.

"I am not sure," said Northcote, "though I did hear. I think it was fifty pounds."

"Well, that was a rum go," said Monkton. "Still, I think we had better keep clear of the Cove, for some time to come at all events. We must contrive some place at which to meet Burn, when the tobacco is

gone. But we needn't think of that at present—there's plenty still."

"Plenty," assented Northcote; "and I must say we have had a jolly good time of it. Hardly a day but we've had our smoke, and, thanks to the shelter of the 'Chimney' and our always changing our clothes, while smoking, we've not been so much as suspected."

"Except once," observed Holmes, "when Longshanks sent for us two and we weren't to be found."

"Yes," said Northcote; "but George Wood gave us a whistle, and we climbed back over the wall in time. Longshanks only blew us up for having kept him waiting."

"It's a famous hiding-place," said Holmes, "and if the 'Hats' don't choose to come there, it's nobody's loss but their own. But why won't old Burn bring the tobacco here? He could climb the outer wall from the road easy enough, and there'd be no chance of his being seen."

"He won't, though," said Monkton. "He declared to me that nothing would induce him to come to this house, at least not late in the evening, when we want him to come."

"Gammon," said Holmes, "that was Mother White's palaver. Nobody believed her—none of us, anyhow. I suppose she's been frightening old Burn."

"No; he said he had known about the house for years past."

"What did he tell you about the house?" asked several of the boys; for Wood and his friends had now joined the party, and very general curiosity was felt on the subject; "let us hear, by all means."

"I don't mind telling the first-class fellows," said Monkton. "I don't suppose any of them would mind it much."

"None of the 'Caps' will, I'll answer for it," said Cook; "and for the 'Hats,' it won't signify to them, as they are good children, and never go to the naughty 'Chimney.' It will be no odds whether they are frightened or not."

The "Caps," it ought here to be men-

tioned, was the name which had been given by Thorne to the members of the smoking club, the derivation being the Greek word

The same authority had bestowed the title of "the Chimney" on the newly established smoking-room. The "Hats" were so called, simply as distinguishing them from the "Caps."

Cook's eye had rested on Bell and Wood as he spoke, and the tone of his voice had a special significance as he pronounced the name of the latter. Wood tried to suppress his indignation, but it broke out in spite of him.

"I do not know why you should imply that either Bell or myself are more likely to be frightened than yourselves," he said.

"I didn't imply that Bell would be frightened," said Cook.

"Then you did mean to imply that Wood would be," cried Shute, who had just come up.

"Cook didn't say anything that need be so understood," interposed Bell; "he only said that this story, whatever it may be, wouldn't signify to us. You had better tell us what you heard from Burn, Monkton."

"Well, it was a long rigmarole about an old miser—Dobbs his name was, or Moggs, or something of that sort. He used to live in Milwood House ever so long ago. He was known to have a pot of money hidden somewhere or other, but no one knew where. He wouldn't keep any servants, for fear they should rob him; but he had a loaded blunderbuss over his mantelpiece, and a brace of loaded pistols always under his pillow. One night the neighbours heard a shot in his bedroom, but they took no notice, because he was for ever firing his blunderbuss to frighten people from coming. But the next morning, when the woman came who cleaned the rooms and cooked the dinner, she found him lying dead on the floor, with a pistol in his hand. He had been shot through the head, and when they examined the pistol, they found it had been discharged."

"What! he'd blown his own brains out then?" suggested Cook.

"Nobody ever knew whether he'd done it himself, or whether somebody had done it for him," said Monkton. "There was a close search made all over the house, to see whether they could find his money, but none was ever discovered. The house was let to some people, who went to live there; but they declared that they heard groans and other noises in different parts of the house, and they believed they were made by old Moggs, or whatever his name was, who was keeping guard over his money. Several sets of people lived there, but they all left after being there a short time, and for a long time nobody has ventured to rent it."

"Did old Burn say which the miser's bedroom was?" inquired Thorne.

"He said the old chap lived in two rooms; one was his strong-room, where it was supposed he kept his money, and the other his bedroom, which opened out of it. In fact, there was no way into the strong-room except through the bedroom, and the miser had had the windows built up and iron bars put across the chimney, so that no one could possibly get into the room, except through the one in which he slept."

"The windows built up, bars across the chimney," repeated Holmes; "why, that must be——"

"The 'Chimney' itself," supplemented Monkton. "Yes; according to old Burn, that was the strong-room, and the door opened immediately behind old Dobbs's bed. He always drew it across the door at night. It had been pushed aside, and the body was lying in the middle of the strong-room. But he might have moved the bed himself."

"I suppose, if the story's true, the fellow who killed him must have got in through the trap in the floor," suggested Northcote.

"I supposed that, and told old Burn of it, and also said that we six had sat in the room evening after evening, for ever so long, and had never heard any noises, except those made by the wind in the chimney."

"What did he say to that?" inquired Shute.

"Oh, he said it was likely enough that

the fellows did get in that way," said Monkton, "if they happened to find out about the trap; or they might have undermined the wall and made it without being found out, for the old man kept the room locked all day, and there never was anybody about the premises. And as for our never having heard the noises——"

"Ah, what about that, Jem?" inquired Holmes. "That was a floorer for Burn, I should think."

"No; he said it was because we had never been there at night. Nobody heard anything during the daytime, but when it got dark, then the noises began. Sometimes it was a rattling of iron, like the bunch of keys the old man used to carry; sometimes it was a heavy thump, like the fall of a body on the floor; sometimes it was the sound of footsteps, or groans of a fellow in pain; and occasionally he declared a pistol shot was heard, but this was only at rare intervals."

"Very rare, I should fancy," remarked Wood.

"What, you mean that you don't believe the story, eh?" asked Cook.

"No, I don't," returned Wood. "All sorts of strange sounds are heard about old houses—caused by wind, or echoes, or insects in the walls, or the weather, or things of that sort; and people can't understand them, and set them down to ghosts; and then they get frightened, and fancy a good deal more."

"You wouldn't mind passing the night in the house, then?" asked Monkton, with something of a sneer.

"I didn't say that," said Wood; "that's a different matter——"

"Yes; it's one thing to talk, and another to do," observed Cook.

"I didn't say anything about '*doing*' at all," replied Wood, speaking calmly, though the flush on his cheek showed that he felt and resented the insolence of the speaker. "I don't believe I should either see or hear anything supernatural, if I were to pass the night in the house. But I don't suppose I should get a wink of sleep, and should feel

very uncomfortable all night ; and I don't see what would be the good of going through that for nothing."

"Well, it wouldn't be for nothing," said Hewett, "because it would be clear proof that you weren't afraid. Not that I need any such proof——"

"And it wouldn't be for nothing," broke in Monkton, "because I should be willing to wager two to one in sovereigns, or two sovereigns to two shillings, or two sovereigns to nothing at all, if you like it better, that you wouldn't pass two hours alone in that room at dead of night——"

"Say from ten to twelve," suggested Hewett.

"Very well ; from ten to twelve," resumed Monkton. "I'll pay Wood a couple of sovs if he'll——"

"I never bet, as you know quite well, Monkton——," began Wood coldly.

"Oh, oh," exclaimed Cook.

"That's a convenient way of getting out of it," sneered Monkton. "I didn't offer to bet, but to pay you the money if you did it."

"But I'll pass the two hours there," continued Wood, now red with anger, "on condition that you ask my pardon afterwards, before the school, for your insolence."

"Insolence ! I like that !" exclaimed Monkton. "I'll see you——"

"If I were you, I'd agree," interposed Cook, drawing his schoolfellow aside and speaking low, so that no one else could hear him. "He's trying to provoke you, and so get out of it. Tell him you will beg his pardon, when he has done it, and you'll floor him altogether."

"Very well," said Monkton aloud ; "if Wood does do this, it will show that I was mistaken about him, and I ought, I suppose, to say so. I agree therefore. Wood is to spend two hours, beginning from ten o'clock or later, alone in the 'Chimney', and when he has done it, I'll ask his pardon. Do you agree to that, Wood?"

"I hope he won't," said Bell, interposing. "This isn't a thing a fellow ought to

do, or which another fellow ought to propose, Monkton. I don't wonder George got provoked at what was said. But if he thinks the thing quietly over, I don't think he'll consent. No one can pretend to say Wood wants for pluck. It's well-known that he has as much as any fellow here. For my part, if I were he, I should treat what has been said, as so much rubbish."

"A very nice way of getting out of it," said Cook.

"A *very* nice way, Cook," assented Bell. "I quite agree with you."

"Hear, hear," said Shute. "Now I tell you what, you fellows, let us drop this. It's just an attempt to annoy Wood, and a very ill-natured one too, and he'll act wisely in saying no more about it. And so shall we. We came here to decide what to do this afternoon. Well, the weather's too hot and the ground too wet for cricket, even if we had a ball ; and the same is the case as regards rounders or hockey. I should think this was the very afternoon for looking after those birds' nests we were talking about a few days ago."

"What the kingfishers and the bottletits, you mean," said Holmes. "There are some bottletits' nests, I fancy, in Milham farm."

"And I know some kingfishers have been building by the water in the vicarage grounds," added Northcote.

"I daresay," said Thorne ; "but old farmer Drew wouldn't stand our climbing his trees after the bottletits. He made a tremendous row about some Milstead fellows going into his wood only to pick primroses. I judge if he caught us up his trees, he'd make a proper row."

"And old Podgett would cut up crusty, I expect," added Cook ; "or anyway, Amos Scroggins would, if we were found trespassing on the parsonage grounds. Amos would go straight to Chapman."

"We needn't go near the parsonage, or Drew's grounds either," said Bell. "The best place for birds' nests is Broadleigh Park. All along the banks of the lake, and in those islands, there's lots of nests. I was there one day last summer. My father went

to see some one who was ill at the keeper's cottage, and Shute and I went with him. The keeper told us that if we were careful not to damage the trees, or meddle with the game, we might go there now and then."

"The keeper—a stout-built dark-looking fellow of fifty or so, isn't he?" asked Thorne.

"That's the party," said Shute. "Hagan his name is, not a very taking chap to look at; but he was civil enough on that occasion. He's a curious contrast to Bill Attwood the gardener, who is the civillest fellow going."

"I don't think I shall go," said Monkton. "Come down to Corfield's cottage," he whispered to Northcote and Holmes. "I want to try and find out something more about the 'Chimney.'"

"I am your man," said Holmes. "I am as curious as you are about that."

"And so am I," added Northcote.

"Mayn't I come too?" asked Hewett. "You know I was the first who found out the 'Chimney.'"

"Yes, come if you like," returned Monkton carelessly. "Here, Bell, we four are going for a walk, so your party won't be too large."

"I'm not going either," observed Thorne. "I've something to buy at Mother White's, and you said you wanted to go there too, didn't you, Cook?"

"Yes, I must get the cricket-ball," replied Cook, "or there will be no game to-morrow. Well, this will make your party very select, Bell."

"Only the three 'Hats,'" added Thorne; "the Hat-band, so to speak. Well, good luck to you, gentlemen."

"The same to you, Mr. Cap," returned Wood, good-humouredly. "I hope yours may prove to be Fortunatus's cap, I'm sure."

The three friends passed out of the school gate, and were soon at the gates of Broadleigh Park. On their way, Wood took the opportunity of thanking his two friends for having taken his part in the recent quarrel with Cook and Monkton.

"I know it was very foolish of me, Austen," he said. "I oughtn't to mind what those fellows say. But Monkton's insolence, and Cook's malignity are more than I can stand."

"They are provoking enough, George," said Bell; "and perhaps I shouldn't take it quite so quietly myself, if I were the person attacked. But it is all over now—that's one comfort."

"Well, I don't know that it is," returned Wood. "Of course; if they say no more, I shan't say anything. But I pledged myself to pass the two hours in that house——"

"Edward Chapman would say you oughtn't to have made any such promise," interposed Bell.

"Yes," replied Wood; "and he would say right. We made up our minds that we wouldn't have anything to do with that room, or with smoking, now it has been forbidden."

"And you don't doubt, do you, that we were right?" asked Shute.

"No, I am sure we were right," rejoined Wood; "and I ought to have kept to it. But, now that I have pledged my word, if they insist, I don't see how I can draw back."

"Well, there is no need to consider that now," said Bell. "I don't fancy they will bring up the matter again. And here we are at the banks of the mere. How beautiful it is looking!"

As he spoke they emerged from the shadow of the noble oaks which fringed the lawn, and came

"Full on the shining levels of the lake."

It was indeed a delicious sheet of water, large enough to deserve its name of Broadwater Lake, being more than a mile in length, and, in some places, of almost equal breadth. The shores—which occasionally rose with a sharp ascent to the height of two or three hundred feet, and in others spread into broad open glades—were everywhere richly wooded, and looked especially lovely in the fresh green of the early year. Toward the middle of the lake where it was

at its widest, several small islands dotted its surface—some of them masses of rock with only a few shrubs and patches of long grass growing on them, others one mass of forest trees, dipping their boughs into the clear water.

"Yonder is the 'Swan's eyot,'" said Bell, pausing under the boughs of a splendid old tree. "There are two nests of swans there—one on this side, and the other under the high rocks over yonder. That is the 'Hermit's Island,'" he added, pointing to another almost in the middle of the lake. There is an old building in it, where they say a hermit lived ever so many hundred years ago. And there," he continued, "is the Heron's Isle. It is nearer in shore, you see, and it is a mixture of rocks and trees. That's the place to find the kingfishers. I know there are always some building there in the spring of the year."

"Can't we get across there?" suggested Wood. "There must be a boat, or punt, by which the keepers cross."

"There is a punt, I know," said Bell; "and I fancy it is always kept in the boat-house there, close to the keeper's cottage. There's a good-sized sailing boat too; and a small skiff which is usually locked up in the large boat-house at the upper end of the lake. But we'll go and look after the punt."

They went on accordingly, to the low wooden building, which Bell had indicated. It was just at the end of a small garden belonging to the keeper's cottage. On trying the door it was found to be locked, and Bell went up to ask for the key. But the cottage was locked up also, and no one could be seen about the premises.

"Old Hagan hasn't any wife, or children either," explained Bell. "I suppose he's out somewhere, and the woman that waits on him has gone into Milstead. It's a bore, but I don't know what is to be done. We can't break open the boat-house door; indeed I shouldn't like to borrow the punt in any case without leave."

"No, of course not," assented Wood. "But it is a great bore too. While you were gone, a kingfisher flew out from among

the shrubs at the back of the islet. I should like to get over there; I must say."

"Isn't there a building of some sort on the island?" asked Shute. "I fancy I can see a bit of a roof and an ornament on the top of it, through the laurel bushes there."

"There's a small fishing temple, I believe," said Bell. "But I have never been on the lake for any length of time, and only on one or two occasions. The best thing will be for me to go and look after the keeper. I know where he is most likely to be found at this time of the year—down among the covers, about half a mile from here. The snobs from Milstead are apt to trespass after eggs, and they disturb the pheasants while they're sitting. He's down there most afternoons now."

"Very well, then we'll stay here till you come back," said Wood. He seated himself under one of the largest trees as he spoke, and Shute followed his example.

The afternoon was deliciously warm, and the long soft moss afforded a most pleasant bed. The boys lay at their ease, feasting their eyes with the lovely panorama spread before them. Presently a new object of interest appeared in the shape of a small Blenheim spaniel; which, it would seem, had made its way somehow to the Heron's Islet, and was now desirous of returning.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Shute. "Why, that's Finette, the dog belonging to the house-keeper at Broadleigh. I know it quite well. How ever can it have got over there?"

"Swum over, I suppose," suggested Wood, "after a bird most likely."

"But it is not a sporting dog," said Shute. "However, it doesn't much matter how it got there. It will have to swim back, that's certain. Here, Finette, Finette, good dog, come here!"

The little animal obeyed, and leaping in, attempted to cross; but the water was very shallow at that point, and the weeds grew very thick. Finette presently became so entangled among them, that she could neither move forward or backwards, every effort to disengage herself only involving her more deeply in difficulty.

"I say," exclaimed Wood, after watching her for a few minutes; "she'll be drowned, if we don't help her, poor little brute. She has stuck fast and can't get out."

"No, the mud is so soft, that there is no hold for her feet. I don't know what we can do. We can't swim over. It would be worse for us there than it is for her. I wish there was a trunk of a tree, or something of that kind, lying about. We might get over to the islet on that."

"Look there," said Wood—pointing to a tub, which had been used apparently for washing the keeper's linen, and had been put out in the sun to dry—"I daresay we could get across in that."

"It is worth trying, any way," said Shute; "and we must set about it at once, or Finette will be drowned. Bear a hand, George, and we'll get it into the water."

Wood complied, and between them the boys rolled the tub to the water's edge. Then tying to it one end of a long clothes' line, which they had found hanging on a hook, near the place where the tub had lain, they launched the latter on the water. It was agreed that Wood, who was the lightest, was to attempt the passage with the help of a long clothes' post, while Shute was to hold the end of the rope, and draw the tub to shore again, if it should be found needful. Wood had just stepped aboard, and Shute was preparing to push him off, when a voice was heard calling to them, and turning round, they saw Hagan the keeper, with a gun on his shoulder, and a look of mingled surprise and amusement on his face.

"Well, young gentlemen," he exclaimed gruffly, but not rudely, "who may you happen to be, and what are you doing here?"

Shute was taken by surprise, but soon recovered his self-possession.

"My father is Mr. Shute, the solicitor in Milstead," he said, "and Bell—that's Dr. Bell's son—brought us here. He said he had leave from you to come, and he's looking for you now in the woods."

"All right, sir," said the keeper civilly. "I know your father, and besides, any

friend of Mr. Bell's is welcome. And this young gentleman—is he also?—"

He stopped suddenly in the middle of his speech, and the whole expression of his face changed.

"Who are you, sir?" he asked sharply and angrily. "You will please to give me your name."

"My name is Wood, George Wood," began the boy.

"Wood, Wood!" exclaimed the man in a more angry tone before; "that's not your name! Don't attempt to pass off false names on me!"

"I don't know what you mean!" exclaimed the other in astonishment.

"Any way you have no leave to come here, or to handle my property in this way. I shall charge you before the magistrates for this. You may stay here, Mr. Shute, but I shall give this one here over to the constables at once!"

He seized Wood by the collar, and would have dragged him off, but that at this moment another actor appeared on the scene.

CHAPTER VI.

JUST at the moment when Hagan made his appearance, a punt came round the corner of Heron Island with a man seated in it. The splash of his oars could not have failed to attract the attention of the keeper and the two boys, if it had not been for the extraordinary excitement which the first-named had displayed, and which had communicated itself to the others. The new-comer was a man somewhat advanced in years, with a grey moustache and an upright bearing, which bore token of the soldier. His first act, when his boat had fairly rounded the point of the island, was to rescue Finette, who was still howling and struggling among the weeds, and place her in the bows of the punt. He then continued his course until his vessel touched the shore, stepped out, still unnoticed, and laid his hand on the keeper's shoulder with the words—

"Hagan, what is this all about?"

The man started with great and, as was evident, with very unpleasant surprise.

"Colonel Morley! I beg your pardon, colonel. I did not know you were here. I did not know you were at Broadleigh."

"No. I arrived only this morning. I slept at Wroxford Court last night. There was no time to write to you; and there was no necessity, as I return to London to-morrow for some weeks. But who are these



young gentlemen?"—he glanced at Wood and Shute, as well as at Bell, who came up at this juncture. "Who are they, and what offence have they committed? I conclude from your manner and address, that they have committed some offence."

Hagan hesitated. His confusion, so dif-

ferent from the composure of his ordinary demeanour, evidently provoked the colonel's surprise. He repeated his question.

"This young gentleman," said Hagan at last, and turning to Bell as he spoke, "is Mr. Bell, son of the doctor as has always attended the Park family; and this is Mr.

Shute, whose father, I think, is your lawyer. I know you don't object to their coming here now and then, to fish and bathe——"

"Certainly not, Hagan. I have told both you and Attwood, that any of my neighbours—such as Mr. Bell and Mr. Shute," he added, with a courteous bend of his head to the two boys named—"are welcome to come here at all reasonable hours. But what about this other young gentleman?"

"I don't know who he is," answered Hagan, awkwardly. "No one does know, so far as I've heard say. I judge it's as likely as not, that he's here for no good—after the pheasant's eggs, perhaps——"

"Is he not a friend of yours?" inquired the colonel, addressing Bell, and cutting short Hagan's reply.

"He is our schoolfellow, sir," said Bell; "he is one of Dr. Chapman's pupils. And it's my fault that he's here, if it is anybody's. I invited him to come, as I thought I might. I was told I might bring any of my friends, and George Wood is the best friend I have."

"All right, my lad," answered the colonel. "Hagan, you have made a mistake here. Of course you are right to be careful as to who are allowed to fish and bathe, and walk in the woods; but any of my friend, Dr. Chapman's, pupils would, as a matter of course, be admissible. Do your friends live in Milstead, my lad?" he continued, turning to Wood, whom Hagan had now released, and who stood, looking half puzzled, half indignant at the treatment to which he had been subjected.

"No, sir," he answered, "my mother lives at Beech Cottage, a mile or two beyond Milstead, at a place called Patcham Green. I have no father."

The colonel looked with more attention at the lad, than he had in the first instance bestowed upon him. "Indeed!" he said; "I am sorry to hear that. What was your father, if I may ask, and how long ago did you lose him?"

"I don't quite know what he was," answered the boy, with some embarrassment; "I believe he was some kind of farmer.

He died ten years and more ago. I scarcely remember him."

The colonel seemed inclined to put some more questions, but Hagan interposed, with the same abrupt awkwardness of manner he had evinced throughout.

"Patcham Green," he said; "did you say Patcham Green? There are no gentlefolk's houses there, and no such house as Beech Cottage. I know the place well, though I never heard as there was any Mrs. Wood living there."

"I don't know what you call gentlefolk's cottages," retorted Wood, whose spirit was roused at Hagan's insolence. "My mother herself named the house where she is living Beech Cottage; and it is good enough for her to live in, or for me either."

"Well answered," said Colonel Morley, again examining the boy's features, which seemed to have some interest for him. "Hagan, you may leave us. Remember, any of these young gentlemen, or their schoolfellows, have leave to walk in the woods, or bathe, or sail on the lake, if they have someone with them who can properly manage the boat. When I come to live here, I daresay I shall be able sometimes to take them out myself."

Hagan made no reply, but obeyed his master's order; and after replacing the tub and clothes' line in their proper place, he once more shouldered his gun, and disappeared among the trees.

"Come up to the house, my lads," said the colonel; "I am sorry this has happened. There are some pictures, which I daresay you will like to see, and we'll have a glass of wine, and some of my housekeeper's cake."

The three boys followed, well pleased at the invitation; and the colonel, leading the way to his library, which was his favourite sitting-room, rang for refreshments, and then, taking down a large portfolio full of Indian views, spread it open on the table.

Pictures and engravings were rare things in those times, especially pictures of foreign lands; and the colonel's collection was a more than commonly interesting one.

Many of the pictures had been executed by European artists of considerable ability, and depicted interesting scenes and occurrences in the colonel's own career. There was one representing a tiger hunt, in which he had had a narrow escape from being killed by a man-eater; another of an encounter, apparently with some robbers; and several of the city of Seringapatam and Tippoo Saib's palace. The boys were full of questions, which their entertainer seemed pleased to answer.

"You must have had some strange adventures, sir," observed Wood.

"Yes, one or two which were more strange than pleasant," said the colonel. "That picture you have in your hand, Bell, is a souvenir of one of the narrowest escapes any man ever had. I'll tell you the story, if you like."

The three boys entreated him to do so, and he began accordingly.

"It was not long after my return to India that it occurred. One of my comrades and near relatives, Captain Harlow, had been told that a tiger hunt was going to take place at a spot six or seven miles distant, and we resolved to attend it. We took one or two natives as guides, and I have never been quite sure that they didn't betray us. We hadn't got half-way to the place, when Harlow suddenly shouted to me that there were some Mahrattas after us. I looked back, and so there were—at least a dozen fierce-looking fellows, mounted on the horses of the country, and riding down on us at full speed. We didn't stop to consider what was to be done, but drove our spurs into our Arabs, and went off helter skelter. We were fortunately well-mounted, and had been riding quietly, whereas the cattle of our pursuers were somewhat blown. We put half-a-dozen miles between us and them, and then dismounting, led our horses into the jungle, where we passed the night. We kept guard, of course, with loaded rifles, and managed to light a fire, which we hoped would scare off the wild beasts. I suppose it did, for we were not disturbed all night. In the morning we were extremely hungry,

but there was nothing to make a breakfast on, and we agreed that the only thing to be done was, for one of us to remain in charge of the horses, while the other explored the neighbourhood, to see if he could find a native, who would show us the way back to Poonshah. Harlow undertook to play the scout, and I remained in the jungle.

"I waited and waited, until at last I became so uneasy, that I resolved to go in quest of Harlow. I didn't like leaving the horses, but there was no help for it. So, carefully reloading my pistols and double-barrelled rifle, I set off in the direction which I had seen him take. I searched everywhere for more than two hours, and was on the point of returning to the spot where I had left the horses, when I fancied I saw in a tope about a hundred yards off——"

"What is a tope, sir?" asked Shute.

"A small wood, a copse," replied the colonel. "I fancied I saw through the trees the gleam of a white turban. I crept cautiously up through the long grass surrounding the tope; and there, sure enough, was—not one turban only, but seven or eight, belonging to as many Hindoos, who were seated in a circle under the shade of the trees, conversing with a white man, in whom I recognised Harlow. He was very agreeably engaged in making a meal on some rice and cakes, which they evidently had presented him with.

"I was at first somewhat disposed to be angry. He might have invited me, I thought, to make one at the tiffin in which he was indulging. But I remembered that if these men were travellers on their way, as they seemed to be, he would not have had time to do this. I was on the point of joining the party, when something in their appearance induced me to pause. They were all well dressed, but, though evidently not soldiers, every man carried a short spear in his hand, and a buckler slung across his shoulders. I began to suspect they might be robbers, and intended to rob, and perhaps murder, Harlow as soon as a convenient opportunity offered.

I therefore crept closer up, moving without making the slightest noise ; and levelling my rifle, kept it ready for immediate action.

"Presently I saw the man who was sitting next to Harlow, disengage his scarf, and with a motion, so rapid that my eye could not follow it, fling it round Harlow's neck. At the same moment, Harlow's neighbour on the other side slipped behind him, grasping him firmly round the shoulders. In another moment my friend would have been strangled. But I drew both triggers in rapid succession, and in a moment both his assailants were stretched on the ground, each with a bullet through his skull. The others started up and were about to turn upon me, when Harlow, whom they had not taken the trouble to disarm, drew one of his pistols and shot the man nearest to him, dead. At the same moment I rushed in brandishing my clubbed rifle, with which I laid about me vigorously. Only three of the fellows escaped, and I am not sure that Mark, who fired after the rascals, did not hit one of them. I don't suppose we could have finished any more of them, for they ran like antelopes. But, in any case, we had no mind to follow them. I caught up a handful of cakes, for I was ravenously hungry, and then hurried back, Mark following me as fast as he could run, to the jungle, where the horses had been left.

'We agreed that it was of no use waiting about any longer. We mounted and rode back by the same road we had taken the evening before, as nearly as we could remember it. Late in the day we reached the hut of a ryot, as they call the peasants, and he faithfully conducted us back to Poonshah.'

"And did you ever learn anything about the robbers, sir?" asked Wood.

"Yes, we did. I told my story to one of the old residents, and he at once informed me that we had had a wonderful escape. 'Those people are what is called Thugs,' he said, 'and their regular employment is the murder of unsuspecting travellers. They prowl about the country in small bands, and entrap people to sit,

and talk, or eat with them, just in the way they took with your friend. Then they throw a noose round his neck, strangle him, and bury his body in a hole they have probably already dug. It is reckoned that as many as ten thousand persons are murdered in this way every year.'

"But don't the people put it down, sir?" asked Bell, astonished.

"No, they do not. These Thugs profess to perform these murders as part of their religion. It is the regular worship of Kali, one of the Hindoo goddesses; and the people, strange to say, have so much sympathy with these bloodthirsty wretches, that they not only will lend no help in arresting them, but even shelter them from pursuit. More men I believe were killed by them, than in the wars with Tippoo."

"Ah, those wars with Tippoo!" exclaimed Wood. "I suppose you were engaged in them?"

"Yes, in the second of them," answered their host. "I was with Lord Cornwallis throughout his campaign. It was at the night attack on Seringapatam, that I owed my life to Andrew Hagan, my keeper, from whom we parted just now."

"Hagan, sir," exclaimed Bell, "I didn't know he had ever been a soldier. Was he in your regiment?"

"Not at first. He had gone to India before me—that is, before I went out for the second time. He had served in several campaigns; but, though I had known something of him in England during my leave, I never met him in India, until the day when Seringapatam was taken. I had good reason to remember him on that day, though."

"Would you mind telling us about it, sir?" asked Wood, "we should like to hear it so much."

"I'll tell you with pleasure," said the colonel, upon whom George's intelligent face and pleasing manners had made an impression he could hardly himself account for. "I daresay you've heard that Seringapatam is a large and strong city on the river Cauvery. Sultan Tippoo, whose

capital it was, had built a splendid palace there, and had besides surrounded it with walls and bastions, the work mainly of French engineers, and so strong that it was thought to be impregnable. Our soldiers, in alliance with the Mahrattas, who were on our side now, drove Tippoo's troops before them from one stronghold to another, until he was forced at last to shut himself up in Seringapatam.

"It was evident that it would take a long time to reduce the place by siege; and as delay was likely to be very injurious to the health of the troops, and very costly into the bargain, General Harris resolved to take it by storm. I was at that time attached to the army of the Nizam, which was under the command of Colonel Wellesley, the brother of the Governor-General, Lord Wellesley.

"The point chosen for attack was the north-west angle of the great fort. Our artillery opened fire upon this on the morning of the second of May, and in two days' time the breach was declared practicable. My company was one of those chosen for the assault. We were sent into the trenches in the middle of the night, unperceived by the enemy—about 4000 of us,—and there we remained until one o'clock in the day, at which time the native soldiers usually take their mid-day meal and siesta. Exactly at half-past-one General Baird, who led us, gave the signal. We rushed out of the trenches, and poured up the breach. We encountered little opposition, until the rampart had been gained. But the garrison had been warned now, and the column to which I was attached was met as it endeavoured to force its way along the northern rampart, by a most desperate resistance. I can see them now, those soldiers of Tippoo, with their white turbans, their spangled tunics, and flashing carbines. They opened such a fire, that, in that narrow space, it is a marvel any one of us escaped."

"Do the native soldiers fight as bravely as ours?" enquired Shute.

"They are not so steady in the open field; but, individually, nothing can ex-

ceed their desperate courage. It is impossible to imagine anything more determined than their defence. After their carbines had been emptied, and they had to rely on their scimitars, we fought on more equal terms. After a frightful carnage, we forced our way—I and a dozen of my men—into one of the corridors, which we found filled with Tippoo's soldiers—Sultan Tippoo himself, I have been told, leading them on. There were already some of our fellows there engaged in a very unequal fight with ten times their number. The greater part of them had been already cut down, and were lying, dead or wounded, on the floor. Our arrival in some degree redeemed the day. But just as we had entered the narrow passage, a sudden rush of the enemy cut us off from the rest of our company; and we found ourselves opposed, as those before us had been, to overpowering numbers. We fought desperately, but one by one, all my men were shot down or sabred, and I was hard pressed by six stout fellows slashing at me with their scimitars, which they wielded with extraordinary skill, and which were as sharp as a razor. I got behind the pier of the door, and fortunately the passage was so narrow, that not more than two could strike me at the same time. Nevertheless I should soon have been cut down, if a musket shot—from the ground apparently—had not killed the most dangerous of my assailants. He fell just as he was discharging a blow on my unguarded head. He was shot through the brain and dropped dead in a moment, and the other fellow who had got close to me, stumbled over his body, and I was able to give him a mortal blow with my sword, before he could recover himself.

"But my rescue was only for a moment. The places of the men who had fallen were taken by two others; and I was in almost as bad a case as before, when a second shot, from the same quarter as the last, brought a third of the enemy down. The other three hesitated and held back; and before they had recovered their nerve, our fellows, who had repulsed the attack made on them,

ADVENTURES IN AFRICA.

BY AN AFRICAN IVORY TRADER.

EDITED BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER III.—(*continued.*)

E had not a moment to reload — flight was his only resource. Happily not far off was a tree, but whether its branches grew low down enough to enable him to climb up it, I could not see, and I trembled for his safety. I shouted and shrieked, hoping to divert the attention of the elephant. It appeared to me that its trunk was not a dozen yards from my uncle.

Should it once encircle him, his fate would be sealed. I never felt more anxious in my life. I might still stop its course I hoped, and, raising my rifle, I fired at its head, but my bullet seemed to make not the slightest impression. I shrieked with alarm. The next moment I saw my uncle seize the bough of a tree which had appeared to me above his head, when, exerting all his strength he drew himself up. The elephant, elevating its trunk, actually touched his foot, but he drew it beyond its reach, and quickly clambered up into a place of safety. The elephant stood for a moment, its trunk raised as if expecting him to fall, and then made a furious dash at the tree in a vain endeavour to batter it down. The tree trembled from the shock but stood firm.

The elephant then, taking my uncle's cap which had fallen off, trampled it under foot, going round and round the tree and trumpeting loudly. It was evidently a rogue elephant, an ill-tempered brute who had been driven from the herd to spend a solitary

existence. Such are always the most dangerous, as they appear to have a greater hatred of man and to be more cunning than the elephants found in herds. It seemed to have made up its mind to besiege us. Our position was unpleasant in the extreme, for while it remained we dared not descend, and for what we could tell, we might be kept up our respective trees all night, and perhaps the following day, or still longer.

CHAPTER IV.

My uncle and I felt far from happy up our trees. He had had nothing to eat since he left camp in the morning, and I too was getting very hungry. An hour or more went by, and yet the old "rogue" elephant showed no inclination to take its departure. Fortunately it had not discovered my uncle's rifle, which lay concealed in the grass close to the foot of the tree.

He now shouted to me to try to shoot the brute. This was no easy matter perched as I was high up; and as I was not likely to hit any vital part, I feared that any shot would only contribute to increase its rage without bringing it to the ground or driving it off. I had but five more bullets in my pouch, but I determined to do my best and not throw a shot away. I waited until the animal presented its side to me, when I fired, and the bullet struck it on the neck; but, though the blood flowed, it seemed to take no notice of the wound. The next I planted just below the shoulder. The elephant uttered several loud trumpetings and rushing again at the tree, seized the stem with its trunk, and endeavoured to

pull it down. It shook violently, compelling my uncle to hold on with arms and legs.

I quickly reloaded and fired another shot directly behind the creature's ear. I saw the blood spouting forth and flowing down until it formed a pool dyeing the surrounding grass. Gradually the elephant's trunk unwound and hung down from its vast head.

"You've done for it," shouted my uncle, "send another shot into its neck and we shall be free."

I was reloading while he spoke and before the elephant altered its favourable position I again fired.

Less than a minute elapsed, then down it sank on its knees. It made several efforts to rise but without success—its strength was fast failing. I had one more bullet remaining, but I wished to save it for any emergency which might occur. We had not long to wait before the elephant fell over on its side and lay an inanimate mass.

My uncle quickly descended the tree and I followed his example. His first act was to pick up and examine his gun. It having escaped injury he at once reloaded, and then, shaking hands, we surveyed our fallen foe.

"I wish that we could carry these magnificent tusks with us, but that is out of the question," observed my uncle. "We will, however, try to secure them. Help me to cut them out."

We set to work; and having fastened all the straps we could muster round one of them, he ascended the tree in which I had taken refuge, and I assisting him, we hauled up one of the tusks, and deposited it safely among the branches. The other was hauled up in the same fashion, and pretty hard work it was, as each tusk was, considerably above half a hundredweight.

"I hope that we shall be able to send for these some day or other, and we are not likely to forget this spot in a hurry," remarked my uncle.

Having cut off one of the elephant's feet we ran a stick through it and started off for the camp. The day, however, was not

to pass without another adventure. We had not gone half the distance when we saw, above the bushes, the head and neck of a giraffe. It did not appear to be alarmed; but, influenced by curiosity, instead of cantering away, it drew nearer, coming round the end of the clump, evidently wondering what strange creatures we could be. So interested was it that it did not notice another and more formidable enemy which had been creeping up close behind. This was a lion, which, engaged in stalking its prey, did not discover us. We, therefore, could watch at a safe distance what was taking place. The lion kept creeping on, cautious as a cat, and with movements very similar, when, believing that it had got near enough for its purpose, with a rush and a tremendous bound, it leapt on the back of the giraffe before the latter could use its heels to drive off its foe. With fearful tenacity the savage creature hung on to the shoulders of the terrified giraffe which bounded forward, and leapt and sprang from side to side in a vain endeavour to shake off its foe. Not a sound did it utter, but dashed on, with head erect; while the lion was tearing away with its teeth and claws at its shoulders and neck. There was no doubt from the first which of the two would gain the victory. Blood was streaming from the neck and flanks of the poor giraffe which very quickly slackened its pace and then down it came, unable longer to endure the pain it was suffering. The lion at once began tearing away at the flesh. Still it kicked, and struggled, but its efforts were useless, and it very quickly ceased to move.

"We must have that lion," said my uncle.

Having examined our rifles we hurried towards the spot where the savage brute was enjoying its banquet, so busily employed that it did not see us. When at length it was aware of our approach it ceased feeding and gazed at us with its fore paws on the body of its victim, presenting a truly magnificent spectacle.

We were near enough by this time to take a steady aim.

"Do you fire, Fred, and then reload as rapidly as you can, while I will wait until you are ready."

"But I have no second bullet," fortunately recollecting at the moment that I had expended all my bullets but one.

My uncle handed me a couple, and I obeyed his injunctions. My bullet passed through the lion's thick mane and crashed into its neck.

Uttering a tremendous roar as it felt the pain, it came towards us. Without a mo-



ment's loss of time I reloaded, fearing that, should my uncle's bullet fail to stop it, the brute would be upon us.

Notwithstanding the lion's near approach my uncle waited, and then fired, hitting it between the eyes. Still it advanced, but, blinded and almost stunned, though it made a desperate bound towards us, its aim was uncertain. My uncle sprang on

one side and I on the other, when, before I had finished loading, over it fell, and lay dead between us.

"A pretty good afternoon's sport," observed my uncle. "We'll take the liberty of cutting a few steaks from the giraffe which this brute here has hunted for us, and the sooner we get back to camp the better."

The chief difficulty in obtaining the steaks was in cutting through the tough skin of the giraffe, which was almost as thick as that of a rhinoceros. By employing our axes we soon, however, accomplished our task, and in a few minutes reached the camp, where Jan, who had heard our shots, had made up a large fire in expectation of any game we should bring.

While the elephant foot was cooking we regaled ourselves on some fine slices of giraffe meat, which assisted to stop the cravings of hunger. All night long we were surrounded by the abominable cries of hyænas and jackals which were collected round the carcases of the slain animals.

It is said that they dare not touch even a dead lion, but at all events when we went out to look the next morning the bones only of the two animals remained.

We now once more reloaded our ox and set out northward. We remarked that the poor creature, in spite of its long rest, looked thinner, and in worse condition than before.

"Him tse-tse do it. You see, ox die!" exclaimed Jan.

Still the faithful brute stepped on with its heavy load, and we hoped that Jan was mistaken.

At length we came in sight of a broader river than we had crossed since we had left the desert.

We had no doubt that it would conduct us down to the lake, on the borders of which we hoped to find our friends encamped. How to cross it was the difficulty. I suggested that we should construct a raft, as the reeds which fringed the bank would supply us with abundance of material.

Not far off was a tree-covered island, the intervening space being filled with reeds. Leaving Jan and the ox on the shore, my uncle and I set off to reach the island, thinking that we could there more conveniently build our raft and launch it than from the main land.

Plunging in among the reeds we soon found ourselves almost overwhelmed: not

a breath of air could reach us, and the heat was so stifling that we almost fainted. Still, having begun, we were unwilling to give up.

Frequently we could only get on by leaning against the mass of reeds, and bending them down until we could stand upon them. They were mixed with a serrated grass which cut our hands, while the whole was bound together by the climbing convolvulus, with stalks so strong that we could not break them.

Plying our axes, however, we managed to make our onward way until we gained the island, but here to our disappointment, we found that we were thirty yards or more from the clear water, which was full of great masses of papyrus with stalks ten feet in height, and an inch and a half in diameter. These also were bound together by the convolvulus in a way which made them perfectly impenetrable. While we stood on the shore of the island the sound of human voices reached our ears, and we saw in the distance several canoes descending the stream. Each carried three men, two paddling and one standing up with a large harpoon attached to a rope in his hand. They were in pursuit of some large dark creatures whose heads, just rising above the water, looked like those of enormous cart-horses.

"They are hippopotami!" exclaimed my uncle, "and we shall see some sport presently."

Suddenly, down came the harpoon, and was fixed in the back of one of the monsters, which almost sprang out of the water as it felt the pain of the wound; then off it went, towing the canoe at a tremendous rate after it, the end of the rope being secured to the bows, while the barb to which the rope was attached being shaken out of its socket remained firmly fixed in the animal's body.

We ran along the island to watch the canoe as long as it remained in sight, but it was towed so rapidly that it soon disappeared. Presently, however, we saw another coming down the stream fast to a second hippopotamus, not only the head

but a considerable portion of the body of up closer to their prey, preparatory to which was floating above the water. The plunging their lances or harpoons into its men in the canoe were hauling themselves body. I fancied that I could almost dis-



tinguish the savage glance of the brute's eyes. Suddenly it stopped ; then, turning round, gave a rush at the canoe.

In vain the blacks slackened the rope, and, seizing their paddles, endeavoured to escape from it. With open mouth the



hippopotamus rushed on the boat, and, seizing it in its enormous jaws, crushed it up as if it had been made of paper.

One poor fellow was caught ; a fearful shriek was heard ; and, directly afterwards, we saw his body, cut in two, floating down

the stream. The other two men had disappeared, and we fancied must also have been killed. Again and again the animal darted at the canoe, expending his rage upon it.

While he was thus employed the two

men rose to the surface and instantly made for the shore, dragging the end of the rope by a path we had not before observed, between the reeds. With wonderful activity they made it fast to the trunk of a tree. Directly afterwards three other canoes arrived, and the men, armed with harpoons

and heavy spears, jumping on shore joined their companions in hauling in on the rope attached to the hippopotamus. In vain the monster struggled, endeavouring to tear itself away from the rope. The blacks with wonderful boldness rushed into the water, darting their spears at it. It had



seized the shaft of the harpoon, which had broken in two, and was endeavouring to bite through the rope.

Two other canoes now came up and their crews attacked the hippopotamus in the rear. So engaged were the hunters that they did not observe us. As we watched their proceedings it appeared very probable that in spite of its wounds the hippopotamus would break away. Seeing this, my uncle unslung his rifle and advanced towards the monster, which had already severed several strands of the rope. As it opened its vast mouth, he fired

down its throat, and it almost instantly, giving another convulsive struggle, rolled over.

His success was greeted with triumphant shouts by the hunters who had only just before discovered us. Having drawn the body of the hippopotamus up to the dry land, the blacks crowded round us, and by signs and exclamations expressed their admiration of the way in which my uncle had killed the creature.

We tried to explain that we were very happy to have been of service to them, and that we should feel obliged, if, in return,

they would ferry us across the river, and guide us to the waggons of the white men who had encamped not far off.

Leaving the hunters to cut up the hippopotamus, and stow its flesh on board their canoes, we returned to where we had left Jan and the ox. As it was getting late, we agreed to remain where we were until the following day,—in the meantime to try to shoot an antelope or deer of some sort which would enable us to provide a feast for the natives by whom we might be visited.

I was fortunate enough, while lying down among some rocks near our camp, to kill a springbok, one of the most light and elegant of the gazelle tribe; but its companions, of which it had several, bounded off at so rapid a rate that I had no chance of killing another. I, therefore, lifting my prize on my shoulder, returned to camp, where my uncle soon after arrived, laden with the flesh of a quagga, which, although belonging to the family of asses, is good food.

Scarcely had we put on some meat to cook, when half a dozen of our acquaintances arrived. It was satisfactory to find that Jan understood their language. They appeared to be well disposed towards us, and our friendship was cemented by the feast of quagga flesh which we got ready for them. We ourselves, however, preferred the more delicate meat of the springbok. We kept some of the meat for our next day's breakfast and offered the remainder to our guests which they quickly stowed away.

They undertook to convey us down the river the following morning in their canoes, or on a raft, observing that, if we went in the canoes, we must be separated, as each could carry only one of us. We, therefore, determined to trust to a raft, such as we ourselves had proposed building. Our guests retired for a short distance from us, and formed a camp by themselves for the night.

I awoke about two hours before dawn, when my attention was attracted to a peculiar noise which I might liken to a low

grunting and the tread of numberless feet. As day broke, I saw the ground to the southward covered with a dense mass of deer moving slowly and steadily on towards an opening in a long range of hills to the east. They appeared to be in no hurry but continued feeding as they went. I aroused my uncle who pronounced them to be springboks, one of which I had shot on the previous evening migrating for the winter to the northward. They were beautiful animals, graceful in form, of a light cinnamon red on the back, fading into white on the under part of the body, a narrow band of reddish brown separating the two colours. As far as the eye could reach, the whole country seemed alive with them,—not only the plain but the hill-side, along which they bounded with graceful leaps.

Our guests of the previous evening had disappeared, but they quickly came back with a large party of their tribe, and gave us to understand that they could not escort us down to the river for the present, as they must set out to attack the springboks, and hoped that we would accompany them.

This my uncle and I at once agreed to do, and, supplying ourselves with a good stock of ammunition, we set off with the first party that started. Our friends led us at a rapid rate over the hills by a short cut, so that we might intercept the animals, as they passed through the mountains. Another party, we found, remained behind, to drive them through, or prevent them turning back when frightened by our presence. We were only just in time, for already the leaders of the herd had made their appearance. As we approached the mouth of the gorge, while some of the hunters rushed up the hills, and stationed themselves on either side, so as to dart their javelins at the passing deer, others took post at the mouth of the gorge, thus preventing the egress of the animals, without coming within range of their weapons.

Now a scene of slaughter commenced such as I have seldom witnessed. The leaders of the herd turned to retreat, but were met by the party who had remained on the other side shrieking and shouting,

and knocking the handles of their spears against their shields. Some of the animals tried to escape up the mountains, others dashed forward to our very feet, and many fell down killed by terror itself. We shot a few, but the slaughter seemed so unnecessary that we refrained from again firing and would gladly have asked the natives to desist; but while the animals were in their power, they would evidently have refused to do so.

Happily the affrighted deer found an opening, which, from the excessive steepness of the path, had been neglected. Through



this a considerable number made their escape, and were soon beyond the reach of their merciless pursuers.

The natives now began to collect the animals they had slain, and each man returned in triumph with a springbok on his shoulders.

We, not to be outdone, each carried one of those we had shot, and a pretty heavy load it was. I was thankful when we got back to the camp, where we cooked a portion of the venison.

As we might have felt sure, the natives, having plenty of food, were not at all

disposed to move from the spot, and, indeed, continued feasting the whole of the next day. On the following, they were so gorged that they were utterly unable to make any exertion. Had an enemy been near and found them in this condition, the whole tribe might have been killed or carried off into captivity.

We in the meantime explored the banks of the river until we found a convenient spot for forming our raft. In most places the reeds extended so far from the shore that during the operation we should have had to stand up to our middles in water among

them, with the risk of being picked up by a crocodile or hippopotamus; both of which delectable creatures were, in considerable numbers, frequenters of the stream.

As the blacks still showed no inclination to accompany us Jan volunteered to return for the elephant's tusks and other articles we had left behind, if I would go with him.

To this my uncle somewhat demurred, but, at last, when I pressed the point, he consented to remain in charge of the goods we had brought while we set off on our expedition.

CHAPTER V.

AT daybreak Jan and I set off, he as usual leading the ox, while I walked ahead with my rifle, ready for a shot. Our baggage consisted of a couple of skins to sleep on, a stock of ammunition, a small portion of our remnant of flour, tea, sugar, and pepper. We had no fear of not finding food, as game of all sorts was abundant, provided I kept my health, and was able to shoot it.

I asked Jan what he thought of the ox which looked remarkably thin.

"No good!" he answered; "last till get back, but not more—den him die."

I trusted that the poor animal would hold out as long as he supposed.

We rested at noon under an enormous acacia, of the younger branches of which the elephants are apparently very fond. We saw that they were everywhere twisted off to the height of about twenty-five feet, which is as far as an elephant can reach.

Here and there, under the trees, were conical hills twenty feet high, built up for residences by the white ants. Frequently they were covered with creeping plants which met at the top, hanging back in an umbrella shape, completely shading them. I shot several doves and other birds to serve us for dinner, and while Jan was cooking them I went in search of fruit, and discovered an abundance of medlars very similar to those we have in England, as well as some small purple figs growing on bushes.

The most curious fruit I met with was like a lime in appearance, with a thick rind, but inside was a large nut. I had to climb a tree to obtain them, for all those lower down had been carried off by elephants who were evidently very fond of the fruit.

As our object was to make as much haste as possible, I was resolved not to go out of the way to shoot any large game, though I kept my rifle loaded with ball as a defence against lions, leopards, rhinoceroses, or hyænas.

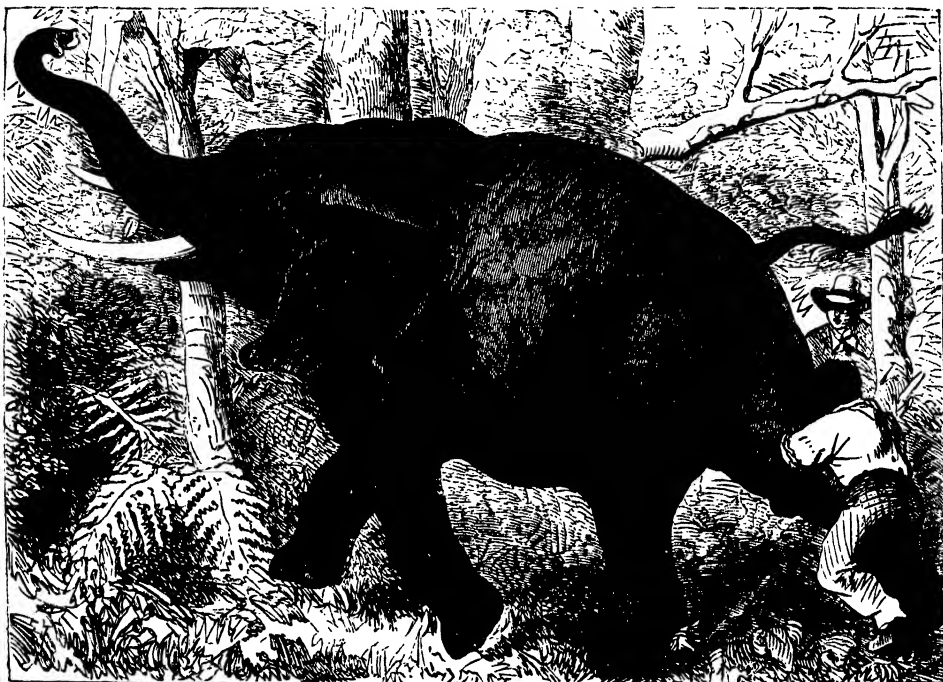
The first day's journey we saw several in the distance, though none came near us. We formed our camp at the foot of a tree, with a large fire in front of us, and on either side of the trunk we erected a fence of stout stakes in a semi-circular form; so we hoped that we should be able to sleep without being molested by wild beasts. The ox remained outside, and we knew that he would run to the fire, should danger threaten him.

The usual cries proceeding from an African forest prevented us from sleeping over soundly, and I was awakened by the roar of a lion, which stood on a mound some little distance from our camp, afraid of approaching nearer our fire, and the palisade which he probably took for a trap.

We had exhausted our stock of wood during the night, and in the morning Jan went out to procure a fresh supply for cooking our breakfast. I was employed in plucking some birds which I had killed in the evening, when I heard my companion shouting lustily for help, and at the same time, a loud crashing of boughs reached my ears, while the ox came hurrying up to the camp in evident alarm.

Seizing my rifle, I sprang up, fearing that a lion had pounced down upon Jan, while picking up sticks, and I was fully prepared for an encounter with the savage brute. Instead of a lion, however, I saw an elephant, with trunk uplifted, rush out from among the brushwood. I sprang behind a tree, as the only place of safety, when what was my dismay to see, as he passed, Jan

clinging to his hind leg. How the black had got there was the puzzle, and how to rescue him from his awkward position was the next question to be solved. Should he let go, he might naturally expect to receive a kick from the elephant's hind foot which would effectually knock all the breath out of his body; and yet, should he not get free, he might be carried miles away and perish miserably. My only hope was at once to mortally wound the elephant. Not a moment was to be lost if I was to save poor Jan. Just then the elephant caught sight of the ox, and stopped as if



considering if he should attack it. Whether he was aware that Jan was clinging to his leg or not, I could not tell, as the black's weight no more impeded him than a fly would a man when running.

The ox, instead of endeavouring to escape, presented its head to the elephant, though it trembled in every limb.

Jan, who seemed paralyzed with fear, did not let go as I thought he would have done, and his best chance would have been to spring back, even though he had fallen on the ground directly behind the elephant. I did not like to shout to him for fear of attracting the creature's attention.

Now or never was my time to save the poor fellow. I stepped from under cover

of the tree, and, levelling my rifle, aimed at a spot directly behind the ear.

The huge monster did not move, then presently it began swaying to and fro. I shouted to Jan to leap off and hurried on to help him. Before I reached the spot, he had followed my advice, and hardly had he done so, than down came the elephant with a crash, to the ground. Jan raised a shout of triumph.

"De master hab done well!" he cried out. I could not help joining him, and even the ox gave a bellow of satisfaction as he saw his huge foe stretched lifeless on the ground.

We at once set to work to extract the tusks with our axes. Rather than leave

them, we agreed to take them with us. We therefore, placed them on the back of our ox, together with some slices of elephant meat which would prevent the necessity of shooting game during the day.

We now pushed forward for the cave where we had left our goods, and met with no adventures worth noticing. We saw numerous herds of antelopes, giraffes, and a few ostriches. The latter I would have killed if I could, for the sake of their valuable feathers. The cave had been untouched, and it was with no small satisfaction that I loaded up the ox with its contents, as we prepared to set off the next morning on our return intending, on our way back, to obtain the elephant's tusks we had deposited in the tree, which had afforded me such seasonable shelter when attacked by their owner.

We met as before buffaloes, elands, koodoos, and various antelopes. As I was walking along ahead, suddenly I found my face enveloped as if by a thick veil; and as I was tearing off the web—for such it was—I caught sight of a large yellow spider, hauling himself up to the tree above. In the neighbourhood were many other webs, the fibres radiating from a centre point where the greedy insect was waiting for its prey.

Each web was about a yard in diameter, and the lines on which they were hung, suspended from one tree to another, were as thick as coarse thread. We occasionally met with serpents, but they generally kept out of our way.

One day, during a halt, while seated under a tree, I caught sight of another enormous spider of a reddish tinge. Never did I see a creature so active. It suddenly made its appearance from a hole in the bark, and giving a tremendous bound, caught a large moth which it quickly devoured. With wonderful rapidity it ran about the tree, now darting forward, now springing back. With a feeling of horror

lest it should spring upon me, I removed to a distance. On looking down on the ground, I saw what I at first thought was a coin the size of a shilling; but on looking closer I discovered that it was of a pure white silky substance like paper, and that it formed the door to a hole. On trying to lift it up I discovered that it was fastened by a hinge on one side, and on turning it over upon the hole it fitted exactly—the upper side being covered with earth and grass, so that, had it not been for the circumstance that the inmate had been out, I could not possibly have detected it. Jan said it was the hole of a spider, probably the creature I had seen engaged in seeking its prey.

While encamped that night, I heard the crashing of heads and horns. Jan told me it was caused by a troop of buffaloes who were fighting. Presently a loud snorting and puffing reached our ears. The uproar increased, and he declared that the noise was produced by rhinoceroses and buffaloes quarrelling. My fear was that in their heady fight the animals might come our way and trample over us, or perhaps the rhinoceroses would attack our poor ox, who was but ill able to defend himself.

While I was looking out beyond our camp-fire I caught sight of a herd of elephants, the huge males going first, followed by the females, on their way down to a large pool where they were going to drink. I followed them cautiously until they entered the water.

Having satisfied their thirst, they began throwing it over themselves and disporting in the cool element, gamboling and rolling about like a party of school-boys bathing. As I could not have carried away their tusks, I did not attempt to shoot one but left them unmolested. After a while, I saw them returning by the way they had come, appearing in the uncertain light like huge phantoms so noiselessly did they stalk over the ground.

(To be continued.)

ASCENTS AND ADVENTURES;

A RECORD OF

HARDY MOUNTAINEERING IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

BY HENRY FRITH.

Author of "The Adventures of an Engine Driver," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY OF THE MATTERHORN.



ACCESSIBLE or not, however," wrote Professor Tyndall in 1861, "the Mont Cervin is assuredly a different affair from Mont Blanc or Monte Rosa. The square massive lines of terraced crags which fence the Matterhorn stand up on all sides nearly destitute of snow, attention to the most adventurous Alpine climbers, and to none more than to Professor Tyndall and Mr. Edward Whymper. The Matterhorn seems to have had a fascination for these giants of escalade. Professor Tyndall in 1860 and subsequently, in defiance of weather, again and again made the attempt, and very nearly succeeded in gaining the summit. In 1860, he and Mr. Hawkins made their first attempt, and in "Vacation Tourists" the narrative was published.

and where the snow lies thinly on the rocks it soon melts and is hardened again into smooth glassy ice like a coat of varnish, and bids defiance to the axe. Every step of the way lies between two precipices, and under toppling crags which may at any moment bring down upon the climber the most formidable of Alpine dangers—a fire of falling stones."

We have taken the liberty of quoting thus at length because the extract gives such a true picture of the terrible Mont Cervin. Grand indeed as is its appearance from the turns of the road before entering Zermatt, still grander is it from the Riffel and the Hörnli or from the Pass of St. Théodule. We cannot give any description of the view from the summit as we have never been up there, and as the chances are that none of my youthful readers will venture up the Matterhorn at present, we can dispense with the record of the prospect.

In the year 1859, the inaccessible Mont Cervin or Matterhorn became an object of

They were the first to head the virgin slopes of the mighty mountain. "Crawling singly along a narrow ledge of rock, a wall on one side and nothing on the other—no hold for hands or the alpenstock, and the ledge slopes a little, so that if the nails in our boots hold not, down we shall go." But they managed to continue their upward progress somehow until they found it was impossible to go any farther, and the guide turned back. They had accomplished much, but it was fated that from Breuil the first ascent should not be made.

At this time there was another aspirant who was anxious to scale the untrodden Matterhorn. The fourteen or fifteen thousand feet of precipice had somehow or other inspired all travellers with the conviction that it was impossible to scale the Cervin. Nevertheless, about twenty years ago attempts were made to conquer the mountain. In 1860 the Messrs. Parker tried it, and, as we have seen, Professor Tyndall and others did likewise; but the most determined efforts were made by Mr. Edward

Whymper who has recorded his experiences in a most interesting work entitled, "Scrambles amongst the Alps;" and there, amidst many other very pleasant excursions, we find the most important chapters of the Story of the Matterhorn.

Mr. Whymper's first attempts, like those of other great climbers, were unsuccessful; and the privations he endured and the dangers he encountered would fill pages. In 1862, undeterred by his want of success, he actually attempted an ascent by himself; for companions had failed him, but this practice of solitary mountaineering is not one to be generally adopted.

On this occasion Mr. Whymper found his tent snowed up where he had left it the year before, and as circumstances were favourable he determined to unroll it and stay where he was. It required some nerve to sit down quietly alone in those vast solitudes twelve thousand feet above the sea; and yet there our traveller sat, the sole inhabitant of the icy world. Next day he continued his ascent and reached a point higher than any one had before gained.

So far so good, but then the return journey had to be undertaken, which—although it may seem easier to descend than to ascend—was by no means an easy matter, and on this occasion a very serious accident happened. As it is very remarkable that the tourist survived to tell the tale, we will quote the narrative of the fall somewhat more *in extenso* than it is our usual practice to do.

Mr. Whymper had left his axe in the tent when he quitted it to descend the mountain, and retaining only his alpenstock he came down the Col and reached the cliffs where, at a very difficult corner, he could only walk along the very steep snow-slope. Very few steps were necessary, but these had to be "prodded out" with the stick—the axe would have cut them in a very short time. So the climber, holding to the rocks with one hand, dug out his steps with the other, and endeavoured to turn the corner. But as he passed round he slipped and fell.

"The knapsack," he says, "brought my head down first, and I pitched into some rocks about a dozen feet below: they caught something and tumbled me off the edge head over heels into the gully: the baton was dashed from my hands, and I whirled downwards in a series of bounds each longer than the last, now over ice, now into rocks striking my head four or five times, each time with increasing force. The last bound sent me spinning through the air in a leap of fifty or sixty feet, and I struck the rocks with the whole of my left side. They caught my clothes for a moment and I fell back on to the snow with motion arrested, and a few frantic catches brought me to a halt on the verge of the precipice."

We venture to think that few people would have fallen such a distance and lived. A fall of two hundred feet in a few bounds, and a halt on the edge of a precipice when eight hundred feet in sheer descent would have been the next leap, is a feat we would rather be excused from performing even in the cause of science, and we can feel with (and for) Mr. Whymper that the situation was "sufficiently serious."

With blood spouting in blinding jets from his head, he managed to cling to the rocks and eventually lessen the bleeding by applying handfuls of snow to his cuts. Scrambling to a place of safety he did what most men would have done before—viz., he fainted away. At sunset consciousness returned, and by careful work he managed to descend the remaining four thousand feet of rock in safety.

In a note to his book Mr. Whymper states that he felt no pain during his fall: he was quite conscious, and remembers his feelings and sensations. Things long forgotten rushed to his mind, and, curiously enough, his bounding through space "was not disagreeable."

This statement only proves what very erroneous impressions we, who merely read these accounts, receive. Another curious fact is that the sufferer's memory has been

impaired to a certain extent, and but for notes made on that morning and before the accident, the incidents of the day would

have entirely passed from the writer's memory.

Even after this another attempt was



The Matterhorn and Zermatt.

almost immediately made, and just then Professor Tyndall and Mr. Whymper met on the Matterhorn. But both gentlemen failed this year also. No one else tried the

mountain in 1862, but in the following year Mr. Whymper again made an attempt and encountered a terrific thunderstorm, yet without succeeding in ascending the

Matterhorn. Thus the sixth attempt came to nought.

Another trial was made in June 1865, but without success, and the tourists appear to have gone over towards Chamouni where Croz was due at the end of the month. As mentioned in a previous chapter we encountered Mr. Hudson and Croz with other travellers at the inn on the Montanvert, but I do not think we encountered Mr. Whymper, unless that venturesome young gentleman who struck across the glaciers from the Col de Balme about three days previously was he.

However the hero of the Matterhorn found himself in the Val Tournanche at the beginning of July, and in vain hunted up guides to accompany him up the Cervin. The curious chain of circumstances, the meetings apparently quite accidental, and the slow but sure advance to the final catastrophe, read like a romance, but are only too true.

The weather just then, at and about Zermatt, was very unfavourable for high mountain excursions; but certain guides, deserting Mr. Whymper, allied themselves to an Italian gentleman and made up their minds to ascend the unconquered mountain. Far from being deterred by these adverse circumstances, the Englishman made up his mind to cross to Zermatt, but he could not find anyone to carry his baggage, ropes, &c.

He waited patiently for some one with guides and porters, and at last, on the 11th July, a bright nimble-footed young Britisher came over from Zermatt with the Taugwalders. The two Englishmen got into conversation, and introduced themselves to each other. The new-comer proved to be Lord Francis Douglas, who eagerly embraced Mr. Whymper's plans, and it was then agreed that they should cross to the lower slopes of the Cervin, and at the little Black Lake beneath the Hörnli, where a solitary chapel stands, they deposited their impedimenta.

From this spot they walked down to Zermatt, and there met Mr. Hudson who

had engaged Croz, the guide, to ascend the Matterhorn. That evening Mr. Hadow joined Mr. Hudson, and as both the parties had separately determined to try the mountain next day, they agreed to unite forces and go up together.

So it was arranged that the party of eight persons—viz., Whymper, Hudson, Hadow, Lord F. Douglas, and the guides and porters, Croz, Peter Taugwalder, and his two sons—should go up the Cervin. Messrs. Hadow and Douglas were quite young men—not twenty years old, but were good climbers. The others were, as we know, experienced mountaineers, and the guides were considered very able men. Everything promised well. The weather was propitious, and when the party retired to bed that evening there was every prospect of success and of a happy return.

“Man proposes but God disposes.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE ASCENT AND THE RETURN.

AT half-past five o'clock in the morning on the 13th of July, 1865, the party left the Monte Rosa Hotel at Zermatt. Passing the little churchyard, where some of them now sleep in peace, the travellers walked leisurely up to the Schwartz See, a desolate little lake formed by the melting of the snow and ice beneath the cliffs of the Matterhorn.

Here, in the chapel on its banks, the ropes were found, and then the party continued to climb quietly, and without meeting any obstacles, up to the eastern face of the peak, and by noon they had reached an altitude of eleven thousand feet, where the tent was pitched and all made comfortable.

Two of the guides went ahead to reconnoitre, and the others passed the time in arranging matters and speculating upon the morrow. When the pioneers came back, they appeared to think the way up quite easy; so easy, indeed, that had the whole

party started up at noon, they could, in the opinion of the guides, have got to the top and have descended again that day. This was good news indeed, and all were in the highest spirits. No terrors appeared to be present in the minds of the most superstitious member of the party. The afternoon and evening was passed in sketching and in admiring the view. The sun set gloriously; and, as the happy friends watched it sink down till it dipped out of sight behind the mountains, no one fancied that some of the brave men had seen it set for the last time, and that in a few hours their mangled bodies would be lying stark and stiff upon the glacier beneath.

Laughter and singing awoke the echoes from the grim rocks as night came down upon them; and scarcely had the dawn appeared when all the travellers were awake and anxious to ascend. As soon as they could see distinctly they left the tent, and, taking leave of one of the young Taugwalders, who returned alone to Zermatt, addressed themselves to their task.

Mr. Whymper describes the ascent as by no means difficult—for experienced climbers, that is; and thus at half-past six A. M. they had gained an elevation of nearly thirteen thousand feet, and by ten o'clock fourteen thousand had been scaled.

Those familiar with the appearance of the Matterhorn will remember that, in the usual representations of the mountain, there appears near the top an overhanging mass of rock which leads to the culminating peak. Of course this last portion looks but a very trifle compared with the base; but it was the lower part of this overhanging peak that the travellers had now reached.

From this point the ascent became difficult, as may be imagined when we know that the slope was less than forty degrees, and that foothold was uncertain. Added to this, the ice with which the rocks were coated made holding anything but easy.

But, notwithstanding all obstacles, the adventurous explorers mounted upwards; and after about an hour and a half of this dangerous climbing a "nasty" corner was

turned, and snow was again reached. From this point all was easy. The rope was cast off as the slope became less steep. A neck and neck race to the summit ensued, and at ten minutes before two o'clock P. M. the Matterhorn was vanquished.

But no sooner had the summit been gained than grave doubts arose as to whether the party from the Italian side, whom we have already mentioned, might not have gained a footing previously. Search was made in all directions for traces of footprints, but not a sign was visible of any intruder upon the virgin snows of the Cervin.

This evidence was confirmed in a most satisfactory manner by the discovery of the Italian party far below. The victorious ones shouted and waved their hats; but, failing to arouse the attention of the still advancing party, the Englishmen began to "heave rocks" down, which had the effect, not only of directing the attention of the strangers to the summit, but also to their own safety. They turned and fled, evidently under the impression that the evil spirits supposed to inhabit the mountain had determined to prevent the ascent.

The watchers at Breuil saw the blouse which Croz tied, as a flag, to a tent-pole carried up for that purpose, and fancied that their Italian friends had gained the summit; but they were disappointed when next day the Italian party returned and related how the evil spirits had rolled great stones down upon them and prevented their approach.

The view was cloudless and must have been magnificent in its extent of a hundred and fifty miles in all directions. To use Mr. Whymper's words, "There was every combination that the world can give, and every contrast that the heart could desire."

After an hour passed in delightful contemplation of the view—a view of nature never again to be beheld by some of those who so fully appreciated it—preparations were made for the descent.

It was arranged in the following order. Croz came first, Hadow next, Hudson next,

Lord Francis Douglas came fourth. Then "old" Taugwalder, and in this succession they were roped while Whymper was sketching the summit of the mountain. The younger Peter Taugwalder also remained with Mr. Whymper, and at last when the names had been placed in a bottle, after the usual custom in such cases, the two last mentioned tied themselves together and hurried down the snow slope after the main body of the excursionists, who had by this time descended as far as the difficult portion of the mountain we have already referred to.

No precaution was neglected. Only one of the party was permitted to move at a time, and all being now roped together it was considered, humanly speaking, almost impossible for any accident to happen. But independently of this extra caution, Croz went so far as to place Mr. Hadow's feet in good holding positions so that no precaution should be neglected upon that slippery portion.

About this time—say half-past three, the landlord of the hotel of Zermatt was very much surprised to hear from a boy who ran up to the hotel, that an avalanche had fallen from the summit of the Matterhorn. This was such an unexpected, not to say impossible occurrence, that M. Seiler was inclined to treat the quick-eyed youth to a practical lesson and to instil into him a regard for truth. As it was, he received a severe lecture, and if anything more was said about it the occurrence was quickly forgotten.

It was not until early the following morning when Mr. Whymper entered the hotel, that anything was known in Zermatt. Haggard, sick at heart, and filled with a profound grief, the brave young climber told the sad tale in six words—

"The Taugwalders and I have returned!"

That was all! Of the party of eight who, by what appeared a series of the most extraordinary chances, had been brought together at Zermatt but three remained alive. The others had found a sepulchre

in the snowy embrace of the great Matterhorn glacier.

But how did the accident happen? We will endeavour to relate the circumstances.

We have said that the guide was very carefully aiding Mr. Hadow, who was an experienced climber, by placing his feet in proper positions. Croz had just made all secure and was stooping to pick up his ice-axe which he had laid aside, when, in some unaccountable manner, Mr. Hadow slipped and fell upon his back. The spot was not exceptionally difficult, and had the slip taken place two seconds later, Croz would have recovered his axe, and would thus have been enabled to have arrested the fall.

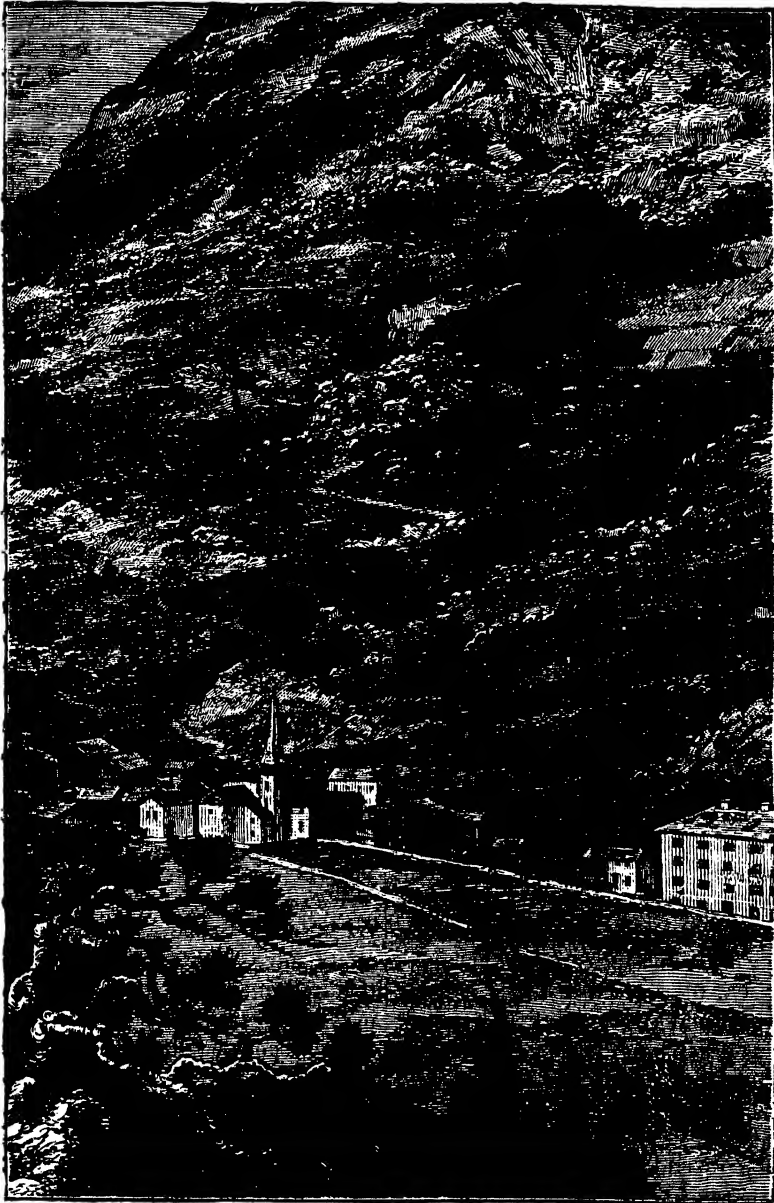
But, taken by surprise as he was and also without any means of holding, he was at once knocked over, pitching head downwards as he fell. Thus he was quite unable to stop himself upon the slippery slope, and he and Mr. Hadow began to slide rapidly downwards.

Mr. Hudson and Lord Francis Douglas were next dragged off their feet, but Mr. Whymper and Taugwalder planted themselves very firmly, the rope quite tight between them, as the jerk came upon them.

"The jerk came upon us as one man," says Mr. Whymper. "We held, but the rope broke midway between Lord Francis Douglas and Taugwalder. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs and spreading out their hands endeavouring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn glacier, a distance of nearly four thousand feet."

Assistance was out of the question. There was no chance of saving them, and they must have been dead long before they reached the glacier. Had the rope not broken, the others might have been saved, as Mr. Whymper and Taugwalder had a good firm hold, and would probably have been able to sustain the shock, severe though it must have been.

The fact that Taugwalder had used an old 'rope to tie himself to Lord Francis Douglas, had a very suspicious appearance, for of course the weak part would give way in *front* of the guide if any accident happened. If it is possible to fancy that



The Monte Rosa Hotel and Church, Zermatt.

Taugwalder was guilty of such an act, little short of actual murder, his calculations were justified by the event. He and his son were saved with Mr. Whymper, whose position was now physically the most trying that we can imagine. The guides were both perfectly incapable of anything except to utter lamentations,

and express fears for their own safety. Utterly unnerved, they trembled so as to be almost incapable of standing steady, and as a slip would have been fatal, Mr. Whymper, between them and tied to both, must have been in a position terrible in the extreme.

For more than two hours this dreadful suspense continued, and at length by great exertions the sadly reduced party succeeded in gaining the snow ridge towards Zermatt, and there all danger was over.

No trace of the poor fellows who had fallen could be discerned. They had disappeared.

It was at this moment that a most curious phenomenon appeared. A most wonderful bow in ellipse containing three crosses appeared in the sky, bearing a resemblance to what is termed the "Spectre of the Broken," (of which more anon). The superstitious guides thought it referred to their lost comrades, and the appearance of such a very unusual phenomenon must have been deeply impressive at such a time.

The sordid conduct of the guides is severely commented upon by the narrator, and he pretty plainly expresses his disgust. He hurried the men down, and about nine o'clock they found a sort of resting place till daybreak. For six hours they clung to the rocky slab, and as soon as it was light the trio hastened down to Zermatt with the news.

A search was set on foot at once. The position of the bodies was discovered far up the glacier in a place very difficult of access. On the Sunday at two A.M. some Englishmen and guides started to ascend as near as possible to the poor remains, and found them lying as they had fallen.

Lord Francis Douglas was nowhere visible: some relics were found, but the mortal remains of that bright young man lie still hidden up in the rocks, "and no man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day."

In obedience to the orders of the Government the three other bodies were shortly afterwards brought down to Zermatt, and buried in the little churchyard near the

hotel. Messrs. Hudson and Hadow repose at one side, the faithful guide on the other.

So ended the first ascent of the Matterhorn. The mountain has frequently been ascended since, and ladies even have ventured to the summit. But it will never become a "cockney" mountain. Cervin is unique. Terrible in its aspect, and to be dreaded even in the moment of defeat, it will remain for ever associated with one of the most melancholy accidents that the already too long record of Alpine Catastrophes contains.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME LATER ADVENTURES ON THE CERVIN.

THE account of the first ascent of the Matterhorn may be taken as the "sensation" narrative, but this great catastrophe, and the terrible retribution demanded by the hitherto unconquered giant did not deter travellers. On the contrary, it seemed to stimulate the appetite for danger, and the ascents of the Matterhorn became frequent. Ladies ascended, and no doubt will ascend again. There are ropes now attached to the rocks in places, which materially facilitate the ascent, yet there is no fear that "tricks" will ever be played upon the Matterhorn.

We so far forgot our resolution last year (1878) as to ascend a little way (it seemed a pity only to go up to the Hörnli); but on that hot summer's day we saw quite enough of the crags to impress us with the conviction that people of our time of life have no business to scramble up beyond the place where there are (or were) the remains of a hut. This is the spot where Mr. Whymper pitched his tent, and is called "The Platform," or "Whymper's platform."

Now, if anybody wishes to have a nice climb without any great danger, let him leave Zermatt early, very early (say 5 A.M.), and walk up to the Hörnli. This will in itself give the pedestrian a pleasant trip,

and the views are beautiful. By passing the Hörnli and advancing westward, the climber will reach a *moraine*, and above said moraine he will casually observe a wall of rock. If he follow the moraine he will come to the wall, which is nearly four hundred feet high, and as it is almost perpendicular, it seems a practical joke to a novice to be told to climb it. Were one a fly or an ape, it might be done easily, but by an elderly gentleman—well—hum!

A nearer inspection, however, will show that the seeming wall is not so very difficult to anyone possessed of prehensile faculties. True, it *is* steep, and requires care; but after all the height is nothing compared to what is above, and so you naturally go at it. When you begin you will find the thing much easier than you expected. There is no use in thinking about the ladies (awaiting you and your companions) who are seated on a rock overhanging the glacier and wondering why you are so long. Up you must go, and accordingly there you are, with a beating heart, and ready to declare that, after all, rock-climbing, *particularly Matterhorn rock-climbing*, is absurdly easy; and as for those Clubmen saying the Cervin was difficult—why, anyone could get up!

The guide indicates the way on—easier than ever. Pleasant walking on an easy slope of wet snow; and here you *do* see the Matterhorn, “if you like!” And if you walk along the ridge and ascend the rock in front, which looked more difficult and much higher than the first bit, you will (so I believe) reach the Whymper platform, a large space whereon you may rest. Four hours’ further climbing will suffice to reach the new hut which is seven thousand feet above Zermatt, and three thousand feet from the top of the Matterhorn.

The ascent will probably be varied by a ton or two of falling rocks, or a sharp shower of stones; but these are merely inducements to persevere. These are the welcome, the salute, of the giant Cervin, but if his guns were not “shotted,” the amateur climber would appreciate the attention almost as much! Yet it is mani-

festly ridiculous for anyone to climb the mountain and not wish to be “cannonaded.” That would be quite *infra dig.*; but, thank goodness, we ourselves have no pride of that kind, and are meanly content with a hundredweight or so of falling stones, just to show there is no ill-feeling!

To complete the ascent you must leave the hut at early dawn, and, assisted by some thin ropes and a perfectly steady head, and firm feet, pass in turn the “Shoulder,” and a knife-edge of snow, with sheer precipices of three thousand feet on each side. Go and try it; it is not easy, I suspect, but what is it to crossing Fleet Street or Ludgate Hill on a busy day? A slip will probably be fatal in either case, and in one the precipice will kill you outright, while a cab or omnibus will not.

However, supposing you have crawled over these ridges (about fourteen inches wide) and managed to pull yourself up a rope for some distance against the icy rocks at an angle of sixty degrees, assisted of course by guides, you will come in due time to a slope of snow at a steep angle. This will require great care, as, if the snow be light and not frozen on the surface, it has a playful habit of slipping away and may land you deftly on the glacier below in a condition which will require a good deal of “sorting” to put you right. By this snow slope the summit is reached, 14,780 feet above the level of the sea. The prospect is described as unparalleled, and if you can enjoy it, which some do *not*, it must be sublime. The descent requires great care, as far as the hut mentioned above.

This year of grace (1879) has not been without its accidents upon the Matterhorn, as the following brief accounts will show. Dr. William Moseley of Boston, U.S., was one victim, a poor guide the other.

Doctor Moseley’s party left the Monte Rosa Hotel on Wednesday night (August 13) at half-past ten o’clock, intending to make the ascent without sleeping at the cabin, which is about seven hours’ walk from Zermatt. The ascent was accomplished successfully, and after a few minutes’

rest the descent began. It appears that when about an hour from the cabin, both gentlemen took off the rope, as they had passed from a precipitous snow-field to the rocks.

Directly after the party had passed the scene of the disaster of 1865, and as they neared the cabin, Dr. Mosely unloosed himself from the rope by which he was attached to the guides and his companions. Scarcely had he done so, when he made a false step, lost his footing, and glided rapidly down a steep ice slope, making the while frantic efforts to stop himself by grasping at projecting points of rock. The next moment he disappeared over the precipice, falling on the glacier opposite the Riffel, between the Hörnli and the St. Théodule pass, where his body, completely stripped of its clothing, and lying on a projecting ledge of ice, could be distinctly seen from below.

Another death, in circumstances almost more mournful, took place on the side of Breuil at the same time, as reported in the papers. A guide, named Joseph Brantschen, from St. Niklaus, had been engaged to accompany a party of tourists, who proposed to ascend the Matterhorn by the Italian side and descend to Zermatt. The poor fellow was far from well at the time, but he had a wife and six children, and the price offered him, one hundred and fifty francs, was an inducement he could not resist. When the party arrived on the summit of the Matterhorn he became alarmingly ill, but succeeded, with the help of the others, in reaching the

hut, and next morning he appeared and declared himself much better. At the same time he did not feel that he was sufficiently recovered to undertake the descent to Zermatt. The others left him in good spirits, amply supplied with food, and quite contented with their assurance that they would send help from Zermatt. He made no request that any one should stay with him ; and the only man that he would have cared to detain, the second guide, could not be spared ; for without his aid, the two clubmen might not have succeeded in reaching Zermatt at all.

The mountain was descended with all speed, and not a moment was lost in despatching the two guides, who were, however, unfortunately, too late to be of any use. Brantschen, as appears from the medical report, was affected with heart disease, the cause of his death being paralysis of that organ and of the lungs. It may have occurred shortly after his companion and the tourists left the hut ; and, in any case must have been equally sudden and painless. It would, therefore, appear that the tourists have nothing to reproach themselves with, and it is difficult to see how, in the circumstances, they could have acted otherwise than they did. The event teaches Alpine climbers, before attempting an important ascent, to make special enquiries as to the physical condition of all their companions, for a guide with chronic heart-disease may not only die as poor Brantschen died, but might easily, by succumbing to his malady at a critical moment, endanger the lives of an entire party.

(To be continued.)



PUZZLES.

Numerical Charade.

1.

I am composed of 17 letters ; my 7, 8, 13, 9 is a habitation ; my 4, 5, 3, 6, 2, 13, 11, 7 is a station for troops ; my 13, 5, 2, 7, 9 is a person eminent for piety and virtue ; my 10, 5, 9, 14, 6 is a colourless fluid, and my whole is a well-known general.

Drop Letter Puzzle.

2.

Tenbetgapuigo,
Uoteonansuhrbo,
Weeraetnefreect,
Teaidelsfaretih.

Numerical Puzzle.

3.

My 1, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9 = deprived of breath.

My 2, 10, 8, 9 = unbroken.

My 8, 7, 6, 3 = to chant.

My 3, 11, 10, 9 = an insect.

Whole is a country.

Transposition.

4.

O cut a couch.

5.

My whole is a deed ; curtail and I am a measure ; behead and I am an animal ; behead again I am a part of a verb ; transposition and I am a parent ; curtail I am a consonant.

Triple Acrostic—Arithmorem.

6.

Primals, centrals, and finals of Kent will show

A city, a town, and a naval dépôt.

1. 52 + grouse. 2. 105 + Rare hoe.

3. 1,152 + Zeta. 4. 5 + Pear.

5. 110 + Que here. 6. 101 + See sons.

7. 150 + A rebate. 8. 50 + Get senna.

9. 500 + No nurses.

Charade.

7.

The great bell tolls, and through the open'd gate

A thick crowd pours to *first*, and none are late ;

And many a brawny *second* there you'll spy,
Who with his might and main is going to try

And work upon my *third*, until it stands
Perfected by the *whole* of skilful hands.

Conical Puzzle.

8.

A consonant ; a habitation ; to provide ;
a road ; overseer ; need. Centrals form a relation.

Double Square Word.

9.

A town in Spain ; a monkey ; part of
"to be" ; a cavern ; a river ; ran ; over
and above ; anger ; a grain ; to signify.

Square Words.

A monarch ; an animal ; a song ; part of
the body.

11.

Incite ; a relative ; a tree ; a fruit.

Arithmorems.

Noted Persons.

12.

51 + Toaster.

1202 + A wet.

14.

1051 + Heart turn.

Charade.

15.

My *first* can never be at hand,

"Tis very far from near ;

My *second* roams all o'er the land,

You'll find it everywhere ;

My *whole* is not so often found,

Though you own many, I'll be bound.

Logogriphs.

16.

I am an island of four letters ; transposed, I am a man's name ; transposed again I am capable ; deleted, I am a drink.

17.

Whole, I am a mineral ; beheaded, I am what no one should be ; beheaded again, I am consumed ; curtailed, I am a preposition.

Lipogram.

18.

(All vowels omitted.)

Pc t ll sch ! bt wr thr n whs frs
 Tr gas kncls, nd fr fm nsprs ;
 Blst wth ch tlnt nd ch rt t pls
 Nd brn t wrt cnvrs nd lv wth s.

Square Words.

19.

A precious stone; this is easily seen
 through; a lady's name; one of Shak-
 speare's characters.

20.

To sharpen; a long and narrow cavity;
 trees; examination.

Double Acrostic.

21.

A town in Russia; an island in Africa;
 a town in England; a town in Germany;
 a river in France; a town in India.

My initials read down name one of
 Shakspeare's heroines; and my finals read
 down name one of Shakspeare's heroes.

Cryptograph Enigma.

22.

Oeda pdoj cqm k sinl bqa i kny at
 Xon aqqt ad pddt pjdb yaw lyat
 In ik bw ldadojyxeq edn
 Nd myyng nlq byakida dj nlq udn
 Yat qykq i mirg nd yce udatiniduk
 Nd eqykyank cds yat erdot eynjiuiyak

Jqbd r q bw agvn i nlqa yb bytq
 Qkkqaniye goinq nd qrqjw m jytq
 Nld aqrqj kgga ia bw qviknqanq
 Ada q cirq yinldon bw pjqq ykkeknyanq.

Double Arithmorem.

23.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| 1. 201—stars. | 2. 551—otyar. |
| 3. 1150—pa. | 4. 1102—rota N. |
| 5. 550—Anna. | 6. 50—efhnosstuuy. |
- Initials and finals read downwards give
 two islands.

Diamond Puzzle.

24.

Myself; to play; a weapon; an island;
 to filter; to finish; a consonant.

Square Word.

25.

Animals; space; to inform; chloride of
 sodium.

Logograph.

26.

Whole, I am a journey; behead, I am to
 untwist; behead and transpose, I am a
 valley; behead and transpose again, and I
 am a meadow; curtail me, I am a French
 article; beheaded, I am a vowel.

Charade.

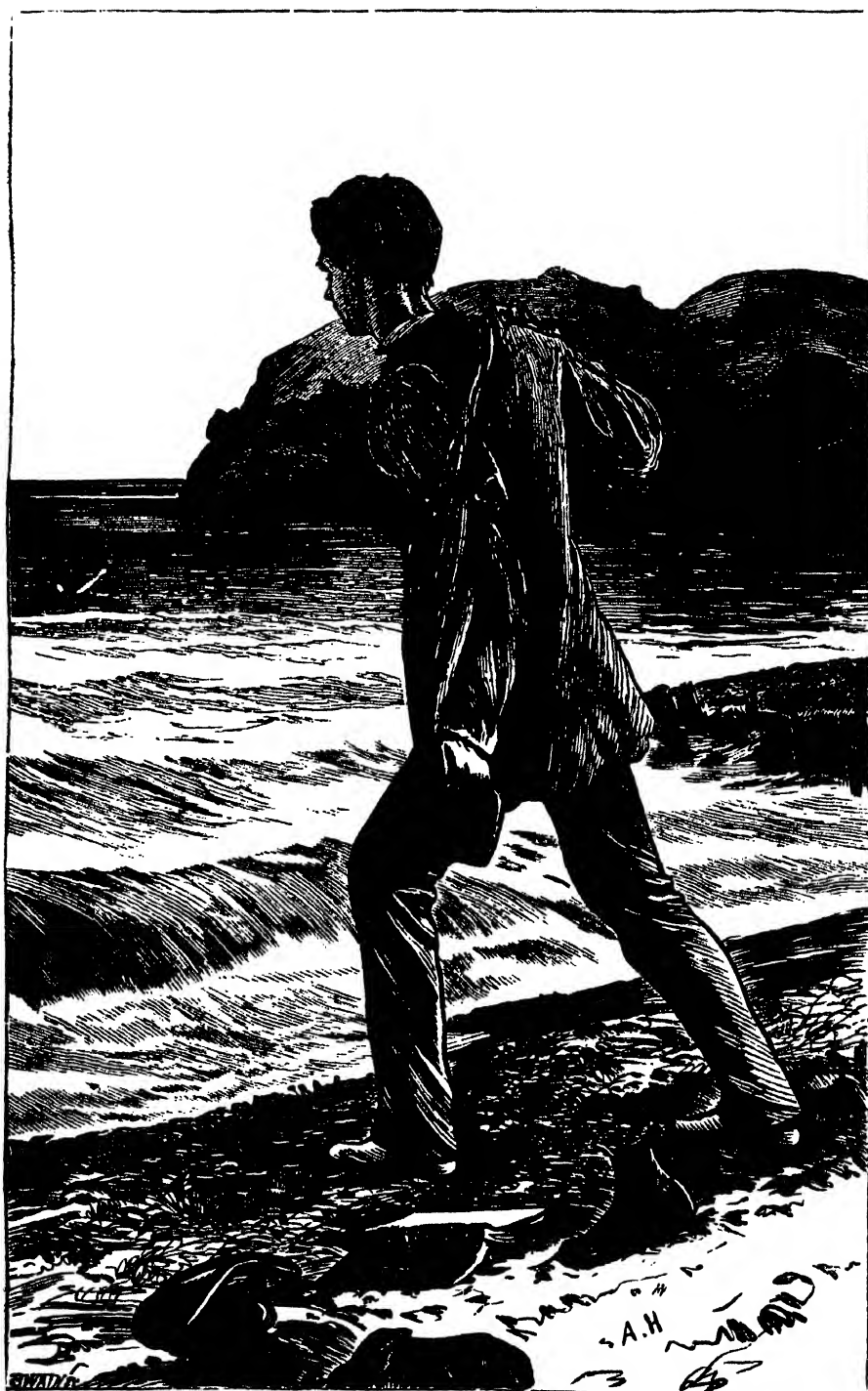
27.

My *first* and *second* are adverse to each
 other, but my *whole* glories in what he can
first.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

On pages 111—112.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Razor, Above, Zones, Overt, Rests. | 11. Rook—Wood (Rookwood). |
| 2. Ease, Ants, Stop, Espy. | 12. Drawing. |
| 3. Gibraltar—Spaniards. | 13. Xantippe—Socrates. |
| 4. Bay—O—Net. | 14. Drayton. |
| 5. | 15. Macaulay—Smollett. |
| “We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the straggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.” | 16. Vittoria—Waterloo. |
| 6. Leeds. | 17. Roma, Amor, Maro, Mora. |
| 7. Marble, Adores, Robust, Bruise,
Lessee, Esteem. | 18. |
| 8. Roman, Olive, Miles, Avert, Nests. | “Home they brought her warrior dead,
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry;
All her maidens watching said,
‘She must weep or she will die.’” |
| 9. Gramme, Repeal, Append, Meeker,
Manége, Eldres (Elders). | 19. Frame, Raven, Avert, Merge, Enter. |
| 10. Bazley, Birley. | 20. Rabbi, Award, Babel, Breve, Idler. |
| | 21. Blade, Laden, Adult, Delve, Enter. |
| | 22. Climb, Lunar, Inure, Mares, Brest. |



A LESSON FOR LIFE.
(H. LASHBROKE).

A LESSON FOR LIFE.

BY HORACE LASHBROKE.

Author of "The Unpleasant Passenger;" "A Terrible Half Holiday;" "To the Rescue," &c., &c.



IN relating the following episode in my life, I must necessarily reveal my own wrong-doing.

Now, take it as a rule, people are not fond of exposing or acknowledging their faults or weaknesses; on the other hand, they are far more prone to make the most of their feeble efforts towards virtue, hiding, as far as in their power lies, the vices to which they have given way.

But, as you journey onward through life, and before you have journeyed very far into the years allotted to you,

you will undoubtedly meet with a good many people who are loud in proclaiming *one* wrong-doing of which they declare themselves guilty. You will hear them say, when referring to some person with whom they are at deadly feud, that they have indeed been "wrong, very wrong," that they have been "*too kind!*"

Now, if you will take "the straight tip" from an old boy, who, though not over observant of things in general, has not gone through life with his eyes *quite* shut, you will beware of those remarkably candid people who own to the virtuous fault of having been "too kind," and who never own to any other description of fault whatever. To have been too kind to a fellow-creature is, one would conclude, on looking into the matter seriously, rather the superfluity of a generous nature than the act of a wrong-doer, and decidedly a performance on the

part of humanity that should rather awaken our admiration than our disapproval. So, naturally, when we hear any persons accusing themselves of wrong-doing in the shape of over-kindness, we feel compelled to conclude that such individuals are covertly calling upon their fellow creatures to recognize their magnanimity of soul, and not to condemn them for their evil acts. We are morally convinced that the charming self-accusation is meant to raise themselves in their neighbour's estimation, and is *not* the candid avowal of a wrong-doer who is honest enough and manful enough to own his shortcomings.

There is an old adage—and a very true and wise adage it is, too—that "A stitch in time saves nine;" so let us hope there is equal wisdom in the assertion of our belief that a word of advice, such as the above, given to a fellow in the days of his happy, trusting, unsophisticated youth, may prove of value to him as he progresses in years and in wisdom.

We—or rather I,—(for the editorial "We!" though sounding uncommonly learned, severe, and important, is terribly formal, is it not?) I am, as before mentioned, compelled to reveal my own shortcomings in the episode I am about to relate. *My* sin was not over-kindness, depend upon it. Dear me, no! nothing of the sort. Probably, after my raid, in pen and ink, upon those who are in the habit of acknowledging the sin of being "too kind," and knowing *my* complaint was not of that sublime nature, you will say what a fine fellow *I* am to own to a really grave fault. Not at all!

It happened such a long time ago, and I am such a crusty old chap now, and—in short, you cannot see my blushes, so there

is nothing so very admirable in making the revelation, I am sure.

Linger no longer to moralize, let us plunge *in res media*, as the Latins say, and take the retrospective view from which "A LESSON FOR LIFE" may be imparted to more than one, and as firmly and lastingly imparted as it was to the writer of this confession.

The holidays had arrived! The six weeks so long anticipated, and so tardy in their approach, were reached at last by those so anxiously awaiting their advent. The 24th of June was the "breaking up" day, and on the afternoon of that date, I found myself, with two of my brothers, on the way from Dr. Parkinson's select establishment for young gentlemen, being whirled along at a good thirty-five miles an hour in the direction of London and of home.

When at last we reached Euston Square Station, and found our dear mother and my sister awaiting us, it is almost needless to state that the usual, in our case perhaps unusual, amount of "hugging and kissing" took place upon the platform; for, believe me, we were a remarkably affectionate family indeed, and remarkably demonstrative in our affection into the bargain!

Porters, and more staid travellers than ourselves, did not in the least degree daunt us in our embraces by the sundry growls and impolite remarks with which they supplemented our loving greetings.

"When you have *quite* done," remarked an elderly, sour-looking old fellow in a faded cape and a travelling cap, both of which appeared to fit him too much; "when you have *quite* done, ma'am"—pushing himself past my mother and my youngest brother, who were enjoying a renewal of the hugging and kissing already indulged in so freely,—“I should feel obliged if you would allow the porter to get at my port-manteau!”

"Upon my word, now, it's quite sickening," croaked a dry-looking, straight-backed old spinster, attired in costume suited to a girl of twenty, and darting an envious look at my mother's pretty face.

But neither she, nor the old gentleman with the clothes that fitted him too much, made the smallest impression on the *cara mater*, who had her hug out with her pet, in spite of an unappreciative British public.

At last our luggage was safely mounted on the top of what is now irreverently denominated "a growler," ourselves snugly packed inside,—barring my brother Arthur, who expressed his wish to sit outside with the driver,—and we were speedily on our way to Leinster Square.

Leinster Square, Bayswater, like most of the Bayswater Squares, is highly respectable and quiet. There existed, too, in those days an air of gentility about the Bayswater Squares. That air of gentility hangs about them even now, I believe; but it is not precisely the same air as in the days of my childhood. Now, almost every other house is a boarding-house, from which you may observe people emerging with an air of gentility about them that is, no doubt, very charming, and with an expression on their faces that seems to say to passers-by, "I trust you take me for the tenant of the house from which I have this moment emerged; I sincerely hope you do not divine that it is a boarding-house, or that I am therein a boarder, enjoying a small bedroom and a good table for five-and-twenty shillings a week!"

When we reached home, we found my dear father—(where is there a jollier specimen to be found of a jolly paterfamilias than he was, bless his dear old soul!)—awaiting us on the door-step, and with him, a fine, manly looking young fellow of about seventeen.

"Welcome home, my dear lads, welcome home!" exclaimed my father, embracing us cordially; which operation completed, he introduced us to his young companion.

"This," he said, "is Bertram Hayward, my old friend John Hayward's son, who is going to spend his vacation with us, his father having been compelled to go abroad on important business. He'll help to make the time pass merrily for you, my boys, I'll warrant; for that he has got a lot of his

good old father's spirit about him, *I* know full well; he's a chip of the old block, I've found out already!"

Such was the highly favourable introduction accorded us to Bertram Hayward, who shook us each very heartily by the hand, and who expressed his belief that we should all get on very well together, and have a right down merry time of it by the sea.

We were all going down into Wales. Llandudno had been fixed upon as the scene for our visit to the refreshing ocean, and the bracing sea-air.

Llandudno in those days was, like its rival Rhyl, a rising watering-place on the north coast of Wales. It had not then won for itself, neither had Rhyl, the notoriety it now possesses.

On the third day after our arrival home at Leinster Square, we once more found ourselves, with two "growlers" on this occasion, rumbling along towards Euston Square Station, from whence we booked for the longed-for goal by the sad sea waves, the picturesque Llandudno.

Our journey thither was not entirely uneventful, for we had a very strangely behaved gentleman in the carriage, who had a peculiar manner of looking fixedly at one or other of us until he sneezed; and then burying his face in his pocket-handkerchief for fully five minutes before again looking up to repeat the operation of staring one of us out of countenance until he sneezed again, and again burying his face as before. The effect that his scrutiny had upon one, made one almost inclined to imagine oneself a human snuff-box. My dear mother seemed at first a little alarmed, but that soon passed away, and, like my father and Bertram Hayward, she appeared much more inclined to laugh than to do anything else. But, of course, we were all far too polite to do anything so rude as that!

When the gentleman above described had reached his destination, which he did in about two hours time from the commencement of our journey, his place was taken by a very funny, florid old gentleman with extremely white hair. I cannot de-

scribe him more accurately than by comparing him to "Mr. Dick" in "David Copperfield."

The thought has often since entered my head, that Charles Dickens must have seen someone precisely similar in appearance to this travelling companion of ours, and taken his description of "Mr. Dick's" physiognomy from him.

This hearty-looking old personage had almost a mania for offering each of us in turn an immense bag of gingerbread nuts, that he ever and anon produced, with every demonstration of delight, from a travelling bag of considerable size; and when he was not offering us these, he was intent upon pressing us to quench our thirst from out the largest flask I ever saw.

He talked a great deal, and told us many amusing anecdotes, of his travels both abroad and at home, so that we consequently found ourselves at Chester in no time, when we felt quite sorry at having to change carriages, and thus be compelled to lose our pleasant companion. It turned out, however, that we were not yet destined to lose his companionship, for he was going as far as Rhyl, and the train that was to convey us to Llandudno was his train also; so consequently we had the pleasure of his society for another hour. Then he bid us a final adieu, and the last we saw of his good-natured face was as he ran along the platform, keeping pace with the train, and throwing handfuls of gingerbread nuts into the carriage.

By the time we reached Llandudno Junction, my brothers and I were growing extremely anxious and excited to reach our destination. We had to change carriages there again, and if my memory serves me correctly, we found a train on the other side of the platform—or rather on a line at the other side of the platform—with the engine facing the direction from whence we had just arrived, which position brought to my mind the unpleasant reflection of the termination of the holidays and the journey home. For the moment, this glance into the future made me feel gloomy. In less

than half-an-hour, however, all such gloomy forebodings were dismissed, for I found myself on the platform at Llandudno, surrounded by a pushing, busy, bustling, eager, holiday crowd, all bent upon getting their luggage before their neighbours, and flying to the sea, that lay shining like a crystal mirror in the beauty of the evening sun!

I should be very pleased to give a graphic description of Llandudno if I could, but, unfortunately it is out of my power to do so. In the first place, it is so long since I was there, that to describe it accurately is quite out of my power. I know not how it is—for as a rule I do not forget the places I have once visited—that Llandudno has so completely faded from my remembrance in as much as its appearance goes, unless it be that the one all-important event that transpired during my stay there so thoroughly absorbed my mind that all other things connected with that period of time became then, and have remained since, a total blank! I think therein the cause must lie; and when you have read what I have to tell you, you will, I imagine, think so too.

But against all this forgetfulness there are three features in the scenery, immediately connected with the place, that I remember distinctly, and that nothing can ever efface from my remembrance. Those three features are the Great and the Little Orme's Head, between which Llandudno nestles so snugly, and the beautiful bay formed by the sea whose waters ripple on the pleasant shore between them!

If a description of Llandudno's rival, Rhyl, were necessary, I could accomodate you to the letter, for I know the dear old place well! I could tell you everything about it, and call to mind every stone almost in the streets, and the names of nearly all the people in it. I could describe the sea-shore with its wonderful sands; the numerous donkies destined, during the summer months, to carry any amount of weight, at any given moment, in the shape of obese old ladies and thoughtless male excursionists. I could picture to you the lovely Vale of

Clwyd, its green meadows and its sparkling river: dear river wherein, in days gone by, I have so often sought the shy spotted trout and silver salmon! But all this is writing "off the book," and running away from my subject, a habit to which I am too much given, I'm afraid you'll think! So here goes for the revelation that I am resolved to make.

When first mentioning Bertram Hayward, I said that he was a fine, manly-looking fellow. I do not think that in all my experience I ever saw a nicer face. It was so frank and open, so thoroughly English! I mean English of the very best type. He was fair, with the clearest, deepest blue eyes I ever beheld. A more courtly youth towards those of the "gentler sex," I never knew.

There was nothing rough or uncouth about him,—faults one sometimes meets with even in these days of civility and grace professedly made perfect.

In looks and in manner he certainly lacked nothing that was desirable, nor in describing his character can I say less for him. His was the most even temper. He was ever the same. His motto should have been, "*Toujours le même!*" He was never sulky, peevish, or disagreeable. If annoyed, he did not demonstrate his annoyance by an outburst of rage, or by a sullen brow and silent tongue. It seemed to hurt him if you did anything that was calculated to awaken ire. He always made you feel horribly ashamed of yourself if you had done wrong, by the pained look that came into his calm face and filled his speaking eyes. This went far more towards rendering me penitent for my misdeeds than a thousand harsh words could ever have gone; and the remembrance of that injured, sorrowful look reminds me to this hour of the best master I ever studied under.

My parents were, I am sure, as fond of Bertram Hayward as they were of my brothers, my sister and myself. "I like to have you with my children, Bertram," I heard my father say more than once, "for you set them a noble example."

And Bertram, who was by two years my senior, and one year older than my only sister, she being sixteen, would look up into my father's face with a pleased expression of countenance, and say, "Thank you, sir! I am pleased you hold that opinion of me!"

He was, it is perhaps needless to say, the idol of us boys. There were three of "us boys" in all,—viz., beginning with the youngest—Walter, aged ten; Arthur, aged twelve; and myself, aged fourteen.

I must in truth acknowledge that for aimability of disposition, both Walter and Arthur surpassed me immeasurably. I do not mean to say that I was a remarkably ill-tempered fellow, or at bottom an ill-natured fellow; but I was habituated to fits of sullenness, that rendered me at times, anything but an agreeable companion. The fact of my not being "at bottom," as I have said, an ill-natured fellow was, no doubt, in some measure a redeeming quality; but I am firmly of opinion that ill-nature if only a temporary derangement of the mind, in no way emanating from the heart, is a quality that mars the pleasure and respect our conduct should be calculated to awaken in the bosoms of our fellow creatures. Of what avail is it that a fellow's heart be true as steel if he is for ever baffling that truth by giving way to unseemly ill-nature that for the time being masters his real nature?

Depend upon it, unless we learn to crush those temporary rulers over our better selves, they will in time usurp for ever the place that better self holds in our hearts.

But even allowing, merely for the sake of argument, that this evil power should not obtain so baleful and permanent a mastery over our natures as to eradicate the good therefrom entirely, it is a more than unfortunate weakness for anyone to be constantly giving way to what is mildly, though aptly, termed "the disagreeables." Good-natured people never know when they have "got" such a person: they are for ever on thorns with such an irascible being. He may be all geniality and agreeability during

one minute, and unbearable and objectionable during the next. And supposing he has condescended to be pleasant for four-and-twenty consecutive hours, his companion, though doubtless very grateful for so long a truce from "the disagreeables," has nevertheless been "on thorns" all the time in anticipation of an outbreak, and consequently his peace has been inwardly disturbed and his pleasure sadly clouded.

To confess the truth, without further delay, I was, at the period of which I am writing, one of those unpleasant persons such as I have attempted to describe. You never knew when you had "got" me! I was all sunshine and agreeability at, say, 10.30, A.M., and all shadow and disagreeability at 10.31, A.M.

A word would sometimes do it, and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a word that had nothing whatever in it to awaken the smallest sense of annoyance or animosity. I now come to the all-eventful day on which occurred the circumstance that has left an indelible impression upon my memory, and which taught me what has proved "A Lesson for Life!" The date was the seventh of July. We boys were up at 5.30, A.M. sharp, and made our way to the beach for the purpose of having a swim. We generally bathed from a boat, and were in consequence pretty independent of the state of the tide. On our way down to the shore, the topic of our conversation was concerning what had transpired at the supper-table on the previous evening. My father was particularly strict with us in the matter of holiday study, he not believing in a lad allowing his mind to grow rusty from the want of application such as is imperative when at school. Now if ever a boy had a thorough dislike to any extra work in the way of lessons, I was that boy. I didn't mind applying myself pretty steadily when at school—and when I say "pretty steadily," I mean, that I liked as little application as need be, and only as much as kept me on a level with my contemporaries,—but when it came to introducing study into the holidays, I deemed it, in my

youthful egotism, what I was apt to term "rot," and "a beastly nuisance."

You see, I am making a clean breast of my shortcomings, and openly pronouncing what an egregious little fool I really was.

"I suppose you'll begin German under Ida's tuition, to-morrow morning?" remarked Bertram, as we made our way along the promenade, bound for the shore.

"Not if I can possibly get out of it," replied I sharply.

"But"—commenced Bertram.

"I consider it," cried I, interrupting him abruptly, "the biggest bit of consummate bosh, the quintessence of rank absurdity, almost a cruelty, in fact, to shove a language, the very sound of which makes one's throat sore—Welsh is simply angelic in comparison—down a fellow's throat at the very commencement of the holidays. As well remain at school and have no holidays at all."

"I don't think you'd like that, old fellow," said Bertram with a smile.

"But really, old boy," he went on in his pleasant, quiet way, "it will be a jolly fine thing for you, if you do go in for German, if only for an hour or so a day!"

"I simply—"

He took no notice of my attempt to interrupt him, whatever, but went on.

"You might have fifty masters who would never teach you half so well as your sister Ida. You know how excellent a teacher she is, and how remarkably clever. Some people, you know, can never teach well, let them know ever so much. In Ida, now, you not only have a remarkably learned scholar, but one who is eminently gifted in the art of imparting knowledge to others. Your father and mother both say what a wonderfully good teacher she is, and you yourself have often spoken of how lucidly she taught you when you were quite a little shaver."

"I don't say anything against her powers of teaching," answered I sharply; "I merely maintain that to stick a fellow down to a lot of beastly German twaddle, is preposterous."

"You've evidently got out of bed on the wrong side, this morning, Frank," he responded, not unkindly. "You'll think differently after you have had a good swim."

"I shan't think differently, if I have forty good swims," I returned hotly.

"Yes, you will, old fellow," he replied, putting his hand kindly upon my shoulder.

But "the disagreeables" had got fairly hold of me, without my making the smallest effort to resist them; so, agreeably to their dictation, I discarded his kindly overture. Taking a step away from him so as to disengage myself from his friendly touch, I pursued the uncongenial theme—a theme rendered uncongenial by my objectionable temper—in the following terms.

"It's all very well for you to preach," I said angrily. "You are *ever* ready to go against *my* inclinations, if *Ida* has an opposite opinion to mine."

"There was no demonstration of an opposite opinion to hers, last night. Your father first broached the subject of your studying German during the holidays; your mother seconded the motion; and your sister crowned it by volunteering to teach you as many hours *per diem* as you pleased."

"And—" broke in I.

"And," he went on, "you did not lodge any objection."

"What was the good of lodging any objection," I snarled, "when the whole bundle of you were dead against me?"

"There could not have been any '*good*' in it, under any circumstances," he answered.

"Oh! I beg your pardon!" responded I, sneeringly, "for using the wrong word; I should have said no *use*."

"Certainly there would have been no *use*," he retorted, smiling.

"Dear me!" sneered I, fairly roused, by this time, at getting the worst of it at all points. "There would have been no *hope*, then, of my being listened to, if I had *condescended* to offer my opinion on the subject."

A look of pain passed across his serene

and beautiful face—a look that should have filled me instantly with shame; but the sight of it, even in him, failed to awaken within me now my natural and better self.

"You seem to forget, Frank," said he firmly, "that you *did* offer an opinion. You said that 'it would be very jolly, no doubt.'"

"I never—"

"Hush!" he interrupted quickly. "Think a moment before you deny it. Your brothers heard you as well as I."

"Yes, you did, Frank," cried Arthur.

"Oh! yes, you did *really*, Frank," chimed in Walter.

"Well, if you *all swear* to it," said I loftily, "I suppose it must be so; but I certainly must have been half asleep, or idiotic, when I agreed to anything so absurd."

"Upon my honour, Frank," said Bertram warmly, "when you give way to temper like this, you make me feel utterly ashamed of you. When in this unhappy condition, you seem utterly void of sense, and, still worse, of truth."

"You mean to say, then," I began—

"Now, like a good fellow," he interrupted, "don't make matters worse by attempting to argue the point any more. I know what you were going to say: you were about to accuse me of charging you with falsehood. That is unnecessary, for I have distinctly charged you with it. I don't mean to say that you are by nature giving to telling crams, Frank—if you were, I would send you to Coventry or teach you better in a month;—but when these childish, these most unmanly tempers, are on you, you have no regard whatever for veracity."

"Then the best plan will be for *me* to go *my way*, and *you yours*," said I, turning from him, and about to depart in an opposite direction. But he caught me by the arm, and, turning me round, looked down into my flushed and angry face.

I tried to brazen it out by returning his unflinching scrutiny, but made a miserable failure of it.

"Look here, Frank," he said, "you know quite well that I am very, very fond of you, and that all I say is said in love and kindness; but, I tell you plainly, you are doing more to drive my affection away from you by these unmanly exhibitions than you imagine. Do, that's a dear fellow, try to alter in *this* respect; try to master your temper. Don't be such a weak coward as to allow your temper to master *you*! Its exactly like your swimming. You fail in that simply for want of courage and confidence. So, unless you exercise courage in overcoming your temper, you will fail in conquering it. Now promise me to make a good start this morning. Put your foot, metaphorically speaking, upon your temper from this very moment; and, with similar determination, jump in head-foremost from the boat this morning, instead of slipping timidly over the side, feet first, into the water, as if you were trying to get down among the fishes with as little noise as possible!—Now, come along, old chap, and don't let us be miserable any more!"

He clasped both my hands warmly, as he finished speaking; and then turning to my brothers, who were standing a few yards away from us, awaiting the result of our conference, he ran up to them gaily, and, tossing their caps into the air, to their infinite delight, ran swiftly along in front, bidding them "catch him if they could!"

The words that he had spoken to me were so true, and the manner in which he had delivered them had been so kind and tender, that I could not feel otherwise than ashamed of myself. So ashamed, in truth did I feel, and so touched by his endeavour to make a beneficial and worthy alteration in me, that the tears came into my eyes, and a choking sensation in the throat that made me gasp in a spasmodic kind of way as I ran after him and my little brothers.

It was under *any* circumstances such a *caddish* thing on my part, and more especially so when he was a guest under my father's roof, to tell him "to go his way, and I would go mine." I recognised when I said it how I hurt him; but he was too

much of a gentleman, too thoughtful of me in his earnestness to make me better, to refer, as most fellows would have done, to my cruel suggestion.

Feeling, then, decidedly ashamed of myself, and decidedly penitent, I followed as speedily as my emotion would permit (one cannot go at a good racing-pace when that uncomfortable lump *will* keep rising in the throat, and a fellow's eyes *will* keep filling in spite of him); determined to make a beginning in the right direction by taking "a header" from the boat.

My resolution on the point was a very firm one up to the actual moment when it was to be carried into execution. Then I should have given way had not Bertram insisted upon my fulfilling my resolve, which I did, with the firm conviction, as I plunged beneath the water, that I should never come to the surface again. How much I regretted, on rising cork-like to the top, that I had so foolishly retarded my aquatic education by a totally groundless fancy and unmanly fear. Alas! how many chances we lose in life by dreading to take steps that would add so much to our honour and our worth, simply from some cowardly fear; such as the fear of what "Mrs. Grundy" will say, and the fear of being laughed at by the thoughtless, whose praise or condemnation we should alike disregard!

I returned from our bathing excursion, inwardly pleased with myself for having made a start in the right direction, and outwardly an agreeable being once more. I certainly would have a go at that German *to-morrow* morning, and pocket my objections like a sensible fellow. It wouldn't be *to-day*, thank goodness! and *to-morrow* was some little way off, after all! How "distance lends enchantment to the view!" The further off the hour for beginning work was, the less objectionable it seemed. We all sat down to breakfast at a quarter past nine, and had got through it, or very nearly so, before any reference was made to the subject of my commencing my studies.

"How dark it has become," remarked

my father, looking out over the sea wherein but a short while before we had disported ourselves under a bright morning sun.

"I don't think it will be more than a shower, sir," remarked Bertram, whose meteorological calculations were generally correct.

"If it is going to be a wet morning," observed my sister, "it will be a fine opportunity for commencing the German, won't it, Frank?"

"If it *is* really going to be wet," answered I rather gloomily. The pinch had arrived, you see, and I did not appreciate it.

"If you were to confine your studies to wet days only, Frank, dear," remarked my mother, "I am afraid the German would not get on at a very telling pace."

"Oh! it'll get on fast enough," said I, rising and walking towards the window, bent upon surveying the state of the weather more closely, and longing to see the sun burst forth in glorious brilliancy, and by so doing induce the paterfamilias to propose some distant trip for the day.

"You're a lazy dog, I'm afraid," said my father laughingly. "Any excuse to get out of a little extra work. Isn't that it, Frank?"

I coloured up and muttered something about being as fond of work as most fellows of my age; then left the room with the old evil temper rising in my breast.

"A plague upon the German," thought I, as I made my way upstairs, and passing by my sister's room saw a lexicon of that language, and other books of the same, lying upon her table. She evidently had been looking them over, that morning, for my special benefit.

"What a glorious thing it would be to burn the whole lot, hang them," muttered I to myself, taking the grammar up and peering into it for a moment, then throwing it down with a bang. Knowing that to accomplish my incendiary inclination was quite out of the question, I passed on to my own room. On my way back I found my sister standing at her door with the

German lexicon and the other books in her hand.

"Shall we begin, Frank, dear?" she said. "It is raining still, and if we only have an hour's study, it will give us a start. We shall be taking time by the forelock!"

"Are you sure,"—I answered evasively, my face changing from a pleasant to a decidedly unpleasant expression—"Are you sure that we are not all going somewhere for the day? Bertram said it would only be a shower, and he is always correct about the weather."

"Oh! we are not going anywhere, I know. Papa said so after you had left the room. He said that most likely we shall go somewhere, to-morrow; but that it would be better to abandon all idea of attempting to go far away from home on an uncertain day of this kind."

"People always think they are going to be drowned if there are half a dozen drops of rain," I said sneeringly.

"You don't care about beginning your German, then, to-day?" she questioned, leaving my sneer unanswered.

"Of course," I answered, shamed for the moment by her gentle manner of reproof, "I shall be glad to begin; but I—I—only thought that we might have been going to have a jolly day, somewhere, which this beastly rain—" (great emphasis on the "beastly," affording me considerable relief and satisfaction) "has knocked on the head."

"Very well, then," she answered, "I will be down-stairs in a minute or so, and we will commence."

"All right," answered I as agreeably as I could, though feeling remarkably *disagreeable*. So off I went down-stairs, inwardly growling at the weather and the German as the greatest nuisances under the sun.

True to her word, my sister followed me speedily; and in a very short space of time we were alone together in the dining-room, sitting "cheek by jowl," poring over the German Grammar.

"I've got a beastly headache," grumbled I ("beastly" was a favourite expression of

mine) after we had been at it about a quarter of a hour, in which period of *time* I had not become by any means reconciled to my fate.

"Oh! you'll soon work that off," she said, gently smoothing the wandering locks of my dusky brown hair from off my frowning forehead. "Let us repeat the alphabet once more without one single mistake in pronunciation, if possible. It ought to be done correctly by this time, ought not it?"

"I shall be remarkably surprised if it is," responded I, satirically.

"But you must make up your mind ~~that~~ it *shall* be," she answered.

"It's all very well," replied I, sharply, "to talk about 'shall be' when a fellow's head is splitting."

"Oh! you'll forget all about that, if you make up your mind to concentrate all your attention upon what you are studying."

"It's all Bertram's fault," cried I, *fairly* working myself up into a fury. "He would have me plunge headlong into the water, this morning, whether I wished it or not."

"My dear Frank, at breakfast time ~~you~~ were praising him for insisting upon ~~your~~ doing so; and you professed such delight at having made such good progress."

"That has nothing to do with it," I cried, perversely. "I say distinctly that he ~~has~~ caused my headache. You need not be so anxious to make *me* out in the wrong, as you always seem to be."

"Really, Frank, do not be so unreason-able. Come, let us pay attention to ~~our~~ work and drop other subjects for ~~the~~ present."

"It's disgusting, simply disgusting, to be reminded of every word that falls from ~~one's~~ lips, as a set-off against facts and ~~one's~~ present opinions," said I, unheeding her last remarks.

"You are out of temper, Frank, about something. Let us work, there is a good fellow. We are only wasting time, as it ~~is~~."

"Certainly wasting time, studying ~~this~~ gibberish," replied I.

She closed the grammar quite *quietly*, and rose from her seat.

"We will leave the German to some other time," she said calmly. "You are not in a fit condition to study anything now."

"No fellow can study with a headache," I replied.

"It is not your headache that prevents you, Frank," she answered sadly, standing by the door with her hand upon it, prepared to leave the room. "You are in a disagreeable temper because is is wet, and you wished to go out for a day's pleasure."

"Oh! of *course* you know what is the matter with me better than I do. My head does *not* ache, of *course*!"

I did not look at her directly as I said this. I *could* not have looked her honestly in the face at such a time; but I stole a covert glance at her through the glass over the mantelpiece, as I turned my back upon her and moved towards the fire-place.

I shall never forget the pained look that saddened her naturally beautiful expression when I uttered my cruel sneer.

"I only wished to teach you for your own sake, Frank. I only encouraged the idea out of sincere love for you, and out of my fervent desire to aid you in your studies."

She came forward into the room a little way, as if bent upon coming up to me; but my averted glance and the sullen expression of my face evidently arrested her progress for the moment.

"I am sure," she resumed, "that it would make papa and mamma so happy if you would work at this German; and you know how unhappy it would render them if they knew you lost your temper in this way when we are all so anxious to do that which will benefit you."

"That's right," cried I, without looking at her, but speaking as sneeringly as I could. "That's right. Drag 'papa and mamma' into it now, and preach a long sermon."

"Oh! Frank," she exclaimed, coming quickly towards me, and trying to put her hands upon my shoulders; "don't be so unjust and cruel; it is wicked of you."

Her kind voice was broken with emotion; her kind eyes filled with tears.

But, conscious of my cruelty and injustice, and too obdurate, too cowardly, to own to either, I sank deeper still into the quagmire of evil.

"Oh! don't fool me about," I cried, almost pushing her away from me. "I'm sick of your humbug."

She turned from me, putting her hands up to her face. She turned from me and moved silently towards the door. I could not see her face; I could not hear her sob; but I *felt* that she was crying.

There was a moment's silence. I stood looking out of the window, trying to show my presumptuous indifference by whistling; but my lips were very dry, and the effort proved a signal failure.

She stopped once again when she reached the door. Then she spoke very softly, but her words were as distinct and as audible as possible.

"Don't let us part like this, Frank. Let us part lovingly, though the separation be but for a minute. *Let the last word always be a kind one, for we never know if that parting word may not be the last for ever!*"

As she concluded, I knew she was once more coming towards me. I heard the rustle of her dress. Without turning to look at her, I said, brutally, "*Bosh!*"

I heard her burst into tears and hurriedly quit the room.

Left alone in my majestic indifference to the feelings of my sister, and vainly trying to inwardly excuse myself for my brutality on the untenable ground that it was a wise and a proper thing for a *man*! to assert his authority over those of the weaker sex, I became more and more miserable and ashamed each moment. I knew it was my duty to follow her *instantly*, and humbly beg her pardon, but I had not the moral courage to do it. Like all bullies, I was a coward. A few minutes later on, Bertram Hayward entered the room. He looked slightly flushed and angry. I had never seen him look so angry before.

"Have you been studying German?" he

said sharply, taking up one of the books, and seeming, as I divined truly, to take in pretty nearly all that had transpired as clearly as though he had been an eye-witness of the whole scene.

"Ida and I were thinking about it," I stammered.

He looked at me as if he read my very soul.

"Five minutes ago I met your sister going down to the beach, and I saw that she had been crying. She could not deny that she *had* been doing so."

"Well?" said I, trying hard to brazen it out.

"I asked her the reason, and she said that she was 'rather unhappy,' but that she was 'going to swim it off.' I questioned her still farther; and reluctantly, very reluctantly, she told me you had made her 'a little bit miserable' about the German lessons."

"Indeed?" said I.

"Any other girl," he went on hotly, "would have put you into your father's hands for such ingratitude and cowardice. Ay! cowardice! For she wouldn't have cried if you hadn't bullied her, I'll warrant. And to make her unhappy by the exercise of your evil temper *is* bullying, and bullying of the meanest order. Perhaps it won't matter to you much, Frank, but, until you beg her pardon, I shall not regard you as my friend any more."

"All right!" I answered loftily, "you can please yourself on that head."

"Thank you!" he replied, and he left the room.

"Welcome!" cried I after him.

Another cruelly spoken "last word" to another loved one, in less than ten minutes. My evil spirit was running rampant on this July morning. The sun was shining brilliantly again by this time, so I determined to take a solitary walk and think matters over. My head was really aching severely now: the combined results of temper and shame. It may seem, to some, almost absurd of me to write of having suffered shame at that period, but it is

nevertheless true. Never in my wretched and degrading submission to my evil temper did I lose the consciousness of my injustice to those on whom I vented it. I was not so utterly hardened as all that, thank Heaven! wicked as I was. Surely there are those who have felt what I have described as my own feelings?

It is now necessary for me to mention another accomplishment of my sister's: not a mental accomplishment, but a physical one. A physical accomplishment that it would be well for every girl as well as every boy, every woman as well as every man, to make themselves masters of,—namely, SWIMMING!

She was an excellent swimmer! Thousands of people watched her with envy and admiration while she struck boldly and gracefully out to sea, leaving others of her sex clinging helplessly to a few feet of rope attached to their respective bathing-machines, and bobbing up and down in the most childish and inane manner, as if they were snatching a moment's healthy recreation at a terrible risk of losing their lives.

The morning having been wet, and the clouds, in spite of the sunshine, not having entirely cleared off, the beach was comparatively deserted. It is amusing to see droves of people flying homewards when a shower, however slight, takes place; and equally amusing to notice how totally unobservant they are of the sky when it plainly indicates that it is *but* a slight and passing shower.

As I strolled along the beach, I observed Bertram Hayward seated on the pebbles reading. I purposely avoided him, taking a circuitous route to the rear of where he was reclining and making my way eastwards in the direction of the Little Orme's Head. Looking seawards, I beheld my sister, swimming a long way out. I had never noticed her venture so far from the shore before, and I was naturally interested in observing *how* far she would go.

The tide was ebbing, and the thought entered my mind that she would experience considerable difficulty in making her way

against it as she returned. The reflection, however, did not give me actual uneasiness; for I concluded that she knew better than I what she was about. Nevertheless, I continued to watch her, and threw myself on the pebbles about a hundred and fifty yards from where Bertram Hayward lay reading. I noticed, however, that ever and anon, he raised his head, and appeared to be watching my sister's progress.

At length she turned from the outward course she had been pursuing, and commenced her homeward swim. The wind was so light that it did not ruffle the surface of the sea, but what there was of it came from over the waters, rendering the air cool and refreshing. My whole attention was now concentrated on my sister's homeward progress against the tide. I at once observed that she made but little headway against the outward current, and that she was exercising all her strength to accomplish the little she did. An elderly lady and gentleman halted on the beach close to where I was lying. I heard the old gentleman say—

"Upon my life, dear, she is in imminent danger. *She can never get back against the tide!*"

"Oh! yes she can, sir," I said with a desperate kind of fear in my voice, and a horrible feeling of terror in my heart. "She's a splendid swimmer, I assure you."

"I know that," said the old gentleman. "We have watched her often, have not we, my dear?" turning to his wife. "But a strong man cannot swim against a swift tide; and the water, too, is doubly cold after rain. I'm an old hand at swimming, young sir, and until I fell lame, could hold my own against most people."

"You don't think she is in any danger, sir?" I cried, in genuine anguish of mind.

"*Certainly* I do," replied the old gentleman, emphatically. "Why, see how little progress she is making! And should the tide prove too strong for her, she will be carried right out to sea; and the water being so cold, the probability is she will be seized

with cramp, and go down before a boat can reach her."

"Oh! don't say that," I implored, the tears rushing to my eyes, "she is my sister!"

Whether the old gentleman heard what I said or not I could not tell, for at that moment he gave a cry of mingled pity and distress.

"Heaven help her!" he exclaimed wildly, "*she is drowning!*"

As he spoke I saw her arm uplifted as if signalling for aid, and I heard her cry for succour come faintly from over the waters of the sea. With a piercing scream for help, I turned to look for Bertram Hayward. I involuntarily flew for aid and comfort to the friend whom I had treated so cruelly. And where was he in this terrible moment of distress? The question was answered by one glance. His book was thrown upon the shingle, and as her arm waved wildly for the help I could not accord her, he threw his coat off and rushed into the water. Into the ebbing tide he sprang, and struck out strongly, boldly, swiftly, to the rescue of the sister whom I had wronged!

Who could forget it? Who could ever forget the wild terror; the overwhelming, maddening remorse of that terrible hour? All the cruel words, all the ingratitude, all the brutality that I had shown both to *her* and to *him*, came upon me like the burden of a hideous crime! If she should never return! If her voice should never gladden me again! If her lips should never be able to breathe to me one word of pardon! If she might never live to know how dearly I loved her in my heart of hearts! If her ears should be for ever closed to the voice of my repentant sorrow, and her gentle heart be silenced for ever when I looked upon her placid face once more! Oh! for the old time over again; for the chance to mend the irretrievable past. Oh! for the privilege of recalling *even the last hour* of my life. Back upon my heart, driving it to distraction with the remorse it now engendered, came her last, loving,

tender appeal :—"Don't let us part like this, Frank. Let us part lovingly, though the separation be but for a minute. *Let the last word always be a kind one, for we never know if that parting word may not be the last for ever!*"

What would not I *now* have given to know my "last word" had been to her as she wished? What did I *now* feel in remembering that it was a cruelly, brutally spoken word?

The tide moaning on the beach seemed to whisper reproachfully, "Fool, fool—too late! too late!"

Onward through the placid sea, his speed accelerated by the ebbing tide, swam the noble, brave-hearted friend whom I had wounded with my bitter tongue!

Onward he made his "liquid way" towards the motionless form that floated on the bosom of the waters, carried by the fast receding current out to sea.

Loiterers on the beach had been attracted by the exciting scene, and the news had spread rapidly of what was transpiring. After some delay a boat was manned and "put off" to rescue, if possible, my sister and her brave would-be preserver.

The rapidly receding tide and the rising waves—for a breeze had sprung up suddenly ruffling the face of the waters—soon carried Bertram Hayward and Ida so far out to sea that it was with difficulty that we who watched from the shore could discern them.

The excitement became intense! I remember seeing my father get into a boat, soon after the first one had been dispatched. I remember his forbidding my weeping brother or myself accompanying him.

I remember my dear mother standing on the shore, white as the white-crested waves that broke upon the sands. I remember crying out to Heaven for mercy and for forgiveness for what I had done.

I knew if it had not been for me that she would not have bathed on this day.

But enough! I have told you of my wrong-doing and of my suffering. There remains but the climax to relate. When at last the first boat that went to the rescue returned, it brought my sister and her preserver back to those who awaited their coming with such terrible doubts and fears. It brought them back safely! thank Heaven, safely!!

Bertram Hayward had saved my sister's life!

From that hour I have never ceased to be grateful for the lesson taught me by that all-exciting episode. I have never forgotten the gentle appeal, which I, in my obdurate cruelty and heartless temper, dared to scoff at; the appeal in which my sister bid me *let the last word always be a kind word!*

Since that time I have ever striven to fulfil her all-wise and all-beautiful advice. I have ever striven to let my last word, and *all* words,—for we never know which may not be the last—be kind ones. Never since have I rejected a generously proffered lesson; never have I forgotten how, by ignorantly and cruelly abusing the opportunity of taking such a lesson, I nearly caused a catastrophe, which a merciful Providence, on my behalf, converted into "A LESSON FOR LIFE!"



ASCENTS AND ADVENTURES;

A RECORD OF

HARDY MOUNTAINEERING IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

By HENRY FRITH.

Author of "The Adventures of an Engine Driver," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME REMARKS ON AVALANCHES, AND ACCIDENTS CAUSED BY THEM.



HOSE who have never seen an avalanche, can have little or no conception of the tremendous power and volume of these snow-falls. There are some places in the Alps where the traveller may go and wait to see an avalanche fall, and the timid tourist will probably be disappointed at the very small result for his money. The *sight* is not imposing, but when he hears the tremendous roar that follows the powder-like sprinkling of snow, a roar rivalling the loudest thunder echoing from cliff to cliff, he will

begin to appreciate the magnificence of the spectacle, and wish for a nearer view. To the Jungfrau let him betake himself, and under certain circumstances he will observe with surprise the grandeur of these splendid avalanches. But let him not endeavour to get near their track, for the apparently insignificant cascade consists of hundreds of tons of ice, which would tear down whole forests, as one did last Spring, falling into the valley of Lauterbrunnen. Numerous lives were lost in the spring of 1879, on the Simplon and St. Gotthard passes by falling avalanches.

One of the most extraordinary occurrences

connected with the fall of a snow avalanche happened in the year 1749, in the canton of Grisons. On the road between Andermatt and Dissentis is a small village called Rueras, which may be translated "Ruins," and not without reason. It is situated in a basin-like valley, and exposed to the fall of avalanches from the overhanging mountains.

There was no indication of a fall—and the inhabitants of the village apprehended no danger. They retired early as usual, and nothing disturbed their rest during the night. But alas! many of them never woke again! Their foe was slowly but surely advancing without any warning, the treacherous avalanche swept silently down upon the devoted village and covered up a number of houses.

At their accustomed hour the people woke and could not comprehend the long-continued darkness. After a while the terrible truth dawned upon them they were overwhelmed. Efforts were made to break through the soft and deadly shroud of snow, but in most cases without success. The supply of air was exhausted, and when the workers outside succeeded in piercing the snow-drift, only forty out of the hundred people who had been engulfed were saved. They had been carried a long distance in that gentle but terrible grip of the gently moving snow.

It is to obviate such disasters that such large forests or woods are cultivated on the slopes of the mountains in Switzerland, particularly above a village; but even this

precaution is at times unavailing, and the impetuous snow avalanche carries all before it.

In Summer, after rain, the accumulations of snow are very likely to slide from the icy slopes of the mountains, and some very sad accidents involving loss of life have resulted. Professor Tyndall was once carried down in an avalanche, and other members of the Alpine Club can record similar experiences, and fortunately they have been spared to relate them. Other most remarkable escapes are recounted, such as the fall of an

avalanche from the Dent de Jaman which amongst other playful tricks carried away the whole of the upper portion of a *cabaret* or drinking-house, leaving the lower part which was filled with men quite unharmed. Another avalanche in 1836 carried away a house, in which a number of children were. The parents gave chase, and had the satisfaction to find their little ones all alive and (probably) "kicking," as the phrase goes. A still more remarkable case occurred, this time in the Grisons also, when a woman was buried in the ruins of a house



for eight days, and at length was recovered alive! How she managed to breathe we are not told, but the house was probably open to the air by some chimney, and so she was enabled to subsist until assistance arrived.

Sometimes a sudden fall of rain may cause disaster, as the following account proves; and if the Alps are—and they assuredly are—very pleasant to travel among, there are certain dangers to residents which cannot be under-estimated. The incident mentioned below occurred in August 1879, and was reported in some of the newspapers. There are many other instances of calamities caused by water, but this one will serve as an illustration:

"A great misfortune befell the Pays de Gex and the country between Nyon and the Jura. About six o'clock in the evening,

after a day of intense heat, an enormous thunder-cloud burst over the valley. In less than five minutes the villages of Crassy, Borrex, and Arnex were literally overwhelmed; the roads were converted into rivers; the Boiron, in ordinary times little more than a brook, became a raging torrent and swept over the great mills of Arnex on its way towards the lake. The utmost difficulty was experienced in saving the horses and cattle, and peasants and agriculturists have suffered grievous losses. At Divonne, which is situated in French territory, the effects of the flood seem to have been even more disastrous. The Divonne, a tranquil stream of crystal water which here springs fullgrown from the earth, overflowed its banks, spread over the adjacent country, and rushed madly towards the lake, carrying with it trees, crops, and cattle,

strewing the meadows with mud and stones, flooding buildings, and destroying all the bridges in its course. The water rose in the houses to a height of 7 ft., the inmates had to escape by the windows and take refuge in upper stories, and a daughter of a former mayor of Divonne, Mdlle Roland, was drowned in the street. The damage done by the flood in Divonne alone is estimated at 100,000 fr. There were nearly 300 visitors and patients at the baths at the time, English and others, whose consternation may be imagined; but, beyond the fright, none of them, happily, took any harm. It is said that the pipes and machinery of the baths are not much the worse, and, as immediate and energetic steps were at once taken to put them to rights, the seekers after health who resort thither at this time of the year in such great numbers will be able to resume their interrupted 'cures' in the course of a day or two; but the 15th of August will long be remembered in the Pays de Gex as a day of dire calamity."

Sometimes in the spring a noise, such as a loud shout, or the report of a pistol will suffice to bring down an avalanche. The latter plan is frequently adopted by travellers in dangerous places, where otherwise the mere reverberation of their footsteps would bring down the snow. But the inhabitants from experience can generally tell when an avalanche is likely to fall in a certain spot.

While on this subject we may mention another danger to which the inhabitants of the Alpine valleys are liable, viz., the earth avalanche or landslip as we might term it. There have been many appalling accidents, the principal of which was that which destroyed Goldau on the 2nd of September, 1806. An eye-witness thus describes it.

"Some crevasses had been observed to open in the side of the Rossberg, and from the interior of the mountain a dull rumbling sound was given forth. Now and then huge stones were precipitated into the valley, and about mid-day an enormous block fell and carried with it a cloud of black dust. The earth appeared to move. One man noticed

a large hole opening in his garden and at once fled. Larger and larger became the crevasse. The various rivulets all ceased to run at the same moment. The birds flew hither and thither uttering frightened cries, and at length just before 5 p.m. the whole mountain began to slide downwards, but so slowly that the inhabitants were able to escape from Goldau. The whole side of the Rossberg fell. Four villages were buried; four hundred and fifty-seven people, and two hundred and twenty-five head of cattle besides churches, houses and stabling, etc., were engulfed." Nothing of Goldau was left except the church clock which was carried more than a mile distant.

The safety of time-pieces is rather curious. Two accidents which I will now proceed to recount bear a curious similarity in this respect, and are worth recording because of the intense dramatic interest attaching to at least one of them.

In speaking of Mont Blanc we mentioned the accident which befell Doctor Hamel, and referred to the fall of the avalanche upon the Haut de Cry, which we now will proceed to describe. It has been quoted more than once in books of Alpine literature but will bear repetition. Mr. Philip Gossett was the hero and the narrator of the incident, which we abbreviate from the accounts we have read, and from memory.

The Haut de Cry is a mountain (known also as the Pic d'Ardon) rising about 9000 feet above the Valley of the Rhone between Martigny and Sierre.

The party, of six, we believe, started up by one of the *arêtes*, and to gain the summit they had to cross an immense snow-field which spread considerably as it descended. The head-guide, Bennen, was on the whole averse to this passage; but, reassured by the local guides, the party proceeded in safety about two-thirds of the way across the snow. Here the leading files sank deeply into the white surface, and being unable to lift their feet above it, they ploughed through the snow. Bennen was rather afraid of an avalanche, which on a rather

steep slope and soft snow was not altogether improbable !

But at any rate they proceeded, and, finding the snow somewhat harder continued to cross ; but some of the party sank again into the snow, and the others marched through the furrows holding their arms up for fear of starting the avalanche.

Suddenly a "deep cutting sound" was heard. The snow divided above the party, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the guide's tremulous and despairing cry—

"We are all lost !"

Those words were the last the poor man ever spoke. For a few seconds there was no movement ; Bennen turned round and began to swim as it were upon the snow. Mr. Gossett and the others endeavoured to support themselves with their alpenstocks, but to no purpose. The snow began to move, and soon covered them up to the neck, and then they were carried downwards.

The pace of the avalanche increased. Mr. Gossett describes himself as being on a wave of snow. The head of the avalanche was preceded by a thick misty cloud of dust (snow), and the hissing, like the sound of escaping steam, was heard in all directions.

It must have been a terrible moment ! carried onward without hope of rescue, and every moment threatened with death.

At length the motion became less rapid. The snow in front stopped, and the peculiar creaking sound, as when a cart is driven slowly over snow, was heard. The narrator held up both arms to protect his head, but the masses of snow following came on and nearly crushed the breath out of his body. He was quickly covered up, and then the snow congealed from pressure, and Mr. Gossett was frozen in beneath the snow, his arms still above his head.

It was fortunate that he had presence of mind to assume that position, for it was the means of saving his life. Involuntarily he endeavoured to move his arms, but found that only his hands were free. By tremen-

dous exertions he managed to clear away a little snow, but would speedily have been exhausted had he not thought of *breathing up* at the thin crust above him.

The warm breath from the lungs thawed the thin film of snow, and the air rushed in, not a moment too soon ! The sky was visible through the tiny hole, but whether any assistance would or could be rendered was now a very serious question.

It is all very well to read about ; but to the traveller, nearly buried in snow with only a tiny pin-hole to breathe through, and with the uncertainty of release, and the probability of another avalanche falling to complete the terrible disaster, it must have been a time of intense mental and bodily suffering.

The death-like silence must have been appalling. Mr. Gossett could only just join his fingers above his head, but even then he could not touch the upper layer of snow.

After some moments of the most terrible suspense he heard a shout. He replied as well as he could. Fortunately his hands were noticed, and a local guide, who had escaped, came and cleared the snow from Mr. Gossett's head.

Close by was a foot sticking out. It was motionless. It was his friend's foot, but he must have been suffocated. The guide helped another who was lying nearly covered over, and those two helped a third to come to the surface.

Bennen, the head guide, was buried many feet deep. It was useless to try to do more, and so, nearly frozen and almost incapable of exertion, the survivors descended on the snow which had so nearly proved their sepulchre, and reached Ardon in about five hours.

The distance they were carried down was about nineteen hundred feet. The two who were tied to the rope perished, and the rope probably caught upon some projecting rock when the men were carried down, and held them fast.

Bennen's body was found three days after, buried eight feet deep. His watch

had been torn off, but was found some months after by a shepherd. The watch went well when wound up.

The second accident, and a similar one, occurred to Professor Tyndall, and is related at length in his "Hours of Exercise in the Alps."

He and some friends ascended the Piz Morteratsch, near Pontresina in the Engadine. They determined to descend by the Morteratsch Glacier. The members of the party were all tied together, and they descended carefully along the ice-slope till they reached the snow. The guide strongly recommended caution, for he added, "A false step might produce an avalanche."

Scarcely had he spoken, when Professor Tyndall says he heard a fall and in a moment his friends and their guide whizzed past him. He did all in his power to stop them but could not resist the impetus, and so they were all carried down on the back of the avalanche together.

The manner in which they were tossed in and out of crevasses, up into the air and pitched violently upon the still moving snow, may be read in detail in the professor's book. The brave guide even plunged into a crevasse in order to check the downward progress of the party, but his efforts were of no use. Though a heavy man he was jerked out of the chasm like a ball, and nearly squeezed to death by the pressure of the rope. As they descended Professor Tyndall and the others noticed that the slope became for a short distance less steep, and that if the effort to stop were continued it might now be successful. So all tried to pull up, but the avalanche passed the slight slope and began to fall faster down the steeper one which succeeded.

Fortunately the strain upon the rope was greater than the momentum of the snow just then. The party managed to halt, the snow fell over the chasm, and thus they were free and safe, uninjured also, with the exception of a few skin cuts. Professor Tyndall lost his watch.

Fourteen days after he was again at Pontresina, and ascended to the glacier in

search of his watch shortly after his arrival. It was found: of course it was not going, but, when wound up, went as well as ever, although it had been eighteen days in the snow after its fall.

These accidents show that even the most expert climbers may meet with disaster. It was, humanly speaking, in both cases presence of mind that saved them and their companions: so far as mortal efforts could succeed they were successful. But had such an accident happened to any person unaccustomed to the mountains the consequences would have been much more serious, and probably the whole of the party would have perished. As it was, in the last case quoted, the guide was to blame for taking to the ice-slope so late in the day, but the experienced mountaineers followed, though they remonstrated. What any experienced climbers would have said if "amateurs" had followed a guide under these circumstances we know not. But we may safely conclude that no amateur would have been found in such a position.

It requires steady heads and firm limbs to venture upon precipitous ice or snow-slopes, and the courage of Professor Tyndall and his friends cannot be too highly praised.

The peculiar dangers of an Alpine storm and the risks travellers run were exemplified on the Aletsch Glacier in the beginning of last August as related by a writer to the *Times*.

It seems that a member of the Swiss Alpine Club left the Bell Alp Hotel at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 6th, with two guides, to ascend the Aletschhorn, and cross the peak to the Eggischhorn Hotel. The guides suggested, when three-quarters of the ascent had been made, that the threatening weather made the attempt risky; but the traveller wishing to continue, the return was not pressed. At noon, when on the arête, about a quarter of an hour from the summit, a terrific storm broke upon them, and for some time they were obliged to remain stationary, clinging to the rocks, while a complete tornado blew over them—wind, hail, and lightning combining to

increase the danger of their position. Eventually they succeeded in gaining the summit (since the descent on the Eggischhorn side was, in the circumstances, the



A Peep at the Pic!

easiest), and had proceeded about twenty minutes down on the other side when the storm broke on them again with renewed violence, the loose, whirling snow blinding them with its fury, and the raging of the elements rendering it impossible for them to pursue their way. In this critical state of things they hit upon a crevasse in the

nêvé, which had a lip, or bank, on one side about 3ft. high. Under this they crouched, covering themselves as well as they could with a plaid, and in this perilous position they remained from 2 P. M. until 6 A. M. the following day, at a height of about 13,000ft. above the sea. Thick clouds enveloped the mountains during the whole of this time, and the strength of the gale rendered struggle against it hopeless. Their provisions and stimulants were spent, and they had given themselves up for lost, when happily the storm abated, and they were able to make their way down to the Eggischhorn Hotel, which they reached at 12. 30 (noon) on the 7th—after 35½ hours of exposure.

The guides suffered somewhat severely from the exposure and the effects of the night in the snow, more so than the traveller to whom they had given their loose warm clothing.

CHAPTER X.

A PAGE OF HISTORY.

OUR available space will not permit us to dwell longer upon the records of actual mountaineering in the Alps, although there is still a large field from which to pick and choose our specimens of adventure. The Jungfrau, the Shreckhorn, the Finsteraarhorn, and numerous other "peaks, passes, and glaciers," more or less known, remain to be spoken of; but we have other worlds to explore, and the remote regions of the earth to visit, ere we bring our long list to an end.

Nevertheless, we think we should not be doing justice to the spirit of the Alps did we not pause a while to look back upon that ever memorable struggle which took place in the very heart of the Alpine regions eighty years ago, when fighting, not climbing, was the moving principle in men's hearts. In those grand solitudes, where now the light tread of the chamois hunter, or the firm step of the Alpine clubman is most usually heard; and in other places

where the lumbering diligence and the tourist-filled conveyance toil slowly up the road, blood ran in torrents, and the rocks echoed to the cries of human passion and the roar of musketry.

It was in the Canton of Uri, however, that the most sanguinary scenes were enacted. French, Austrians, and Russians, marching and countermarching over rocks and snow, winding about, as a German writer remarks, "like caterpillars," over the heights. About the St. Gotthard and the Furca, the Austrians and French disputed the ground. The "Lake of the Dead" on the Grimsel still bears silent witness to the horrors of the campaign.

But the campaign in August, 1799, in which the veteran Suwarrow took a prominent part, is most worth mention for the pluck and endurance displayed. We have now no holiday-climbing to deal with. Every step had to be won at the point of the bayonet. Frost, snow, and tempest showered destruction upon the contending armies.

At the head of twenty thousand men, the grim Suwarrow advanced up the St. Gotthard Pass from Lombardy. He was met by the French near Andermatt, and a terrible battle ensued. On the narrow bridge—not inaptly named "The Devil's Bridge"—the strain of the conflict was most felt. The Austrians held it against the French, but when the latter, coming boldly on, were about to carry it, it was partially blown up. Nevertheless, the brave Frenchmen kept their opponents at bay. Though mown down on all sides, they stood firm, till the Russians, under Suwarrow, came pouring on, and, by means of planks, which they bound together with their scarves, they made a passage and drove the enemy before them.

The scene must have been awful. The deep snow stained with the blood of the combatants, the river running red from the same dreadful source, hundreds of bodies swept into the abyss and over all the massive crags of the St. Gotthard mountains, must have been a sight almost unprecedented in history.

Driven down to Lucerne by the victorious Russians, the French occupied a strong position on the Lake and destroyed the boats. Suwarrow was in a trap, but his courage did not fail him. His only way of

escape was by the Kinzigkulen, through the Musttathal, over the Prigel, and so by the Canton of the Grisons to the Valley of the Rhine. Such a feat is without parallel.

Twenty thousand men were bidden to



The Devil's Bridge: St. Gotthard.

ascend the mountain-path—enemies guarding all the roads and thundering in the rear. There was but one chance—Forwards! For ten days the Russians marched, alternately fighting the enemy and endeavouring to escape the avalanches which threatened to sweep them to destruction. Occasionally, the roar of firearms would be

drowned in the roar and hiss of the stones and snow, and the unhappy soldiers and their baggage be swept from the cliffs, the fall of one file being the death-signal for a company on that icy slope.

At length the pass was surmounted and hope seemed to hold out success. But it was not to be. The enemy hemmed him

in, and then Suwarrow turned aside across the trackless mountains to find his way to the Rhine through the Grisons.

How he ever succeeded is a wonder. Everything was against him. The snow did its worst, frost benumbed his troops, ice gave them no footing. Day after day, whole companies perished in the crevasses or lay down to rest, never to rise again. But still the iron Suwarrow pressed on; and after another five days' terrible suffering and a loss of (some say) eight thousand men from cold and accidents, the remnant reached the Valley of the Rhine. The entire passage was long distinguishable by the clouds of vultures which hovered, feasting, over the line of march.

So if the Alps have their romances, they have also their terrible realities to be met with. The mountain is a playground, no doubt, but as when playing with matches near a barrel of gunpowder: care and caution are required to deal with it.

As we have said above, we have not by any means exhausted the possible record of Alpine mountaineering, but here our narrative of it must cease. We have other countries to visit, other mountains to ascend, and other adventures to relate. There are few more interesting records than those of Alpine ascents, because the Alps are so well known and appreciated by Englishmen. Our happiest hours have been spent amongst the Alps, and in the valleys at their feet; and it is with some regret that we are obliged to bid them farewell.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PYRENEES.—AN ADVENTURE.

WE have now turned our backs upon the Alps, and crossing part of Europe, we will descend upon the ancient and still thriving city of Bordeaux, or Burdigala, as it was termed by the Romans.

Bordeaux, as we know or ought to know, is situated on the Garonne, and is celebrated for claret, liqueurs, dried fruits, &c.,

for all of which we do not just now care one penny, our only object in coming here at all being a desire to get to the Pyrenees.

Indeed, were it not for our being so possessed with a climbing spirit, we could linger, and not unprofitably, in old Bordeaux. For nearly three hundred years it belonged to England (1152-1453), and we fancy we could disinter a few stirring memories from the dust of ages lying upon the chronicles. But we forbear, we are in a hurry, so we will merely pass through, and after a while emerge upon a curious district known as the *Landes*.

"*Les Landes*," as may perhaps be anticipated by the irreverent punster, suffer from want of water, that is, good water, and the stilted appearance of the shepherds, give a very odd feature to the landscape.

This is no exaggeration. The country is very flat and marshy, planted thickly at intervals with pine trees, and when there is a mist on the ground and above it, the effect is curious.

On these sandy and marshy plains the shepherd goes stalking upon his stilts, which he mounts from his stable roof or from his upper window early in the morning, and does not descend from his elevated position till evening. These stilts are fastened at the thighs, and so the legs are given greater freedom than if they were strapped at the knees. The long pole he carries enables the shepherd to steady himself, or to let himself down easily, or to assist himself upon his feet again.

The ground is certainly flat and unprofitable, yet the inhabitants manage to squeeze a living out of the spongy soil and from the resinous trees. At a little distance they look like storks, and one can almost fancy the Sultan and the

story had taken unto themselves alpenstocks or crooks, to steady their steps, and come to reside in *Les Landes*.

Apropos of stilts, we may mention that at Namur in Belgium there used to be a battle on stilts—a game. The town was divided into two sections, all in good humour, but we fancy that the knocks were

hard and that the sport was rough. However, the people of Namur were fond of games, and one hundred and sixty years ago the stilt fight was very popular. It was managed as follows:—The combatants, five or six hundred in number, divided into



In the Pyrenees.

two bands, regularly officered, and distinguished by the colours of their costumes, advanced upon each other in the public square, mounted on stilts four feet high. They were unarmed; but wrestling and kicking and thrusting with the stilt-leg—sometimes a dangerous weapon—were allowable. The battle began with the sound of martial music, and the armies were led with gay banners. Women followed their friends, brothers, and husbands to the fight, their mission being to encourage and cheer them

on by their presence, to support the falling, and to assist the wounded from the field.

These battles lasted an hour or two, or longer, the combatants often fighting with great spirit and determination. Marshal Saxe, who, in 1748, witnessed one of these encounters, said of it, "If two armies engaged showed as much valour as the youths of Namur, it would not be merely a battle, but a butchery."

Beyond Dax on the way to Pau and the Pyrenees, the traveller by this route will reach Orthez, a name savouring of the Peninsular War and the days of England's greatness. Here again, at Orthez, we would willingly stay and study the old castle, the stronghold of the Bearnais and of Gaston de Foix. We could tell of battles and sieges and all kinds of adventures in sport or war; the material is to hand in plenty, there is no want of that. But the romance of the middle ages is not a record of mountain adventure. Gaston "Phœbus," the cruel, was not a member of the Climbing Club; so we must pass his fortress by, with a reference to the chronicles of Froissart to those who are curious in these matters.

There is an amusing anecdote told with reference to our advance to Bordeaux during the Peninsular War, which I think will interest young readers. An officer (Sir John Waters) was detailed for a difficult duty by the Duke of Wellington, and this the officer undertook to do, and return at a certain time with the required information.

But, as may be imagined, the Duke was much distressed when he was informed that his brave and talented emissary had been taken prisoner almost immediately he had quitted the camp. The officer was disarmed, placed on a horse, and carried away. While under escort he was regarded only as a stupid Englishman; but, in reality, he understood both French and Spanish, and

listening intently while his captors discussed certain topics in the kitchen of the posado, he acquired the very information which he had left the English lines to obtain.

This was fortunate so far; but on the following morning he heard his escort discussing the advisability of robbing him and then shooting him at a certain mill, under the pretence that he had tried to escape. This was pleasant, but forewarned was forearmed, and he determined to baffle his enemies, and, in the words of the National Anthem, to "frustrate their knavish tricks." The dragoons who escorted him took the precaution to rob him before any other claimants appeared, and when they reached the mill, they at once entered the house, leaving the Englishman outside alone and free, in the hope that he would try to escape, and give them a chance to fire at him.

Sir John did not lose a moment, and scarcely were their backs turned, than he leaped from his horse, threw a cloak upon a brush and put his cocked hat above it. Some sacks lay on the floor, and some full ones lay across a horse close by. Sir John crept into a sack, and by some athletic feat managed to throw himself across the horse amongst the flour sacks.

The soldiers shortly afterwards came out, and seeing the cocked hat and military cloak, at once fired at them and rode away as fast as they could. The cloak was riddled, but Sir John was safe.

The miller came out and mounted his horse, and the sack slipped from the officer who sat up behind the miller. The latter turned, and seeing a white figure, fancied a ghost was riding pillion like "Black Care," and being properly frightened, a slight shove disposed of him, while the Britisher rode away, flour and all, to the camp, where he was congratulated on his return, if not upon his appearance.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL-DAYS AT KINGSCOURT.

A TALE OF 1803.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,

VICAR OF OLD SHOREHAM, SUSSEX.

Author of "Schoolboy Honour," "Wroxby College," &c. &c.

CHAPTER VII.



HE colonel looked wistfully after the boys as they left the room. "Three nice lads," he thought, "as ever I saw—particularly that young Wood. Arthur would have been not much short of his age if he had been spared me, and I fancy there is a likeness between them. How different this house would have seemed, if he had lived. I half fear I shall never be able to bear it, after all. I used to picture to myself how my boys would delight in the cricket-ground, and the fishing, and rowing, and

the shooting and hunting in the autumn! Better if I could have stayed in India. There, there would have been the mess-table, and the parade, and the business of the regiment, and the hog-hunting, and tiger-shooting, and all the rest of it. But then there was my promise to Sophy; and I had got wearied of the life, too, and felt at the time that I could endure it no longer. The weariness is not in the place, but in myself. I must bear my loneliness as I best can."

He leaned his head on his hand, and relapsed into melancholy reflections; from which he was roused at length by the entrance of his servant, an old soldier who had accompanied him home.

"I beg your pardon, colonel, but it is past dinner-time, and the vicar will be here immediately. I think that must be his ring at the door now."

Colonel Morley started, and glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. "You are right, Pritchard," he said; "I had no idea it was so late."

He hurried upstairs, and, after a hasty bachelor toilet, returned to the library to receive the parson of the parish,—an old college friend, whom he had induced his uncle to present to the living, some sixteen years previously, when he was at home on leave, just on the point of sailing, with his wife, for India.

The friends greeted one another warmly. It was upwards of fifteen years since they had met; and they looked wistfully into each other's face, as men who have parted at forty to meet again at fifty-five, must needs regard one another. The colonel's tall military figure, which had been upright as a dart when his friend caught the last glimpse of him, as he waved his hat to him from the deck of the transport, was now bent, and the iron-grey locks were almost white, while the smooth forehead was scored with innumerable lines, which seemed more the effects of sorrow than of age. The tears almost rose into Mr. Podgett's eyes as he caught the first sight of his old college ally.

The parson himself had stood the buffeting of years much more stoutly. He was a fair specimen of the clergyman of the days of the younger Pitt and Charles James Fox—a character, of whom it is the fashion in the present day, to speak nothing but

evil. Yet his faults should be charged rather on the state of society in which he lived, than on himself. It may be doubted whether he was not more in advance of the laity of his day, in respect both of morality and conscientious discharge of duty, than can be claimed for the parson of the present day. The church in which he preached Sunday after Sunday to a drowsy flock, was disfigured by galleries and pews and whitewash and curtains and all other Georgian abominations; the services were scanty and dull, and parish visiting comprised little more than gossip when folk were well, and broth and port wine when they were sick. But it should be remembered that he took his tone from the age in which he lived, as all men do, except a very few, in every generation. He did not season his conversation with oaths innumerable, like the fine gentleman of his day, nor was he carried to his bed after a drunken debauch, as it was considered the correct thing to do in those times.

Parson Podgett was, as we have said, an average specimen of a parson before the days of the Regency. He was respectable, kind-hearted, shrewd, and indolent. He would help anyone in need, to the extent of his purse, and give anyone sound advice who came to ask it; and if he appreciated rather too keenly the squire's venison and port wine, he would at least requite him by any good offices which it might be in his power to render.

The extinction of the race to which he belonged is certainly not a matter to be regretted. But there have been, and I dare add there still are, many worse parsons than the Reverend Narcissus Podgett.

Such, at least, was the opinion of the host, who not only welcomed his guest cordially, but seemed to recover his old cheerfulness of spirit as he and his friend sat down to table.

"Well, Podgett," he began, "how goes on the parish, and the old church, and the clerk, and all the rest of it? Not much change, I suppose, there, whatever there may have been elsewhere?"

"Not much, colonel," responded the parson. "We had the inside of the church whitewashed three years ago, and it looks quite handsome; and I took upon me to order Triggs to repair your pew, and renew the brass railings and curtains. They had got quite ragged, and the people in the next pew could see into yours in several places."

"Much obliged," said the colonel; "and the music gallery and the singers, old Watkins and his bass voice——?"

"Ah, poor old Watkins! He has been in his grave these twelve years," said Mr. Podgett; "but his son reigns—I should say, roars—in his stead."

"I trust they have given up that very peculiar mode they had of dividing the last verse of every stanza," said the host. "I will not answer for my gravity at fifty-five, any more than I could answer for it at fifteen, if it is still kept up. The falsetto notes in which Watkins was wont to sing—

'And catch a flee—
And catch a flee—
And catch a fleeting joy!'

or sometimes—

'He's my best bull—
He's my best bull—
He's my best bulwark 'gainst my foes!'

is still ringing in my ears! And Amos Scroggins, too; I suppose he has followed Farmer Watkins?"

"Not a bit of it," returned the vicar. "He's as stout as ever. I don't think his voice, at all events, has undergone the smallest change. You would be amused to hear of his doings. He lives now in a cottage just outside the vicarage, facing the common, and in front of his house there is a small garden fenced off by rails. The village boys insist on it that he had no right to enclose this garden, and are for ever tearing down the rails. He came to me about two months ago, and implored me to 'preach the boys down,' as he expressed it. 'If you tells 'em,' he said, 'what a awful sin it is to steal a man's property that way, they'll give it up, to be

sure.' Well, I agreed, and I preached a pretty strong sermon about picking and stealing. Old Amos was delighted, and put up a new batch of palings on the strength of it. I thought we had heard the last of it. But last Sunday poor Amos came into the vestry before service, looking more woe-begone than ever.

"What's the matter, Amos?" I inquired. I had forgotten all about his fence, and thought he had lost his cow, or something of that kind.

"It's these here boys again," said Amos. 'There's every stick of my fencing down again—every stick, your reverence.'

"Well, Amos," I said, 'I am afraid it's no use my preaching about it again.'

"No, sir," he replied, 'I'm afeard it ain't. But I tell you what, sir: I think we can *sing* 'em down. Owdacious as they are, they won't stand up against that!'

"Sing 'em down, Amos?" I answered. 'What can you mean?'

"Well, your reverence, I've added another verse to the psalm to-day, and the choir will sing it, if you've no objection.'

"Another verse!" I repeated; 'let me look at it, Amos.'

"He handed it to me, and here it is, in his own handwriting—"

'Oh, how the wicked do prevail,
Astonishing to be sure!
They've gone and pulled down every rail,
Which stood before my door!'

The colonel laughed heartily. "I hope you allowed him to sing it, Podgett," he said.

"Well, no, Morley; I'm afraid I could hardly have kept my countenance. But I have talked to Joel Scraggs, the parish constable, and I think Amos's fence will be safe for the future."

The dinner had now come to a conclusion, and the friends adjourned to the colonel's study, a snug room, which the squires of Broadleigh had, generation after generation, appropriated to their own personal use. It was a small though lofty apartment, with an embayed window, commanding a view of the lake, with its environ-

ing woods; which, on the present evening, were in the prime of their summer beauty.

The two friends seated themselves in chairs immediately in front of the window, and for a time neither seemed disposed for conversation. The host had grown sad again at the sight of the prospect out of doors; and the parson, who was dwelling with affectionate appreciation on the joys of the last, no less than of the present, hour, leaned back luxuriously in his easy chair, contemplating through his half-shut eyes the glowing tints of the sunset outside and of the decanters on the table.

At length Morley roused himself. "Podgett," he said, "there are some matters which I am anxious to talk over with you. In fact I have come down from London on purpose. I have been putting off the matter from day to day since my return to England; but I feel that I have been to blame for doing so. Painful as it is for me to handle the matter, I must make some disposition of this property without delay."

"You mean, I conclude," returned the vicar, "that you would not like that the estate should pass—as it would do on your demise, if you made no other disposition of it—to Julius Morley?"

"I do. I have made careful inquiries about him since my return to England; and I am satisfied that I should be doing society a positive injury if I allowed him to inherit Broadleigh."

"I have heard very little of him for many years past," said the parson, "but I must allow that what I have heard is not much to his credit. I am afraid he is little better than a gambler and a *roué*."

"He is worse than that, Podgett. I have known gamblers and *roués*, who at least were gentlemen. But Julius is none. He is bully and cheat, as well as libertine. To enrich him would be but to put into his hands the power of tenfold mischief. No shilling of my money, no acre of these lands, shall ever be his!"

"But can you prevent it, Morley?" asked the parson. "If you have no nearer heir than him, must he not inherit it?"

"No. Sophy's father, with her consent, cut off the entail, and she left me full powers to dispose of the property, as I thought best. She, too, had known Julius, and was as unwilling as myself that Broadleigh should pass to him, unless he did—what he will never do—reform his life. The estate is quite in my power."

"That is fortunate. And you have not yet made up your mind whom you will appoint your heir?"

"No, it is upon that subject that I am especially anxious to converse with you. You know I have no near relatives—not even a distant cousin of my own—"

"You forget your mother's nephew, Major Harlow."

"Ah, poor Mark. No. I do not forget him, but it would be useless naming him as my heir. He will never marry. His health has been utterly shattered, first by that wound, which never thoroughly healed, and afterwards by his campaign in India. In all likelihood he will not survive me. Well, Podgett, you can guess, I suppose, my reason for consulting you on this subject."

"You wish to know the issue of the inquiries you requested me to follow up, when you left England on the last occasion?"

"Yes. It is many years ago, and you have never told me anything. I know you too well, not to be sure that you have made every effort; and the simple fact of your having reported nothing to me is, of course, significant enough. I have never inquired; assured that either you had obtained no information at all, or information which it would be more painful to me to hear, than silence itself could be. But now it is different. I should not be justified in willing away my estates to any other person, until I was fully assured that neither my brother, nor his heirs, could be discovered. I must ask you, therefore, the question I have so long shrunk from—have you ever been able to learn anything as to his probable fate?"

The clergyman hesitated a moment

before replying. "Yes," he said at last, "I did learn something. You are right in assuming that I should have reported it to you, had it been of a character to afford you the slightest satisfaction. If it is not absolutely necessary for you to hear it, I should wish to withhold it even now."

"It is necessary, Podgett. My mind must be satisfied on this subject, before I can take any other step. Tell me, what have you learned?"

"I have learned enough to believe,—I may say to feel assured, that your brother has long been dead—that he was dead, in fact, at the time when you requested me to make the inquiries."

"Dead before you began to inquire! Why, that was but a very short time after he quitted England!"

"I do not believe he ever quitted England, Morley. You look astonished, but I will tell you exactly what I learned. For a long time I could get no information at all on the subject. The Bow Street runner, whom I employed to make inquiries, told me that he had gone to all the docks and wharfs in London, from which ships sailed about that time, had examined the lists of passengers, and questioned the men employed in loading. There was no such name as Atherley to be found in any list, nor did anyone remember to have heard the name addressed to any passenger—"

"He might not have taken his passage under his own name," observed Colonel Morley.

"True," said the parson. "Indeed, both the officer and myself were of opinion, that it was probable that he would employ an assumed name. And indeed at one time we fancied we had obtained a clue. At one of the wharfs at no great distance from London Bridge, a ship had sailed for Canada, early on the morning of the day following your encounter with Frank. There was a young couple on board, whose appearance corresponded in some degree with that of your brother, and this girl, who, as you told me, had eloped with him. The name

under which the passage had been paid for, was David Good, I think, or some name very like that; but the man who gave the information could not recall that very clearly. The tidings were brought me six months after you had arrived at Calcutta, and I should have been unable to communicate with you for several months. But I told Hoskins, the officer, to follow up the clue, if he could."

"And did he ever learn anything?"

"He ascertained that the persons in question reached Quebec, and left soon afterwards for some place among the back-wood settlements, but where, he had been, so far, unable to discover. He was still, however, prosecuting his inquiries, when news was brought me by another person, which induced me to write at once to the agent in Canada, and tell him to desist from further search."

"And these tidings?" asked Morley, as the other paused.

"Were of a very distressing character. I did not report them, as you know, to you. You had better not seek to know them now."

"No; go on. I must learn the truth."

"Very well. My information in this instance came from a turnkey in one of the London prisons. A man had been arrested on suspicion of murder, and died before he was brought to trial. Before his death he confessed to his gaoler that, though he was innocent of the crime with which he stood charged, he had been guilty of the murder of a gentleman some two years before. It appeared he had been one of a gang of thieves, who attacked strangers in the less frequented streets of London during the dark hours. One night—it proved, on close inquiry, to have been the identical night of your encounter with your brother Francis—he and his companions fell in with two men in a narrow alley leading down to the river. One of them was plainly dressed, and appeared to be the servant of the other, who wore a handsome suit of clothes. They were challenged to give up their money, but resisted, and there

was a sharp struggle. The servant escaped, but the gentleman was run through the body and killed on the spot. The robbers took his watch and pocket-book, and then tying stones to the body, sank it in the river."

"And the watch and pocket-book, I suppose, were brought to you?"

"Yes; the man had hidden them away, and told the turnkey where to find them. The turnkey knew from the runner of the inquiries which I had been making, and brought the articles to me. There could be no doubt that they were your brother's. The watch was marked on the back with the initials F. A., and the letters bore his name and address on the back."

"Poor Frank. I have long felt sure that he must be dead, but I never dreamed of anything so terrible as this."

He leaned his head on his hand, and was silent for a few minutes. Then he resumed.

"You say that there were letters, and addressed to him. Could you ascertain who was the writer?"

"They were all signed 'Lucy,' and appeared to have been received only a few days before his death. Beyond doubt they were written by the girl whose acquaintance he had made at Essingham."

"And was there any evidence in them as to whether Frank and she were married?"

"I examined them carefully, to see if I could discover that. I know that you always thought that might have been so, notwithstanding the reports current, and your brother's persistent refusal to say anything on that point. There was nothing in the earlier letters to determine the question. She refers to a promise, which he had exacted, that all that had passed between them should be kept secret, and she expresses her resolution of keeping to it strictly. But that told nothing. In the last letter, however, she says, '*When I am your wife, all this will be at an end.*' Coupling this with the fact that all the registers in the London churches have been

searched without effect, I think it certain they were never married. He meant to make her his wife, that is clear; but it is also, to my mind, clear that he did not do so."

"I fear that is but too likely," said the colonel sadly. "Indeed, if she had ever become his wife, and been left, as she must have been, utterly destitute, she would surely have applied to my father or to myself for help."

"I cannot but agree with you there. But you had better see the letters themselves. I have them and the watch in the secret drawer of my bureau. I would have brought them with me to-day—

"Thank you." The colonel again relapsed into silence, which lasted longer than before. When he again spoke, it was in a tone which shewed how deeply his friend's story had affected him.

"Poor Frank," he said; "he was indeed hardly used. From all I have learned about the girl since, I am persuaded she was cruelly maligned; and if she was not his equal in station, she was at least a pure and good girl."

"Her letters quite bore that out," said Mr. Podgett.

"We were given to understand otherwise, and my brother was, not unreasonably, bitterly incensed at the remarks made by my father and myself about her. Well, if we were unjust and unkind, we have suffered heavily for it. My father never recovered Frank's loss. He was, I believe, his favourite son—little as he may have shown it. And for me—wife and children have been taken from me, I am a childless and lonely man; whereas, had I acted otherwise, Frank's children might have cheered my old age. This is indeed a righteous, but a heavy, judgment for my offence."

"You must not view it so," said Podgett kindly. "You were mistaken, no doubt, but you honestly believed what you said, and would have acted differently had you known the truth. And remember, Morley, when you speak of your old age, you are

surely anticipating that by many years. You may hope yet to see children growing up to take your place when you are called away. Many men have married at your time of life, and seen their eldest son come of age. Why should not you?"

"I could not, Podgett. I need not tell you the idea has many a time presented itself to me, and I have half persuaded myself that it was my duty to marry again; but I cannot do it. I could not ask any woman to unite herself to one who could give her no return for her affection. No; that idea must be dismissed for ever. I suppose I must direct that the property shall be sold, and the proceeds given to some charitable object. I will see my solicitor when I return to London, and give him my directions. It must not be delayed."

"But you will not sell Broadleigh during your lifetime?" said Mr. Podgett somewhat anxiously.

"No. I promised Sophy that I would live at Broadleigh for the rest of my days, and take care of her people. I know it would have grieved her, as sorely as it does me, to think that the old place should pass into the hands of strangers. She was my cousin, you know, and I should have been her heir after Julius Morley. We Atherleys have always been as proud of the place as the Morleys themselves, though we were but a younger branch. Yes, I shall come here, as soon as my business is completed in London, and fulfil her wishes. And now I have another question to ask you—on an entirely different matter. I had a visit, early this morning, from a certain Lieutenant Roby—you know him, I suppose?"

"Roby? oh yes. He is the officer in command at the Preventive Station at Leddenham—a smart fellow enough! What did he want with you? He did not suspect you of smuggling, I suppose!"

"Not exactly. But he declared that some empty cottages of mine, near the place called the Dane's Cove—you know it?"

"Quite well. I have been told that smugglers land cargoes there—so it is supposed—but they have never been caught in the act."

"Roby says that two or three cottages, belonging to me, which are situated less than a quarter of a mile from the cove, and which are supposed to have stood empty for some time, are in reality occupied by those smugglers."

"Has he caught them there, or found any contraband goods?"

"No. But he says, it is certain that cargoes have been landed and concealed somewhere pretty close to the cove; and there is no other place for a long way round, which could have been so used."

"Well, possibly the smugglers may have occasionally made use of the cottages, but how could you help that?"

"That is what I said. I told him also that my bailiff Drewe, who had charge of the cottages, was, I felt sure, above suspicion—"

"Certainly. He did not question that, I suppose."

"No. He fully allowed that neither Drewe nor his sons had ever been suspected. But, he said, the cottages might have been opened by false keys, and used without Drewe's knowledge. He had found them locked, he says, and the shutters closed. He could not break in, or at all events, would not. And Drewe, I fancy, has once or twice refused to let him have the keys. I told him he was quite welcome to search the cottages, while they remained untenanted, as often as he pleased, and that Drewe should have orders accordingly."

"You could not do more," said the parson.

"No, but I want you to keep an eye on this smuggling. When I come to reside, I shall certainly qualify and act as a magistrate. You know my name is already in the commission."

"I know, and the magistrates will be glad of your help. Well, good evening, Morley. You return to town to-morrow, you say. When do you mean to come to Broadleigh again?"

"I cannot say with certainty. I shall at all events try to come down in time to entertain Chapman's boys at their cricket-match. You know I have a great regard for the old school. Good night."

CHAPTER VIII.

HAGAN shouldered his gun, as the reader has heard, and walked off into the wood, without making any reply to Colonel Morley's address to him. He proceeded for some distance at a sharp space, until he was quite out of sight and hearing. Then he seated himself under a tree, took out his handkerchief and wiped his face; after which he relapsed into a reverie.

"Wood, George Wood"—he muttered, "that's what he said his name was. And why shouldn't it be his name, or what should make me fancy that he is in any way concerned with people, who most likely are long ago dead, or on the other side of the Atlantic, if they're alive? The odds are a thousand to one against this boy being *his* son, or Lucy's either. I'd heard of this young lad and his mother too, but never thought much about 'em."

"And yet," he reflected after a few minutes, "it was a wonderful likeness—a likeness to both of 'em. He was as like that young stuck-up barrister as he could be. I could see the colonel was struck by it, though 'twas only a likeness of figure and manner in his case. But his face was just Lucy Burroughes's over again. But if so be he is her son, what does she call herself Wood for? May be she's ashamed to call herself Burroughes, and there's no other name, by which she has a right to call herself. I remember how she looked that day in London, when I asked her point-blank, if she was married, and shewed her her left hand, which had no wedding-ring on it.

"Well, what is it to me whether it is Lucy or not? If she is married, she can never be anything to me. Stay though, I heard the boy say his father had been dead

many years. May be she is a widow, and if so"—He relapsed into thought again, and presently began to mutter as before.

"I must find out all about it. I daresay I should do wiser to leave it alone, but I can't, and that's all about it. The best way will be for me to go straight down to this place, Patcham Green, and ask to see Mrs. Wood. If it isn't Lucy, it will be easy to say I took her for some one else; and if it is her—well then I shall at least learn all about her. She can't refuse to tell me now, and perhaps it may turn out—

"Yes, I'll go, and I'll lose no time. This lad has heard my name, and he may get talking to his mother, and repeat it to her, and tell what I said to him; and then she might refuse to see me, or perhaps leave the neighbourhood. I'd better go, before he sees her again. Yes, there's no time like the present. Patcham Green is not above an hour's good walk, I'll go at once. I'll leave my gun at home, and then set out."

He got up and was moving off, when he heard his name called, and turning round saw Phil Burn, who was coming towards him looking very flushed and eager.

"I've been looking for you everywhere, Andy," he said. "There's news just come down from London. Tom Spurrell and the French chap, who was here a couple of months ago, have come down express to tell us."

"What about the Preventives, I suppose," rejoined Hagan. "I'd heard before that they're going to increase the number of them."

"No, it ain't that," rejoined Burn, "leastways that's only a part of it. There's war been declared against France. Tom heard it proclaimed two days ago. All the trade with France, you see, will be stopped again; and we shall do three times the business we did—"

"And that's why they've doubled the coast guard then," interposed Hagan. "I couldn't make it out before, but that's it. They knew the war was coming, and prepared for it."

"That's it, Andy, you may take your

davy of it," said Burn. "Well, you see, Andy, this is a capital thing for us. Most of the shops in Leddenham, and in Milstead too, for the matter of that, have been very shy of taking our goods, though they did make such a profit on them."

"Aye," growled Hagan, "they had pretty nigh all the profit, and we pretty nigh all the risk. That was about it, I expect!"

"Well, that's not far from it," assented Burn. "But it will be a different thing now. They won't be able to get French goods at all, except through us—"

"They may get 'em through the Dutch, or through the Dons, mayn't they?" suggested Hagan.

"They say not," answered Burn. "They say Bony won't allow the Mynheers, nor the Dons neither, to trade with England, and they're so afeared of him, that they durstn't attempt it. Anyway there'd be such a duty to pay, as would make the shopkeepers turn blue to think of. No, depend upon it, they'll take our goods now, and pay a handsome price for 'em. It's my 'pinion, Andy, as our fortunes is as good as made. You've laid up something comfortable already, I know, and now you'll turn it over two or three times. See, if you don't!"

"Perhaps—supposing, that is, that we aren't caught, and don't get transported for life, or maybe knocked on the head," returned Hagan, who rarely indulged in *couleur-de-rose* visions.

"We'll take care of ourselves for that," returned Burn. "Well, that was one thing I had to tell you. Now this Frenchman, or rather these Frenchmen, for there's two of 'em—this Le Quaw and Dermoolly, or whatever their names is—"

"What, have they turned up again!" broke in Hagan angrily. "What's that for? They were told, as plain as men could be told, that we would have nothing to do with them. Look you here, Phil. There's those, who ought to know about such things, who think the Government have no right to put these heavy duties on foreign goods, and that people ought to be allowed to buy things as cheap as

they can. I don't know how that may be; but I don't see any great harm in trying to get things cheap for people. And if we do get caught, we take the consequences, and that's fair on both sides."

"So 'tis, Andy," said Burn admiringly, "you're as good as any lawyer to talk, you are."

"But with these two Frenchmen, it's quite a different matter," pursued Hagan. "They're plotting against the French government, to try and bring about another Revolution in France, and I suspect to murder a lot of people into the bargain. I won't have anything to do with doings of that sort. Running a cargo or two is one sort of thing, and cutting a man's throat, or setting some thousands of men to cutting each other's throats, is another."

"Well, I've no doubt what you say is true," said Burn, "but see here. These mounseers—they say they *will* go—and they shew letters from them in France as send over the goods, insisting on our allowing these chaps a passage over to France by our boats—"

"They say they *will* go, do they?" repeated Hagan. "We'll soon see that. As for the letters, we aren't under the Frenchman's orders, and I for one ain't going to place myself under them. And you'd be wise to refuse too, Phil. It's against the English law, as well as the French, to mix one's self with these plottings—"

"They say it isn't," broke in Burn. "The law might have forbid it, they say, while the two countries were at peace. But now that war has been declared, it can't be no offence to do anything against the French Government. They tell me that they're dead sure we couldn't be punished for it."

"Even if we couldn't, Phil, I'd stand out against it," said Hagan. "I'll keep clear of it. I'd rather shy up all connection with the business. I hardly know what it was induced me to take any part in it. I don't care for money much, and I've got as much as I want already. I suppose it was partly

old habit and partly the dullness of the life in that cottage, with no one to speak to all day, after the stir and bustle of the fighting in India. And I didn't dream the colonel would come home for years and years. Well, that's neither here nor there. I'm in for it, and I'll go on with it, so long as it's only smuggling. But if it comes to treason and murder, I've done with it, for good and all."

"Well, but see here, Andy," urged Burn, "these chaps only want their letters taken now. There ain't no harm in that surely."

"We've nothing to do with their letters," rejoined Hagan, "that's no concern of ours."

"Just so," said Burn, "if these Moossoos choose to give any letters into the charge of Jean, or Pierre, or any of the others, and they choose to put 'em into their pockets and take 'em—that can't be any concern of ours, as you say. Is it now?"

"Of course it isn't," returned Hagan, "you needn't ask that."

"Well, that's all they want at present. It ain't till the autumn that they want to be took over to France. Can't we wait till then, at all events? Before that time a whole lot of cargoes will have been run, and a heap of money gone into our pockets. When the day comes, on which they insist on being taken over, then you can shy up, if you like. It's as likely as not they'll have given the whole thing up before then."

"Well, that is not unreasonable, Phil," said Hagan in a quieter tone. "I must allow that it isn't unlikely that their plottings will come to nothing. As often as not, they do. Well then, we'll drop this matter for the present. I'll receive, and pass on, no letters, and I advise you not to. But if these Frenchmen choose to give them to their own countrymen to take, there'll be no need for us to interfere: and for the other matter, that needn't be spoken about, until they insist on having passages given them."

"Very well. I agree in that," rejoined Burn. "Then there's another matter. It wont do to go on storing the goods at the cove, now that the old way in has been

built up. We must find some other place."

"Why so?" asked Hagan.

"It's very awkward now to cart the goods away. The old place was inconvenient enough sometimes; but this new one, down the side of the Pinnacles, is ever so much worse. We've been keeping two men at the two ends of the road, and loading only in the dead of the night—"

"Why can't you go on doing so still?" asked Hagan.

"It takes too long a time, and it isn't safe. The doctor drove by t'other night, and we hardly got the cart out of the way in time. Jack Lawler had to stop him with a long rigmarole story about his being in dreadful pain, and getting Dr. Bell to leave his gig and examine his side. Jack thinks the doctor smelt a rat, though he said nothing. He is a good-natured man, is Dr. Bell, but he may talk to people, and some one he tells may split."

"Do you think any one has split already?" asked Hagan, sharply.

"No, of course not," answered Burn, staring at his questioner, "Who is there to split?"

"Who is there?" rejoined Hagan, sternly. "Why there are those young jockies—Dr. Chapman's boys—whom you so foolishly let into the entrance of the ken that day. That's who there is, Phil Burn! Who knows what they may have said?"

"They young gents from Dr. Chapman's!" repeated Burn. "Why to be sure you don't think they've said anything! They said they wouldn't, you know."

"Yes, I do know that, and what is more to the purpose, I gave them a hint as to what they might expect to happen, if they *did* say anything," returned Hagan. "That has had its effect I daresay. But they may have got talking for all that. And if one of them has gone and split on us—"

"Well, you couldn't do anything to them if they had, Andrew," said the old man. At least I do not know what you could do."

"Perhaps you don't, and yet I might do

something, nevertheless," observed Hagan. "But there's no need to talk about that—anyway no need to talk about it now."

"I don't want to talk about it, I'm sure," exclaimed Burn. "'Tain't a subject at all after my mind. But there's another matter, that we must settle something about. Where are we to stow away the cargoes? It wouldn't do to put off settling that any longer."

"Why don't you use the cellars at the old house?" asked Hagan. "There's no better place in all England."

"There's no denying that they are all that," returned the old smuggler. "But somehow or other these young gemmen from Dr. Chapman's, has made their way into—"

"What! into the passage between the old house and Dan Corfield's? You don't mean that, to be sure! I suppose this also is your doing, Philip Burn! You'll never be satisfied till you've transported us all by your foolishness."

"I haven't had nothing to do with it," Mr. Hagan," exclaimed the old man indignantly. "I haven't the least idea how they got in there. I only heard of it from young squire Monkton. He asked me to bring a lot of tobacco to him there, and told me they'd been using the strong room, as it's called, for smoking in, for some weeks past."

"The strong room? They haven't got down into the cellars, then?"

"No, they've got no further into the house, than the strong room. They don't know of the door leading under the floors, and they haven't been able to get the door of the strong room open. I tried to stop their coming in there by telling them the house was haunted by old Dobbs's ghost, as some folk really believe it is. But I don't think they minded me much."

"If they go no further than the strong room, it won't matter much to us."

"No, that was what I was going say. Dan Corfield and I went down there last night, and screwed up the door leading under the floors, and nailed up the one that opens out of the strong room."

"You had better make that quite safe," said Hagan.

"We mean to," responded Burn. "Dan and I have looked out some stout oak spars and iron bars, and mean to screw them into the jambs to-night. Nothing short of pickaxes or sledge-hammers could fetch down that door, and they ain't likely to try either."

"No," said Hagan, "I don't know where they should get either from. Well, I wish you a good afternoon, Phil. I'll come down and see about the cellars to-night or to-morrow night. I've no doubt they'll hold all we are likely to want stowed away."

He rose, and again shouldering his gun, took the road to his cottage; and then shortly afterwards set out on his expedition.

Patcham Green was a small cluster of cottages, built entirely for the occupation of labouring men. The accommodation was of the humblest description. A low square sitting room, with a smaller room behind, and two bedrooms of a corresponding size above, was all the cottages contained. The floors of the lower rooms were of brick; the leaded windows had but one casement each; the rooms were not even ceiled, the boards of the bedroom floors showing through the ceiling joists. Outside there was a small patch of garden, surrounded by a high shorn hedge.

In one of these cottages Lucy Wood had located herself when she made her appearance in the neighbourhood. Dr. Chapman, who had obtained the offer of the cottage for her, had also persuaded the landlord to make some small improvements in it. The ceilings of the sitting rooms had been plastered, and the floor boarded. Dr. Chapman himself had added paint, paper and a few articles of furniture, so that the apartment had a better appearance on the inside, than any one, who beheld it from without, would have anticipated.

Here and there were traces of the previous life of the occupant. Over the mantelpiece were fixed a pair of moccasins, two paddles and some snowshoes, such as are used by the backwoodsmen of North

America. On the mantelpiece itself stood a model of a canoe, and the place of a rug was supplied by the skin of a grisly bear. But these constituted all the ornaments of the room, if we except a cheffonier with a few books and a miniature of a young and handsome man, attired in the fashionable costume of the day, which hung on the wall above it. It was the apartment of a lady, but of one who had been reduced to a condition of poverty, if not of absolute want.

On the day of the boys' encounter with Hagan by the lake, Lucy Wood was employed in her garden—her sole resource against the ennui, which her secluded situation and solitary life engendered. By dint of constant attention, the space, small as it was, had become very attractive. The velvet turf; the wisteria trained against the walls, which were almost hidden by its luxuriance; the trim flower-beds abounding with sweet-williams, carnations and cabbage roses, made a very pretty picture to contemplate from the window of the sitting-room.

Lucy herself was a no less pleasant object. The freshness of her beauty had of course long since passed away; and anxiety and sorrow had left very evident traces on both face and figure. But she was still very lovely, and there was a refinement and quiet grace, which many would have thought an equivalent for the rounded form and blooming cheek of her early girlhood. She was busy that morning in turning out of their pots some flowers which had been carefully kept through the winter in her own sitting-room; and was so absorbed in her work, that she did not hear the garden-gate open, and was unaware of the presence of a visitor, until a somewhat harsh voice behind her startled her with the words, "I wish to speak with Mrs. Wood, if she lives here."

Lucy sprang up, and every vestige of colour left her face, as she looked at the man who had entered. Clutching firmly hold of the garden seat, she was just able to support herself, but made no attempt to

answer the half question put to her by the intruder.

The latter looked at her with an expression, which seemed to grow every moment more harsh and stern.

"It is you, Lucy Burroughes," he said at last. "I have met you once more then! Have you nothing to say to me, Lucy?" he continued, after a long silence on both sides.

"I do not know what you expect me to say, Mr. Hagan," she replied at last. "You cannot be surprised if your visit startles me. I believed that you had long been dead."

"You thought your unkindness had killed me," he rejoined, with the old sneer returning to his face. "But I have lived through it, you see. Well, I ask you again: have you nothing to say to me—have you no forgiveness to ask, no regret to express?"

Lucy roused herself. "I do not know why I should express any regret," she said. "I know of nothing for which I need to ask forgiveness."

"What! not even for the falsehood told me the very last time we met? Do you not remember—nay, you cannot have forgotten—how you promised me, on that spring day, in the London Inn, that if I would only leave you for a few hours, you and your—the man who had carried you off from your home—would be there to meet me the next morning, and explain everything to me. I trusted you, Lucy, like the fool I was, and when I came to the Inn at the time named, you and he had gone away—gone no one knew where—all trace of you had been carefully hidden, because you and he dared not face an honest man!"

"You mistake, sir," she replied, in a tone almost as stern as his own. "We had left the Inn, it is true, and had taken care that we should not be traced. But our reason for doing so was not what you imagine. Frank"—her voice trembled as she uttered his name—"Frank was not the man to shun you or any one else. Had you known him better, you would not have supposed it."

"I knew him too well," cried Hagan. "I would give much that I had never seen

him; and more, that you had never done so! And if that was not your motive for breaking the appointment you had made with me, what was it?"

"I shall not tell you, Andrew Hagan," she replied; "it can do you no good to learn it now, even if there were no reason for withholding it."

"Tell me, at least, the reason why you refuse."

"It is enough that it was Francis's wish," she answered; "enough for me at all events."

The repetition of his name appeared to rouse Hagan to a pitch of anger, which he had hitherto kept under.

"Francis!" he repeated, "your Francis! Ah, Lucy, shame that you cannot say 'my husband'!"

"My husband!" she burst out. "He *was* my husband. Who dares to say otherwise?"

"He was!" repeated Hagan in surprise; "why, then—"

"I will not be questioned," she continued, passionately. "I desire you to leave me. Poor and helpless as I may seem, I have friends who will protect me."

"I have to ask your pardon for my doubts," said Hagan. "I know you would say nothing that was not true, and I have done you wrong therefore. But, as for your friends—I do not know who they may be, but you had better not make ill-blood between them and me. They may come by the worst of it. I can be a warm friend and a bitter enemy!"

"God knows you can," she answered, sadly; "you have proved that too well."

"Nay, I have never been your enemy; nor will I be, unless you drive me to it. But—without pressing you with questions which may be painful to you—I suppose I may conclude that your husband—"

"Has long been called away," she answered, sadly.

"And you have been living here in this small cottage—"

"For nearly eight years—eight long and dreary years, God knows it!"

"Eight years! I have been scarcely more than a twelvemonth in the neighbourhood, or I must have discovered you. I wish I had—I might have done you some service.

I should at least have come to see you long before this."

"I do not know what service you could have done me, Mr. Hagan; and, as I



think you must know, I do not receive visitors."

"Lucy, will you say that? you surely cannot mean to forbid me to visit you. If I seem harsh to you, it is only because your unkindness makes me so. You know how long I loved you, and my love is no way changed or lessened. Have you no

pity for me even now? The days of mourning for your husband must be long passed—"

"They will never pass, Mr. Hagan, while I continue to live."

"Nay, you need not cease to regret him," pursued her suitor. "I dare say he was a good husband to you. But so will I be, if

you will let me. I will be a father to your boy—

My boy!" she repeated, quickly. "What do you know of him? I did not suppose——"

"You did not suppose," he resumed, completing the sentence, which she had left unfinished, "you did not suppose that I knew anything about your son. It was chiefly through him that I found you out. I saw him only to-day in Broadleigh Park, along with two of his schoolfellows, and I knew in a moment whose son he must be. Well, Lucy, I will befriend him, be a father to him, as I said just now. You may think I can do little or nothing for him, but you would be mistaken. I have saved up money—more than people have any notion of——"

"I must stop you, Mr. Hagan," said Mrs. Wood, resolutely suppressing her tears. "I believe you do, after all, really mean me kindly, and I ought to be grateful for it. But it is best to tell you the truth plainly; and you must believe me, once and for all. I never cared for you in the way you supposed I once did, and I am quite sure I never shall. If you really wish to do me a kindness, you will leave me to myself; and I am quite sure it will be best for yourself also."

"You really mean that, Lucy? Is that really to be my answer after so many years?—when I'm willing to overlook everything, too."

"I don't want you to overlook anything. That is my final answer."

"Then you will do well to recollect what I have told you. I can be the best friend

to your son he ever had. If you had not stopped me, I should have told you that I could not only help him with money, but I could find a friend for him, who would be able to do five times as much for him—aye, it might be fifty times as much as I could. In fact, his fortune would be as good as made. But if you mean to treat me in this way, you had better take yourself and him too out of the way. You'll do well, I say, to leave this neighbourhood at once, and never come back to it——"

"You had better not attempt to hurt my boy," broke in Lucy, indignantly; "and I don't believe you *can* hurt him either. You may spread your wicked slanders about *me*, and perhaps persuade the few friends I have to give me up. But they will be too just to let him suffer; and you can do no worse than slander us, after all."

"Can I not?" he answered, sternly. "Time will show that! I warn you once more—accept my offer, or go away and take your son with you. You had better."

He turned to the gate and walked quickly away.

"I've said too much," he thought, as he traversed the lane; "but I don't think she suspected anything. And I meant what I said, too. The boy is Colonel Morley's nephew, sure enough; but she and he shall never be put up over my head, and out of my reach—never get that lift—unless through me. I'd shoot them both through the head, and myself too, rather than that. But I won't give the game up yet. I'll leave what I've said to work. Women never keep long in one mind. I'll try her again by-and-by."

(To be continued.)

FREDERIC BARBAROSSA.

By L. M. C. LAMB.



IT seems almost incredible that no history should exist of the childhood and early life of an emperor of such note as "Barbarossa;" yet, in spite of most diligent search, we have been compelled almost to renounce one of the most pleasing tasks of a biographer, which consists in making acquaintance with a hero in his infancy, and through childhood and youth following his career to fame and glory. So far as we have been able to discover, no trace of "Frederic of the Red Beard" exists except a few dry data,

until we find him setting out with his uncle Conrad III. in the spring of 1147 to join the second crusade against the Saracens. The date of his birth is given as 1121, his father being Duke Frederic of Hohenstauffen (surnamed "le Borgne") and his mother Judith, daughter of Henry the Black, Duke of Bavaria; opinions are divided on the subject of his birthplace, some writers mentioning the castle of Veitsberg near Ravensberg, others the town of Weiblingen in Nuremberg; but since the main interest of his history does not begin until his succession to the paternal duchy of Swabia, and his departure for the Holy Land in 1147; his marriage with Adelaide, daughter of Theobald, margrave of Vohburg, in 1149; and finally his accession to the imperial throne in 1152, we must resign ourselves to silence on the subject of his earlier years, and take up his history from the death of Conrad III. and that monarch's

choice of him as a successor, to the exclusion of his own son. Let us first look back for a moment to the death of Henry V. who, elected King of Germany in 1099, deposed his father (Henry IV.) and succeeded to his throne in 1106; on his death (1125) leaving no son, he bequeathed all his possessions to Frederic of Hohenstauffen, Duke of Swabia, the husband of his sister Agnes. The then Archbishop of Mayence, unwilling to forego an ancient privilege, combated Henry's nomination, and convoked all the German princes to a grand assembly, when Frederic's claims were set aside, and Lothair, Count of Suplenburg, was elected in his stead.

Frederic of Hohenstauffen did not take Lothair's accession in good part, but for ten years carried on a war against him, at the end of which time a truce was concluded; two years later the cause of contention was removed by Lothair's death: but now a more general subject of discord arose in the two powerful factions who under the party-names of Guelphs and Ghibellines involved the country in continual strife. The Guelphs were the partisans of the papal interests in the persons of, first, the deceased Lothair, Henry the Proud of Bavaria and Saxony, and Roger king of Sicily; the Ghibellines being the adherents of Frederic and his brother Conrad of Hohenstauffen, and those who, like them, opposed the rapacious arrogance of the papal power. This latter party was successful in placing its candidate on the throne in the person of Conrad von Hohenstauffen (afterwards Conrad III.), who at his death in 1152 (his elder son Henry having predeceased him), knowing that the affairs of the Empire were in too critical a condition to be left to the inexperience of his young son Frederic de Rothembourg, Duke of Franconia, nominated his nephew Frederic of Hohenstauffen as

his successor, stipulating as a condition that the latter should yield to his son as compensation his paternal inheritance of the duchy of Swabia. From every possible point of view Frederic of Hohenstauffen justified his uncle's choice: endowed with the most brilliant qualities of heart and mind, he had already earned the suffrages of a great portion of his new subjects by the manner in which he had distinguished himself during the above-mentioned campaign in the Holy Land; moreover as the son of Frederic of Hohenstauffen and Judith, daughter of Henry the Black, Duke of Bavaria, Ghibelline by his father and Guelph on his mother's side, there seemed good ground for the hope that in him might terminate the differences of these two contending factions. The election diet was accordingly assembled at Frankfort, and it being there decided to confirm Conrad's choice and to invest Frederic with the imperial insignia, he was proclaimed King of the Romans and of Germany, and anointed at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 5th March 1152, the ceremony being performed by Arnoul de Gueldre, Archbishop of Cologne. Not lightly or eagerly did the new emperor accept these dignities, but after mature and careful consideration of his capacity to undertake the responsibility of guiding Germany through the shoals and quicksands which had little by little enveloped the fair countries won three hundred years before by the valiant Charlemagne.

Tidings of ever recurring disturbances determined Frederic to make an expedition into Italy, as soon as affairs in Germany would admit of his absence; but there was much to be done first—many princes to be dealt with, who, from different motives viewing his election with dissatisfaction, would take immediate advantage of his departure to bring all the horrors of civil war into his dominions. Bavaria, for example, had been wrested from Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, during his minority, by Conrad III., and now he conjured Frederic with tears and threats to restore it to him. This by dint of much diplomacy Frederic effected, and the result was that for

some years he gained a staunch ally, instead of a designing enemy. The following year Frederic convoked a Diet at Constance, and it was then agreed, at the desire and with the consent of the States, that he should repudiate his wife Adelaide de Vohburg under pretext of her being his kinswoman, within the degrees prohibited by the Church. This excuse is, however, overruled by many of his contemporaries, who assert that the emperor's real reason for this step might be found in the fact that his was still a childless union. Anyway, be that as it may, Adelaide certainly was repudiated, and afterwards married Ditton of Ravensburg.

In 1154 Frederic cited the three Danish princes, Sweyn, Canute, and Waldemar, to appear before him at the diet of Merseburg to explain their claims to the throne of Denmark, and to hear the decision arrived at by him and the German States on the subject. The kingdom was adjudged to Sweyn in fee; Canute and Waldemar renounced their pretensions, and presented the royal sword to the Emperor, who at once invested Sweyn with the crown and received his act of homage.

We have said that Frederic, actuated either by a love of justice or a desire to win to his side such a powerful adherent as Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, restored to him the disputed dominion of Bavaria; but we should also have mentioned that though Frederic immediately promised to do all he could for Henry, and so pre-disposed him in his favour, he was unable at once to put him in possession of the disputed territory, the negotiations and litigation for which were still going on after the dispute for the throne of Denmark was satisfactorily terminated. A diet for the especial consideration of the points at issue between the Margrave of Austria and the Duke of Saxony, was convoked at Goslar, and the two princes summoned to attend; but the former declined to appear, alleging that certain formalities and details of etiquette had not been observed; so judgment was given in his absence, and vastly to his astonishment he learnt that he had been condemned to make

a full and entire restitution of the duchy of Bavaria to Henry.

Having decided this quarrel and several others, into which we need not enter, Frederic prepared for that first expedition into Italy which as we have seen he had resolved on from the commencement of his reign.

At the head of a numerous army Frederic passed into Switzerland and encamped near the lake of Constance; when, under the banner of Count von Lenzburg, the inhabitants of the three "cents" or cantons of Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden came to do homage and offer their feudal service in the field. At the same time, and while Frederic was still engaged in assembling the forces with which to march into Italy, deputies from the city of Lodi arrived, and throwing themselves at his feet besought his interference against the oppressions of the Milanese, who had declared for Adrian IV., and whose town was indeed the very hot-bed of the papal faction. The emperor instantly sent letters commanding the Milanese to make full reparation to their unfortunate neighbours; but on perusal of his behests they tore the missives in a thousand pieces and flung them in the faces of the messengers, sending back by them an open defiance of his authority as their sole answer. Enraged at this insolence Frederic crossed the Alps, but, too prudent to risk an immediate attack on Milan, strongly fortified and well-garrisoned as it was, he sought rather to weaken it through the other towns with which it was in league, and accordingly besieged in turn Rosate, Cairo and Asti, which all fell into his hands, and ended with the total demolition of the city of Tortona, which he reduced to ashes, afterwards even levelling the ground upon which it had stood. This last victory proved the accuracy of Barbarossa's judgment as regarded the remainder of the fifteen towns of the so-called "Lombard League," most of which, intimidated by his energetic measures, sent ambassadors to do homage on their account. He now seized the iron crown of Lombardy; was crowned at Pavia and again at Monza, after

which he entered into negotiations with Adrian IV. for the performance of the coronation ceremony at Rome. This pope had only recently been elected to the papal seat, left vacant by the death of Anastatius IV., and, anxious to assert by every possible means his new dignity, caused Frederic to be informed of certain formulas always observed by German emperors on such occasions, and by which they acknowledged the importance of the ceremony performed by the pope, as also the fact of their temporal authority being held by favour of the representative of St. Peter.

This message was probably given in the crudest possible manner and in one most likely to affront a man of such arbitrary temper and high opinion of his imperial rights as Frederic. He therefore marched steadily on towards Rome at the head of his army, prepared for all emergencies, and certainly not minded to give in too far to the pretensions of Nicolas Breakspere the English mendicant friar, although he did now wear the triple crown of popedom. According to the usual etiquette Adrian went with a large retinue, among whom were of course endless priests and cardinals, to Sutri to meet the emperor; arrived in sight of him the pope halted, and waited to alight from his mule until this royal son of the Church should come and hold his stirrup; but still Frederic sat firm and fair on his charger, and showed not the slightest intention of dismounting. One of the cardinals now came forward to explain matters. Frederic listened attentively and then expressed his determination to break through any custom so derogatory to his imperial dignity. "But as a recognition of His Holiness's spiritual supremacy?" pleaded a mitred member of Adrian's escort. Frederic again declined most firmly, so now there was nothing for it but to tell the pope of his refractory behaviour. His Holiness took his revenge in the only possible manner, by refusing to bestow upon him "the kiss of peace;" and then, followed by his scared attendants (who in the morning's occurrences saw cause

enough for a civil war), turned round, and made for Citta' del Castello where he shut himself up until he knew what the emperor's next move would be. Negotiations were commenced ; on one side to try and shake Frederic's determination, on the other to persuade Adrian to waive some portion of the etiquette which required that the emperor should prostrate himself on the ground before the pope, kiss his feet, hold the stirrup of his palfrey as he mounted, and lead it by the bridle "the distance of nine Roman paces." Officers from the chancery were even sent to plead with Frederic and to represent to him that all his predecessors had complied with what was now demanded of him, and that it was an insult to refuse to conform to what was after all but a matter of etiquette. Finally Frederic was persuaded, but gave in with a very bad grace ; and, either intentionally or by mischance on the next day when the meeting between him and Adrian took place at Nepi, he held the wrong stirrup for His Holiness, which fact being mentioned to him he coolly answered that he had never learned groom's service.

Adrian had now no further excuses by which to delay the ceremony of coronation, but trouble was winging its way towards him from the inhabitants of Rome, who stipulated for his recognition of their rights as a republic and a payment of five thousand pounds of silver as the price of his admission within their walls. Frederic's answer to this was that he was coming to impose his conditions, and not to receive theirs ; so he immediately proceeded to take possession of that portion of the city which lay on the north bank of the Tiber, and of the church of St. Peter, where he was crowned on the following day.

We now come to the second marriage of our hero, when Beatrix, the only child and heiress of Reinold of Burgundy, became his bride ; and an echo of the old romantic halo which surrounds that incident in Barbarossa's life reaches us even in this prosaic age, as we picture to ourselves the gallant, handsome Frederic riding off with his trusty knights to deliver the fair heiress of Count

Reinold from the gloomy prison in which her uncle, Count William, had confined her in order to appropriate the rich domains of "Franche Comté." Over hill and dale sped the chivalrous band till the grim castle was reached ; a halt was ordered, and an envoy sent to summon Count William to yield both his fortress and the fair prisoner. At first the Count meditated resistance, but on looking out and investigating the number of Frederic's followers, he thought better of it ; and this second idea was all the more decided in his mind when Frederic's messenger said, on behalf of his master, that if the castle were not given freely it would be taken by force, the fair Beatrix released, and her gloomy prison walls be prevented from hiding any other like iniquity by being razed to the ground. "Prudence," we hear, "is the better part of valour," and evidently Count William shared in the opinion, for we learn that he promptly let down the drawbridge, over which Frederic and his followers passed, and whence they presently issued, bearing in their midst the quondam prisoner, the lovely Beatrix, whose eyes, moist with tears of gratitude, looked trustingly in the handsome face of her deliverer. So now away, away to the old church at Wurtzburg, deck the streets, ring the bells, bid priests don their vestments and burghers their best, and fall in merrily with the gay procession that comes to do honour to Barbarossa and his fair bride !

Thus far the little romance of our Emperor and Beatrix : now to return to the sober and solemn statement of facts. During 1157 and the next year, Frederic busied himself with a campaign against Poland, and compelled Boleslaw, the king, to acknowledge the supremacy of the head of the German Empire, and to take the oath of fealty, barefoot and with his naked sword hung round his neck ; after which he bestowed the kingdom upon Wladislaw of Bohemia, whom he had appointed regent of the German states during his absence, and whom he now took this opportunity to reward. New disputes began to arise be-

tween Pope Adrian and Frederic; and when at Besançon some indiscreet remarks of His Holiness as to having "conferred the imperial crown" on, and "accorded it by favour" to Frederic, were mentioned, that monarch waited no longer, but collected a fresh army, and marched into Italy to chastise the pontiff, who, on hearing of his approach, and scared at the prospect of such a calamity, hastened to explain away his words as best he might. The Emperor accepted his excuses, but as he was so far on



the road, determined to attack Milan, whose inhabitants had increased the anger he already felt for them, by rebuilding Tortona (which, as we know, he had totally destroyed), and expelling the inhabitants of Lodi from their dwellings for having called him to mediate on the subject of their wrongs. With 100,000 men (for almost all of the Lombard cities had, either willingly or by force, contributed their militia) and 15,000 cavalry, he advanced towards Milan and laid siege to it. The inhabitants made a most obstinate resistance, and were at length only vanquished by the impossibility of finding food for the vast population within the walls. A capitulation was effected, by which the emperor contented himself with very moderate conditions, the

most severe being that which condemned the city to the loss of her privileges ; but when the chief nobles came to deliver the keys, barefooted, and with every token of humility, he forgot their former insolence, and only required in return for his clemency a renewal of the oath of fealty and their promise to rebuild the town of Lodi.

To put an end to these ever-recurring disputes Frederic called together a diet at Roncaglia to which each of the Italian towns was commanded to send its representative ; the four most learned jurists from the university of Bologna being also requested to attend for the purpose of drawing up a document which should conclusively define the relations between himself as head of the empire and the vassals and imperial cities of Italy ; but when the learned quartet had heard all the points of dispute, and were in possession of the facts, their decision gave such almost limitless power to Frederic that several of the towns, and more especially Milan, refused to abide by it and prepared for further resistance. Pope Adrian likewise tried his utmost to annoy his old enemy by promoting a new intrigue among the German bishops and prejudicing them against the emperor, whom he called "the rapacious dragon ;" but they declined to draw the vials of Frederic's wrath down upon their heads, by siding with the pontiff, so he was fain to leave them as he found them, and to turn his mischief-making talents to an attempt to fan fresh disturbances in Upper Italy, in which he might very possibly have succeeded had not death put an end to

all his animosities ; only to make way, though, for further complications, for immediately on his decease the ever-existing Guelph and Ghibelline factions, who were still as antagonistic as of yore, each elected a pope, and while Frederic and his allies with Bohemia and half Italy sided with Victor IV., the other kingdoms and states upheld Alexander III. ; so now almost all Europe was dragged into the quarrel. The Milanese, needless to say, at once declared for Alexander, probably urged thereto in a great measure by the knowledge that Frederic had voted against him ; and, out of honour to the new pontiff, christened the town they were building Alexandria ; whereupon the emperor's adherents, seeing the poor, mean-looking houses with roofs of thatch which filled the streets, jeered and mocked at the inhabitants of "*Alessandria della paglia*," which however did not prevent His Holiness of that name from hurling the thunders of the Church at, anathematizing and excommunicating, all persons who had taken part in the election of Victor IV. ; this however he did when well out of Frederic's reach, in the kingdom of France, whither Louis VII. had bidden him, and was entertaining him with a somewhat abject hospitality.

In 1164 Victor IV. paid the debt of nature, and the Ghibelline cardinals and Frederic now elected in his stead the bishop of Crena, who took the name of Paschal III., at whose decease a new pontiff was again nominated under the title of Calixtus III.

(To be continued.)

ADVENTURES IN AFRICA.

BY AN AFRICAN IVORY TRADER.

EDITED BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER V.—(continued.)



It is strange that, huge as the elephant is, from the soft padding of its feet, the sound of its steps is not heard even on hard ground. Its approach is only to be discovered by the snapping of boughs and twigs as it makes its way among the brushwood.

We were but a short distance from the spot where we had left the elephant's tusks, one of the objects of our expedition. I felt very sure of the place, as the adventure we had there met with had marked it in my memory.

I was going up to the tree followed by Jan, when I saw an object moving among the branches. This made me approach cautiously, and fortunately I did so, for on looking up, I caught sight of an enormous leopard, which probably had been attracted by the smell of the flesh still adhering to the roots of the tusks. As the creature had got possession of the tree, I had first to dislodge him before I could obtain our tusks; that they were still there I discovered by seeing their points sticking out beyond the forks of the boughs where we had deposited them. I knew the leopard's habit of leaping down on passing animals, and thought it might attempt to catch me in the same manner. I therefore stood at a distance, but though I shouted at the top of my voice and threw pieces of wood at it, it held its post, snarling and growling savagely.

"Better shoot him or he come down when no tinkee," cried Jan, who had remained with the ox at a safe distance.

As we were in a hurry to move on, I saw that the sooner I did this the better, but it was important to shoot it dead, for should

I miss or only wound it, it might make its leap before I had reloaded, and attack me and Jan.

I advanced and, taking good aim, pulled the trigger, but what was my dismay to find my gun miss fire, while at the same moment the leopard made a spring from a high bough on which it was perched. I expected the next instant to feel its fangs in my neck, and be struck to the ground by its sharp claws; but happily its feet caught in some the creeping vines which were entwined round the tree, and it very nearly came toppling to the ground on its head. Recovering itself, however, it pitched on a lower bough.

I, in the meantime, endeavouring to be calm, cleaned out the nipple of my gun, and put a fresh cap on; then retiring a few paces while the creature gazed down upon me, about to make another spring, I fired at its head, into which the bullet buried itself, and down it crashed to the ground.

I leaped back, and reloading, stood ready to give it another shot, but this was unnecessary; after a few convulsive struggles, it lay helpless on the ground. On drawing near, I found that it was dead. The skin being a handsome one, I determined to secure it. With Jan's assistance, I soon had it off and placed on the back of the ox. I now ascended the tree and found that though the ends of the tusks were gnawed, they were not otherwise injured.

With the aid of Jan I lowered them down, and secured them to the back of the ox. The poor brute was now overloaded, but as we had not far to go, I hoped that it would be able to carry its burden that short distance.

Had I been strong I would have endeavoured to carry some of the load, but I found my gun and ammunition, with the birds I occasionally shot, quite enough for me. At length, greatly to my satisfaction, we drew near the spot where I had left my



uncle on some high ground overlooking the river. Every moment I thought that our poor ox would give in.

We might, I suspect, have been in-

dicted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, had we been seen urging on the ox, but we had no choice, for had we abandoned our goods, the natives

would have taken possession of them. At last, as evening was approaching, we caught sight of my uncle's camp-fire. We shouted, as he did in return, when he came hurrying down the hill to meet us.

"What poor brute have you got there?" he exclaimed, after welcoming us.

When I told him it was our old ox, he would scarcely believe it to be the same animal. Hardly was the burden off its back, and Jan was about to lead it down to the water, than the poor creature, giving a convulsive shudder, fell to the ground and in a few minutes was dead, having faithfully performed its duty to the last.

I felt more sad than I could have supposed it possible, as I assisted my uncle and Jan in drawing away the carcase from the camp. We had not dragged it far, before some natives arrived, who relieved us of all further trouble, saying that they would take it to their camp, and eat it in spite of its having died from the effects of the tse-tse poison, which we warned them was the case.

My uncle told me that he had prepared a raft, which would convey us and our goods down the river to where Mr. Welbourn's camp was situated, and that he had engaged a couple of canoes and a party of natives to accompany us. Instead of the howling of wild beasts, we were serenaded during the night by the shouts of laughter and songs of the blacks feasting on the carcase of the poor ox. It was quite as well, however, that it should be eaten by them, as by jackals, which would have been its fate had it died in the wilderness.

Next morning, assisted by the blacks, we carried our goods down to the river, where we found a curious raft constructed of reeds. It appeared to me loosely thrown together, somewhat like the top of a floating haystack. My uncle said that the natives had formed it by throwing on the calm water a number of reeds, which were interlaced together. Then others were added, until the lower sank by the weight of those pressed upon them, it being built up until it rose to a sufficient height above the surface to bear as

many men and as much cargo as it was required to carry. In the centre was stuck a mast to which a sail made of skins was twisted, while a long oar projecting astern served to guide it. Notwithstanding the assurances of the natives that it was fit to perform a long voyage, I was glad of the attendance of the canoes.

All things being ready, amid the shouts of the people on shore, we shoved off, and, being towed out into the stream by the canoes, set sail. Considering the clumsy nature of our raft, we glided on with great rapidity, the canoemen having to paddle pretty hard to keep up with us.

It was pleasant to be reclining at our ease, and to be borne along without having to exert ourselves. The voyage, however, was not without its dangers. Now and then a huge hippopotamus would show its ugly head alongside, threatening to overturn our frail craft, which it might easily have done with one heave of its back. Occasionally, too, crocodiles would swim by, looking up at us with their savage eyes, showing us how we should be treated should we by any chance be sent splashing into the water. About mid-day we steered for the shore where our black crew intimated that they intended to dine.

The raft was secured by a rope round the mast and carried to the trunk of a tree. We, however, were unwilling to leave our goods on board without a guard, and therefore determined to remain where we were and to eat a cold meal; the materials for which we had brought with us. The water appearing bright and tempting, I was about to plunge overboard, when I felt the raft give a heave. Directly afterwards, a huge crocodile poked his ugly snout above the surface, warning me that I had better remain where I was. Two or three others made their appearance soon afterwards in the neighbourhood. My uncle and I agreed that the sooner we were away from the spot the better, as any of the savage brutes coming under the raft might upset it, and we should be committed to their tender mercies.

We were very glad, therefore, when the blacks having finished their meal returned on board and we once more began to float down the stream.

We were in hopes that at the rate we were proceeding we should meet our friends before the close of the day, but darkness approached and the blacks gave us to understand that we must go on shore and spend the night at a village of their tribe, where we should be hospitably entertained. To this we could offer no objection, though it involved the necessity of landing our goods as we had no fancy to spend the time on the raft, with the prospect of finding it melting away below our feet, and we ourselves left to be devoured by the crocodiles, or, perhaps, to have it capsized by the heave of an hippopotamus beneath it.

As we glided on, we saw a collection of bee-hive looking huts on the top of the south bank. The raft was directed towards them. The natives, leaping on shore, secured it as before by a rope to a tree growing on the beach. They then assisted in carrying our property to the shore. Having piled it up in a heap and covered it over with a roof of leaves, they assured us that it would be as safe as if guarded by a hundred men. As they had hitherto shown themselves to be scrupulously honest, we had no reason to doubt them on this occasion; and we, therefore, willingly accompanied them to the village, whence a number of people issued forth to greet us. They then conducted us to a newly built hut, the inside of which was as clean as we could desire, the floor covered with freshly made mats. There we could more securely rest than we had been able to do for a long time. We were, however, not yet allowed to enter it; a feast was preparing at which it was expected we should be present, after which there was to be a dance for our entertainment. For the feast a fat ox had been killed, part being roasted and part stewed. Some of both was placed before us, together with huge bowls of porridge, which our entertainers mixed with their fingers and transferred by the same means to their mouths in large quantities.

They looked somewhat surprised when we hesitated to follow their example, but considering that it would show mistrust, we at last overcame our repugnance. The porridge itself was certainly not bad, and our hosts laughed heartily as they saw how we burnt our fingers and made wry faces. The whole was washed down with huge draughts of pombe, a sort of beer, with slightly intoxicating properties. We did not inquire too minutely as to how it was made. The feast over, we heard an extraordinary uproar proceeding from another part of the village, a sound between the barking of dogs and people endeavouring to clear their throats. On going in the direction whence the strange sounds came, we found several men with spears in their hands and anklets of shells fastened round their legs, bending over a small fire, and producing the melancholy noises which had attracted our attention. Others danced round them rattling their anklets, while a party of women forming an outer semicircle sang a monotonous chant and clapped their hands. The old men and women, the senior inhabitants of the village, whom we were invited to join, sat on the opposite side, spectators of the performance. In the meantime the young men and boys were prancing about, now advancing to the girls beating the ground, rattling their anklets, and creating an enormous quantity of dust.

These proceedings had gone on for some time, when a gay youth, evidently the leader among them, snatching a brand from the fire, after dancing up to the girls, stuck it in the ground, when he began to leap round and over it, for a considerable time, taking care not to touch it.

After these various scenes had been enacted, a number of young men, representing a war party returning victorious from battle, made their appearance, and brandished their broad-headed spears, ornamented with flowing ox-tails. Now they rushed off, as if to pursue an enemy; now returned, and were welcomed by a chorus from the women.

The scene was highly effective; the glare

of the fire being reflected on the red helmet-like gear and glittering ornaments of the girls, on the flashing blades and waving ox-tails on the warriors, and the figures of the spectators, with the huts and groups of cattle in the distance, while the howling, chanting, shrieking, and barking sounds were kept up without intermission. We, at last, making signs to

the chief that we were very weary, placing our heads on our hands and closing our eyes, were led ceremoniously to our hut, into which we were thankful to enter. Having closed the entrance, we lay down and tried to go to sleep. The noises which reached our ears showed us, however, that the dance was being kept up with unabated spirit, and



I suspect that our hosts formed but a mean opinion of our tastes in consequence of our disappearing from the festive scene.

Next morning, having bestowed a few remaining trinkets to delight the hearts of the black damsels, we wished our hospitable entertainers farewell and continued our voyage, not an article of our property having been purloined.

Our raft clung together far better than I should have supposed, but I suspect, had it struck a rocky bottom, the case would have been very different. We passed by herds of

hippopotami, some with young ones on their backs, and although they sank as we approached, they soon came to the surface to breathe. On the trees overhead were numbers of iguanas, which, on seeing us, splashed into the water. The chief canoe-man carried a light javelin, with which he speared a couple, the flesh proving to be tender and gelatinous.

Numerous large crocodiles, as we appeared, plunged heavily into the stream, indeed there was everywhere an abundance of animal life. Had we not been anxious

to join our friends, we should have been contented to continue the voyage for several days longer.

Another evening was approaching when we espied beneath a huge tree what looked like a tent and a couple of waggons near it. We fired off our guns as a signal, and in a short time we saw two white men coming towards us. We quickly landed in one of the canoes and were soon shaking hands with Mr. Welburn and his son Harry.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. WELBOURN had a good stock of ammunition, and with the supply we brought it was considered that we had sufficient to enable us to continue the journey northward into a region where elephants abounded. The cattle were in good condition, and, provided we could escape the tsetse and were not cut off by savage enemies, we might expect to obtain full loads of tusks. Besides three Hottentot drivers and a dozen Makololo, Mr. Welbourn was accompanied by a white hunter, Hans Scarff, who had joined him on his way from the coast. His appearance was not in his favour, for a more sinister countenance I had seldom met with. He, however, was said to be a bold hunter and a first-rate horseman, and his assistance was therefore likely to prove useful.

The head man of the Makololos, Toko, as he was called, was a fine, tall, active fellow with an intelligent countenance, who, if not handsome according to our notion, was good-looking for a black, and a brave faithful fellow. Besides the oxen to drag the waggons, we had eight fine horses, most of them well trained to encounter the elephant and rhinoceros, or any other wild beasts of the forest.

Near our camp a stream of clear water fell into the river, and in the evening Harry asked me to go down and bathe. Hans said he would join us.

"Are there no crocodiles there?" I asked, and I told him of the numbers I had seen in the river.

"No fear of the brutes there," answered Hans; "the water is too shallow——"

"Or hippopotami?" I put in.

"Still less likely," said Hans. "The monsters never come up such streams as these."

We started off, and on reaching the stream separated from each other. While looking out for a clear pool free from lilies or other aquatic plants, presently Harry, who had gone up the stream, cried out—

"I've found a capital place. We can leap into deep water from the bank."

Just then I heard my uncle shout out—

"Where are you going, boys? The crocodiles come up here to lay their eggs. It is as dangerous a part as any in the country."

At that moment Harry shouted out, "Hulloa! I'm in!"

I was rushing to his assistance, and I heard a fearful cry from Harry as his foot slipping, had fallen into the water. As he did so, a huge crocodile darted across the stream.

My uncle and Mr. Welbourn were descending the bank, and were much nearer than I was. I was undecided to whose assistance I should run, when, to my horror, I saw the crocodile seize Hans by the arm, before he could regain his feet. I fortunately had my large hunting-knife in my belt, though I had not brought my rifle. Little as I liked Hans, I felt that it was my duty to go to his assistance. Unless I did so he would be quickly dragged off into deep water, and become the prey of the crocodile. Seeing that his father and my uncle had already got hold of Harry, drawing my hunting-knife I dashed forward, shouting with all my might to try to frighten the savage brute. Hans had caught hold of the branch of a fallen tree, which he grasped with his left arm, holding on to it for his life. Every moment I expected to see him let go, when his fate would have been sealed. Not for an instant did I think of the danger I was running. I can scarcely even now understand how I acted as I did. With a single bound I sprang

over the branches close to the head of the crocodile, and seizing the man with one hand, I plunged the knife into the eye of the monster, who immediately opened his jaws, and as he did so, Hans, with an activity I could scarcely have expected, hauled himself up to the top of the bough, where I sprang after him, while the crocodile, giving a whisk of his tail which nearly knocked us off our perch, retreated



into deep water, the next instant to turn lifeless on its back, when, floating down a few yards, its huge body was brought up by a ledge of rocks which projected partly out of the water.

"Well done, Fred, my boy," shouted my uncle and Mr. Welbourn in chorus.

Having placed Harry on the bank they hurried forward to assist me in lifting Hans off the bough to which he was clinging, and

to place him beside Harry. For some seconds he lay, scarcely knowing what had happened. On examining his arm, though it was fearfully crushed, wonderful as it may seem, no bone was actually broken. After a little time he revived, and, accompanied by Harry, we led him back to the camp. My uncle exerted all his medical skill to doctor him, and the next morning, though his arm was useless, he

was able to move about as well as ever. He did not exhibit any special feeling of gratitude to me, but I won the good opinion of the natives, and of Toko in particular. Had anybody told me that I should have been able to perform the act, I should have declared it was impossible, and all I know is that I did it.

As all the ivory in the neighbourhood for which we had goods to give in exchange had been purchased, we pushed forward to the north-east to a country inhabited by tribes which had hitherto had little or no intercourse with Europeans. It is not, however, my object so much to describe the people as the adventures we met with. I cannot exactly say with the naval officer, who, describing the customs of the people he visited, in his journal wrote, "Of manners they have none, and their customs are beastly." Savage those we met were in many respects, but their savagery arose from their ignorance and gross idolatry.

We travelled in a very luxurious manner, compared to our journey with the single ox across the desert. As we advanced we saw numbers of large game, and one evening nearly a hundred buffaloes defiled before us in slow procession, almost within gun-shot, while herds of elands passed us without showing any signs of fear. We at the moment had abundance of meat in the camp, or some of them would have fallen victims to our fire-arms.

The next day, seeing a herd of zebras in the distance, taking my rifle, I started off, hoping to shoot one of them. As the wind was from them to me, and as there were some low bushes, I expected to get up to them within gun-shot, before they perceived me. I was not disappointed; and, firing, I wounded one of them severely in the leg. The rest of the herd took to flight, but the wounded animal went off towards our camp, from which several of our men issued to attack it.

I was walking along leisurely when, hearing the sound of feet in the direction from which I had come, I turned round and saw a solitary buffalo galloping towards

me. The nearest place of safety was a tree, but it was upwards of a hundred yards off. I had, of course, reloaded, and now got my rifle ready, hoping to hit the brute in the forehead. Just then the thought occurred to me, "What would be my fate should my gun miss fire?" The buffalo came on at a tremendous speed, but fortunately a small bush in its way made it swerve slightly and expose its shoulder. Now was the moment for action, and as I heard the bullet strike the animal I fell flat on my face. The buffalo bounded on over my body, apparently not perceiving me. I lay perfectly still. It had got to a considerable distance, when it was met by the men who had come out to kill the zebra, and was quickly shot down.

Toko shook his head when he saw me, exclaiming that I must not go out again without him, lest I should be killed by some savage animal.

"But I have my rifle to defend myself," I observed.

"Your rifle may miss fire sometimes, or you may fail to kill the elephant or rhinoceros you attack. Better have two rifles. I will go with you," he answered, in his peculiar lingo.

Our plan was always to encamp near water, and where we could obtain wood for our fires; for such regions were certain to be frequented by a variety of animals. Sometimes we remained two or three days in the same spot, provided no villages were near; though people were generally grateful to us for destroying the wild beasts, as even the elephants are apt to injure their plantations by breaking in and trampling over them.

Harry and I, who had become fast friends, generally went out together, accompanied by Toko, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback. One day we had all three gone out on foot, prepared for any game. That we might be more likely to fall in with some creature or other, we separated a short distance; keeping, however, within hail, and agreeing that, should one of us shoot, the other two were to close.

in towards him. I was in the centre, Toko on the left, and Harry on the right.

We had gone some distance when I heard Toko shout, "Elephant, elephant!" I uttered the same cry to Harry, but he did not apparently hear me, and, at all events, I could not see him. After running for thirty or forty yards, I caught sight of Toko up a tree. He cried out to me to climb another a short distance off, the branches of which would afford an easy ascent. Wishing to follow his advice, I was running along, when my foot caught in a creeper and I fell to the ground with considerable force, letting my rifle drop as I did so, but in vain attempted to regain my legs, so severely had I sprained my ankle. I naturally called to Toko to come to my assistance. He did not move or reply, but continued shouting and shrieking at the top of his voice. What was my horror just then to see a huge elephant, with trunk up-lifted, burst out from among the trees on one side, while, at the same moment, a large lion approached with stealthy steps on the other. I gave myself up for lost, expecting to be carried off in the jaws of the lion, or trampled to death by the feet of the elephant. Toko sat immovable, with his rifle levelled at the lion's head, and just as the brute was about to make its fatal spring he fired. As he did so, I saw the elephant, startled by the sound, swerve on one side, its feet passing close to where I lay, but it did not appear even to see me. Away it went, trumpeting loudly and crashing through the underwood.

The next instant Toko leaped down from his perch and hurried towards me, when, turning my head, I caught sight of the lion struggling on its back, and attempting to regain its feet. Toko, lifting me in his arms, carried me a few paces off, and taking up my rifle again approached the lion and shot it dead. Almost at the same instant the sound of another rifle reached our ears.

"Go and help Harry," I said to Toko; "he may want your assistance."

"I place you in safer place dan dis," he answered; and again taking me up, he

propped me against the root of a large tree close by; then reloading my rifle, he put it into my hands. He next reloaded his own.

"I must go and help Harry," he said; and away he bounded.

I had wished him to go and assist my friend, but scarcely had he disappeared than the dreadful idea came into my head that another lion—companion of the one just killed—might be prowling about and discover me. In spite of the pain I suffered, I endeavoured to rise on my knees, so that should one appear I might take a better aim than I could lying down. Still, should my apprehensions be realised, I felt that I should be placed in a very dangerous predicament. One thing, however, was certain, that it could not be worse than the one from which I had just escaped. Few people have been situated as I have been, with a lion about to spring from one side, and an elephant appearing on the other.

Doing my best to keep up my spirits, I listened attentively to try and ascertain what was happening to Harry. Presently there was more loud trumpeting and directly afterwards two shots were fired in rapid succession. This assured me that Harry had escaped and that Toko had reached the scene of action. The Makololo was too clever and experienced an elephant hunter to be taken at disadvantage, and I had great hopes that he had succeeded in killing the animal.

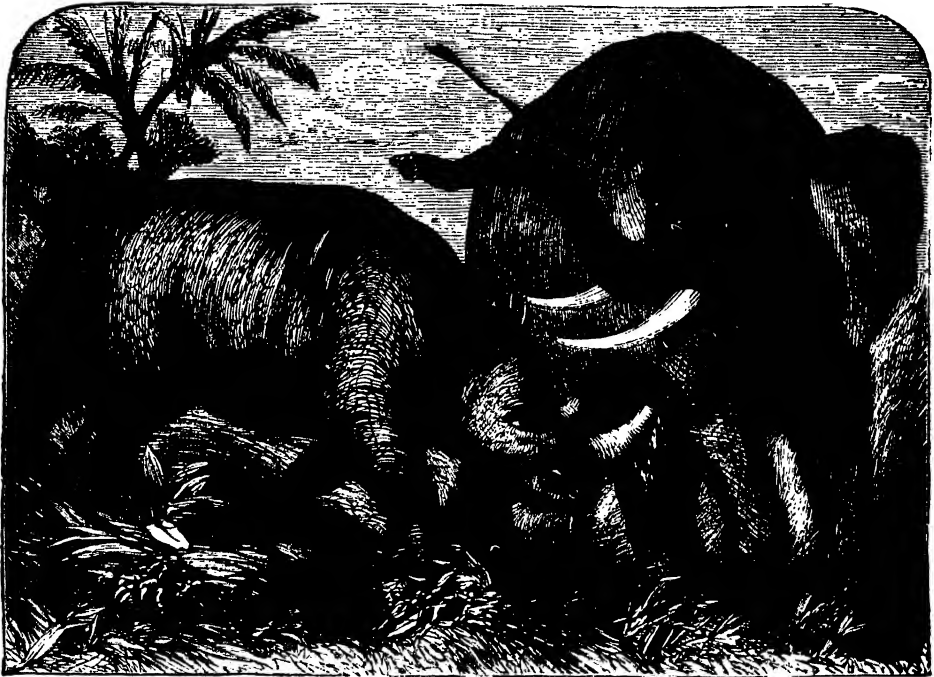
I did not forget my fears about another lion, and cast my eyes anxiously around almost expecting to see one emerge from the thicket, while at the same time I looked out eagerly for the return of my friend.

Once more the trumpeting burst forth, the sounds echoing through the forest. I thus knew that the elephant had not yet fallen. A minute afterwards I heard the crashing of boughs and brushwood some way off. I guessed, as I listened, that the animal was coming towards where I lay. The sounds increased in loudness. Should it discover me it would probably revenge itself by crushing me to death, or tossing me in

the air with its trunk. I had my rifle ready to fire. There was a chance that I might kill it or make it turn aside. The ground where I lay sloped gradually downwards to a more open spot. I expected the next instant that the elephant would appear. It did so, but further off than I thought it would, and I thus began to hope that I should escape its notice. It was moving slowly, though trumpeting with pain and

rage. The instant I caught sight of it another huge creature rushed out of the thicket on the opposite side of the glade. It was a huge bull rhinoceros with a couple of sharp pointed horns, one behind the other.

The elephant on seeing it stopped still, as if wishing to avoid a contest with so powerful an antagonist. I fully expected to witness a long and terrible fight, and feared that, in the struggle, the animals might move



towards where I lay and crush me. That the elephant was wounded I could see by the blood streaming down its neck. This probably made it less inclined to engage in a battle with the rhinoceros. Instead of advancing, it stood whisking its trunk about and trumpeting. The rhinoceros on the contrary, after regarding it for a moment, rushed fearlessly forward and drove its sharp-pointed horns into its body while it in vain attempted to defend itself with its trunk. The two creatures were now locked together in a way which made it seem impossible for them to separate, unless the horns of the rhinoceros were broken off.

Never did I witness a more furious fight. The elephant attempted to throw itself down on the head of its antagonist, and thereby only drove the horns deeper into its own body. So interested was I, that I forgot the pain I was suffering, while I could hear no other sounds than those produced by the two huge combatants. While I was watching them, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and saw Harry standing over me.

"I am sorry you have met with this accident!" he exclaimed. "The sooner you get away from this the better. There is a safer spot a little higher up the bank, Toko and I will carry you there."

(To be continued.)

PUZZLES.

Numerical Puzzle.

1.

My 346 = to war with,
 476 = anger,
 7436 = to tear,
 14521 = a stream,
 And my whole is a restorer.

Arithmorem.

550 Fears. E.

600 So ran feet E.

Two opposite parties in a great civil war.

Cryptograph.

3.

z5h id 45q6d oi ca5c al illz'g cd yl,
 hdc dhl yoc 522 z5he6hg'i lk6cdzl,
 Tc6xx 6h dk6 h6dhi 52r53i 6h cal rqdhm,
 ca6hm y3 ic5qci, 5hg hdca6hm
 zdhm.

Double Acrostic.

4.

1. A small quantity; 2. A Greek letter;
 3. Obscurity; 4. A husbandman; 5. To
 ignite; 6. A name; 7. Pertaining to
 writing; 8. An evening party. Primals
 and finals read downwards name two states-
 men of Indian celebrity.

Numerical Charade.

5.

My 1, 9, 6, 12 = to tie.
 7, 10, 3 = water.
 8, 3, 4, 2 = part of the head.
 10, 12, 2, 6 = a garden.
 11, 9, 5, 6 = an animal.
 Whole a statesman.

Mesostich.

6.

The hind leg of a horse; To salute;
 A thrust; A crime; To shake; Less; A
 day of the week; Advancement; A weight.
 Centrals read downwards give a poet.

Charade.

7.

My *first's* a happy state indeed,
 My *second* is not empty;
 My *whole* expresses man's estate,
 When there's enough and plenty.

Buried celebrated Songs.

8.

Dwihaemryetatreerypoyumggoin?

9.

Mkycgorlacnsdrfeath.

10.

Nafealoyiyinl.

All Vowels dropped in the following.

11.

ThfrstsWndsr! ndthgrnrtrts,
 Tncethmnrch'sndthmssts,
 Nvtmylys. Bprntsylvnmnds!
 Nlckysprngsndpnllryshds.

Transposed Towns (English).

12.

No lad lund. Can he rest M.?

14.

I love Rolp.

15.

No stale nuc.

16.

Ral is busy.

17.

Dig for lud.

18.

Feed kliaw.

Double Acrostic.

19.

My initials read downwards give the
 name of one of the nine Muses; my finals
 read upwards that over which she presided.

An ancient city, famous for its siege;
 author of the first Greek poem on agricul-
 ture; the wife of Hector; a celebrated
 school at Athens; a priestess of Juno, who
 was changed into a heifer; a native of
 Attica.

Logograph.

20.

Whole, I am a festival; behead me, and
 you will find a star; transpose, you will
 change me into weeds; behead me, and a
 god worshipped by the ancient Greeks will
 appear; and finally, curtail me, and I shall
 turn into part of the verb "To be."

Square Words.

21.

A quarrel; slow; soft fur; parts of the
 body.

22.

Mature; uncommon; an open space;
 a space of time.

Triple Acrostic.

23.

A town in England ; a dragoon ; a country in Asia ; to hit ; a lake in Ireland.
My initials, third letters, and finals, name three celebrated admirals.

Double Acrostics.

24.

A mountain in Europe ; a state in Germany ; a town in India ; a town in France ; a town in Turkey ; a river in Europe ; a town in France.

My initials and finals name two islands.

25.

A famous battle ; a stove ; a naval officer ; a Shakspearian character ; strange ; a girl's name ; a mechanic ; a sepulchre.

Initials read downward, and finals upwards, give an ornament.

26.

A stable ; a character in the Arabian Nights ; to steal ; part of Palestine ; an Asiatic river ; a bird.

Initials and finals name two animals.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

On pages 167—168.

1. Sir Garnet Wolseley.

2.

"The noble stag was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow ;
Where broad extended far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith."

3. Afghanistan. 4. Caoutchouc.

5. Drama.

6. Rochester, Gravesend, Sheerness.

7. Work—man—ship. 8. Mother.

9.

MADRID
A P E A R E
D E N N E N
R A N T O O
I R E O A T
D E N O T E

10.

S H A H
H A R E
A R I A
H E A D

S P U R
P A P A
U P A S
R A S P

12. Aristotle. 13. William Tell.

14. Martin Luther. 15. Farthing.

16. Elba, Abel, Able, Ale.

17. Slate, Late, Ate, At.

18.

Peace to all such ! but were there one
whose fires

True genius kindles, and fair fame in-
spires ;

Blest with each talent and each art to
please,

And born to write, converse, and live
with ease."

19.

O P A L
P A N E
A N N A
L E A R

20.

W H E T
H O L E
E L M S
T E S T

21. Imogen—Hamlet.

22.

Upon four legs with men I stand,
But need no food from any hand ;
It is my honourable lot
To grace the mansion or the cot ;
And ease I give to all conditions,
To peasants low and proud patricians.
Remove my *first* I'm doomed to share
Chief portions of the dandy's care.
Remove my next, I then am made
Essential quite to every grade :
Though never seen in my existence,
None live without my free assistance.

Chair—Hair—Air.

23. Sicily—Cyprus.

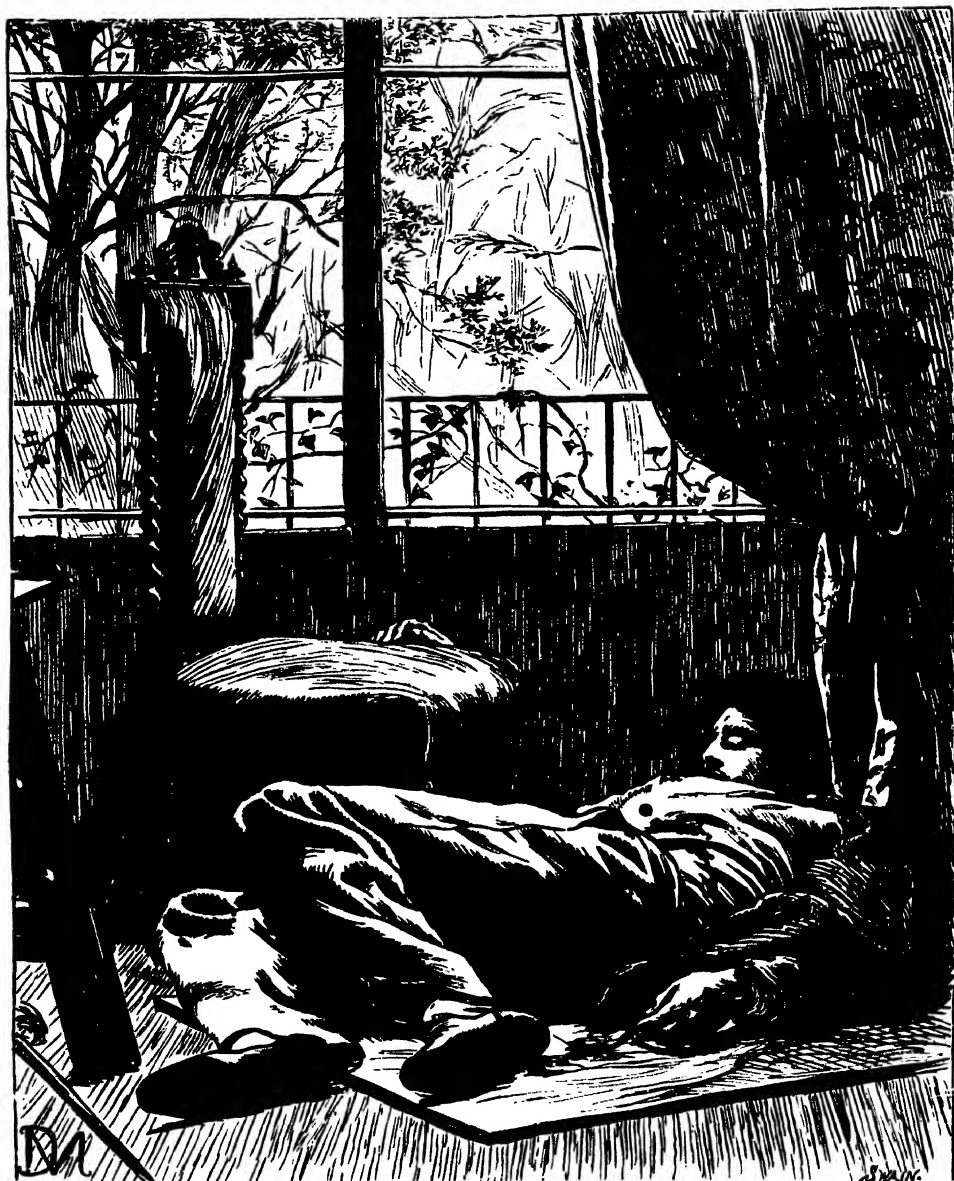
24. Iceland.

25.

C A T S
A R E A
T E L L
S A L T

26. Travel, Ravel, Vale, Lea, le, E.

27. Spend—Thrift.



AN ATTACK IN THE DARK.

AN ATTACK IN THE DARK.

BY WILLIAM H. GARRETT.



N the left of a lonely road leading from one of the southwestern suburbs of London to Mitcham, there was to be seen, not twenty years ago, a large dingy building, the front of which was covered with portland cement that had become cracked and green in several places—the combined results of bad workmanship on the one hand and of continued neglect on the other. This house with the gardens attached to it occupied part of a field of considerable size, and was surrounded by a low wall of brick, which presented only a slight obstacle to the designs of any nocturnal trampler whose cupidity might be aroused by the dim vision of a long but ill-kept vegetable garden, far in the rear, the chief edibles to be discerned in which, even under the most favourable conditions of the moon, were potatoes and cabbages. As to the piece of ground immediately behind Greenheys—such was the half-defaced name painted on the entrance-gate from the road—there were traces of paths and beds of earth; but the lines of demarcation between each were now almost obliterated, and it was quite evident that neither flowers nor shrubs had ever been planted there. In front the plot of ground had as cheerless and neglected an appearance—save where two graceful birches shot their silvery trunks to the level of the first floor—as the view from the windows at the back of the dwelling. A weather-stained gate, which opened at will to the visitor, led to a bifurcated carriage-drive which swept abruptly round an oblong patch of coarse, long grass that lay before the steps of the hall door. Except that the long narrow windows facing the road had been recently cleaned, there was nothing about the exterior of Greenheys to show that it was inhabited.

Within the house, however, there were manifest signs, towards the close of a gusty day in March, not only that it possessed a tenant, but that he was “on hospitable thoughts intent.” Yet nearly all the rooms were empty, and the three that were not so had but little furniture in them. In the dining-room, on this occasion, a table covered by a snowy cloth was set out for dinner, and in the centre of this table was a girandole of silver filled with wax candles. A waiter of commanding stature and irreproachable habiliments was arranging some flowers at the upper end of the table, and an elderly woman in a crushed bonnet had just returned from The Pale Lion with a number of finger-glasses, from which hostelry most of the appointments for the table had been obtained.

Mrs. Tucker, the charwoman employed each morning by the occupier of Greenheys, having deposited the finger-glasses by the side of the tall waiter, had sighed plaintively on the completion of this task, and had begun to declare that her unusual exertions that day had produced in her a feeling of faintness, which a tablespoonful of pale brandy alone could alleviate, when a bell was violently rung from above, and she hastened—but not without a glance at an old side-board where certain decanters stood—to the kitchen whence she emerged with a well-aired shirt which she took upstairs and deposited, after a couple of taps, outside the door of the only furnished bedroom in the house.

Ten minutes after, a young man, wearing a short coat of black velvet, and shepherd-tartan trousers, came out of this room, and descended the stairs. His beardless face, surmounted by curling auburn air, wore an expression of so much good temper, and his eyes, as well as his whole bearing, were so full of that kind of vivacity which indicates

a keen enjoyment of life consequent on excellent health and freedom from all worldly cares, that you would have hardly believed him capable of feeling even impatience enough to pull a bell as violently as he had done but a little while previously. In fairness, however, to Valentine Brice, it must be stated, that Mrs. Tucker had, some time before that final series of tugs at the bell-rope, been twice summoned to the room above, during her enforced absence at *The Pale Lion*; and that the young man who had thus been brought to a standstill in the midst of his dressing, was in much haste to descend in order to see that all was in readiness for the reception of several guests whom he had invited to dine with him that day. Indeed he had scarcely gained the hall, when a loud knocking announced the arrival of one of them. This proved to be Herbert Spencer, an old schoolfellow of Valentine Brice, and but recently gazetted to an ensigncy in a regiment of infantry commanded by an uncle of the latter.

"What a place this is to have to find!" said Herbert Spencer when the usual salutations were over. "I was deposited at the Streatham Railway Station, and was there told to keep straight on till I had passed the parish church, and then to enquire."

"Very clear and simple directions; but I suppose in the darkness you went by the church without seeing it," observed Valentine Brice, smiling pleasantly.

"Oh no, it is not so dark as that. But the fact is that I met with nobody on the road from whom I could enquire the way, and there is not a single house near this one, so far as I can make out."

"It is very lonely about here, I admit; but come up to what I call my studio. I have only two reception-rooms—that one and the dining-room," said Valentine Brice, leading the way upstairs.

The large room which the two friends entered had a square of new Turkey carpet in the middle, and the boards round it were stained and varnished, after the

manner so frequently to be seen in Germany. Against one of the walls was a framework of shelves not half filled with books, and in a corner of the room was a loo table on which had been carelessly thrown a lay-figure and a number of letters, two or three of which had fallen upon one of the high-backed chairs with which the apartment was furnished. Near the window stood an easel supporting a canvas frame over which was drawn a green curtain; and not far from the easel, leaning against a stout wooden bench on which rested a little iron safe, was a small-sword and sheath such as are worn at court by those who have no official position to warrant their wearing any other. An old-fashioned sofa completed the furniture of the room.

"But tell me, my dear Val, why have you left quarters so comfortable and so conveniently situated as those in Great Ormond Street, which, among other advantages they possessed, afforded you the constantly recurring opportunity of looking straight across the way at the house in which Thomas Babington Macaulay lived when he was a young man?"

"Economy, my dear fellow," answered Valentine, laughing gaily.

"Economy!" echoed the other, joining in the mirth of his companion for a moment. "How amusing the notion is! Why, it would cost you a ruinous sum in cab-hire to get back to this place from a theatre or a concert. As to the railway, which is not, by the bye, very near where you are, I know that it wouldn't be available after 10.45 in the evening: I made some enquiries about the trains yesterday."

"All the same, I came here from motives of economy."

"Well," said Herbert Spencer, throwing himself into a chair by the fire, "if you found Bloomsbury and a parlour floor dearer to live in than this wilderness of a place—with, I should imagine, nearly ten times the number of rooms in it that you actually require and involving, of course, the expense of servants to keep things in order—then all I can say is that my

knowledge of household affairs must amount to nothing, although my sister Kate has several times endeavoured to enlighten me on such subjects."

"The explanation is simple enough," returned Valentine. "This house, bought by an aunt of mine, came into my possession, or rather into that of my trustees, about seven years ago, since which it has never secured a tenant. In fact, the only person who ever lived in it was the builder, and he did so, I hear, because he could not let it. I reside in it for exactly the same reason. My rooms in Great Ormond Street cost me £100 a year. The taxes and other expenses of this house come to just half that sum. Ergo I save £50 per annum."

"Minus your railway fare to and from London, and other little disbursements," rejoined Herbert Spencer slyly. "But how dull you must find it here. Very few of your friends, save at long intervals, can come to see you in such an outlandish place as this."

"I haven't found myself bored so far, and a month in mid-winter is a very fair test. However, the pay of an Admiralty clerk, at my age, doesn't admit of my allowing a house like this to remain tenantless when I can live in it myself," said Valentine. "If I had a sister, or even a brother, I should ask one or the other of them to reside here with me; but I am less happily situated than most people in that respect," he continued, almost plaintively, as he placed the lay-figure in an upright position against the wall.

"You spoke in your letter of a cousin, Mr. Leicester Warrington, whom you hoped to introduce me to this evening," said Herbert Spencer, after a pause; "I was not aware that you had a cousin till then."

The shadow which had fallen on the face of Valentine as the remembrance of his family bereavements came back to him, quickly passed away; for his spirits were much too buoyant to brood over griefs that belonged to the past. "Oh, Leicester Warrington; yes, I suppose he will be

here," he answered cheerfully. "I called upon——"

The door was at that moment thrown open by Mrs. Tucker, and a very tall, short-sighted young man, with a glass in one eye, entered the room. He had just previously handed his overcoat and a card, on which was inscribed "Hon. Lionel Polk," to Mrs. Tucker, with a request that she would be good enough to pin the latter on the front of the coat, in order to prevent the possibility of its being taken away in mistake by any of the other guests; and he had requested that his Gibus hat might be hung above the coat.

Mr. Lionel Polk, the youngest son of Viscount Stalk, was a profound believer in the importance of system, even in the most minute details of every-day life. He rose at the same hour to a moment each morning—just forty minutes before he was due at the Admiralty—dressed rapidly, swallowed his breakfast hastily, and always reached Whitehall before the hands of the clock at the Horse Guards had marked a quarter-past ten. But at that point Mr. Polk's haste ceased. For the rest of the day he was remarkable for the leisurely and systematic manner in which he did everything; not that he tried to do everything; on the contrary, his efforts were directed to the very opposite end. Still, he could not reconcile it to his feelings, as a civil servant of the Crown, not to make himself acquainted, through the medium of the *Times*, with the news of the day, and particularly with the nature of the debates during each sitting of the session. This self-imposed task, and the careful arrangement of his papers, usually kept him employed until luncheon time, after which he devoted himself to the severer and less congenial duties comprised in mending his quills and making certain entries, for the space of nearly an hour during the busy times of the department, in a parchment-backed book. At fifteen minutes to four o'clock Mr. Polk entered the lavatory attached to his room, and punctually as the clock struck four he was to be seen, with

gloves on and cane in hand, making his way out.

"I believe that you and Mr. Herbert Spencer have met before," said Valentine, after receiving the new-comer. The young men alluded to by their host, shook hands with some cordiality, in doing which Mr. Polk's glass slipped from his eye, and before replacing it he caught a glimpse of the lay figure against the wall, to which he turned and bowed with a gravity that was highly diverting to Valentine, who said laughingly, "I suppose you don't recognise my lay figure in his new costume. When last you both met in my rooms at Bloomsbury, he was got up as an eastern prince. I have just begun to dress him as a model for Hamlet."

"You have finished the painting of the eastern personage, then?" interrogated Polk, smiling serenely at his blunder, and glancing towards the easel.

"Yes; so far as I can ever make up my mind that anything I do in that way is finished. If I put it away for a week, I dare say I shall still see something that may be improved."

"And the emerald?"

"Well, I am not quite satisfied; but you shall see the picture just now," said Valentine, "when my cousin and the rest are with us. By-the-by, Herbert, I was saying, when Polk came in, that I called on my cousin Leicester yesterday, in return for a visit that he paid me at the Admiralty, just two minutes after I had left the other afternoon. I was equally unlucky in trying to see *him*, for on reaching his hotel I found that he had set out with a Mr. Waghorn, to look at the Thames Tunnel, but a short time previously."

"I assume that your cousin is a stranger to London, or he wouldn't go upon so dreary an expedition as that of passing through the Thames Tunnel," observed Herbert Spencer. "I should as soon think of spending an afternoon on the top of the Monument."

"Mr. Willet senior had a *high* opinion of the Monument as a place for keeping a young man out of mischief," said Valentine

laughing; and had the tunnel under the Thames existed in his day, I have no doubt he would have considered it equally safe for inexperienced youth. But you are right, Herbert, my cousin has never been in London before, and, as it is only a flying visit, he wishes to see, I suppose, everything set down in the guide-book."

"Been away from England?" asked Lionel Polk, fixing his glass in his eye, and looking intently at the little iron safe, from which the key had not been withdrawn.

"Yes, since he was a boy; in fact, we have never yet met, so I am looking forward to his appearance here to-night with no small interest, particularly as he will be the only relative on my mother's side that I have ever seen, or, indeed, that I have," replied Valentine.

"Ah," ejaculated Lionel Polk dryly, "I am less fortunate than you, for my cousins on the maternal side number thirty-three, not counting those once, twice, or thrice removed."

David Thorpe, the only son of a banker in the City, accompanied by Doctor Bannerman, a young physician who had just taken his degree of M.D., now entered the room, and the conversation went on briskly for a few minutes.

At length Valentine took out his watch, and saw that the hour fixed for dinner was already past. "I am afraid that my cousin has not received the note which I left for him. Had he been unable to come he would certainly have written to say so," he said.

"Perhaps your expected guest may have devoted this afternoon to visiting the Tower and examining the crown jewels," said Herbert Spencer, jokingly. "It is a long stretch from Traitor's Gate to this place, so you must give him a few minutes grace."

"Talking of jewels," said Lionel Polk, "have you seen, Mr. Spencer, the emerald belonging to your friend, Brice, here?"

"Emerald? no," answered the young officer.

Valentine turned from the door where he had been talking to Hatton, the waiter, and

said, "Dinner is ready, so we had better just now proceed to discuss *that* rather than the emerald."

Preceded by their host, the young men descended to the dining-room and took their seats at the table. Hatton and another waiter who assisted him had carried round the soup, but the expected guest came not; and Valentine, in spite of his great natural spirits, was unable altogether to disguise the keenness of his disappointment from most of those present. This Leicester Warrington, for whom, as I have already intimated, his cousin had himself left a note of invitation on the previous day, had recently inherited a somewhat large estate from his father, Sir Francis, who had been knighted for his services to the country when he was governor of one of the West India Islands, where Leicester had lived since he was sixteen. Previously he had been at school in Ireland for several years, and it had therefore so chanced that the cousins had never met. Once, indeed, the mother of Valentine had written to ask her nephew to spend a month or two at her pleasant home amid the Surrey hills, but Leicester just then was working hard to prepare himself for an examination; and subsequently, though the offer had been repeated by her son, the boy had never been able to make up his mind to take so long a journey during the holidays, particularly as there was a counter attraction at the house of a relative near Cork. He wrote, however, to Valentine when they were both about thirteen years old, and two or three letters passed between them. At length Leicester, in response to a wish his aunt had expressed to know if he was like his father, had sent a water-colour drawing of himself—taken by a schoolfellow who had a decided gift for portraiture—and Valentine had acknowledged its safe arrival in becoming terms. After this, Leicester lapsed into total silence—as boys often do in such cases—and it was not till some years after, when he had gone abroad, and when Sir Francis was rapidly approaching his end, that he again wrote to his cousin.

Ere many weeks had elapsed, a second letter had been sent announcing the death of Valentine's uncle, and then a whole twelve-month had passed before Leicester acknowledged his cousin's letter of condolence and informed the writer of it, in a postscript, that in the course of a few days he, Leicester, intended to set sail for England where his presence was required to transact certain legal business connected with some property in Cumberland: he should take the opportunity, he added, to spend a few days in London.

"I wonder if he has failed to find the house," whispered Valentine to Herbert Spencer who sat next to his host.

"There certainly is a possibility that he may have mistaken his way, so it would, perhaps be advisable to send some one out with a lantern to look for him in the road. There are only two objections to the course I suggest," added Spencer, "the one is that you haven't got a lantern, I feel sure; and the other is that you haven't a servant whom you can send out just at present."

Before Valentine could reply to his friend, a prolonged knocking, of surprising force, was heard at the hall door—such a succession of heavy knocks as would be given only after many futile attempts to gain admission had been made.

"I think," said Lionel Polk, "that must, Brice, be Mr. Leicester Warrington. No one but a near relation would venture to illtreat your knocker in that way."

"I hope you may prove right," answered Valentine, his face flushing with pleasurable anticipation. "Three or four friends whom I had asked to come here to-night have been unable to put in an appearance, so that the presence of my cousin will be doubly welcome—if that be possible."

There was a silence of a few moments, and then the door of the dining-room was opened, and a swarthy thick-set young man, with curly black hair, and a pair of bushy whiskers of the same hue, paused on the threshold. After a quick glance round, he bowed, advanced rapidly to the head of the table and held out his hand to Valen-

tine, who sprang up and clasped it with genuine cordiality.

"I need not ask if you are my cousin Valentine," said the new-comer, giving a short and not unmusical laugh. "Such a welcome could only come from him."

"I had begun to despair of seeing you to-night, and when you did get here I am afraid you had to knock several times ere you were heard," said Valentine.

"No, only once," replied the other carelessly. "I fear I am somewhat behind time for dinner; but the fact is I only got your letter this morning, and have been running about all day."

"You have had no difficulty in finding the house, then?" interrogated Valentine.

"Difficulty? not the least. The directions in your letter were as clear as daylight; and what a splendid penman you are! Why your writing is just like copperplate. I had no idea that I had a cousin capable of such calligraphy."

"But you received a letter from me over twelve months ago, you know," remarked Valentine, feeling somewhat surprised that his hand-writing of the previous day should have so much excited the admiration of his cousin.

"True, true," was the reply, "I had forgotten: but really I think you now write much better than you did then."

"I fancy he writes rather worse," said Spencer, "or at any rate more carelessly."

"Perhaps he is devoting all his energies now to the use of the brush," suggested David Thorpe, with a nervous simper.

"Ah, what, an artist? I understood Valentine, that you were entirely devoted to the—the service of the state," said Leicester Warrington, raising his eyebrows with an air of comic deprecation.

"So I am," replied Valentine, laughing. "Polk and I are hurrying ourselves to an untimely end by our tremendous efforts to assist Britannia in continuing to rule the waves in such a manner as that which, to borrow a line from my tailor's circular, has already given so much satisfaction."

"But an ungrateful country most inade-

quately recognises our services," was Polk's supplementary observation, delivered with perfect gravity.

"Well, I hope you will give me an opportunity of seeing something that you have painted, before I go, Valentine," said Warrington who had eaten all that had been set before him with a rapidity which had at length placed him in advance of the other diners despite his late arrival.

"Oh, I believe he intends to give all of us a peep at his picture before he submits it to the hanging committee of the Royal Academy," broke in Spencer. "I have just heard from Mr. Polk, here, that we may expect to see a wonderful bit of painting in that, depicting a large emerald on the front of a white turban."

"I fear it is not all it might be; but I have spent a vast deal of time in minutely copying the facets of the stone and in rendering its various tints accurately," remarked Valentine, with a modesty which was rather more affected than real; for he was decidedly of opinion that his work was a marvellous representation of the emerald in question, whatever defects might exist in the rest of the picture.

Soon after this, the conversation turned upon the relative worth of precious stones; and David Thorpe volunteered the information that the most intensely coloured, as well as the most valuable emeralds, were brought from Peru, where they were often found in clefts and veins of granite, or other rocks, grouped with crystals of quartz, felspar, and mica. With the whole of this statement, Dr. Bannerman did not quite agree; asserting, on the contrary, that the rarest gem of the kind was the Oriental emerald, but admitting that it was believed to be a variety of the ruby, though of an exquisite green colour.

"I have heard, however, that the largest emerald which was ever found," continued the young doctor, "is one said to have been possessed by the inhabitants of the Valley of Manta, in Peru, at the period when the Spaniards first arrived there. It is recorded to have been as big as an

ostrich's egg, and to have been worshipped by the Peruvians, under the name of the Goddess of Emeralds. The people brought offerings to it, which the priests there distinguished by the name of daughters."

"How very curious that you should happen to tell us that story, doctor!" exclaimed Valentine. "The emerald that I have copied for my picture came a long while ago from Peru, and is called Daughter of the Mother of Emeralds."

"Then it is a valuable one, I suppose?" said Leicester Warrington.

"Have you never heard of the emerald that has been so long in the possession of my father's family?" asked Valentine.

Leicester Warrington drained the glass of wine that he was just putting to his lips, and then considered for some seconds before he answered, "Never: that I can most positively aver, so far as my recollection serves me."

"I should have thought that my poor mother would have been sure to have mentioned it to her brother," rejoined Valentine; "and that he, at one time or other, would be pretty certain to speak of it to his son."

"I assure you that my father's only son is altogether ignorant of the subject, which is not, perhaps, very astonishing after all. Had the stone been in the possession of my father's family, it would probably have made a considerable difference in the interest with which we should have regarded it."

Leicester Warrington, as he uttered the concluding words, laughed in the same musical manner that he had done at an earlier period of the evening. In fact, this melodious cachinnation comprised just six clearly-sounded notes of the gamut. But although these fell agreeably enough on the ear when heard for the first time, a repetition of the sounds from him in the same order impressed the auditor with a sense of something decidedly artificial in the laugh. "Well, I will show it to you, Leicester, when we go upstairs," said the young owner of Greenheys.

"Is it really of much value?" asked the individual addressed.

"As an heir-loom, I don't think it is; for it was purchased in a very commonplace kind of way by a first cousin of my grandfather," replied Valentine.

"But, in a monetary sense?"

"Oh, certainly; I have been told by a lapidary that it would readily sell for £400 at least!"

"Which means that it is really worth a good deal more than that sum, you may be sure," observed David Thorpe. "Those men generally appraise a thing at much less than what it would really fetch in a fair market."

Leicester Warrington looked round the large carpetless room and then said, half reflectively, "I don't think I should be inclined to keep a stone of that sort by me, unless I could wear it, or could give it to somebody else to wear."

"You think that the interest on the money that it would sell for would amount, at compound interest, to a small competency by the time I reached say eight or nine and forty," said Valentine. "I have thought of the same thing—by the way, this is my birthday—but I have no choice in the matter. I am bound to keep the emerald."

"For what reason?" demanded Warrington, again uttering his six notes of laughter.

"Because I am prohibited by my late aunt's directions from parting with it, under penalty of losing this house, and one nearly as large which I have just been expending all my spare cash to put into repair. When I go hence, this property will pass to a cousin in Australia, with the same proviso. In course of time, Leicester, it is not impossible that you or your descendants may inherit the jewel."

"I think, Mr. Warrington, that this would be an appropriate moment in which to propose your cousin's health and wish him many happy returns of the day," said Bannerman, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes.

"That I will do most heartily," answered Warrington, "if there is no one else present who can do the thing better."

"Oh, we don't quite wish to put it upon

that ground," observed Spencer, drily. "Let us rather urge it upon the ground that you are the long-lost cousin who turned up at the eleventh hour, and who is proved to have a remote interest in certain property now belonging to Valentine."

This was the third or fourth time that evening that the young soldier had addressed Warrington without his vouchsafing any reply. The eyes of both now met, and each felt instinctively that he was an object of dislike to the other. In a few words, not at all happily chosen, yet delivered without any seeming diffidence, Warrington proposed the health of his cousin, and said he should make no apology for the brevity of his remarks, as he was told only yesterday that toasts had almost gone out of fashion. He was happy to find that his cousin, whom he had so often desired to see, was not a man that anybody need be ashamed of acknowledging as a relation, and a near one. He regretted that his short stay in England would not afford him time enough to discover all the virtues of Mr. Valentine Brice; but he, the speaker, would take it for granted that the subject of his toast was a most amiable and delightful young man, whose industry in the service of his country was equalled only by his taste for the fine arts and his skill in the depiction of emeralds. He would conclude by calling on those around him to drink the health of his cousin, and wish that he might live and retain possession of the Daughter of the Mother of Emeralds for a thousand years.

"Surely you are not cruel enough to wish him to live so long as that?" said the doctor. "Just imagine what he would be compelled to endure."

"Oh, with good health and enough for his wants, I think he would be an amazingly fortunate fellow if he kept above ground so long. People may abuse the world as much as they like: I think it's a very agreeable place, and I should like to remain in it for ten centuries at least."

Having thus replied, Warrington filled his glass with wine, nodded to Valentine, and drank it off with great apparent relish.

"Permit me to substitute a hundred years for a thousand years, Mr. Warrington," said the doctor.

"With all my heart, sir," replied the proposer of the toast; "though I don't see why you should wish to shorten your friend's life by nine hundred years."

The toast was drunk, and Valentine returned thanks with more genuine feeling than is usually seen on occasions like these. To Warrington, in particular, the host was especially cordial in his acknowledgments of the friendly sentiments which had found expression in the wish that he might live for ten centuries, and he welcomed, to use his own phrase, "The son of his mother's brother," with an affectionate warmth, which brought something very like a sneer to the mouth of Spencer.

At last, on the suggestion of Valentine, the young men rose from the table and ascended to the studio, where coffee and cigars were in readiness for the guests.

"I suppose the time has now come," said David Thorpe, after a little while, "when we may be permitted to examine this fine Peruvian emerald?"

"We had better look at the picture first," observed the doctor, glancing at Valentine, who was conversing in a low tone with his cousin. "It appears to me that it would hardly be fair to inspect the stone before examining the painting of it. One shouldn't taste Cape wine after Madeira."

"I am no judge of pictures," replied David Thorpe, "but I am of precious stones."

"Indeed!" answered the doctor, in a tone of surprise. "I should have thought that a man would require a pretty long apprenticeship to a jeweller, or to somebody who dealt in such articles, ere he could learn much about the quality of those kinds of stones."

David Thorpe gave a nervous little laugh, and then said, slightly lowering his voice, "My dear sir, it is the passion of my life. For a private individual, whose means are not very large, and who has been but a few

years engaged in the work—let me rather say, but a few years enjoying the pleasure—I think I may venture to assert that my collection of gems, both in rarity and value, is very remarkable; and allow me to add that it will daily become more so. I spent most of my holidays last year in going over to Copenhagen, in order to secure a sapphire, on which is an exquisite engraving believed to be of great antiquity. I got it a bargain by sending an English resident who could speak Danish to the shop of the person who had the stone for sale, and instructing him to say that he had been commissioned by a dealer to purchase the stone at a certain price. I had previously been there with a Danish friend, and had spoken in depreciatory terms of the article, after looking at it."

"Though you really admired it very much!" observed the doctor, with a look and in a tone not quite free from contempt.

"Yes; the engraving in particular," answered the banker's son, unconscious of the feeling which he had excited in his colloquy by so characteristic an anecdote.

Just then Valentine went to the easel and drew aside the curtain from his picture. The young men gathered round it in silence.

"Portrait of an eastern warrior," exclaimed Valentine, mimicking the tone and manner of a showman with a panorama. "He is supposed to have left his barb behind that clump of trees. The reason for his having so done will be obvious to all of you when I state that I am quite unable to draw anything which could, even by the most good-natured friend, be considered at all like a horse. Any suggestions that you may have to offer as to the figure itself shall receive from me the most respectful consideration. What do you think of the face, Herbert?" he asked, more seriously. "I fancy you are something of a physiognomist."

"Well, I should think he was not the sort of person who would volunteer to lead a forlorn hope. With his heavy black eyes, thickish lips, large nose, and general expression of cunning, I should rather expect to

see such a countenance behind the counter of a dealer in second-hand clothes than one whose 'courage mounteth with occasion.' The colouring, however, is good, and the pose of the figure is not ungraceful, so far as my poor judgment goes."

"Oh, I think the face is very good indeed," observed David Thorpe. "You remember what King Duncan says in the play?

'There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face.'"

"Aye," replied Spencer; "and I have often thought that the king would have mistrusted Macbeth and his wife that fatal night if he had been able to read anything in the expression of faces."

"You have improved the emerald amazingly," remarked Polk. "I had no idea that it was in the power of paint to produce anything so like the original."

"But where is the original?" asked David Thorpe, looking eagerly round the room. "If the copy is so fine in colour, what must the thing itself be?"

"Oh, the emerald is in its old place, I suppose," answered Polk, turning round and looking at the small safe to which Valentine was advancing.

As the latter turned the key and threw open one of the doors, David Thorpe said, "Why, you don't keep anything so valuable, surely, as a fine emerald in a safe which you leave with the key in?"

"Well, I don't always leave the key in it," said Valentine carelessly. "When I go out I generally shove the key under the cushion of that sofa." As he uttered the concluding words he looked round to make sure that none but his guests were in the room.

"Generally!" echoed David Thorpe wonderingly. "I am surprised you don't always keep it on your key-ring."

Valentine laughed and replied, "I have no inclination to walk about with a key nearly half a pound weight constantly in my pocket."

"Besides, everyone has not such a passion for acquiring gems as you have, Mr. Thorpe," said the doctor.

The stone was now taken from a little unlocked drawer in the safe, of which Valentine had mislaid the key many months previously. The emerald, which was what is called table-cut, was greatly admired by everyone present, except Warrington, who declared that the stone produced no effect for want of a row of small brilliants round it by way of contrast. David Thorpe, on the contrary, was absolutely delighted with the appearance of the Daughter of the Mother of Emeralds, and stoutly asserted that it was worth nearly twice as much as it had been valued at by the lapidary. On hearing this the doctor laughed, and said in a low voice near Spencer's ear, "Mr. Thorpe knows that the emerald cannot be sold, or he might sing a different tune."

Warrington caught only one or two of these words, and called out, "By all means, get Mr. Thorpe to sing; I am an enthusiast in music."

But David Thorpe protested that he had never sung a song in his life, and suggested that Warrington should give proof of his enthusiasm by singing himself.

"Oh, but I don't see any piano on which to accompany myself," responded Warrington.

"Then sing without an accompaniment," advised the doctor bluntly.

Warrington was holding the emerald between the light and his eyes when this was said, but he promptly turned and bowed a smiling assent to the doctor's proposition. Throwing away a cigarette which he was smoking, he suddenly thrust both hands into his pockets, gave a slight cough, and forthwith sang, with remarkable purity of tone and abundance of expression, a ballad, in which he declared, among other things, that he would not on any account crush the lowliest flower nor roughly handle a butterfly's wing, sentiments which David Thorpe applauded with much warmth, while Valentine was not sparing in the compliments he paid to the vocalist on the quality of his voice.

"I would have sung you something classical—something from *Fidelio*—if there

had been a piano here," said Warrington, seeing Thorpe approach him with open hand, as if to congratulate him.

"Extremely kind, I am sure," answered the banker's son, blandly. "May I just take another peep?"

"Peep at what?" said Warrington, proceeding to light another cigarette.

"At the emerald."

"Eh? Ah: why, what did I do with it?" said Warrington, looking on the chimney-piece near which he was standing. "Oh, of course; I had it just now, I know."

"You had both hands in your trousers' pockets while you were singing, and I fancy, in your fervour, you——"

"To be sure!" cried Warrington, with a laugh even more than usually melodious. "Here it is, along with my purse."

David Thorpe took the emerald and examined it more carefully than he had yet done. "Yes; there is, as I should expect in an emerald of that size and appearance, a flaw; but it is only a slight one, and detracts, where it is situated, but very little from the value."

He handed the stone to Valentine with something like a sigh, and the latter replaced the heirloom in the drawer from which it had been taken. While doing so, the young host turned over a few papers which lay in the same receptacle, and took out a square piece of cardboard, which he threw on to the sofa where his cousin had just sat down. "Do you remember that water-colour portrait?" he asked.

Warrington took it up and looked at it very attentively for a minute or two. It was the likeness of a boy, with rather long, straight, black hair. "I have no recollection of it," he answered at last, as he handed it to the doctor, who was standing near him.

"Why, that is the drawing of yourself that you sent to me when you were at school in Ireland," explained Valentine.

"Is it, indeed? then I can only say that I consider myself very much improved in appearance since then," rejoined Warrington, hiding a yawn behind his hand.

(To be continued.)

FREDERIC BARBAROSSA.

By L. M. C. LAMB.

(Continued from page 212.)

FREDERIC had not been idle all the time these Church schisms were raging; on the contrary, he had made a third expedition into Italy, from which he had been compelled to return, leaving the flower of his army lying dead, stricken down with pestilence. The next six years were spent in settling various disputes and complications which had arisen in Germany during his absence; in causing his son Henry, a child of only five years old, to be crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle; and in keeping some sort of check on his vassal, Henry the Lion, who, now that he had increased his power by a marriage with Matilda daughter of Henry II. of England, was no unimportant person in the empire, and moreover one extremely liable to become sulky and unmanageable if he had a chance, or the smallest grievance to complain of. Pope Alexander's authority and influence were daily increasing, while Frederic's were as decidedly taking the contrary course, owing in a great measure to the impolitic conduct of the Podestas or magistrates who were his representatives in the Lombard cities, and of whom such various horrors are related that it would have been very wonderful if the emperor who imposed such governors had not earned a good share of their hatred.

Little by little the "Lombard League" counted town after town added to its number, while Frederic had to bear the defection of one more of the few he thought still on his side. To the fifteen towns which originally formed the confederation eight more might now be added, Lodi even being constrained to side with Milan, which, totally destroyed in the campaign of 1162,

was rebuilt in 1167, and was now more redoubtable and better fortified than ever. Pavia was the only city which still retained unshaken its loyalty to the emperor.

The union of the Lombard towns naturally made them much more formidable than when internal discord had induced them each to act for itself; and this Frederic must of course have known; but none the less for this do we find him sending an army into Italy under the command of Christian, Archbishop of Mayence, to effect a diversion in his favour. Equally distinguished as prelate, statesman, and general, Christian did his utmost, but needless to say the result of his journey was far from satisfactory; so now Frederic himself crossed Mont Cenis and laid siege to Alexandria, thereby bringing round him the entire Lombard army, which rallied in defence of this attacked member of the League. Obligated to recognise their power, Frederic shewed himself less obstinate in listening to proposals of peace than usual. Negotiations were opened and a truce effected; after which, believing in the more friendly feeling of the Italians towards himself, Frederic sent back a portion of his army to Germany—a step he soon had cause to regret when the restless Italians, unmindful of all their promises, showed unmistakeable signs of discontent and animosity. The emperor retired to Chiavenna, and at once sent messengers to demand fresh forces from the German princes. All promised compliance, but were so tardy in raising the required levies, that before their arrival the catastrophe had occurred by which Frederic lost the fruit of twenty years' campaigns.

The prince whose states lay nearest to him, and on whose gratitude he ought to have been able to rely, was Henry the Lion,

Duke of Saxony and Bavaria; so to him Frederic at once applied, with every explanation of the urgency of his need. Henry replied that he would come at once, which he did, at the head of a brave following; but, arrived in the emperor's presence, he expressed his determination to assist him only if he agreed to certain conditions he had to propose. Frederic was naturally eager to fall in with his vassal's desires, but when the first two things Henry stipulated for, were an increase of power in Germany



and the immediate cession of the free imperial town of Goslar, the emperor was compelled to hesitate; seeing which, Henry turned round and was leaving, when Frederic called him back and asked whether a promise to look into the matter and examine his right to the town in question after the impending battle would not induce him to lend his much needed aid. But neither persuasions nor entreaties would move the duke; nay, even though Frederic in his extremity threw himself at his feet entreating him not to abandon him when the honour of the empire was at stake, was his determination shaken. He withdrew with his followers, leaving Frederic prostrate with grief and sorrow; the Empress Beatrix at last raised him, whispering: "God will

help you when at a future day you remember this hour, and the duke's insolence."

All hope of immediate aid had vanished with Henry the Lion, and now but two courses remained to Frederic—either flight, or a gallant stand with the few men still left to him. Knowing the brave character of the man, we need have no doubt which course he pursued. A battle soon took place at Legnano, but, though the Swabians and imperial forces fought with a desperate courage, the numbers opposed to them rendered their resistance useless. Berthold von Zähringen, the gallant Swabian leader, fell a prisoner into the hands of the confederates; the imperial banner became the trophy of the Lombard troop who fought under the ghastly title of "The Legion of Death;" and Frederic himself, his horse killed under him, was given up for dead, and at last only preserved by a miracle. To raise a fresh army was his first thought after his escape, but of this there seemed very little hope, as the German reinforcements did not arrive; so, "evading the League," Frederic began negotiations with Venice and Pope Alexander, which ended in a proposal of reconciliation between the emperor and the Head of the Church; an interview between these former antagonists took place here in the church of St. Mark, when Alexander removed the ban of excommunication which he had as we know laid upon Frederic; and the latter, this time without persuasion and with a good grace, repeated the ceremony the disputes about which had so much scared the cardinals and adherents of Pope Adrian IV. Before we take leave of this part of our subject, we think it well to mention again the "anti-pope" Calixtus III., who, now that the authority of his opponent Alexander III. had been recognised by the emperor, seeing the uselessness of any other course, submitted to him as the representative of St. Peter, and dropped out of the minute place he had for a short time filled in the history of Barbarossa's life.

By the mediation of Alexander, a truce of six years' duration was concluded between Frederic and the cities of Lombardy, the

terms of which, though, of course, favourable to the league, were by no means disadvantageous to the emperor.

The cowardly and insolent behaviour of Henry the Lion had all this while not been by any means forgotten; and as soon as circumstances permitted, Frederic returned once more into Germany, eager to revenge himself on his faithless vassal, whom he considered, and with some justice, the cause of his Italian defeats. He was summoned before three diets, at Worms, Magdeburg, and Goslar, but as he declined to appear at any of them, he was pronounced out of the ban of the empire, and his honours and titles confiscated: his Duchy of Saxony was given to Bernard d'Anhalt, son of the Margrave of Brandenburg; that of Westphalia to the Archbishop of Cologne (his bitterest enemy); and his other possessions divided amongst the bishops of Hildesheim, Munster, and Halberstadt; the Duchy of Bavaria falling to the share of Otto von Wittelsbach, the chivalrous and gallant follower of Barbarossa, and his companion in many a scene of pain and pleasure. The "Lion" now, at this period of his history, almost makes us forget the ingratitude and baseness of his behaviour at Legnano, by the courageous way in which, abandoned by nearly all his allies, he fought his cause against his foes, making even Frederic look more leniently on the hero of so many valorous deeds: for three years this hopeless contest continued, at the end of which time he was compelled to sue for a peace which the emperor most readily granted, on condition that he should leave the empire for the space of three years, and in future content himself with the possession of his family domains of Brunswick and Luneburg.

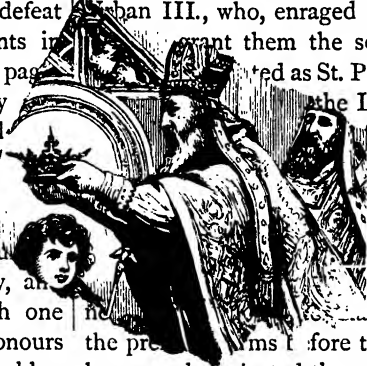
At the termination of the six years' truce with the Lombard cities, Pope Alexander III. being dead, Frederic preserved friendly relations with his successor, and concluded at Constance a definitive treaty of peace, satisfactory and honourable to all parties: the cities were maintained in the enjoyment of their "regalian" rights, were empowered to erect fortifications, to name their own

magistrates (we know the feeling they had about Barbarossa's Podestas!), and to administer civil and criminal justice; and Frederic retained the appointment of a judge of appeal in all civil causes, and stipulated for the renewal of the oath of fidelity to him as Head of the Empire, every ten years.

It is very pleasant to turn from the account of all these years during which the miseries of warfare (whether resulting in victories, or alas! like that wretched defeat at Legnano) form the main incidents in our emperor's life, to the quaint pages which relate to us the gay activity and splendour of the imperial family and court at Mayence during the White holidays of 1184; when Frederic, with his press Beatrix, and their five sons, Frederick Duke of Swabia, Conrad of Franconia, Otto Count of Burgundy, and the young student, Philip, vied with one another in doing most agreeably the honours of their hospitality to the princes, nobles, archbishops, and bishops of Italy and Germany, who with, as some say, 40,000, others, 70,000 knights and followers, came, a portion of them to attend a diet, most of them to pay court and homage to Barbarossa. Nor was the fair sex unrepresented in this gathering of all that was wisest and bravest in the land; for we hear that "the most lovely women" enhanced with their beauty the splendour of court festivities and ceremonials.

One of the points which Frederic proposed to lay before the Diet of Mayence, related to the settlement in life of his eldest son, Henry; and at their assembling he placed before them the increased difficulty he had (now that his interest in Lombardy was more restricted) in keeping any check over those southern states which still acknowledged his supremacy; he therefore submitted to their judgment a plan by which he might strengthen his present influence and acquire considerable advantages, viz., by a marriage between his eldest son Henry, and Constance, the only daughter and heiress of Roger, the Norman King of

Apulia and Sicily. A proposal so manifestly advantageous met with small opposition, and the year after, we find Frederic re-entering Italy with the double project of causing his son to be crowned King of the Romans, and of being present at his marriage with Constance; the cities of Lombardy received him with every expression of loyalty, Milan even seeking to ingratiate herself with him. But fresh troubles arose with Pope Lucius III. and his successor Urban III., who, enraged at Frederic's refusal to grant them the sovereignty of the Papal States, claimed as St. Peter's Patrimony, the Kingdom of the Lion (the head of the Empire), and the feudal dominions, on the following conditions;—that, under the Emperor's reign, there should be two



in this new arrangement already placed the pre-eminence before the diet at Gelnhausen, who rejected them with indignation, and hostile resolutions were being murmured, when an end was put to all minor contentions by William of Tyre's arrival from the Holy Land with the intelligence that Saladin had taken possession of Jerusalem, and the kingdom founded after so many struggles by Godefroi de Bouillon. These tidings effaced every other thought: Urban forgot the thunders of the Church which he had been keeping like a second sword of Damocles suspended over Frederic's head; the emperor buried his resentment; a general peace was concluded, and Barbarossa, then in his seventieth year, gave the regency of his dominions to his son Henry, and joyfully taking up the cross—accompanied by his son Frederic, the flower of German chivalry, and an army of 100,000 men—marched by way of Vienna to Presburg, and thence through Hungary, Servia, and Roumelia.

Isaac Angelus, the Greek Emperor, who had promised to furnish the German troops with provisions, and assist Frederic in all ways, with the proverbial duplicity of his nation, broke his word; harassed him on

his march, and threw Count von Diez, his ambassador, into prison; which treachery greatly incensed the emperor, and caused him to give permission to his soldiers to plunder; the results being that the country soon bore sad traces of their passage, and that the two important towns of Manicava and Philippolis were completely destroyed. This reduced Isaac, professedly, to a state of contrition; and when Barbarossa advanced towards Constantinople, the Greek emperor, anxious to conciliate him, placed his entire



fleet at his disposal for the transport of the German army. Scarcely had they entered Asia Minor before Isaac's good resolutions abandoned him, and leaguings himself with another faithless ally of Frederic's, the Sultan of Iconium, they beset the German troops, and did everything they possibly could to make the march more difficult; however, though they tried both fair means and

foul, their evil practices resulted in their own defeat, and the Oriental Christians soon found they had every reason to congratulate themselves upon the arrival of such a champion.

The fanaticism of a Turkish prisoner who, acting as guide, wilfully sacrificed his life in order to mislead Frederic's army, involved the Germans in almost endless troubles

by taking them amidst pathless mountains, where the horrors of starvation and the entire lack of water added yet more miseries to their condition. Brave where all were despairing, encouraging his men with cheering words and hopeful looks, rode the gallant old leader; and foot-sore, half starved, thirsty, and wretched as they were, his men tried, though the tears of agony filled their eyes, to raise the notes of their Swabian war-song to please him. Frederic, Duke of Swabia, hastened forward with half the remaining army, and gaining a victory over a body of Turks, pushed on till he came to the town of Iconium; when, scattering the enemy before him, he put the inhabitants to the sword, gained a great booty, but, more than all, food, drink, and rest for his weary men.

A body of Turks had meanwhile crept round the town, and surrounded the columns which were advancing under Barbarossa; worn out with sorrow, hunger, and thirst, even his courage gave way for one moment, as he thought that this band of Turks had only in all probability reached him by passing over the dead bodies of his brave son and the gallant Swabians; the aged monarch bowed his head, and the scorching tears of age ran down his cheeks; then dashing his hand across his eyes, he cried: "Christ still lives! Christ conquers!" and shouting to his followers, they fell on the Turks like lions, Barbarossa with his own hand sending many a one to his last sleep. Then they marched forward to Iconium, where rest and plenty waited them, and where the old emperor doubtless found much cause for thankfulness when he threw himself into the arms of his brave son.

At Iconium the army stayed for some time, the soldiers being in sad need of repose; and then, starting afresh, continued as far as the little river Saleph; when, the road being encumbered with cattle, and the emperor impatient of delay, he commanded his men to cross the stream and plunged into the water. Here this hero of many combats, this brave and wise king, was destined to end his long life—in this obscure

river of which he had probably never heard: the current was too strong for his horse, and nobly as the animal battled against it, both rider and steed were drowned.

The Germans, almost frantic with grief and dismay, made frenzied efforts to regain the body of their leader; and, when at last they succeeded, they conveyed it with much loving care to Antioch, where it was buried in St. Peter's Church.

With the history of the Crusade after the death of our hero, we have nothing to do further than to say that his son, Frederic, took the chief command, and led the brave followers of his gallant father until a pestilence occasioned his death at Acre in the following year, when the remnant of the once formidable army returned to Germany.

How Barbarossa still lingers in the hearts of his people even now, when all these hundreds of years divide his time from theirs, is shown by a dozen legends. Most of these profess an utter disbelief in the death of their loved emperor; one of them tells how, in a rocky cleft of the Klyfhäuser mountains, Barbarossa still sleeps calmly and peacefully; he sits before a marble table into which and through which his red beard has grown; his head is bowed on his folded hands, and though he from time to time lifts it and opens his eyes, it is but to shut them again quickly, for the right time of his awakening is not come: he has seen the ravens flying round the mountain, and his long sleep will only end when their black forms are no longer visible, when he will step forth and avenge the wrongs of the oppressed.

Another story says that he is lying in the Untersberg near Salzburg, and that when the dead pear-tree which, thrice cut down, plants itself afresh, shall bud forth and blossom, the gallant "Rothbart" will come out into the bright daylight, hang his shield on the pink-flowered bough, throw down his gauntlet as a gage to all evil-doers, and, aided by the good and chivalrous few who will still be inhabitants of this bad world, will vanquish cruelty and wickedness, and realise the dream of a golden age they have for so long anticipated!

ASCENTS AND ADVENTURES;

A RECORD OF

HARDY MOUNTAINEERING IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

BY HENRY FRITH.

Author of "The Adventures of an Engine Driver," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE PYRENEES.



THE best headquarters for commencing excursions in the Pyrenees is Pau, so called from *pali* (poles), for it was formerly the custom to plant poles upon the site of a town, and as a matter of fact there are three poles included in the "city arms" of Pau. But we shall do better by going on to Lourdes if we are in search of real mountain work, and thence to Gavarnie, where by following the river (Gave) near the Spanish frontier we shall come upon the High Pyrenees.

From this locality we shall see the Balaitons, the Mont Perdu and other mountains averaging ten thousand, five hundred feet in height—nothing to what we have already seen in Switzerland, you will say, but possessing a grandeur and picturesqueness which even the stupendous Alps cannot surpass.

The whole of this region is grandly beautiful, and yet comparatively neglected by the pleasure-seeker. Between Luz and Gavarnie, the grandeur of the mountain scenery is worth going twice the distance to see. The "Cirque" is a series of terraced precipices, and there is a waterfall in the neighbourhood rivalling the wonderful cascade of the Yosemite.

There is not the same danger in making ascents in the Pyrenees as in the Alps, and one seldom or never hears of any accidents occurring. But there are adventures to be met with of a different kind to those encountered in Switzerland, as the following condensed narrative will show.

Count Henry Russell and three friends had ascended the mountain and were camping out for the night upon the slopes of the Cotieilla at an elevation of about ten thousand feet.

They proposed to sleep in an empty hut, and were about to "woo the balmy god"—the guides remaining outside—when one of the men came hastily in and said that four Spaniards fully armed were outside, with hostile intentions.

The count could scarcely believe that any natives would attack them, and he went out to reconnoitre and remonstrate. He found the four men as described, armed with knives and other weapons. One man carried a gun as well as his recognised assortment of daggers. Somewhat surprised Count Russell accosted the men, and told them that he and his companions were merely honest travellers. He even offered to pay them for the use of the cabin, and made other peaceable proposals.

But to no purpose. The man with the gun for all reply deliberately levelled it and fired, the bullet passing close to the ear of one of the travellers. This was rather startling, and as our climbers had no weapons but their alpenstocks, they judged it prudent to beat a retreat before the gun could again be loaded. This strategic movement they executed with less success than they deserved. One of the party was quickly overtaken and set upon, the knives of the whole party being placed against his chest, and to his passiveness he probably owed his life. He was robbed of everything, even of his clothes, a shirt only being subsequently

restored to him. One of the guides also had a narrow escape from decapitation, and the unoffending hut which had sheltered the innocent tourists, was completely wrecked by the banditti, who suspected that the count had taken refuge in its recesses.

But that gentleman's discretion had led him to take refuge beneath a dark pine tree, where, unarmed and unable to make any effectual resistance if attacked, he waited, expecting discovery. But fortune favoured him. The band could not discover him, and at the appearance of the dawn the ruffians departed, leaving the travellers to return to the village as best they might, in sorry plight but fortunately uninjured.

That this is almost an isolated case, Count Russell is willing to admit, but it might have been a much more unpleasant experience, and attended with graver consequences.*

The mountains forming the chain of the Pyrenees are comparatively of recent growth or upheaval. They are very regular, the passes through them are not difficult nor very high, but the regular roads are few and far between. We are not writing a guide-book, but there are some features to which we would call attention, such as the quaint old costume still worn by the peasantry, and the curious tract very properly named *Chaos* between Gèdre and Gavarnie, where the district is strewn with immense boulders up to the base of the Piméné, a mountain about 9000 feet high.

We have already referred to the Cirque de Gavarnie, and for those who wish to ascend the Mont Perdu and the Brèche de Roland, Gavarnie is the recognised head-quarters. From here four mountains are attainable, the two just named, and the Tour de Marboré, and the "Cylinder."

To ascend the Brèche de Roland is not an easy task; yet it is by no means dangerous, it is often traversed by smugglers, and by such tourists as wish to gain the summit

of the Mont Perdu, a mountain rising to a height of 11,000 feet, less 12 inches.

This mountain has frequently been ascended, and so far back as 1797 it was scaled with some difficulty and danger by a French gentleman and party who were joined by a smuggler *en route*. This person constituted himself an authority, and some question as to the proper route arose. Meanwhile the said smuggler went forward on his own account, and was soon lost to sight.

After a steep bit of work on the glacier, and by making numerous zigzags, M. Ramond and his friends reached an elevated spot, where, clinging desperately to the rock, and shouting as loudly as possible for assistance, they found the bold smuggler who, having ventured upon the ice-slope without cramping-irons, had slipped about 200 ft., and by a miracle managed to stop himself at the edge of the precipice.

He was rescued at length, sans hat, sans pack, sans stick, sans waistcoat,—and as soon as he had recovered his legs he managed to recover his hat and the goods, but he could not recover his composure. He was placed in the midst of the party, but feared another tumble and upset the equanimity of all. But they persevered, and at last reached the lake in the basin-like hollow of the mountain range. Here a change in the weather suddenly occurred. They had all been so comfortable, and were debating the propriety of staying there for the night. "No matter about food, let us try the summit to-morrow; the clouds are of no account at all"—when suddenly from the despised clouds, just above, came a roar which made the bravest tremble.

Now the only idea was to escape. All rose and—to use a modern term—"skedaddled." But the roar was only an avalanche at a distance, not a thunder peal, and there was no actual danger, yet the brave climbers felt more comfortable when they reached the safety of the lower slopes of the Mont Perdu.

Nevertheless danger from lightning in these elevated situations is no imaginary one, and there are several instances on

* Those who are curious to read the narrative in its entirety will find it in the "Alpine Journal" (Longman & Co.).

record in which the climbers have been exposed to serious risks. The writer has had one or two experiences of this nature, one in particular which compelled us to be witnesses of a very painful and fatal accident. But these adventures we will reserve for a fresh chapter, as they do not properly belong to the Pyrenees, of which we will now take our leave, with a recommendation to our readers to go and spend three weeks or so among those mountains.

The traveller who does so will find many novel features, plenty of amusement, quite sufficient climbing without serious risk, and besides these advantages will have the enjoyment of traversing a (comparatively) fresh district, free from the personally-conducted tourist, and the hundred and one stereotyped impressions of the pattern holiday-maker, who bears the English stamp upon him, and from whom there is no escape in Switzerland.



CHAPTER XIII.

SOME NARROW ESCAPES AND A TRAGEDY.

AT the conclusion of our last chapter we referred to some of the dangers of the Alps and other high mountains, and we will now proceed to relate some incidents from our own and others' experience which tend to bear out our remarks.

As we were journeying (in imagination) through the Pyrenees in our last chapter, we will take up the subject with an adventure which befell Mr. C. Packe, the experienced author of the "Guide" to those mountains. This gentleman was "electrified" on the Piméné, a mountain we have more than once mentioned. He was carrying his rifle, and when mounting a small peak of that hill, his attention was arrested by a creaking noise close by; and then a most curious buzzing sound succeeded, as if a bee had got into the barrel,—it could not possibly

be in his bonnet. He at once turned his rifle upside down to shake out the insect, but no bee was forthcoming; and then Mr. Packe discovered that the noise was caused by "electrical induction." Everything pointed—even his fingers—gave out this curious hissing sound, and fearing an explosion he descended as rapidly as possible. Probably before long his rifle would have become a lightning conductor, as actually occurred in the case of Professor Forbes on the Théodule Pass.

In Professor Forbes' case the results were similar. The party were crossing from Zermatt, over the Col de St. Théodule, and about nine thousand feet above the sea. The Professor relates that he heard a curious sound, "which seemed to proceed from the Alpine pole with which I was walking. I asked the guide next me if he heard it, and what he thought it was. . . . He replied, with great coolness, that the rustling of the

stick proceeded from a worm eating the wood in the interior ! ”

This reply, naturally, was scarcely satisfactory to the Professor; and by way of experiment he turned the stick point uppermost, when “the worm” ran at once to the highest part; and when Dr. Forbes held up his fingers, they all gave out a rustling sound. The party were evidently close to the cloud, for all the stones now began to hiss, “like the points of an electrical machine.” This was not a pleasant position; the gay brass point of the guide’s umbrella soon became a conductor, and a peal of thunder, unaccompanied by lightning, proved how close the contact was.

But even these experiences fall far short of an adventure which happened to Mr. Tuckett, of the Alpine Club. He and his guides were upon a mountain near Susa—the Roche Melon—on a threatening day. They noticed the highly electrical condition of the atmosphere, and they tried numerous experiments. But at last the explosions got altogether too warm, and as every angular point around them was hissing loudly, they fairly “bolted” into the old chapel on the summit of the mountain, for shelter from the approaching thunderstorm.

The party entered and closed the door, because they had an idea that if the lightning should take it into its head to enter, it would come in by the door with the current of air. Opposite the door was an altar, on the steps of which Mr. Tuckett seated himself. One of the guides remained between Mr. Tuckett and a small unglazed window, and the other guide rested with his back against the wall near the door and underneath the said window.

These positions are quoted for some purpose, as you will see.

The storm came on with terrible fury. The flashes were almost incessant, and the thunder never ceased. The half-terrified inmates of the chapel were at length about to congratulate themselves upon the cessation of the storm, when a terrible flash came. There was a blaze of light,—a blow on the back of Mr. Tuckett’s head, as from a ham-

mer,—the chapel seemed filled with fire, and a strong smell of sulphur pervaded the place, from the roof of which flakes of flame seemed to descend all round.

The travellers, by a simultaneous impulse, rushed to the door, dragged it open, and darted into a shed close by.

Each member of the party was more or less damaged. One guide held his head between his hands in a dazed manner as if his brains were injured, and rolled about in a most painfully distressing way. One man’s hand was bleeding, and Mr. Tuckett was hurt, and bleeding from the foot.

After ascertaining the extent of their injuries, and finding that the storm was really passing away, they returned to the chapel to observe the extent of the damage done.

The lightning had struck the iron cross on the roof, which it completely smashed, then the “electric fluid” had darted down, struck Mr. Tuckett on the head, overturned the candlesticks behind him, smashed the pictures, and cracked the walls through in places. Their escape was little short of miraculous; for they must have been in the very centre of the storm in an isolated building furnished with a metal cross which was sure to attract the lightning.

Our own personal experience, though perhaps in less dangerous circumstances, led up to a painful tragedy which it scarcely needs the notes I made at the time to recall to my memory. Perhaps I may be permitted to give the incidents somewhat in detail: I can vouch for their truth at any rate.

It was at the latter end of June. We had walked over the Matterone from Lago Maggiore and reached Orta in a thunderstorm at 11 P. M. Next day we bathed during a continuation of the storm, and this by the bye was a most ludicrous incident.

The rain was descending not very heavily, and the question rose about our dress. If we unrobed in the boat our clothes would be soaked before our bath was over, and we could not bathe in them. So we finally decided to place our clothing

beneath the cushions of the boat under the awning; and socks, &c., being carefully stowed in the pockets of our greatcoats, we plunged into the blue waters of Lago d'Orta.

The rain fell now in a more determined manner, thunders rolled overhead, but we swam on until one of the party fortunately recollected our clothes. A general swim to the boat was the immediate result, and our most direful anticipations were realized. The thin awning had afforded no protection, the cushions were saturated, and the difficulty of drying ourselves beneath a dripping awning and the dampness of our apparel made it a moot point whether it was worth while dressing at all.

But the boatman landed and took our nether garments to a house beside the lake, leaving us in kilted elegance while our things were dried. The absurdity of our appearance amused us immensely, and the shouts of laughter brought some natives to admire us, and they laughed as heartily as we did ourselves.

After a pull to keep up the circulation, we crossed to our hotel and started for Vogogna on the Simplon route, intending to cross that pass next day. But thunder, lightning, and rain pelted us as we neared Ornavesso, and a house close by us was struck as we passed through the village. The spouts which protrude over the road ran little "waterspouts." Just before we reached the houses the storm appeared directly overhead. One of our friends was riding on the box of our vehicle, and carrying a brass-tipped umbrella. The lightning came pretty close once or twice, but he did not lower his *parapluie*. Suddenly a hot blinding flash passed close overhead, and buried itself close beside us in the road. Some portion of the lightning caught at L—'s umbrella. It gave him a shock which nearly tumbled him from his perch, then darting past us it made us sick as possible for a few seconds. We gasped for breath, and clenched our hands in vain efforts to shake off the incubus that seemed resting upon our chests. Our throats

seemed grasped by some strong hand, and the sensation which every schoolboy knows of being "hit in the wind," was a feature of this electric entertainment. A strong smell of sulphur (probably ozone in large quantity) was noticed by all. It was too close to be pleasant.

After leaving the village we had to cross a river which is (or was) worked by a ferry. Carriage and horses were all placed upon the barge, which is run across on a chain and worked by the force of the current. A bridge was in course of construction, and up to the unfinished arch, the last, a man accompanied by his sweetheart, advanced. He was warned not to cross the slippery timbers. He persisted, and got nearly over, when his foot slipped, and in a moment he was battling with the turbid and swollen stream.

We, tied tightly in the carriage in the centre of the river on the ferry, could render no assistance. He was below us, and was swept out of sight. He tried to clutch the slippery piles, but they eluded him, and he was borne away beating the water vainly. Again, he was carried under; again he appeared, then suddenly throwing back his head, he sank. A peal of thunder sounded his requiem, and all was still.

The poor girl to whom he was engaged came down from the bridge in a stupor. Her cold stare and glassy eyes, more terrible than tumultuous grief, will never be forgotten by any of us.

We at once set about to find the body, but after a vain search along the banks we were forced to leave, and taking up the poor young woman with us, we reached Vogogna at 7:30 as the storm again began to rage around us.

* We shall not forget that night. Our windows were burst open, and the curtains carried to the ceiling. The lightning tore through the street, and thunder rattled us almost out of bed. To these horrors were added the ever present face of the drowning man, which haunted us with the saddest memory for many a day and night after.

But here we must close our diary. The

next chapter will introduce us to far different places: the Land of Legends—the romantic scenes of the Walpurgis Night—the ever popular Hartz Mountains.

CHAPTER XIV.

INTO THE HEART OF THE HARTZ.

I THINK it is well before describing a locality, or attempting to describe it, to give my young readers some idea how to get there. It is all very well to talk of certain places, the features of the landscape, &c.; but most readers like to have a notion, at any rate, as to where they are. So I will briefly sketch the locality and its approaches.

"As if everyone didn't know where the Hartz Mountains are," says someone. But, friend, every one does *not*. I have asked several members of both sexes, and the answers I have received have been, to say the least, misleading. "Somewhere in Germany," was the nearest guess. I put aside the insinuation of the schoolboy who thought "Hungary was about the spot;" and when I questioned his knowledge, he told me "he didn't believe I knew myself"! Perhaps I didn't at his age! Now for the Hartz!

The region of the Hartz Mountains is about seventy miles long and twenty wide and belongs principally to the kingdom of Hanover. From Brunswick the tourist can go to Harzburg and Goslar. There are some wonderful mines in the neighbourhood, and slate quarries, &c. The roads have a very bad reputation, and, as we all know, the mountains are supposed to be haunted. The great feature of the Hartz Mountains is the "Brocken" which boasts a spectre, and is the scene of the Witches' Frolic, as related by Goethe. This heap of stones dignified by the title of "mountain"—it is only 3,800 feet high—is one of the most celebrated in Europe and unequalled in legendary lore. The locality is particularly favourable to the gruesome and weird tales which are so abundantly scattered abroad. Fancy numerous granite blocks lying in all directions,

interspersed with fir-trees, and surrounded by quagmires and mossy quicksands: that is the Brocken. You can walk up, ride up, or be carried up the Brocken; the whole locality is redolent of the marvellous—the odour of witchcraft.

On the 1st of May, the witches are supposed to hold their meeting, and none of the natives will visit the summit of the mountain about that time. When we have got up we are almost opposite to the Rossetrappe or Horse's Hoof-print; and in front of the Brocken is the Ilsenstein an isolated granite block rising about three hundred feet above the valley through which the Ilse flows. There are numerous legends respecting these classic localities. That about the Rossetrappe is quite romantic, and, as perhaps some of my young readers wish to read a regular German legend, in cross-examination for their benefit.

THE LEGEND OF THE Rossetrappe.

Once upon a time—I like to begin in the old way, if you please—when swallows built their nests in old men's beards, there lived an elderly monarch who reigned over the whole tract of country included in the Hartz Forest. His palace is supposed to have stood on the very ground now occupied by the Gasthaus zur Rossetrappe.

This king had a son, and that young gentleman had found it necessary to go on the grand tour of those days, which included the slaughter of dragons and the rescue of forlorn damsels, and various little adventures of like nature, too numerous to mention, and to choose a wife. In course of time he reached Bohemia, and immediately fell in love with the king's daughter, the charming Brunhilde.

The princess appears, from all accounts, to have been equally smitten by the prince-errant. He proposed, was accepted, and he immediately returned home to prepare for his wedding, and inform of his father of the approaching nuptials.

But another suitor appeared for the princess, who did not suit her at all. This was no less a personage than Bodo, a giant; and

the father, fearing the mighty man, asked for a few days to consider his decision, the giant being meanwhile permitted to woo the lady.

The result was that the monarch consented. The giant was delighted. Brunhilde was in despair. Three days was the period allotted for consideration, and during that time Brunhilde appeared reconciled to her fate, inwardly trusting that the prince would return to save her. Still he came not. The giant appeared daily, riding a splendid horse, and on one occasion he presented a magnificent steed to his affianced bride. This present she gladly accepted, hoping to escape from Bodo and ride away to her beloved prince.

So the wedding-day came, and with it a grand assemblage. Bodo was as cheerful as a giant can be (for my experience of giants is that they are rather a high and mighty race, and inclined to be haughty and stuck up). However, Bodo unbent on this occasion, and was delighted with everything, and was quite civil to his relatives, which was in itself suspicious.

But, while he was entertaining the guests who were waiting the performance of the ceremony, Brunhilde made some trifling excuse, and leaving the room, hurried through the dimly lighted passages to the stables. Then she saddled her horse and fled! The noise of his hoofs on the drawbridge aroused Bodo, who could scarcely credit his senses when he saw Brunhilde flying from the castle. He mounted his black steed and followed.

Such a chase was never known before nor since. She fled till she came in sight of the Brocken, and of her lover's palace. There was only one chance. She accepted it. Putting her horse to speed she dashed at the wide chasm, and the tremendous leap was cleared by the horse, whose hoof-prints are still visible in the rock.

The giant tried to follow, but fell into the stream wherein Brunhilde's crown had already dropped. He was at once transformed into a dog, where he still (in stone) keeps guard in the river called Bode, in

memory of him, to this day. The footprints can be seen by anyone doubting the truth of this story.

So much for the legend. There are others equally truthful to be heard, but we need not relate them. The "Seven Brothers" will awake the spirit of legendary lore, but we must pass on to Blankenburg, and to the Brocken, and after a journey and a toilsome ascent, we reach the inn on the summit, where probably a misty air and an air of mystery wait us.

It is almost impossible to be quite free from the gruesome associations of the place. There are so many legends, so many curious and almost supernatural occurrences related—not to mention the poems of Goethe which everyone reads as a matter of course in this region, if nowhere else—that one rather expects to see a spectre or something uncanny. Even in daylight the huge masses of rock about the Bode give one a curious sensation of the supernatural, but at night the influence of horror is much increased; little effort is needed to conjure up the witches and such visitors, and no one will care to stay out quite alone at night on the Hexentanzplatz, the scene of the witches' meeting.

There is one advantage in ascending the Brocken in the great *Walpurgisnacht*—the eve of May-day—when the witches dance, and that is, you may have the pleasure of beholding your own "ghost." Many a person, timid and tired, has said, "I should like to see myself at the top of the Brocken" that evening. Sir or Madam, you can (so *they* say) see yourself, or your ghost, if you have the spirit to climb up.

Not only will you see your own ghost, but you will be able to read the names of your friends who have desired your departure from the world, if any. Here you will be able to find out your secret ill-wishers, and if this is not worth coming to the Brocken for, I don't know what *is* worth coming for!

The "Spectre of the Brocken" is a not unusual phenomenon when the shadows

cast upon the vapour appear of an immense size. If the fog be damp you only see your own figure magnified ; while a dry fog will bring out the figures of your companions



The Spectre of the Brocken.

as well, if you have any companions. the mysterious Brocken has its advantages
So altogether you will readily perceive that as well as its drawbacks—and for any boy

will have a mysterious attraction. Besides the whole locality abounds in pretty as well as grand scenery, and is not difficult of access.

Although there is very little climbing, so called, to be gotten in the Hartz Mountains, the entire district is worth exploring. There are grander views to be seen in many localities; but the gaunt and stony mountains, the level plains, the meadows and pastures across which the hurrying clouds chase each other, the quaint towns and charming villages will well repay the traveller. At Blankenburg one may wait for days, and ascend the Regenstein again and again. From Blankenburg to Ballenstadt is the Devil's Wall, erected it is said by the Prince of Darkness to enclose a space where Christianity, should not enter. But the work accomplished during the night by the Fiend, was always destroyed during the day by some unseen hands, and the Evil One and his imps gave up the attempt at last in despair.

The Regenstein Castle can still be explored and its cells examined. It was besieged during the Thirty Years' War, and dismantled by Frederick the Great. Blankenburg is haunted by a "White Lady," who appears at the château of the Brunswick family, and makes curious noises, banging doors at night, and otherwise annoying peaceable residents. She is or was the Countess von Orlamunde, and her portrait is still to be seen in the gallery which boasts of a likeness of Maria Theresa.

We must now take leave of the Hartz, but those of our young friends who wish to visit the locality will not be disappointed.

CHAPTER XV.

A CLASSICAL MOUNTAIN.

BEFORE wandering away into Asia Minor and the Caucasus, we are tempted, for old association's sake, to drop down into Greece and pass a few moments in contemplating our old friend—Mount Parnassus.

This classical mountain has a special in-

terest for every schoolboy. It is a household word with boys, and no doubt many young fellows look upon it almost as a myth, as much a myth as the gods and goddesses who are so associated with the classic ground we are about to tread.

Delphi, as every school-boy knows, was the sanctuary of Apollo. It is now known as Castri, and is a miserable village perched upon a rock. All along the road by which the modern traveller advances from Chryso, the signs of the devastation caused by the earthquake some ten years ago are still visible. As the classic Delphi is approached down a steep hill, a number of caves are passed, and then by the ruins of the Temple of Apollo you will gain the village.

No one will ever visit Delphi without being struck by the contrast at present observable to the bustle and religious fervour which must have animated it in old times. Tradition says that the cave whence the oracles were delivered was discovered by a shepherd. The priestess by whose mouth Apollo spoke, received the inspiration in vapour ascending from beneath a holy tripod, where, crowned with laurel, she gave forth the oracular decisions of the god. At one time, these "infallible utterances" were delivered in verse, but these were eventually succeeded by more prosy prophecies, as the authority of the oracle diminished.

There is very little remaining of the once world-renowned oracle; a subterranean chamber and a few columns, with here and there some niches which received Pagan offerings, have alone remained to tell us of the golden statues, the temples, the processions, the games, and the grandeur of the oracle which led the Athenians to defend themselves with "wooden walls" after the great fight at Thermopylæ, and so saved the nation. On that occasion, at any rate, the oracle was right.

One of the most favourite haunts of those classical young ladies—the Muses—was Mount Parnassus, and on its snow-covered summit they doubtless walked about in all the enjoyment of the inspiring and inspiring air. The fountain of Castalia, which

still flows in a clear limpid stream, was their favoured bathing place—the springs of Parnassus, where the women of Castri now wash their clothes, their bath room.

Above Delphi, the summits—the peaks of Parnassus—rise clothed with pines, and often wrapped in clouds; Lord Byron says, “Who ever saw Liakoura without clouds?” But when the sun is declining the words of the ancient poet will be remembered by some, at any rate, of the spectators:—

“Thou rock irradiate with the sacred flame
That, blazing on thy artful brow,
Seems double to the vale below.”—EURIPIDES.

In ascending the rugged mountain from the monastery, you soon reach a small chapel. The road is very rough and steep, and so silent, wild, and suggestive. Here the Bacchantes held their wild orgies in honour of Bacchus and Apollo.

But the glory of Parnassus is departed. Few travellers now come to pay a visit to this classic famous seat of Apollo, where was the tomb of Pyrrhus who was slain by Orestes. Here the celebrated Pythian games were held, and these national pastimes, with the powerful patronage of the Amphictyons made Delphi, the “centre of the earth” as it was considered, the centre of attraction also.

And Delphi is changed too. The ghost of the Sybil of old alone haunts the classic ground, and in silence of the night comes to revisit the scene of her triumphs. A French writer says, “If you wake in the night, you

hear the wind which comes from the sea which beats against the rocks. At Delphi, it makes a dull sound which fills the soul with sadness, and makes you fear while you listen to it that the ancient oracle may have recovered its voice in order to reveal to you the future that lies before you.”

“Such is the aspect of that shore,—
’Tis Greece, but living Greece no more.”

We have not dwelt upon the ascent of this classical mountain, because it presents no difficulties which the average tourist may not overcome. It is rugged and seamed with ravines. The traveller will go there, not to seek excitement in feats of alpine climbing, but to revisit the spot associated with some of the greatest scenes of ancient history and mythology: the abode of gods and the object of many pilgrims’ wanderings. We love to linger round the place, and trace the Castalian Spring and conjure up the spirits of the former votaries, who filed in long procession up and down, and looked, as we may look, across the bay and sunny summer sea. We may fitly conclude this chapter with Homer’s lines, from the Hymn to Apollo—as rendered by Chapman:

“With never-weary feet their way they went,
And made with all alacrity ascent
Up to Parnassus; and that long’d-for place,
Where they should live and be of men the grace.
When all the way Apollo show’d them still
Their far-stretch’d valleys and their two-topp’d hill;
Their famous fane, and all that all could raise
To a supreme height of their joy and praise.”

(To be continued.)



SCHOOL-DAYS AT KINGSCOURT.

A TALE OF 1803.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,

VICAR OF OLD SHOREHAM, SUSSEX.

Author of "Schoolboy Honour," "Wroxby College," &c. &c.

CHAPTER IX.



It was a fine June afternoon. The Kingscourt eleven were practising for their great match, which was now to take place within a few days. A scratch team had been got together to play against them, consisting of Mr. Edward Chapman, Mr. Collins, some of the Milstead Club, and two or three old pupils of Dr. Chapman's who happened to live in the neighbourhood. The interest felt in the approaching struggle continued to increase from day to day as fresh rumours of the skill of their antagonists continued to reach them. In previous encounters the Parnassians had always been defeated, generally without running their antagonists very hard. This year the Kingscourts had an unusual number of good players. Northcote, the best bowler of last year, had improved decidedly during the present season, and Bell's bowling, though not so good as Northcote's, was better than the usual average. Monkton's wicket-keeping, and Cook's long-stopping had been greatly commended, as well as Wood's, Monkton's, and Bell's batting.

"Tell ye what it is, young gentlemen," said Pitts, the veteran cricketer of the village, who had waddled up from the King's Head to look on at the practice, "it does a man's heart good to see wicket-keeping like Mr. Monkton's. Why the ball is in his hand, and the bails is off the stumps, before a man can do so much as wink: and a ball might as well try to pass

through a brick wall, as through Mr. Cook's fingers."

"The wicket-keeper and the long-stop on t'other side ain't so good, then, hey, Pitts?" asked Northcote. "You've seen them practising, I suppose, haven't you?"

"Yes, I've seed 'em, Mr. Northcote. They don't play noways bad. There's a chap bowls straight and true enough, I may say there's two. And I see some pretty hits. There's one of 'em, as is called Morison, and one or two more, whose names I forget. They slash about 'em, first class. But they can't keep wicket, or long-stop like as you do. No, and the Londoner—he can't make 'em do it neither."

"Can he—the Londoner, I mean—can he play well, himself, Pitts?" asked Shute. "Can he play as well as Mr. Chapman, do you think?"

"Well, Mr. Shute, if I'm to speak the truth, and shame him who is not to be named, he do play better nor even Mr. Ed'ard. Bless you, he'll pitch a ball into the place where he wants it to go, aye a dozen times running, as sure as I'd toss up a half-crown, and catch it again. I see him do it. He put a piece of white paper on the ground in front of the block-hole and dropped his ball on it as often as you please. If he could teach Dr. Forbes's young gentlemen to bowl as well as he does himself, you'd have more trouble in beating of 'em, than I judge you will!"

"Does he teach 'em often, Pitts?" inquired Bell.

"A'most every day I hear, and they

improves too, I'm told, wonderful. But they ain't a-going to beat the Kingscourts, you may be sure of that, sir."

"I wish we could be sure of it," remarked Holmes uneasily. "But your account doesn't sound very like it. What do you say, James?"

"I am inclined to agree with you," replied Monkton. "We had the better of the Parnassians last year, no doubt; but they had several promising players, and what this London chap may have made of 'em, remains to be seen."

"Well, we shall do our best to beat them," remarked Bell, "and mortal man can do no more. But it is time we began the second innings, isn't it? Who are going in first on their side? Where are Longshanks and Collins?"

"Collins is standing at the door of the marquée there," said Shute, "I haven't seen Longshanks."

"He's sitting under the beech yonder, talking to Wood," observed Hewett. "They've been talking this quarter of an hour."

Mr. Edward Chapman and George Wood were indeed engaged in an interesting conversation. The former had shown a good deal of concern for his pupil's prospects, ever since he first came to Kingscourt. The lad had been placed in some sense under the usher's charge, and Wood's good qualities and remarkable character had much heightened the regard which the former had always felt. Wood was, as the reader has been told, both clever and industrious. He was also generous, warm hearted, and high principled. His fault was heat of temper, which he tried hard, but not very successfully, to control—joined to a proud spirit, which the peculiar circumstances of his birth and position were wont constantly to provoke. Edward Chapman had often talked with him kindly on the subject, and the lad, who was sensible of his friend's good-will, was wont to consult him when he found himself in any difficulty. Such had been the case on the present occasion. Up

to the time of the discovery of the "Chimney," Wood and Northcote had been friends. The friendship was not so warm, as that which George entertained for Bell, but was, nevertheless, very real on both sides. Northcote had half asked Wood to pass a fortnight of the summer holidays at Wavelsbourne Abbey, as his uncle had given him leave to do; and though Wood had not positively engaged to go, he had only waited for his mother's assent. But before this had been obtained, the refusal of Wood and his two friends to take any further part in the smoking (which had now been positively forbidden), or to frequent the "Chimney,"—which everyone knew Dr. Chapman would have peremptorily interdicted the boys from entering, if he had known anything about it,—had in a great measure broken off their intimacy. As the weeks went on, and the school gradually became divided into two parties, calling themselves "caps" and "hats," Wood and Northcote saw less and less of one another, until for the last fortnight they had hardly spoken. Moreover the taunts and innuendoes of Cook and Monkton, though not repeated, were remembered by Northcote, were acquiesced in, and remarked. Altogether Wood felt their way they went, and not become him to accept of the place, and undergone so great a change. accordingly that morning told his school-fellow that he should not be able to pass the fortnight at Wavelsbourne for which he had been asked. Almost immediately afterwards he had learned that the invitation had been transferred to Hewett, by whom it had been joyfully accepted. George felt that he had done right, or rather, hoped he had, and was anxious to hear Mr. Chapman's opinion on the subject. He had accordingly taken advantage of the interval between the innings, to tell him what had passed, omitting, of course, all particulars as to the cause of the disagreement between himself and Northcote.

"You see," he said, "I know I am apt to get angry in a matter like this, and I

don't want to be unkind or uncivil to Everard. But I can't help feeling that he doesn't want me now, and besides——"

"What besides, George?" asked Mr. Chapman, as he paused.

"Why, I think it might be mean of me to go," said the boy; "Sir Hugh Northcote is a rich man, and much higher in the world than I am, and he might help my prospects in life a good deal, if he chose."

"No doubt of that, George," replied Mr. Chapman, "and why should he not, if he thought you worthy of his help?"

"I don't suppose there is any reason," said George. "But then I shouldn't like to go to his house only to try and get that. If Everard really wanted me, it would be a different thing; but if he doesn't, I should feel I was going there under false pretences; and something that Cook and Monkton said one day, made me very angry, and Hewett insinuated the same, though I couldn't notice it. I know what a help it would be to my mother, if Sir Hugh did take me up, and I don't want my pride and temper to stand in the way. But I felt I couldn't go to Wavelsbourne, and I hope you don't think me wrong."

"No, George, I don't," said Mr. Chapman, kindly. "I think you've acted rightly, so far as I can see. I don't know and am not going to ask what was the cause of disagreement between you and Northcote. But I understand you to say, that you feel you were in the right about that?"

"Yes, sir," answered Wood, promptly, "I have no doubt on that point."

"Very well, and Northcote has never expressed any wish to make up matters, and has met your advances coldly and distantly?"

"There can be no doubt of that, either, sir."

"Then I think it would not be right for you to go to Wavelsbourne until things were again smooth between you, though, of course, the breaking off of this engagement ought to be no fresh impediment towards your making up your quarrel. And you must keep a good heart, my boy, you will

do well enough in life, if you go on steadily as you are doing now.—Well, what is it, Dennis?" he inquired of the school-servant, who at this moment came up to them.

"The doctor wants you and Mr. Wood, too, in the house. There's the lady come, that you know of——"

"Lady! what lady?"

"Well, I judge, sir, she is this young gentleman's mother," answered Dennis, awkwardly, "she has been here two or three times before."

"Do you mean Mrs. Wood, Dennis?" asked Mr. Chapman, sharply.

"She didn't say what her name was," answered the man, with the same confused manner as before; "only that she wanted to see you and Mr. Wood."

"Very well, give Mrs. Wood my compliments, and tell her I will join her immediately. George," he added, when the man was gone; "this is fortunate. I was anxious to speak to your mother, and was thinking of walking over to Patcham. You had better not go in with me. I'll send for you presently. Meanwhile go and tell Mr. Collins that he had better go in first himself, and then put in Fletcher and Hildyard. I've no doubt I shall be back before they are out."

"Poor lad," he thought as Wood departed on his errand, his cheek still crimson with the indignation which the school-servant's strange demeanour had aroused; "all this is really very hard on him. I must try and persuade Mrs. Wood to give some explanation as to her past history. It is no more than is due to her boy. She does not know what she inflicts upon him."

He found his visitor in Dr. Chapman's study, the usual room into which visitors to the boys were shewn, but he was startled at the unusual agitation which she exhibited. Mrs. Wood had gone through an amount of trial and sorrow, which would have broken most persons down, and she had borne it with extraordinary calmness. It must be something very trying indeed, he thought, which could have caused her to give way.

"Mr. Chapman," she began, "do not

think me foolish. But I fear I must leave this neighbourhood ; I am not sure that I must not take George away with me."

"My dear Mrs. Wood, what can have happened to agitate you in this way? George is quite well, everything is right with him. Has any one been telling you——"

"It is nothing connected with him that troubles me. You know," she resumed, "I have always been reluctant to tell Dr. Chapman, or yourself, anything of my history since the time when I left Essingham ; and you have been kind enough not to require it. There were reasons—I had my special reasons—for concealment. You will allow their force, I know, when you hear them."

"I have never doubted it," said Mr. Chapman.

"No. I know your kindness, and would have confided all to you if—you will hear why I was silent. I mean to tell you all now."

"You know," she recommenced, "that I left Essingham to join Frank in London—that day when I took leave of your brother and yourself."

"Yes, and we saw Frank two or three days afterwards. He had heard of your arrival at some inn near the docks. He told me so just before we parted for the last time."

"Just so. While he was in London, he had made arrangements for our marriage at one of the small city churches. I was to be in readiness to meet him, and accompany him to the church at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

"I waited for him all the morning, and until quite late in the afternoon, but he did not arrive. Just as it was getting dusk a man whom I had known at Essingham—whom I had known all my life, though he lived two or three miles off—came quite unexpectedly to see me—I do not know whether you have ever heard his name. It is Andrew Hagan"

"I remember hearing of a person of that name, in the neighbourhood," said Mr. Chapman. "But he was not a very creditable character, if I recollect right. I think he was on the point of being taken up on suspicion

of being concerned with the smugglers, when he suddenly disappeared."

"Yes, I have heard so. Well, he had been a sort of guardian to me, and afterwards wanted me marry him. He was very angry at my attachment to Frank, and believed—well, it is no matter what he believed. He came to the inn in London, and wanted to see Frank. I appointed him to come to the inn the next morning, and told him Frank would be there. You see I was quite sure Frank would arrive that evening."

Mr. Chapman nodded in acquiescence, and she went on :—

"The evening passed on, and it was time to go to bed, and Frank did not come. I sat up till past one o'clock, and had got terribly alarmed, when I heard a noise under the window. I looked out and there was a man beckoning to me to come down. The house had long been shut up, so that no one could obtain admittance except by knocking. I thought it must be a messenger from Frank, and opened the window, and enquired who was there.

"'It is I, Lucy,' was the answer, and I instantly recognised Frank's voice.

"'Come down and let me in, but don't disturb anyone.'

"I obeyed, and we went up to the sitting-room together. I then saw that he was dressed in a suit of clothes quite different from any I had ever seen him wear before,—a shabby flapped coat, rough leggings, and a labouring man's hat. His face and hands were covered with dirt and blood.

"I was on the point of screaming out, when he stopped me, by a warning look and an assurance, that if I drew the attention of the people of the house to him, he was a dead man. 'I have had two serious mishaps this evening,' he said 'I have, I fear, killed my cousin, Mark Harlow, in a duel. He insulted me in the streets. We drew on one another, and I wounded him mortally.

"'A man helped me to escape,' he went on, 'a poor fellow called David Wood, and he had engaged himself to accompany us

to Canada. We had reason to believe the constables were on our track, and by his advice, we changed clothes in a small hovel where it appeared he had been hiding for the last day or two, and then he went up to the ship agent, with whom by good fortune he was acquainted. "I'll take the passages in my name," he said, "and that will throw the runners off the scent, if they come asking questions."

"He returned in an hour or so, and we set out for the inn together. But we had hardly turned the first corner, when we were set upon by three or four men, who called upon us to stand. Thinking they were officers sent to apprehend me, I resolved not to be taken—I drew and defended myself, and David seconded me stoutly. My object however of course was to get away, and having succeeded in striking down my immediate opponent, I shouted to Wood to follow me and ran off. I was pursued, but by only one man, and, on turning upon him, discovered that he was no officer, but a common street-robber. I soon disposed of him, and then went back to help my companion. But I could find no trace of him or of the robbers, and after a long time was obliged to give up the quest.

"The worst of it is," he added "that Wood does not know where to find me, and I cannot delay our departure. We must sail by the ship by which our passages have been taken, and that weighs anchor at ten to-morrow."

"Well, Mr. Chapman, after a long consultation we agreed that there was nothing for it but to go on board at once. There wouldn't be time to go to the church, and, besides, the constables might be on the look out for Frank, if they'd picked up anything about his story. So we went on board the *Quebec*; which sailed punctually to her time, and reached Falmouth in three days. There the ship stayed for twenty-four hours, and during that time we went ashore and were married.

"We never heard what became of David Wood. Frank thought he might have been hurt in the scuffle and carried to a hospital,

from which of course he could not be released in time to join us; or perhaps he might have been induced to join the robbers. We had no means of finding out anything about him. But my husband thought it better to keep the name of David Wood, under which his passage had been token. In fact he thought it was his only security against being arrested on a charge of murder.

"My family have cast me off," he said. "My father and brother have both told me that they regard me as a disgrace to their name; and that is a reproach they shall never have occasion to utter again. You have never seen either of them, or had any communication with them, have you, Lucy?"

"No," I answered, "and I don't want to, either." I was as bitter against them as he was.

"That is right," he answered, "remember we have dropped the name of Atherley for good and all. We are Frank and Lucy Wood from this time forward."

"Well, I believe you have heard already something of what happened to us in Canada. I had a distant relative there, who had gone out many years before to the backwoods, somewhere near Fort Edward. We went to him for advice, and he was very kind to us. We laid out what money we had—I had a little, and Frank had a little, you know—in buying land. Frank built a log-house with my relative's help, and we lived in it for some years happily enough. At least I was happy; but I don't think Frank ever got over that night in London. He was haunted by the remembrance of the blood which, he used to say, was on his hand."

"Did he never wish to make any inquiries of anyone?" asked Mr. Chapman.

"No. If he had written to any one, it would have been to your brother or yourself. But he shrank nervously from what he was persuaded would only be a confirmation of his worst fears. Did his relations ever apply to you for information about him?"

"No. They knew nothing of us, or we of them. Frank never spoke of them to me, except quite casually. I scarcely knew where his father or brother lived, and never heard anything about them of any kind, after Frank's departure from Essingham."

"It was almost the same, so far as I was concerned. How long his feeling would have lasted, I cannot say; but during the six or seven years of our life at Bristowe's Plot—that was the name of our house—he never mentioned their names to me at all. Once I thought he would have asked for some information. In the fourth year of our residence, an English officer, Captain Erskine, came to Fort Edward, and remained there about two years. He and Frank got very intimate, and used to go out shooting together. Captain Erskine often spoke of his friends in England, and Frank used, I could see, to listen anxiously, though he never asked any direct questions. It was in the winter after the captain went away, that my great sorrow fell upon me."

"How did it happen?" asked Chapman. "I never knew."

"Frank went out with a shooting party, and was brought home mortally wounded. He had been charged by a wounded moose and gored frightfully. He just lingered long enough to desire me to return to England and throw myself on your kindness. He said nothing about resuming my proper name; and I knew what his wishes had always been on that point."

"And your property out there, Mrs. Wood—what became of that?"

"It had been a good deal reduced. All the ready money had been laid out in building and clearing the land; and it was only beginning to bring in some return. My relative who was still living, sold it, as well I believe as it could have been sold, and invested what remained for me in the English Funds. It is upon that that I have been living ever since."

"I am glad to know this, Mrs. Wood, as I suppose you still wish me to call you," said Mr. Chapman. "I have often been anxious to learn the particulars of my poor

friend's history, but saw you were unwilling to enter on the topic. But I do not exactly understand what is the cause of your present uneasiness."

"It is this man Hagan, the man who knew me before I was married," said Lucy.

"He came to my house one day in May—"

"How did he find you out?" asked her friend.

"He met George in Broadleigh Park, he said, and was struck by his likeness to me."

"Broadleigh Park—Hagan! Oh, now I think I understand something of this. About a twelvemonth ago, Colonel Morley sent down a new keeper to Broadleigh, whose name, I am pretty sure, is Hagan. I never thought of him in connection with your affairs, or I might have remembered the name at Essingham. He is a strong stout-built man, past fifty."

"Yes, that is the man. He called on me, and renewed the offer he had made to me before I was engaged to Frank. He is violent and headstrong, and when I told him that it was impossible I could ever comply with his wishes, he broke out into threats—"

"Threats? of what? We can soon put a stop to that. A few words to his master, Colonel Morley—"

"No, that must not be done, Mr. Chapman. It would lead to the disclosure of everything—to the breach of my promise to my husband: I cannot have this Colonel Morley, or anyone else, prying into my history, and I am not afraid of Hagan's hurting me. It is for George that I am so uneasy. I have thought over it till I can bear it no longer."

"George? how could Hagan hurt him?"

"I do not exactly know. I could not clearly understand what he meant. He said it was in his power to do George the greatest possible service—to put him in quite a different position in life from that which he is now in—"

"Surely that can be nothing but idle talk. The man must be either crazy, or attempting to impose on you."

"Perhaps; but he is in earnest about his

threats, at all events. I know him only too well. He never resolved to injure anyone, without doing it. He'd do what he had determined on, though it cost him his own life."

"Indeed. Such a man is of course a dangerous enemy to provoke. Still I cannot think it would be wise for you to take so serious a step as that of leaving the neighbourhood, and carrying George away with you. It is almost the same thing as throwing up his prospects in life. He is, at present, progressing as well as even I could desire for him. He will turn out a first-rate scholar, if he goes on as he has begun. My brother has great hopes that he will be able to get him placed on the foundation of one of the Oxford Colleges, and he has already obtained promises of exhibitions from some of the London Companies. This is not to be given up without some grave, I might say, some overwhelming, reason."

"Certainly not," assented Mrs. Wood. "It is what I have so long and so earnestly desired for him. It would break my heart, I think, if I was obliged to give it up."

"I can quite believe it. Observe, I don't ask you to disregard this man and his threats altogether. I only ask you to take no immediate step, and leave the matter for awhile in my hands. If you could have allowed me to lay the matter before Colonel Morley—"

"No, no," she again broke in vehemently, "Frank's wishes before all, even if they were not mine too! He was resolved that George should never be taunted with being 'the son of a homicide,' as he was wont to say. His family had renounced him and done him shameful wrong. He would not resume his name unless they asked forgiveness, which he knew they never would. I have told you, Mr. Chapman, my old and kind friend, but I will tell no one else, nor allow anyone else to be told."

"Very well, then, that must be given up. But remain quiet for the present, and let me make guarded inquiries about this man, without making any mention of your name, or his connection with your affairs. As for

George, say nothing at all about the matter to him. Hagan is not likely to intrude himself on the lad, and George would keep him at arm's length, if he did. The holidays are soon going to begin, and then you will have him under your own eye."

"Yes, but I fear he will be very dull. His two great friends, young Bell and young Shute, are going to the seaside for the summer. Mrs. Shute has been ordered to Weymouth for sea bathing, and her son and his cousin, Bell, are to go with her."

"Indeed. I had not heard that, and am sorry for it. But I shall be here and I will look after him, if you will leave him to me. Will you do so?"

"How could I do better?" she answered, warmly.

"Good bye, then. I must go back to the cricket-ground now. I will send George in to you."

CHAPTER X.

THURSDAY, June 16th, arrived, and happily proved to be a lovely day. When a June day is a fine one—and even now there *are* fine days in June—there is none throughout the year that can compete with it. The gates of Broadleigh Park had been set wide open, in compliance with its owner's hospitable directions; and all who chose it were admitted to see the great cricket-match, which for some years past had been an object of growing interest with the villagers, but in the present season had formed the favourite topic of conversation for weeks past. Bony himself, and his wicked doings, and the great fleet of flat-bottomed boats which he was constructing for the purpose of carrying over his legions of soldiers to the southern coasts of England—even he sank into comparative insignificance, when the spectators came in sight of the wide and level lawn surrounded by its umbrageous trees, under the shade of which tents had been pitched and rustic seats arranged, the gay flags, with which the Fishing Temple had been decorated, and the refreshment booths on the opposite side, which Mr. Pitts, Goody

"Who is to take his place?" asked Monkton. "Cook and Wood can both bowl a little. We can try one of them, if you like."

"I think you had better try Cook," said

Hewett, who had now joined them. "I have not a word to say against Wood, but I think Cook is the better of the two."

"I don't know that," said Northcote; "I've seen Wood bowl extremely well."



"No doubt of it," rejoined Hewett; "but Wood, you see, is point——"

"And Cook is long-stop," broke in Holmes, "and that is a more important watch than even point. We'd better try Wood."

Monkton concurring, Bell and Wood

changed places, and the play recommenced. Hibbert and Green had now succeeded to the vacant places at the wickets. Whether they were greatly inferior to their school-fellows, or whether Wood's bowling was different to any they had made trial of before, might be a matter of opinion. But he

was fortunate enough to dispose of them both without a run. Venn and Webster, who followed, made a few runs each, when the former was cleverly caught at slip. Bridge came last, and presently succumbed to Northcote after making a score of six. The total innings was found to amount to seventy-four runs—a large number in those days, when, in cricket phraseology, the bowling had, generally, the better of the batting.

The Kingscourts now commenced their innings, putting Cook and Fielding in first. These boys were chosen to begin the innings, because, though neither of them in general made long scores, they were very difficult to get out, and had been known fairly to tire the bowlers down before they could be disposed of. But they did not fulfil the general expectation on this occasion. Morison's first ball carried off Fielding's bails, and Cook was similarly bowled by Hughes in his first over, also without a run. Holmes now took Fielding's place, and Northcote, Cook's. These two were among the best bats of Dr. Chapman's eleven; but they proved equally unable to cope with their antagonists' bowling. Holmes succeeded in scoring one hit for two runs, when he was caught by the wicket-keeper; and Northcote soon afterwards retired with only one registered to his name. Monkton and Bell, the two best bats of the eleven, in Mr. Chapman's estimation, next made their appearance. They were aware that if they failed, all hope of redeeming the day would in all likelihood be lost. They played accordingly with great caution and steadiness, and succeeded in effecting some improvement in the state of things. Monkton had made fourteen, and Bell twelve before they were separated—as they were at last by a splendid ball of Hughes's, which carried off Bell's leg-bail. Hewett took the place of the latter, but to his mortification was obliged to return to the marquée almost immediately, Hughes having swept his bails off also, by another ball resembling the former.

There were now only four more to go in; and the score did not amount to thirty.

Wood and Shute were the only two players, of whom anything like a score could be hoped, and there was no reason to expect that they would be able to face the brilliant bowling of the Parnassians, with any greater success than their predecessors.

"I say," remarked Northcote, as he and the other players lay stretched on the turf under the shelter of a fine old oak; "this is a bore, this is. These fellows bowl, and bat too, a heap better than any one supposed. But I can't stand being beaten after this fashion either. Why, unless we look sharp, we shall be beaten in a single innings. That won't do at all."

"It's all that professional," growled Holmes. "You may say what you like. But it isn't fair. These fellows couldn't bowl or bat either, anything like as well as they do now, until he was hired to teach them. I am sorry we didn't refuse the challenge on those grounds."

"I don't think you'd have liked to do that, Steve," said Northcote; "and anyway it is no use saying that now. And perhaps Wood may do something for us. You know Longshanks says that, though he can't hit as well as Monkton or Bell, he can defend his wicket better than anyone."

"Longshanks only says that, because Wood's his particular favourite," said Cook. "Who ever knew Wood get a long innings, I should like to know? Last year he was out with three in the first innings, and a duck's egg in the second."

"Yes," said Bell, "but why? Because he was put in last player, and carried his bat out both times. If I remember right, he hadn't above a dozen balls in the first innings, and none at all in the second."

"You always stand up for Wood," said Cook, sulkily.

"Perhaps I do," returned Bell; "certainly I do, when I hear him unjustly attacked."

"Well there he goes now," said Holmes, "and we shall soon see who is right."

The game was resumed, and for nearly an hour there was no change at the wickets. Monkton played his steadiest and best, and raised the number by hits for one and two,

never attempting to slash either Morison's or Hughes's dangerous bowling. Wood proved still more successful. He too attempted no long hits, but struck ball after ball between the fielders, running up a score, which before the end of his innings amounted to more than twenty. Monkton was at last bowled out and Wood run out. Shute, who came next, adopted different tactics from those before him, running out of his ground and striking with all his strength at the balls before they touched the ground. He contrived to make one or two slashing hits, but was soon stumped by the wicket-keeper. The remaining two, Brooker and Blackburn, added only two to the total, which was found to amount to sixty-one runs.

"Well, Ralph, you must allow Bell was right this time," observed Northcote, as he, Cook, Holmes and Hewett stood leaning against the park rails at the conclusion of the innings, awaiting the summons to dinner. "If it hadn't been for Wood our score would have looked blank enough. It doesn't look over well now. We're eleven behind, and have to get Morison, Blackett, and Hughes out again, and that won't be a very easy job. But if our number had been twenty-two less, it would have been a poor look-out indeed!"

"That is quite true, Everard," said Hewett. "I don't wish to detract from Wood's merits, but I think it was more good luck than anything else—"

"Like *your* luck, I suppose," said Holmes, "only rather better. By the bye I wanted to tell you that Jem and I tried yesterday to open that door again—"

"The door of the 'Chimney?' " asked Northcote.

"Yes; we tried everything we could think of. It was a famous opportunity. The Doctor and Longshanks had gone over to Leddenham. Heywood and Collins were out in the cricket-ground. Even the servants were out of the way. We tried the new keys one after another, but none of them would fit. Then we used the ripping chisels and mallets, to see if we could force the

hinges off, but they wouldn't move—then we worked with the files to cut the screws through. But it was all no go. We couldn't move the door one inch."

"Are you sure it has not been bricked up?" asked Northcote.

"I should have thought that," said Holmes, "but when we poked the longest screwdriver through the keyhole, we could feel that there was nothing on the other side."

"Well I suppose we must give it up," said Northcote. "After all it doesn't much matter to us. We've got the use of the 'Chimney,' and that's pretty well all we want. And if we can't get at any one who may be on the other side of that door, neither, remember, can anyone get at us."

"There is something in that," said Holmes. "I suppose we had better leave it alone. It wouldn't do to try a battering-ram, as somebody advised. It would make such a row, that we should be sure to be overheard, and they'd have us up for smashing the door, I suppose. I should like to have seen what there was on the other side; but what can't be, can't."

"There's the signal for dinner," said Northcote, as the doors of the Fishing Temple were thrown open, and Parson Podgett appeared on the threshold. "Come on, you fellows, we'll all sit together."

For the next hour and a half all the guests were in a state of supreme enjoyment; but that of Parson Podgett so greatly exceeded that of the rest of the party, that it was really quite a pleasure to watch his movements. He had assumed the chair at the upper end of the room, having established Dr. Bell as his vice. He had placed Dr. Chapman, the older resident of the two schoolmasters, on his right hand, and Dr. Forbes, on his left: while in like manner Monkton and Morison, the two captains, filled the seats on either side of Dr. Bell. The dinner was abundant, the cheer of the best, and excellently cooked by the colonel's servants; the wine—judiciously reserved for the older guests, after the allowance of one

glass to each of the boys—the best which colonel's cellar could produce. The Parson's face shone again with approval, as he saw dish after dish disappear under the unflagging devotion of the youthful guests, and listened to the joyous clatter with which the Fishing Temple resounded, and which might have vied with that of the Temple of Babel itself. When at last the sweets had disappeared, and the banqueters leaned back in their seats, defeated but not disgraced, and he rose to propose Colonel Morley's health, he was greeted with a round of applause at the close of every sentence, such as the patriotic sentiments of Mr. Pitt, or the witticisms of Mr. Sheridan but rarely evoked in the House of Commons. Then the health of the two schools was drunk, and Dr. Chapman returned thanks, and Dr. Forbes supported him, in a speech abounding in classical quotations. After that Dr. Bell's health was called for, and he in response proposed the two elevens; for which the captains responded, to the extreme delight of their schoolfellows, and the corresponding embarrassment of themselves. The latter however avenged themselves of their persecutors, by proposing as toasts, first the bowlers, and then the long-stops, and then the scorers; who were all compelled in turn to get on their legs, and stammer through a sentence or two, each speech being as nearly as possible an exact reproduction of that which had preceded it, hems and haws, and "I feel quite sures" included.

This petty skirmishing being concluded, Mr. Collins who had acted as umpire, rose to propose what might be called the great toast of the day—the health of Mr. Podgett. "They must all deplore," he said, "the absence of their kind and generous entertainer, and hope that his non-appearance was not caused by any illness or accident. But at the same time, they could not but feel that the void, so occasioned, would have been greatly more depressing, if his place had not been so efficiently filled by their excellent Vicar, the Reverend Narcissus Podgett. In the presence of Dr.

Forbes, he felt a diffidence in venturing on classical allusions. Nevertheless they had all found Mr. Podgett's company so delightful that day, that they could hardly wonder that his namesake of old should have pined for want of his own society, as he was said to have done."

Under cover of this brilliant *bon mot*, and Mr. Podgett's speech in reply, which was cheered to the very echo, the dinner came to an end; and the two elevens, issuing from the Temple, again took bat and ball in hand, and proceeded with their second innings. This began very nearly as the first had begun. Northcote and Bell had now fully recovered from their temporary exhaustion, and made as short work of Willes and Hallett, as they had done on the former occasion; Willes's wicket falling to Northcote in the second over, and Hallett's to Bell's first ball. But when Collingwood succeeded, the luck changed. Annoyed at his failure in the first innings, he now played with greater caution, and succeeded not only in sticking in but in running up a goodly tale of notches. Morison proved as formidable as before, and the two were not parted, until as many as thirty-five had been registered. Hughes, who took the captain's vacancy, began with two or three slashing hits, and the hopes of the Kingscourts were rapidly sinking to zero, when his career was unexpectedly cut short by a splendid catch made by Wood, who was standing point, as he had done during the first innings. The ball was struck so sharply, and so close to the ground, that the boy had to fall on his side in order to grasp it, and the force with which it had been driven was so great, that he rolled twice over on the turf, before he could recover his equilibrium, holding however the ball tight in his hands all the while!

Amid the burst of cheering from all parts of the ground, which this brilliant feat elicited, Hughes withdrew and Blackett took his place. But the numbers of the Parnassians had, by this time, amounted to fifty, and the bowlers, it was evident, were tired out with their long-continued and

fruitless endeavours to overthrow Collingwood's wicket, who had now run up a formidable account of ones and twos, and had begun to venture on more distant hits.

When the score exhibited a total of more than sixty, Northcote was withdrawn from the bowling, and Cook, by Hewett's advice, substituted for him, Northcote remarking that Wood was too useful at point to be removed from it. He himself took Cook's place as long-stop. But this move proved a disastrous one. Cook's bowling failed altogether to check the successful career of the batters, and Northcote himself was found to be so insufficient a substitute at long-stop, that Cook had to be withdrawn and replaced in his old position after three or four overs.

"Your young sparks is a-going to win the day, Mr. Jenkins," remarked Pitts to the professional, as they smoked their seventh pipe in company. "I allus said as they would win," added the veracious Mr. Pitts, "and so they will."

"Win holler, Mr. Pitts," asserted Jenkins, "won't get 'em out under a hundred—take you three to two in pots of beer."

"Done with you, Mr. Jenkins," said the veteran, who had noticed that Collingwood's play was getting unsteady; and the wager was hardly concluded, when a ball, which should have been blocked, was heavily swiped by the lad in question, and the next minute deposited in Wood's hands.

"Now, stupid," growled the Londoner, who was aware that he was safely out of earshot, "I wonder how many times I've warned you again' that. Well, anyways, there's seventy-four got, and there's Mr. Blackett in still. They'll run it up now."

Green now appeared and made two slashing hits, which revived the professional's confidence; but the third ball was unfortunate. It was straight and well pitched.

Green lowered his bat to block it. It just touched the upper edge, flew off and was skilfully caught by Monkton.

"Eighty-two and eight wickets down," said Pitts; "shall we say double or quits, Mr. Jenkins?"

"Not this time, thank you, Mr. Pitts," was the reply. "Aye, there he goes, first ball,—I expected as much. None of the three last is good for two runs, if they are for one!"

"Well, Mr. Blackett's good for something you see," remarked the publican, as the ball came flying down for three to the bench where they were seated.

"Aye, but the t'other ain't," rejoined his companion, "there he goes—a middle stumper and nothing else!"

"Only one more, is there?" asked Pitts, as another of the Parnassians advanced to take the place of Venn, whose career had been cut short, even more ingloriously than in the first innings. "I think that must be the last, but I can't be sure."

"That's the last," assented Jenkins, "and he ain't no good neither. If he'd only block now, instead of trying to hit, Mr. Blackett may run up the hundred still."

"Ah, but he won't," said Pitts, as a ball flew straight up into the air, and Monkton rushing forward caught it in his right hand. "Well, there's the end of that innings. Eighty-six and thirteen to the good before. Just a hundred the Kingscourt gents must get to win."

"Yes, there's an end of the innings," said the player, "and I judge there's an end of they Chapmanites too. You won't go double or quits of our bet on the whole match, will you?"

"I guess I won't, Mr. Jenkins," returned Pitts, with a grin. "Yet I've known stranger things than their winning would be, even now."

(To be continued.)

ADVENTURES IN AFRICA.

BY AN AFRICAN IVORY TRADER.

EDITED BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER VI.—(*continued.*)

WILLINGLY consenting, my friends did as they proposed, as from thence I could watch the fight with greater security. They, having placed me in safety, hurried towards the combatants, hoping to kill both of them before they separated.

The elephant, already wounded, appeared likely to succumb without our further interference. There was indeed little chance of its attempting to defend itself against them. 'Toko, making a sign to Harry to remain where he was, sprang forward until he got close up to the animals, and firing he sent a bullet right through the elephant's heart. The huge creature fell over, pressing the rhinoceros to the ground. Leaping back Toko again loaded, and Harry advancing they fired together into the body of the survivor, which after giving a few tremendous struggles, sank down dead.

The battle over, Harry proposed carrying me at once to the camp, and then returning to bring away the elephants' tusks, the lion's skin, and as much of the meat of the two first animals as was required for the use of the party. I was very thankful to accept his offer, as I wanted to get my ankle looked to, having an uncomfortable fear that it was broken, in which case my hunting would be put a stop to for many a week to come. He and Toko were not long in manufacturing a litter to carry me, by means of two long poles, on their shoulders. Having placed me on it they set off for the camp. Fortunately we had not very far to go. I hoped that in the meantime we should meet with neither elephants nor lions.

Only under rare circumstances are rhinoceroses to be dreaded, for they are generally mild and well-disposed creatures, and usually take to flight when they come in sight of human beings.

We had gone about half-way, when a lion, bursting out from a thicket close by, stalked across the path some distance ahead. My bearers placed me on the ground and handled their rifles.

"We'll stand by and defend you, don't be alarmed," cried Harry.

"I'm not afraid of your running away, I answered, but don't fire at the creature unless it approaches to attack us. If you only wound it, its rage may be excited, and I to a certainty shall become its victim."

The lion regarded us for a few seconds when—we raising a loud shout—it, greatly to my satisfaction, bounded on and disappeared in the wood. Indeed a lion when alone will seldom, especially in the day-time, attack human beings who show a bold front, though it will follow like a cat, as do most other savage brutes, if a man runs from it.

My friends again taking me up, we proceeded, though I own that I peered somewhat anxiously into the wood where the lion had retreated, lest it should change its mind and rush out upon us.

My uncle returned soon after we reached the camp, and at once examined my ankle. Greatly to my relief he assured me that it was not broken, and that, if he bound it up in a water bandage, I should probably be well in a day or two. As it was already late, the blacks were unwilling to go through the forest at night for the purpose of bringing in our spoils, for fear of being carried off by

lions. All night long we could hear them muttering and roaring. Harry suggested that they were mourning for their late companion. Occasionally the death-cry of some unfortunate deer which they had pulled down reached our ears, while various other sounds, some produced by insects or bull-frogs, or birds, disturbed the silence of the forest. I, however, managed, in spite of the noise and the pain I suffered, to go to



sleep, and in the morning, greatly to my satisfaction, I found my ankle much better than I expected.

As meat was wanted, several of the party proposed to set off at an early hour to bring in some from the animals we had killed ; my uncle, Mr. Welbourn, and Harry going also. As I did not like to be left behind, I begged to be allowed to mount a horse and to ride with them. I should have been wiser to have remained quietly at the camp, but I wanted to revisit the scene of our encounter the previous day. Jan followed behind with several of the blacks, who were to be loaded with our spoils. As we neared the spot, I heard my friends exclaiming in various tones—

“Where is it? What has become of the creature!”—and, pushing forward, I caught sight of the elephant and the dead lion at a

distance, but nowhere was the rhinoceros to be seen. It was very evident that it could not have been killed as we had supposed, and that, having only been stunned, it, at length recovering itself, had made off.

Toko cried out that he had discovered its spoor, and I saw him hurrying forward evidently hoping to find the creature. The other blacks meanwhile set to work to cut out the tusks, and select a few slices off such parts of the body as were most to their taste, including the feet, the value of which we knew from experience.

While they were thus occupied, my three white friends were busy in flaying the lion. I kept my eye on Toko, expecting that, should he discover the rhinoceros, he would summon some of the party to his assistance. I saw him look suspiciously into a thicket, then he turned to fly. The next moment a huge beast rushed out, which I had no doubt was the rhinoceros we fancied that we had killed on the previous day. Toko made for a tree behind which he could shelter himself. I called to my friends to draw their attention to the danger in which he was placed, but to my dismay before he could reach the tree the rhinoceros was upon him. There was no time to leap either to the one side or the other, but as the animal's sharp horn was about to transfix him, he made a spring as if to avoid it, but he was not in time, and the animal, throwing up its head, sent him and his rifle floating into the air to the height of several feet. The rhinoceros then charged on towards the men cutting up the elephant, when my uncle and his companions, having seized their rifles, began blazing away at it. Fortunately one of their shots took effect, and before it had reached the blacks, down it sank to the ground. While Harry hastened on to where Toko lay, my uncle and Mr. Welbourn, quickly reloading, fired into its head and finished its existence.

I had ridden up to the Makololo, expecting to find every bone in his body broken. As I approached, to my satisfaction I saw him get up; and though he limped somewhat, after shaking himself and picking up

his rifle, he declared that he was not much the worse for the fearful toss he had received, and was as ready as ever for work.

He soon rejoined the rest of the men, and assisted in packing the oxen with the tusks and meat. Some of the flesh of the rhinoceros was also cut off, and with the lion-skin packed up. Rhinoceros meat, though tough, is of good flavour. The portions we carried off were from the upper part of the shoulder and from the ribs, where we found the fat and lean regularly striped to the depth of two inches. Some of the skin was also taken for the purpose of making some fresh ox-whips. We of course carried away the horns, which are about half the value of ivory. Altogether, the adventure which at one time appeared likely to prove so disastrous, afforded us no small amount of booty.

CHAPTER VII.

THE constant mutterings and roarings which saluted our ears during the night, made us suspect that we should not obtain much game in the neighbourhood, besides which we should run a great risk of being attacked while out shooting. We therefore struck camp, and proceeded on to the northward. The country in many places was rocky, and though there were no mountains of any great height there were savage defiles through which we had to pass, the sides of the cliffs being covered with brushwood and creepers, and in some spots with tall trees. We were not afraid of being attacked by natives, but notwithstanding we always sent out scouts on our flanks and ahead.

We had gone on some distance when Toko, who was leading, came hurrying back.

"I have seen a strange sight, which I would rather not have seen," he exclaimed.

"What is it?" asked my uncle.

"Lions, a whole army of them. They seem determined to stop our way," he answered.

"If there were a hundred of them they

should not do that," replied my uncle. "We'll have a look at the gentlemen. We shall soon drive them off if I mistake not."

As it would have been imprudent to carry the cattle and horses into the neigh-

bourhood, a halt was called, and the blacks were left in charge of the animals, while we, with Hans Scarff, prepared to ride forward.

"Stay!" said Harry. "I think we have got something to send them to the right



about, if our shouts fail to drive them away." And going to the waggon he produced half-a-dozen rockets.

"One of those will do," observed his father, "for we may want the rest for another emergency. However, you can carry a couple in case one should fail."

Led by Toko, we proceeded along the defile, when, on reaching some high ground, we saw, collected together below us among

the rocks, an immense number of lions. There must have been several families, fathers and mothers with their young ones. What could have brought them together to that spot, it was difficult to conjecture. Toko declared that they knew we were about to pass that way, and had assembled for the purpose of attacking us. Of course such an idea was ridiculous; however, there they were, and had we passed close to

them, they might have committed serious havoc among our cattle, although we should no doubt have shot down many of them. They must have seen us, from the way they lashed their tails and muttered; while, from the loud roars which three or four of the elders gave forth, it was pretty clear that they meant mischief.

We, however, rode forward determined to drive them away. Harry and I in the meantime, got the rockets ready to fire in case our shouts should fail to produce the desired effect. As we got nearer there was a general movement among them. As we shouted they roared in return, apparently not being alarmed by the sound of our voices.

"We must not remain unarmed, so let only three fire at a time, while the others reload," said my uncle. "Now fire!"

As the smoke cleared away, it seemed doubtful whether any of the shots had taken effect as the lions did not move from the spot they occupied.

"I suspect they are waiting for the appearance of a herd of 'gemsboks' and that they will not give up the chance of catching their prey," observed my uncle.

"We must disappoint them then," said Mr. Welbourn. "Harry, get one of your rockets ready, and pitch it into the middle of them directly after we fire our next volley."

We had got the tube fixed and placed at the proper elevation. We had to wait until those next to fire had discharged their rifles, when two of the lions were evidently badly wounded, but even this did not make them take to flight. Harry then applied the match to the rocket which pitched in the midst of the congregated lions. The effect was electrical. Seized with a panic, away they all scampered over the rocks at a greater rate than I had ever before seen lions run. None stopped for the others. One with his spine injured lay on the ground. Two others dropped before they had got far, while the remainder were soon out of sight.

"The brutes will not come back to this

locality," exclaimed my uncle. "We must now put the other ones out of their pain."

A rifle ball sent through the head of each quickly did this. Rapidly skinning them, we left the carcasses to be devoured by the birds of prey, which almost before we got out of sight appeared in the air; for although hyenas and jackals are said to keep aloof even from a dead lion, the vulture tribes possess no such awe for the monarch of the wilds.

Returning to where we had left our cattle, we at once moved forward, anxious to get out from among the rocky defiles as soon as possible. Scarcely had we emerged from them, than we saw in the distance an enormous herd of deer, which Mr. Welbourn at once pronounced to be "pallah." As they approached we drew on one side before we were discovered. First came a stag, a magnificent animal of a bay colour, fading into a whity-brown, with elegantly, somewhat harp shaped horns, marked with rings, and a black semi-circular mark on the croup by which it could be at once distinguished. Its feet were of a jetty hue. Though it might have seen us, it continued walking on in a sedate manner, the rest following their leader with a confidence which showed that they must put implicit trust in him.

My uncle and Hans, at once dismounting, crept towards the herd; and, waiting until the greater number had passed, fired together, when three of the animals fell dead. The remainder, instead of turning to fly, dashed forward to fill up the gaps in their line, the whole moving on at a much greater speed than before. Two others, however, were killed before the herd made their escape through the pass towards which they were directing their course.

Had we not driven away the lions, probably many more would have been killed by them. We at once carried off the five which were destined for provisioning our party, and loaded our waggons with their skins and horns.

We were now approaching a part of the

country where we hoped to find a greater number of elephants than we had yet met with, our chief object being to obtain their tusks; although nothing came amiss, rhinoceros horns, skins, or ostrich feathers; the latter especially, from their small bulk, were really of more value than elephant tusks.

We were now crossing a wide plain with rocks. Here and there were ant-hills, by the side of each of which grew a dark-leaved tree called the "Mollopie." Near our camp was a rain pool, at which our animals were watered. Jan here captured a large frog in which, when he cut it open for the purpose of preparing it for cooking, he found a whole mouse, two or three ants, and several other insects.

In the morning our people informed us that they had heard the roaring of a lion during the night at a neighbouring pool; and as there was a great likelihood of his paying a visit to the camp, to make a feast off our oxen, we determined to despatch him before going out to hunt.

As we approached the pool, the noise was again heard.

"He must be in a thicket close by," exclaimed Harry.

But every thicket round was well beaten, and no lion appeared. At last I heard Harry laughing heartily, and saw him pointing to the opposite side of the pool, where I caught sight of a big frog poking his head above the reeds. There could be no doubt of it. Though he could not swell himself to the size of a lion, Mr. Bullfrog had managed to imitate very closely his voice, so we returned to camp feeling somewhat ashamed of ourselves, Harry every now and then giving way to a burst of laughter.

In the open country, where little shelter is to be found, lions are not often to be met with, and as they can be seen long before they approach no danger is to be apprehended from them. One of the men who had remained behind followed, bringing one of the bull-frogs which he had captured in the pool. The body, which we

measured, was nine inches in length, by five and a half wide; and the hind legs, from toe to toe, eighteen inches. On being cut open a young bird which it had lately swallowed was found in its inside.

I, having completely recovered the use of my foot, arranged with Harry that we should make another expedition together in search of game. We agreed that Jan should accompany us, and just as we were starting Hans offered to go. We would rather have dispensed with his company, as he was not a favourite with either of us. Mr. Welbourn, my uncle, Toko, and two or three Makololos were to set off in another direction. They charged us not to go beyond a *vlei* or pool which we had heard of from the Makololos about twelve miles to the northward.

This, however gave us a very wide scope, and we fully expected to come back with plenty of game of some sort.

We went on for some distance without meeting with any live creatures, though we crossed the spoor of numerous elands, buffaloes, giraffes, and occasionally of elephants. Neither Hans nor Jan knew more of the country than we did, but Harry said that he had brought a compass, so that we should have no difficulty in finding our way, even should clouds gather in the sky or night overtake us. When, however, he came to search for the instrument in his pocket, it was not to be found.

"Never mind," he observed, "as the sky is bright, the sun will guide us by day, and the stars by night, even if we are kept out, and there is no reason why we should be if we turn back again in good time."

On we went, therefore, intending on arriving at the *vlei*, to wait until some animals should come to drink, which they were sure to do, unless there were other water-holes in the neighbourhood.

We had brought very little food, expecting to be able to supply ourselves with meat and fruits. From the appearance of the country we had no doubt that we should meet with melons, even though we might

not come across water before we arrived at the *vlei*.

We had, according to our calculation, gone about two thirds of the distance without having shot a single animal, when the weather began to change. Clouds gathered in the sky, and a thick mist swept across the face of the country, such as

occasionally, though not often, occurs in that latitude. We agreed, however, that by turning directly back we should have to traverse the same region we had just passed over, without finding game and we should thus be disappointed in obtaining food. This was not to be thought of. It would be far better to go on to where we should



have every chance of finding it. Hans concurred with us, and, as Jan was always ready to go forward, on we went.

In consequence of being shaded from the rays of the sun, we were better able to travel than usual during the hot hours of the day. We had reached the part of the country where we had expected to find the *vlei*; but, even though Jan mounted to the topmost boughs of the tallest tree we could find, when he came down he declared that he could not discover water.

We therefore again pushed on, until we

reached a rocky hill, to the summit of which we climbed. Not a pool could we see either to the north, east, south, or west.

We were now getting both hungry and thirsty, for we had exhausted the water we had brought in our bottles. We were convinced, however, that we must be near the *vlei*, and that some rise in the ground probably hid it from view. While looking about we caught sight of some animals of the deer tribe, and Harry and I arranged to go down to try and kill one of them, while Hans and Jan were to continue the search

for water, and, should they find it, they were to meet us at the foot of the hill, from which they started.

Keeping ourselves among the rocks and shrubs and tall grass, we made our way in the direction we had seen the deer. As we got nearer Harry pronounced them to be *ourebis*. We were afraid that we should have no chance of getting within shot, for we saw them gliding rapidly along, often bounding several feet into the air, then galloping on again, and once more bounding on.

"I'll try a dodge I once saw practised," whispered Harry. "Do you lie down with your rifle ready to fire behind yonder bush, and I'll go forward and show myself. They have a good deal of curiosity in their nature, and I'll try to excite it."

He then placed his rifle and coat and hat on the ground, and creeping a little forward, to one side of where I lay, he suddenly rose with his feet in the air, supporting himself on his hands. How he could manage to maintain that position so long surprised me. I should have had the blood rush into my head and dropped down in a minute had I made the attempt.

All the time I was watching the *ourebis*; which, no longer leaping about, remained quiet for some seconds, and then with slow and stately steps advanced towards the curious object. I had time to examine them minutely. Their colour was a pale tawny above, and white below. The horns straight and pointed, and, as far as I could judge, five inches in length. The animal itself is of no great height, standing not more than two feet from the ground, though when it lifts up its head it looks much taller. The female of the pair which approached was hornless. On they came closer and closer. I was afraid that Harry would drop down and frighten them away before they had got near enough to enable me to take a sure aim.

I was in as good a position as I could desire, for, though the bush effectually concealed me, I could see them clearly. I dared not, however, move my rifle in the

least degree, for fear it should touch the leaves and make the animals suspicious. "Do not fire until they begin to move away, I want to get them up close to me," said Harry in a whisper.

The animals still, in spite of the danger, came on, until they were not twenty yards off. At length, it seemed to me by the way they moved their ears that they were on the point of starting.

I fired, the buck dropped on his fore-legs, and at the same instant Harry threw himself on his feet, lifted his rifle and fired at the doe before she had got ten paces off. Down she also came utterly helpless, and was quickly put out of her suffering by Harry. The buck instinctively attempted to defend himself with his horns, but, seizing one of them, I deprived him of existence.

We had good reason to be satisfied with the result of Harry's experiment. He told me that not only the *ourebis* but several other deer, if attracted in the same way by their suspicions or curiosity being aroused, can be thus shot.

We lost no time in cutting open our deer, so as to lighten the loads, and the better to preserve the meat. Each was as much as a man could carry on his shoulders. We were unwilling, however, to leave any part behind. Believing that we could carry them better whole than cut up, we staggered along with our burdens, fortunately not having far to go. On arriving at the spot agreed on, we found that our companions had not returned. We therefore set to work to collect fuel for a fire, and to cut up one of the animals. So parched had we become, that we could scarcely refrain from drinking their blood. I had always found, however, that blood rather increased than diminished thirst. We were both by this time well versed in wood-craft, and quickly divided the animal in the most scientific fashion. While we were employed in this manner, we frequently looked round to ascertain if the two men were approaching, but they were not to be seen.

Having finished our task, while I was making up the fire, Harry climbed to the

top of the rock, that he might obtain a wider look-out.

"I can see them nowhere," he said, when he came down, "but I caught sight of an animal which, if I mistake not, is a big lion

following our spoor, or probably it is attracted by the scent of the deer. As he is coming this way, we must be prepared for him: though he might not condescend to eat a dead deer, he may take it into his



head to carry off one of us living subjects. He is not likely to give us any undue notice of his approach."

Harry agreed therefore to keep watch while I continued the operations on which I was engaged. I soon got some forked sticks, which I ran into the ground to hold the spits, and on these I placed the venison to roast, but hungry as I was I felt that without water I could scarcely get down the food I was cooking. Evening was approaching.

NO. LXV.

"I say, Fred, if those fellows don't come soon, we must set off by ourselves, and look out for water. Perhaps some may be found among the rocks, or, if not, we must cut some wooden spades and dig for it. Those deer wouldn't be inhabiting these parts if water wasn't in the neighbourhood."

"It will be too late to commence any search to-night," I observed. "It is already nearly dark, and the chances are that the lion you saw just now will pounce down

upon us, if we go far from the fire. I would rather endure thirst than run that risk."

"Still, we must have water," exclaimed Harry; "but you stay here and look after the venison, and I'll just wander to a short distance. I do not suppose the brute will find me; and perhaps, you know, it was not a lion after all I saw: it might have been a buffalo or a brindled gniew."

"You said positively it was a lion," I remarked; "for your own sake, as well as mine, I beg that you will not wander from the camp."

Still Harry, pointing to his mouth, insisted on going. Just as he was about to set off, a loud roar, not twenty paces off, reached our ears.

"What do you say, now?" I asked. "You don't mean to assert that that was the cry either of an ostrich or a bull-frog?"

"I wish that it were the latter," he answered; "for then there would be a chance of finding water. However, I'll stay in camp and try to endure my thirst until those fellows come back—and they're pretty sure to find water."

I did not like to say that I was not quite certain on that subject. I had hopes, however, that even should they have failed to find it, we should not perish, as I trusted before long, we might have a shower of rain, although none had as yet fallen from the cloudy sky. Some venison which I had put close to the fire was by this time cooked, but it was with the greatest difficulty that we could get down even a few mouthfuls.

"I cannot eat another morsel," cried Harry, putting down his knife. "If those fellows don't arrive soon, dark as it is, I must set off by myself to try and find water; depend upon it, there is some not far off, or that lion would not come here," and he threw himself, utterly overcome, on the ground.

I tried to cheer him up, and made another attempt to eat some venison, but had to give it up after nibbling at a piece; yet I felt that I could have swallowed a hearty meal, if I could have obtained a

draught of water, however tepid and full of insects it might have been.

We were sitting a short distance from the fire with our rifles in our hands, prepared for the reception of the lion, should he venture to invade our camp, when Harry exclaimed, "Hark! I hear footsteps: they must be those of Hans and your black fellow."

We listened; and I hoped that Harry was right.

"Let us shout!" I exclaimed.

We both together raised our voices. Our hail was answered from a distance. The night air had brought the sound of footsteps much further than I should have supposed possible. It was some time before, by the light of the fire, we saw the rough, uncouth figure of Hans, followed by Jan.

"Have you brought water?" was the first question Harry asked.

"Yah! we have brought water, and have seen plenty of elephants—fine country for shooting, and we will go there to-morrow."

"Never mind the elephants and shooting now; hand me the water," cried Harry, eagerly.

Hans gave Harry his skin bottle, and Jan hurried up with his to me. I swallowed the liquid eagerly, hot and nauseous as it was, full, I suspect, of living creatures; but it tasted like nectar, and I half emptied the bottle at a draught.

"Now I am ready for the venison!" cried Harry.

"So am I, indeed," said Hans; "for we haven't had anything to eat since we left you, and are well-nigh dying of starvation."

"As we were of thirst," I remarked, handing Hans and Jan a large piece of venison each. They devoured it eagerly, and Harry and I then turned to and were able to eat a good meal.

"I should like to get some sleep," said Hans; "we will tell you to-morrow of our adventures."

"We are in no hurry to hear them," said Harry; "but, I tell you, one of us must keep a watch, or we may have an unplea-

sant visit from a lion, who is prowling about in the neighbourhood."

"The cowardly brute wont come near us," said Hans, drowsily. "The chances are it was a rock you saw in the dusk, or it might have been a jackal."

"But we heard it roar," said Harry.

"Oh, then it was a bull-frog," cried Hans, rolling himself up in his cloak and lying down.

"Bull-frog or lion, there it is again!" exclaimed Harry, jumping up and seizing his rifle.

There was no doubt about the matter: though the voice of an ostrich at a distance may sound like that of a lion, the roar of the king of the forest is unmistakable when close at hand. Even Hans was convinced, and was quickly on his feet. It was very certain that we should get no rest that



night, unless we could dispose of the intruder. The lion skin was also of value, and we could not allow him to escape with impunity. We all advanced together, resolved forthwith to shoot the brute; that we should see him directly we had no doubt. A short distance off, between our camp-fire and the spot whence the roar proceeded, was a pile of low rocks, a spur from a neighbouring hill. We had just reached it, when we caught sight of the lion who had emerged from behind a thicket a little way ahead. He seemed at once to look upon us as his foes. Had it been in the day-time, he would probably have slunk away; but night was his season for activity; and, lashing his tail and again roaring loudly, he advanced across the open space

below the rocks. Now was the critical moment: should we fail to kill him, he might make a desperate spring and knock over one of us. It was settled, therefore, that Harry and Jan should fire first, and then Hans and I, should they fail to kill the brute: we to try what we could do, they, of course, in the meantime, reloading.

The grand principle in attacking wild beasts is never to allow the whole of the party to remain unarmed for a moment. The lion did not appear quite to like the look of things. He advanced cautiously, showing his whole vast proportions, his huge shaggy mane, and the after-part of his body looking thin and small, but even that was of the size of a full-grown donkey.

Twice he stopped, and each time uttered a tremendous roar.

"He smells us, if he cannot see us," said Harry.

Still the creature appeared doubtful whether he would spring towards the suspected point.

"Now, Harry, let's see what you can do," I whispered.

"I shall be glad if I can knock him over the first shot," he answered.

Harry and Jan's rifles went off at the same moment, and we could hear their bullets strike, but neither brought the lion to the ground. His rage overcame his fears; and lashing his tail and again roaring, he was about to spring on us, when Hans and I, taking steady aim at him as he rose from the ground, sent our leaden messengers of death through his body. He must have leapt up half-a-dozen feet, falling right over on his head, where he lay struggling for a few seconds; but before we could leap over the rocks and get near him, he was dead. We signified our satisfaction at the victory by a loud shout.

"We shall now sleep soundly," said Hans, giving the animal a kick with his foot.

We repaired to our camp and made up the fire. Though Hans declared that there was no necessity for remaining awake, Harry and I agreed to keep watch and watch until the morning, not feeling at all certain whether another lion, or perhaps a leopard, might pay us a visit; or a herd of elephants, buffaloes, or rhinoceroses, might come our way and trample us to death, while enjoying our balmy slumbers.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN people know that their lives may depend upon maintaining a blazing fire, they must be foolish indeed if they allow themselves to slumber at their posts; but I confess that I had great difficulty, during my watch, in keeping my eyes open, after the exertions of the day and the hunger and

thirst I had endured. I felt that my only chance was to get up and walk about with my rifle in my hand; I did not, however, go far from the fire, as the smoke drove the mosquitoes and other insects away from its immediate vicinity; and I knew also, that at any distance from the flames I was as likely to be seized by a savage animal as I should be did no fire exist.

I could hear every now and then the mutterings and occasional roars of lions, with the cries of hyænas and jackals, and the calls of various night-birds. Altogether the concert had a somewhat depressing effect, accustomed though I was by this time to the noises proceeding from an African forest.

At last the time I had agreed to watch came to an end, and I roused up Harry, charging him to keep a bright look-out.

"Do not let yourself drop off for a moment, old fellow," I said; "as long as any prowling animal sees you moving about round the fire he'll not venture to make an attack; but should you slumber for a moment, it is impossible to say what he may do."

"I do feel awfully drowsy, I own," answered Harry, rubbing his eyes and yawning; "still I'll do my best. It is a shame that fellow Hans won't stand watch as he ought to do. I only hope that another lion will come roaring close up to the camp, for the sake of making him get on his legs. He knows that neither you nor I would sleep on our posts, so he rests in perfect security, throwing all the trouble on us."

Harry and I talked on for a little time, I hoping that he would thus be thoroughly aroused; then I lay down on the spot he had occupied, pretty close to the fire, with my rifle by my side ready for instant use.

It appeared to me that I had not been asleep five minutes when I heard Harry exclaim—

"Fred, rouse Jan. Up with you, and get ready for battle!"

I seized my rifle and sprang to my feet, as wide awake as ever I was in my life, and there I saw, not six paces off, a creature

with glaring eyes ; not a lion, however, but looking unusually large as it emerged from the darkness into the light of the fire.

It crouched as if for a spring ; at the some moment I heard Hans shriek out.

For an instant I glanced round, and caught an indistinct sight of another big cat-like creature stealing towards the rear of the camp.

"You and Jan must look out after that



brute, and we'll attend to this one," I shouted.

As I spoke, the leopard, for such it was, notwithstanding our cries,—Harry, I should have said, had begun to bawl away as loudly as I was doing,—made a furious spring towards him ; but though he was shouting lustily, he remained as cool as a cucumber, holding his rifle ready.

We fired, and both our balls took effect,

when the leopard literally turned, with its feet uppermost, and fell right down into the centre of the fire, where it lay struggling convulsively, utterly unable to rise. Directly afterwards I heard the report of a pistol, and, while hastily reloading, I saw that Hans had shot the other leopard through the head.

As we did not wish to lose the skin of the one we had shot, Harry again firing gave

it its quietus; we then seizing it by its hind legs dragged it out of the fire, and Jan's knife soon finished the other.

We thus gained two magnificent leopard skins: the fire had but slightly injured the one we had killed.

"There is some use in keeping watch at night, Hans," observed Harry; "what would have become of us if I had not been awake? Those brutes would have been in our midst before we were able to lift a hand in our defence. As it was, I caught sight of only one of them stealing towards us, and had barely time to rouse up the rest of you, so that if Fred hadn't been very quick, the brute would have been down upon us."

"All right," answered Hans, "such a thing is not likely to happen a second time in a night, so I suppose we may now go to sleep in quiet."

"I don't suppose anything of the sort," replied Harry; "there are no end of lions and leopards prowling about, and you would have heard them if you hadn't snored so loudly. It will be your turn to keep watch, and I intend to rouse you up in half an hour."

"Yah! yah!" answered Hans, placing his head on the ground, and going off to sleep again.

As I thought would probably be the case, the scent of the dead leopards attracted packs of hyænas and jackals, who serenaded us with their horrible yells and howls for the remainder of the night, though the blazing fire we kept up prevented them from approaching.

Notwithstanding Harry's threat, he did not wake up Hans, who would probably again have composed himself for sleep, and we might have been left to the tender mercies of the hyænas.

In the morning we took the skins off the

two leopards; and cleaned and packed them up so as to be easily transported. As Hans claimed the skin of the leopard he had shot, he had to carry it, while Jan carried ours. We then started off for the *vlei*. It would be too late in the morning, we calculated, by the time we could reach it, to shoot any animals; and we should have to wait till the evening, when they would be likely to come down to drink at the pool. We should not, therefore, have hastened our footsteps, had we not been anxious to obtain a fresh supply of water; for the small stock Hans and Jan had brought was exhausted, and we were now almost as thirsty as we had been on the previous day.

Hans walked on ahead without speaking; but as he was never very talkative, we were not surprised at this. At last he turned round, and told Jan that he must carry his leopard-skin.

We thought this too much of a good thing. Jan appealed to us.

"Certainly not," answered Harry. "You claimed all the skin as your property. You are bound to carry it, or leave it behind if you like, but Jan shall not be compelled to carry it."

Hans turned round and walked on sullenly, but presently I saw him drop his burden, and then present his rifle at Harry. Fearing that Hans was about to murder my friend, I dashed forward and struck up the weapon, which the next instant went off, the bullet almost grazing Harry's hat.

"We must overpower the man," I said, making a sign to Jan, and we all three threw ourselves upon him, and prevented him drawing his knife, when he would, I suspect, have run amuck among us, as the Malays frequently do when exasperated.

(To be continued.)

PUZZLES.

Charades.

1.

You may eat me or drink me,
Deny it who can ;
I'm sometimes a woman,
And sometimes a man.

2.

Five letters do comprise my name,
From every point I'm still the same ;
Pray read me and you'll quickly see,
What time will make both you and me.

3.

Of form uncouth, a herd I am complete,
Of which both high and low will deign to
eat ;
Behold I'm drank ; and then curtailed
'tis true
I'm then what every gamester tries to do.

Arithmorems.

1. 1052 + Grapes G.

2. 1151 + Abae.

3. 57 + or.

4. 1102 + Patern.

5. 150 + A sad E.

My primals are on my finals.

5.

1. 1051 + run Soja.

2. 1600 + a abuse.

3. 1051 + one groat.

4. 150 + Kon U.

5. 1051 + a tear U.

6. 57 + tray.

My initials and finals give two animals.

Diamond Puzzle.

6.

1. A consonant ; 2. An animal ; 3. Undetermined ; 4. A large boat ; 5. A seat ;
6. A number ; 7. A consonant. Centrals
will give a large boat.

Double Acrostic.

7.

The initials and first eight finals will give
the names of two great battles.

1. A town in South Wales ; 2. A town in
Spain ; 3. A town in Scotland ; 4. A port
in South Wales ; 5. A town in North

America ; 6. One of the United States ;
7. A town in Finland ; 8. A city in France ;
9. A town in Ireland.

Numbered Charade.

Whole a celebrated musician.

My 15, 14, 3, 11, 6 = an obsolete musical instrument.

My 13, 5, 12, 9, 8, 14, 4 = a celebrated prima-donna.

My 10, 1, 6, 7 = a family of musicians.

Wedge Puzzle.

9.

1. Foiled ; 2. One who destroys ; 3. A
female name ; 4. Three feet ; 5. Liquor ;
6. A letter. Initials and finals read down-
ward will name two great authors.

Word Squares.

10.

To leap ; to coincide ; belonging to a
city ; to forsake ; an article of faith.

11.

A river ; an idol ; tumultuous ; extremes.

12.

An impression ; a workman ; solitary ;
repairs ; a machine.

Transpositions (English Towns).

13.

14.

I will the sot. Pat had store me on M.

15.

16.

Was this hop balm. I led big wages.

We met B H run a stag.

18.

Ham he let me sped.

Cryptograph.

19.

Dsuo zio kldo zilz jskij ldghk
Romj ew gcsohzld wdnocj,
Sj zio kelzowbd pgsfo gw jghk
Zilz ghfo nlj iolcm sh ilyysoc
Wsddom nszi rlda zio kldo jskij gh,
Zigbi zio wdnocj ilpo jbhuh sh molzi
Jg nioh ydoljbc'o'j mcola sj kghe
Sjz aoagcq dspoj sh abjsf'j rcelzi.

Numerical Charade.

20.

I am a word of 9 letters.

My 1, 9, 5, 7, 8, 9 = gloomy ; my 8, 5, 7, 2 = the last ; my 3, 2, 7 = a shore ; my 4, 5, 7, 6 = a liquor ; my 5, 2, 3, 6, 5 = to corrode ; my 1, 8, 7, 4 = a measure ; my 7, 1, 3 = bustle ; my 2, 3, 7, 8 = a sound ; my 9, 7, 2, 6 = a measure. Initials of each word read *down* and finals read up give an animal.

Geographical Rebus.

21.

1. A town in Hampshire ; 2. A French river ; 3. A Russian lake ; 4. A town in Montgomeryshire ; 5. A county of Scotland ; 6. An English river.

Transpositions.

22.

Nurse Id ten pence.

23.

True I blamed ncn.

24.

O Bounce learn pun.

25.

Climber muse anon.

26.

I dream most lat(e).

27.

Nine shape proper.

Logogriph.

28.

When quite complete, a specimen I may be said to be ;

Now large or spacious if you will ; but take the head off me,

Transpose, and then behold a tree which yields a useful juice ;

Behead and once again transpose, you have here an excuse ;

Turn this about, and without doubt, the next will be a bound ;

Now do the same, and then my name will surely be a sound ;

Next this transpose, and here a fence will come before your sight ;

My whole behead, curtain, transpose, and it will show a light ;

This please behead and then transpose, the world on me's pourtrayed ;

My whole behead, delete, transpose, and masculine's displayed ;

Now this transpose, then 'twill disclose that I am to disable ;

Do so once more, and it is sure I'm seen upon your table.

Square Words.

29.

An Irish county ; a basin ; a province of Spain ; let again ; one of the Muses.

30.

A standard ; a fop ; to join ; an island in the Indian Ocean ; musical instruments.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

On pages 223—224.

1. Reviver. 2. Federals—Confederates.

3.

A man so various that he seem'd to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.

4. Hastings—Lawrence.

5. Beaconsfield. 6. Ben Jonson.

7. Joy, Full = Joyful.

8. Where are you going, my pretty maid ?

9. My grandfather's clock.

10. Only an ivy leaf.

11.

Thy forests, Windsor ! and thy green
retreats,

At once the monarchs' and the Muses' seats,

Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids !
Unlock your springs, and open all your
shades.

12. Ilandudno.

13. Manchester.

14. Liverpool.

15. Launceston.

16. Salisbury.

17. Guildford.

18. Wakefield.

19. Thalia, Comedy.

20. Easter, Aster, Tares, Arës, Are.

21.

T I F F

22.

G R A Y

I D L E

R A R E

F L U E

A R E A

F E E T

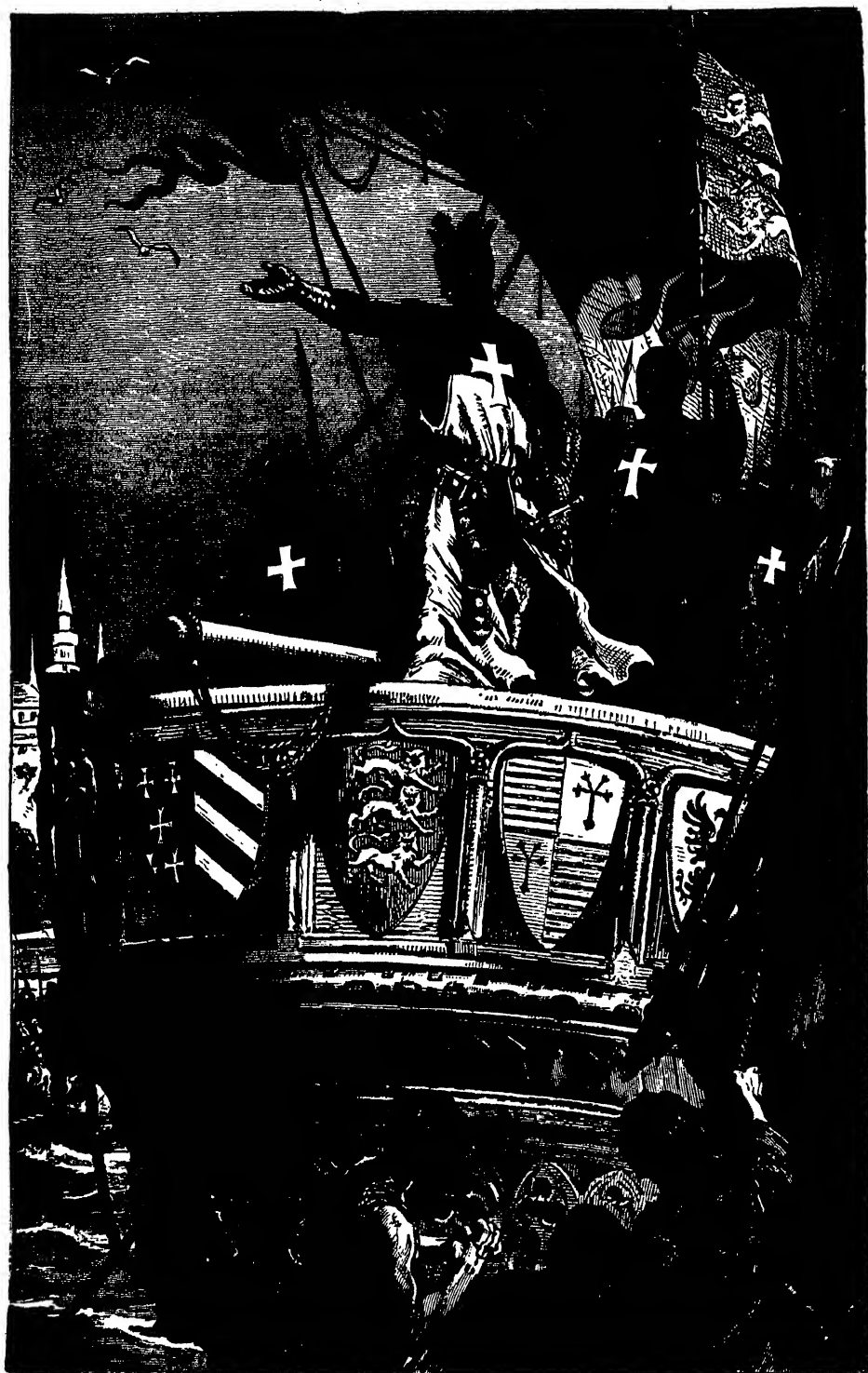
Y E A R

23. Blake, Anson, Drake.

24. Barbuda, Celebes.

25. Bracelet.

26. Marmot, Rabbit.



RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

RICHARD, CŒUR DE LION.

By L. M. C. LAMB.



F the five sons of King Henry II. of England and Eleanor of Aquitaine, the one whose name arouses probably the greatest interest, is Richard Cœur de Lion. As children we picture to ourselves the lonely prisoner of Durenstein on the Danube waking from the dreamy contemplation of his woes as he hears the first couplet of the song written by him and his faithful Blondel, being chanted outside his grated window ;—help, then, must be at hand, —the help he had half despaired of,—for the singer can be none other than the staunch companion with whom

every line was conned over, since none but they two know the words. So the captive springs from the bare floor, on which despondently he had thrown himself, and approaching the tiny aperture through which come the few rays of light that illumine his dungeon, “*à pleins poulmons,*” he answers his invisible friend with the second stanza ; then at length, as the last note of the answering voice dies away, happy in the thought that one true friend at least knows the place of his incarceration and will work for his deliverance, Richard betakes himself once more to his solitary meditations. This is perhaps the little romantic legend which our childish minds first grasp as we wade through the dismal tangle of our history lesson : and thankful enough we are to get such a peg to hang a story on !

Then in after years, as growing with our growth our thoughts and aspirations alter, we strike out a new line of hero-worship, and follow Cœur de Lion through joust and tournament, pleasure and revelry, to his feats of noble daring, of reckless bravery in the Holy Land. Perhaps now, too, as we read more carefully, and hear of Richard’s insubordination to his father, of his oft-recurring revolts, we have an unpleasant suspicion that after all there were flaws in the character of our hero ; and we turn over the pages very quickly, and dive deep into the excitement of some fresh exploit to take away the memory of those unsatisfactory doubts !

Before proceeding to the absolute life of Richard, we will try to make ourselves acquainted with his mother and the other members of his family, avoiding by this means much of that vague half-knowledge into which it is so easy to fall without a definite series of facts to which to refer during the course of this biography.

Eleanor of Aquitaine, then, when in her fourteenth year, was chosen by her grandfather, the Duke of Aquitaine, to succeed him in the government of his province, he announcing at the same time his intention of resigning all temporal power and devoting the close of a somewhat gay and frivolous existence to repentance in the sombre retirement of a cloister. Before absolutely withdrawing his authority, however, he used it in his young grand-daughter’s favour by causing all his subjects to take the oath of allegiance to her, and set about the completion of a design he had long been desirous to effect, namely, to arrange a marriage which should unite the duchy of Aquitaine more closely to the crown of France, and place the regal diadem of Queen Consort on the fair brow of Eleanor. To effect this purpose he spared no pains in winning the

good offices of Suger, the French premier; and by their united exertions the successor of Louis VI. and the heiress of the ambitious grandfather were married and crowned Duke and Duchess of Aquitaine on the 1st of August, 1137. Directly after this ceremony was completed, the old duke, with much solemnity, divested himself of the robes and insignia of sovereignty, habited himself in gown and cowl, and staff in hand set forth on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella, in Spain. Thus Eleanor brought as her dower to Louis *le Jeune* (afterwards Louis VII.) the rich possessions of Aquitaine, Poitou, Gascony, Biscay, and a further large extent of territory,—no mean addition to the dominions of the crown of France. Louis VI. died a few days after his son's coronation as Duke of Aquitaine, and Eleanor, the beautiful "rose of Provence," was Queen of France; and a very romantic and arrogant dame also, as she showed when she and all her ladies, casting distaffs and other such feminine chattels aside, announced their intention of accompanying the king to the Holy Land, and earning their share of glory in the crusade which St. Bernard in such soul-stirring words had preached. It appears that Louis VII. was somewhat doubtful of the wisdom of escorting this army of Amazons to Jerusalem, and tried his best to persuade Eleanor and her ladies to win their laurels by deputy; but the more he dissuaded, the more she persisted, so away they all started, and as Louis had probably foreseen, were the cause of a good number of the misfortunes which ensued. The provisions were lost; unholy Saracen eyes inspected the most secret recesses of those bales of female finery which had been brought at such trouble and expense from France; 7000 of the noblest and most chivalrous of Louis's soldiers had fallen whilst defending the approach to a romantic glade in which the beauteous queen, unversed in military tactics, had elected to encamp; and right hankful was the king when Raymond of Antioch opened his gates to admit his niece and her ladies, who, with all their thirst for

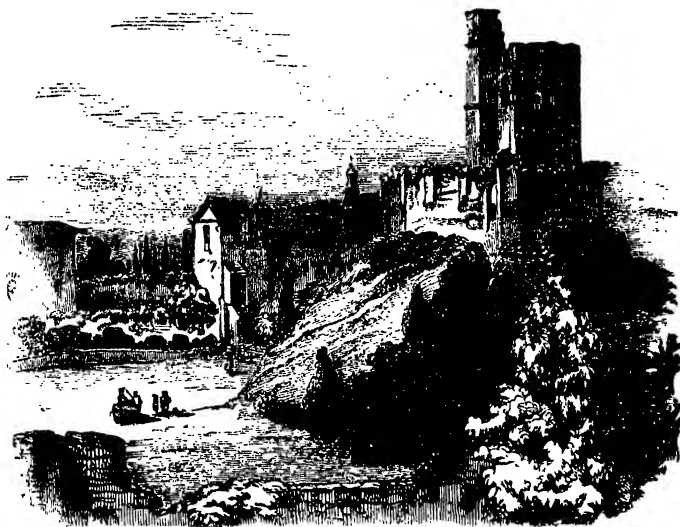
adventure, were by this time of opinion that they were paying rather dearly for it. Nor was this the worst, for, though he had hailed with delight the prospect of seeing his fair consort in safety at Antioch, from reasons into which we need not enter, Louis soon determined to quit Raymond's protection and to remove his queen to Jerusalem, a step which fell in with her plans so little that she began to assert loudly her position as independent sovereign of Aquitaine; quarrels began, recriminations followed, and so were shattered all the sweet promises of love and affection Louis and she had mutually vowed so short a time previously. Once in Jerusalem, Eleanor had to submit to a kind of restraint, which she considered imprisonment; and her chief amusement lay in devising some effectual manner of wreaking her vengeance on her lord; finally, however,—and most likely out of regard for the little princess Marie,—this quarrel was ostensibly ended, and the royal pair made their entry together into their good city of Paris, November, 1149, where in the following year they were visited by Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, and his son Henry, who came to do homage for the duchy of Normandy.

About eighteen months after the Angevin princes had accepted the hospitality of the French monarch, his consort gave birth to her second child, Princess Alice; but, though many persons hoped that this new tie would be a guarantee of greater happiness between the royal pair, they were doomed to disappointment; and, seeing things going from bad to worse, were prepared for the final separation between these two ill-assorted people, and for the divorce which was pronounced on the eighteenth of March, 1152. Louis at once restored the lands he had received as his wife's dower, and no one was surprised when, six weeks after the divorce, or, as other authors say, on "May-day," the easily-consolated dame bestowed her hand on Henry, Duke of Normandy (afterwards Henry II.), at Bordeaux.

A few months later Eleanor's eldest son, christened William, was born in Normandy;

in February 1155, at the palace of Bermondsey, she gave birth to her second son (who afterwards married Marguerite of France, daughter of Louis VII. by his second queen), who died at the castle of Martel in Guienne, aged twenty-six. Then in 1156 Princess Matilda (who married Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony) first saw the light ; and in September of the following year "in the kyng's palace of Beau Monte at Oxford," Richard Cœur de Lion

was born. In 1159 another member was added to the royal family in the person of Geoffrey (who married Constance, duchess of Bretagne, and was the father of Prince Arthur) ; the two Princesses, Eleanor (afterwards queen of Alphonso VIII. of Castile), and Joan (who married William, King of Sicily), next claim our attention, and we bring our nursery notices to a close by mentioning the birth of Prince John, at the palace of Woodstock in 1166.



In 1167 the king and queen with some of their numerous family set out for Normandy to be present at the marriage of their daughter Matilda ; and after that ceremony when the king and his eldest surviving son Henry returned to England, the queen still remained abroad with the young Princess Marguerite (her daughter-in-law since 1160), and her two sons Geoffrey and Richard, whom, if some chroniclers are to be believed, she did her best to influence against their father, whose very indulgence to his children had placed a weapon in her hand to use against him ; we refer to his having already invested them with the possession of certain territories they were to hold under him, and which their mother now hinted would be far more satisfactory if ruled independently ; hence arose re-

peated revolts and endeavours to throw off the feudal yoke. On one occasion the three rebellious sons, Henry, Geoffrey, and Richard, escaped by night from their father's court at Limoges to Chartres, where, aided by the French king, they entered into a conspiracy with William of Scotland and several English malcontents to attack their father's English and continental possessions simultaneously, each hoping thereby to further some private interest. The motives of the remaining confederates are immaterial to our narrative, but we must glance at those which swayed the royal brethren : Henry demanded nothing less than that his father should invest him with the territories (as he had already done with the title) of King of England ; Richard was by degrees possessing himself of a great part of Poitou,

and Geoffrey claimed the duchy of Bretagne in right of his affianced wife Constance. Into the details of this unnatural warfare we have happily no need to enter, save to remark that a peace was at length concluded between Henry II., and Louis VII., the young king Henry, and Prince Geoffrey; while Richard was excluded from the general amnesty, or rather it was declared that he should not participate in his father's pardon should he fail to reach Gisors by an impossibly early date; so, at length, finding himself abandoned by those who had urged him to filial disobedience, and left alone to bear his father's just anger, with a fearlessness well borne out by his later career, he turned his steps at once to "where the king lay," and throwing himself on his knees begged passionately for pardon. Henry was touched by his submission, and raising him from the ground tenderly embraced him, and father and son entered the town of Poitiers as friends.

Well, indeed, would it have been if this first revolt had been the last; but such was not the case, as in the end his youngest and best-loved son John intrigued against the king; and it was when perusing the list of those who had entered into a coalition in England during his absence, that Henry's eyes catching sight of the cherished name, he seemed as if suddenly "overpowered by a dizziness;" then the pent-up torrent of wrath burst from the lips of the heart-broken father, and he cursed the day on which he first saw the light, and the fate which had made him the parent of such ungrateful children.

Broken in spirit and health, this excitement was too severe a trial for Henry's strength: a lingering fever now attacked him which no skill could cure, and on the 6th July, 1189, he expired at the Castle of Chinon near Saumur, his body being followed to the nunnery of Fontevault by only one of his children, and this was Geoffrey, the illegitimate son of Rosamund Clifford. Here he lay in state, clothed in royal robes, with his crown upon his head, his sceptre placed in his numb hand, "and his face un-

covered and all bare;" and hither hastened Richard, who, since the death of his elder brother in 1183, had been recognised as his father's heir. In great haste Richard went forward, and would have thrown himself upon the ground by the side of the bier which held all that remained of King Henry II., but at that moment blood gushed from the mouth and nostrils of the corpse, and the rebellious son, shocked and horrified at the sight, wept bitterly as he turned away, exclaiming that he was his father's murderer. The repentance of the young monarch, if tardy, was sincere; for now we find him hastening into England and doing his utmost to ensure the welfare and prosperity of his subjects during his projected absence in the Holy Land, whither he purposed to go with a goodly following, to seek, in helping to deliver Jerusalem from the Saracens who had conquered it, a means of atonement and pardon for his past errors.

Immediately after his coronation, which took place at Westminster on the third of September 1189 with extraordinary magnificence, the young monarch began his preparations. First he sent orders for the liberation of Queen Eleanor (who for the last sixteen years had been kept in some sort of restraint by Henry II. as a punishment for inciting her sons to rebellion) and placed her in a position of as great consideration and dignity as though she had been regent of the kingdom; conferred the earldoms of Cornwall, Dorset, Somerset, Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester upon his sole surviving brother John; entrusted the government of the country to Longchamp, bishop of Ely, Chancellor of England; and Hugh, bishop of Durham; levied taxes, sold crown lands and everything he could lay hands on ("I would sell London," quoth he, "could I find a chapman!"), sent back the French princess Alice (to whom he had been affianced, and on whose account numberless quarrels and disputes had taken place) to her brother Philip, King of France (who by the way appears to have taken the matter very quietly!); and with a vast retinue embarked on board his

fleet at Dover; landed in Flanders where he was received by Duke Philip, and accompanied by him into Normandy. A meeting took place between the Kings of England and France on the plains of Vezelay in Burgundy, when the two ardent, chivalrous young monarchs embraced as brothers, and bound themselves by a solemn pledge to be faithful and true to one another, to make no attack upon each other's possessions, but in all things to be loyal and faithful allies until a period of forty days should have passed after their return from the Holy Land. The followers of each king applauded such wise and generous resolutions, and they, to settle as much as possible while such a good understanding reigned between them, at once drew up a code of laws for the guidance of themselves and their armies during the forthcoming expedition. For some idea of their stern decrees of punishment for offences, we will quote a few lines from the account given by Mills in his "History of the Crusades." "Murder was to be punished by casting into the water the deceased person with the murderer tied to him. He that drew his sword in anger should lose his hand. If a man gave another a blow, he was to be thrice immersed; an ounce of silver was the penalty for using opprobrious language. A thief was to have boiling pitch and feathers put upon his head, and was to be set on shore at the first opportunity." So now, each bearing the badge of the Holy Cross (which Richard had received at Tours from the hands of the archbishop) and with a united army of one hundred thousand men, the two kings decided to separate awhile and each to lead his forces to Messina, the next point of rendezvous, where they would await the arrival of their respective fleets.

Eager though we believe Cœur de Lion was to be really earnestly engaged in the crusade, we perhaps like him none the less when we hear of another cause which made him long for the sight of the sun-bathed roofs of the houses of the Sicilian harbour. Some years before the date

at which we have arrived, and during a tournament given at Pampeluna by Sancho the Strong, Richard's gaze had been arrested by a face, the sweet restful beauty of which had haunted him ever since, in camp and chamber. The owner of this memorable countenance was Berengaria, daughter of Sancho the Wise of Spain; and when we look at the picture which hands down to us the presentment of the sad, dark eyes and sweet mouth of the Spanish princess, we need but few reasons to make us understand Richard's infatuation, or his somewhat brusque fashion of returning Alice of France to the safe keeping of her brother! During one of the young king's first interviews with Queen Eleanor after her liberation, he confessed this love to her, and urged her to take a journey into Navarre to beg the hand of the lovely Berengaria from King Sancho. Mother-like, Eleanor needed little pressing to do the bidding of her best-loved son (moreover she owed a grudge to Princess Alice for reasons which our readers will easily discover) and forthwith departed for her continental possessions, and thence proceeded to Navarre where she urged her cause so successfully that ere long she sent Richard word that she would repair in all haste to Messina accompanied by the fair lady of his choice. We may be sure the impetuous king cut his adieux to Philip very short, and with scant leave-taking, hurried eagerly to Marseilles, where "he took shipping for himself and his company and passed forward to Messina in Sicily;" arrived at which place and after using such haste, we may imagine his mortification at finding that Philip had preceded him and was now comfortably located in the palace of King Tancred. The French monarch at once came forth to welcome his brother in arms, and they greeted so affectionately that "their gestures could not sufficiently express in embraces and kisses how much each of them rejoiced in the other."

Perhaps if their "gestures" had been a little less effusive, the sincerity of their hearts might have been greater; as it was,

and in spite of their protestations, each found cause for discontent in the other's behaviour. Richard, candid, impetuous and impolitic, laid himself open time after time to the interested and intriguing designs of Philip; and on the occasion of a quarrel between the warlike English and the Messinese on the subject of a small fort which the former had taken, a serious dispute between the two young warriors seemed inevitable. Mutual insults and injuries passed between the Messinese and Richard's soldiers, when Philip at length undertook to accommodate the quarrel; so he and Richard met in a field outside the town to arrange preliminaries, when Cœur de Lion's sharp eyes espied a body of Sicilians advancing towards them; he at once declared that some treachery was being perpetrated, and galloped off to meet the coming enemy whom he drove back resolutely into their town, entering the gates with them.

Orders were speedily given to take down the French flag, (which was shown on the walls to mark the fact of Philip's being quartered there) and to hoist Richard's standard in token of his victory. Just as this was being effected, Philip returned, and when he saw his banner being lowered to make room for that of Cœur de Lion, he exclaimed against such an insult, and sent a messenger to Richard saying that he would forthwith send a strong body of his troops to hurl down the English flag. Richard's hot blood needed but little spurring; angry messages and menaces passed; when finally it was agreed that the English King would remove his banner willingly, but that should one of Philip's soldiers dare lay finger on it, he would make his deed remembered by his countrymen while there was a drop of English blood left on the island to fight. Philip, content with the main feature of this last message, swallowed with as good a grace as he might, the bitter words of his "ally," and so this dispute ended, not however without leaving germs of dislike and jealousy in the heart of each monarch.

And now arrived the good ship which

bore to the Sicilian shores Queen Eleanor and the fair Berengaria. As ill-luck would have it, Richard was absent on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Agatha, at Catania, and the queen "being unable to tarry," she left her beautiful charge to the guardianship of her daughter Joan (the widow of the late king) and immediately re-embarked. Eleanor's introduction of Berengaria to Joanna is amusing in its quaint *naïveté*: "Fair daughter," said she, "take this damsel to the king your brother for me, and tell him I command him to espouse her speedily."

Since we have again mentioned Joanna, we may here say in a few words what had happened in Sicily on the death of her husband William II. Dying without issue, he had left his dominions to his paternal aunt Constantia (who had married Henry VI., Emperor of Germany); but her illegitimate brother Tancred, aided by her disaffected barons, had contrived to seat himself so firmly on the throne, that he had withstood all attempts of the Germans to dispossess him. He had confined the queen dowager (Joanna) at Palermo; appropriated her dowry, and also a legacy (the details of which recall to us the memory of the wonders of the Arabian nights!) left to Henry II. of England by the deceased king. After much ado, Tancred had compromised matters by giving Richard twenty thousand ounces of gold for his sister's dowry, and a like sum for the legacy of King William; the "queen dowager" was set at liberty and an "extra thousand thousand Terrini given her for her expenses."

As it was of course impossible that the unwedded Berengaria should embark in the gallant ship *Trenc-the-mere* which was to bear Richard to the Holy Land, and equally so that she should be married during the season of Lent, Cœur de Lion resolved upon a course which should be perfectly in accordance with the rules of etiquette, and combine also the deliverance of his sister Joanna from any further annoyances from Tancred. He therefore fitted out his largest and best ship with every possible luxury, and placed his sister and the Navarrese

princess, under the protection of a brave knight called Stephen de Turnham, to whom he gave the command. A strong friendship soon grew up between the two ladies, or as old Piers of Langtoft puts it:—

“ Queen Joanne held her dear,
They lived as doves in cage ;”

and right happily they determined to pass the time in their new home. We can fancy how often Berengaria's soft eyes, looked seaward towards the gallant *Trenc-the-mere*; much oftener for certain than they glanced at the “hundred and ninety ships and fifty galleys” which contained vast stores of provisions of all kinds and “every sort of engine for the attack of fortifications and every kind of arms which the heart of man could invent.” But though Richard had thus furnished himself with endless weapons of defence for land warfare, he had been unable to foresee and avert a calamity which the violence of the wind and the rocks off the island of Cyprus had nearly brought about, by wrecking the ship which bore Berengaria and Joanna. Richard of Devizes tells us that when Richard's fleet put out to sea, “in the forefront went three ships only, in one of which was the queen of Sicily and the young damsel of Navarre; in the other two, a certain part of the king's treasure and arms; in each of the three, marines and provisions.” Later on we hear: “Now, as the ships were proceeding in the aforesaid manner and order, some being before others, two of the three first, driven by the violence of the winds, were broken on the rocks near the port of Cyprus; the third which was English [*built*, probably] more speedy than they, having turned back into the deep, escaped the peril.” The Cypriotes, seeing the catastrophe, hastened to the shore, made prisoners of the crew and passengers of the two ships who reached the land; plundered the wrecks of the gold and valuables they contained, and “with one mind prepared themselves for a conflict against the English.” Meantime the “third” ship had cast her anchors and (with the Sicilian

queen and Navarrese princess, who were on board) “rode out at sea,” watching all that happened on the shore. As the other vessels of the fleet came up they stopped, and at length from the *Trenc-the-mere* came a message to know what had occurred. A full report was sent the king, who forthwith despatched “heralds to the lord of the island, and obtaining no satisfaction, commanded his entire army to arm” and follow him to the shore. Ere long three thousand men were by Cœur de Lion's side striking mercilessly right and left, “as ferocious as lionesses are wont to be when robbed of their young.” The vehement attack of the English soon vanquished the Cypriotes, who hurried back into Limoussa, their capital, considerably faster than they had left it!

Once in safety behind his city walls the Emperor Isaac Comnenus sent to demand an interview with the English king. Richard at once granted his request, but when the desired meeting took place, Isaac behaved himself in such a fashion that Cœur de Lion was driven into making the only remark in English that he was ever known to speak, and of which for that reason we give our readers the benefit: Isaac vaunted and boasted so much that the king at length exclaimed, “Ha! de debbel! he speak like one fole Breton.” No terms were possible with this vain-glorious despot, so Richard abandoned the attempt, and axe in hand led his army on to Limoussa, which he soon conquered.

But during all this while, the sad season of Lent with its fasts and abstinences was over; and Richard's thoughts once more turned marriage-wards. To convoy Berengaria in a good ship, under escort of Joanna, was well enough in its way; but to see the sunshine of her smile on board the *Trenc-the-mere* would be a deal better; so, the lady being probably of the same opinion, little time was wasted in preparation, and in the merry month of May 1191, after Isaac Comnenus the self-elected “Emperor” of Cyprus, had been taken prisoner and manacled with “silver shackles,”

"To Limoussa the lady was led,
His feast the king did cry,
Berengere will he wed,
And sojourn thereby."

The whole island having now yielded to Richard, on the occasion of his marriage, he caused himself and his bride to be

crowned king and queen of Cyprus; and immediately after the ceremony gave audience to the dethroned Isaac, whose eyes must, we should think, have been dazzled indeed at the sight of the following magnificence:—

"The king wore a tunique of rose-coloured satin belted round his waist; his flowing



mantle was of striped silver tissue brocaded with silver half-moons; his sword of fine Damascus steel had a hilt of gold all ablaze with rare gems, and with a silver-scaled sheath. On his head he wore a scarlet bonnet on which were brodered in gold the figures of birds and beasts. His Spanish steed was led before him, its saddle inlaid with precious stones, its bit of polished gold, the crupper adorned with two little

golden lions whose paws were raised to strike each other." With his golden curls shining in the sun, his tall well-proportioned figure and his martial bearing, he came forward with a truncheon in his hand, whilst the spectators eyed with wonder the gorgeous champion of the cross. When he came to the place where Isaac waited his arrival, Richard stopped, and taking up the silver fetters which bound the limbs of the

ex-emperor, he led him to Berengaria, and placing the glittering links in her white hands told her that he made over Commenus to be her prisoner.* At that moment there rushed forward, bathed in tears, a beautiful maiden, who, throwing herself at the feet of Richard, besought him to have mercy upon her. This distressed damsel was none other than the heiress of the island, the fair daughter of the captive Isaac. Cœur de Lion raised her gently from her humble position, and leading her to where queen Joanna and Berengaria were seated, with kind words bade them care for her, and assured her that no harm should happen to her. The Cypriote princess was thenceforward continually with the young queen and her sister-in-law, and did not leave them until after their return to Europe.

Leaving Richard de Canville and Robert de Turnham as his lieutenants in Cyprus, Cœur de Lion, accompanied by Berengaria, Joanna, and the entire army, set sail for Acre. The voyage had been performed under exceptionally prosperous conditions, and they were rapidly nearing their destination when "a merchant ship of immense dimensions, destined by Saladin to the besieged," was perceived. The intrepid king, unwilling to lose any occasion of distinguishing himself, called up the galleys in which were his followers, and the naval combat began. Each galley was armed with an iron "spur" at the prow, and by retiring to some distance and then advancing furiously on the Saracen vessel, the iron points bored the ship's sides, the water rushed in; and, with all her stores, machines of war, Greek fire, and alas! all her experienced soldiers, the gallant vessel went down, "and sunk as lead in the mighty sea, and the whole property perished with its possessors." Overjoyed at having thus cut off the supplies of Saladin, Richard continued his voyage and appeared before Acre, on the day of St.

Barnabas, to find his arrival preceded by that of the two queens, and, greatly to his annoyance, by that also of Philip of France, who had won already great consideration from the Christian inhabitants. We know the strong feeling of jealousy of the French king which reigned in Richard's breast, and can well understand his displeasure at finding his rival for glory foremost in the field; however, the English Lion Heart had but to shew himself, and, as Richard of Devizes tells us, Philip "became obscured, and without consideration, just as the moon is wont to relinquish her lustre at the rising of the sun." The siege of Acre had continued for over two-and-twenty months when the King of France, the aged Philip, Earl of Flanders, and Richard of England arrived with their allied forces to succour the besiegers; the French with their red crosses, the Flemish with green, and the English with white badges, "covered the country; the earth shook with footsteps of Christians and the sound of their shouts."

Mangonels and battering-rams were plied against the walls, sanguinary and obstinate engagements occurred daily, "the brazen drum sounded the note of war and the black banner of Saladin was raised in proud defiance of the crimson standard of the cross."

The kings of England and France decided upon the following plan of action: when the English forces attacked the town of Acre, the French army guarded the trenches; when next day Philip led on the assault, Richard watched over the safety of the assailants. But though this project worked well enough and the Saracens were being driven to their last resources, the pride and dangerous rivalry of the two kings threatened their success. Some of the knights in Philip's army having come to the end of their money, he generously promised to give them three gold-pieces a month. No sooner did Richard hear of this, than, not to be out-done in liberality, he called his chevaliers together, and promised an allowance of four gold coins. Again when the discussion arose whether Conrad, Marquis

* He went in Richard's train to Acre, where he was committed to the custody of the Hospitallers, and confined by them in the fortress of Margat, where he died.

of Montferrat, or Guy de Lusignan had the greater right to the title of King of Jerusalem, Philip espoused the cause of Conrad ; which, apart from all personal feeling, was quite sufficient to make Richard declare for Lusignan. And from these and other causes arose daily, almost hourly, jealousies and bickerings, which might have interfered in no inconsiderable degree with the success of a siege in which the combined energies of both monarchs were so much needed ; had as we have said, the Saracen garrison not been driven to their last extremity. From their fortifications the Moslems saw the moats filled with the dead bodies of their comrades, and the Christians gaining each day some more advantageous position for the continuance of the assault : their ramparts were broken down in several places, their soldiers becoming daily more and more exhausted. At length, the governor, convinced he could hold out but for a very short time longer, determined to proceed to the Christian camp, where he offered to surrender the town on condition that the inhabitants should be permitted to depart in safety. He assigned as conclusive reason for this demand that a similar stipulation had been asked by and accorded to the Christians, when, four years earlier, the Moslems had entered Acre as victors. Both kings refused to agree to the governor's condition except upon the following terms : that Jerusalem and all the other towns taken since the battle of Tiberias should be surrendered. The Moslem, goaded into desperation by these demands, returned to his garrison, determined to make one more bold stand against such exacting foes. All in vain, however, for on the 12th July, 1192, the Saracen garrison surrendered themselves prisoners, and the governor was constrained to engage that Saladin should pay the Christians the sum of two hundred thousand pieces of gold within forty days, and restore the true cross, which had been taken in the battle of Tiberias ; in default of which, the inhabitants of Acre should be at the mercy of the victors. The city itself was given up, and also five hundred Christian prisoners

who were in it. Having enforced these conditions the two kings entered the much-coveted town in triumph, and their banners floated from the ramparts where so lately had waved the Moslem standard. Here, again, Richard both claimed and obtained precedence ; and we find that he, with Berengaria and Joanna, located themselves in Saladin's palace, where they remained during the whole of the Syrian campaign, while Philip was fain to be content with "the house of the Templars." So ended the famous siege of Acre, than which there is no more remarkable episode in the history of the Crusades : the number of men who perished exceeds all belief, some historians mentioning as many as three hundred thousand. Prodigies of valour and chivalrous daring were accomplished by Moslem and Christian ; and foremost in every fray, and where success seemed most doubtful, there rode the gallant Lion Heart, shouting to and encouraging his men, and what was even better, seeming by his very presence to ensure them the victory. A trait of generosity makes us admire the courteous Saracen Saladin, who, when his two foes, Richard and Philip, lay both ill and parched with fever, sent them gifts of luscious Damascus pears, cool sherbet, and mountain snow to allay their sufferings ; again, when the English king's war-horse was killed under him in battle, and he was fighting on foot and almost single-handed against a band of Moslems, a Saracen soldier, leading a magnificent charger, forced a way to the spot where he stood, and presenting the richly-caparisoned steed, said he had brought it as an offering from his master, who had seen the fall of the king's own horse, and begged him to accept this substitute.

Now, again, the vexed question of the sovereignty over Palestine was mooted, and fresh contentions took place between the protectors of the rival claimants ; finally it was decided that Lusignan (to whom Cœur de Lion with lavish generosity afterwards gave his newly-conquered kingdom of Cyprus,) should be styled King of Jerusalem and Lord of Jaffa and Ascalon ; but that,

should Conrad survive him, he and his heirs were to be entitled to the perpetual sovereignty : an odd accommodation of difficulties truly !

At the taking of Acre, Richard's arrogant pride caused him to mortally offend Leopold, Duke of Austria, who, having already endured several mortifications and insults from the same quarter, now vowed to be revenged for this last grievance, which we will recall to the minds of our readers in as few words as possible. When Cœur de Lion and Philip of France entered the conquered city, the Duke of Austria followed close on Richard's steps : seeing the English banner presently set up on the dismantled ramparts, he bethought him that he had been busily engaged in carrying on the siege long before either monarch arrived on the Syrian shores ; and, anxious to participate in the victory as he had in the danger, he caused his banner to be displayed on one of the towers of the citadel. Richard's sharp eyes were not long in discovering this : he called one of his followers to him, and in a few minutes, Leopold had the mortification of seeing his standard hurled down and thrown into a ditch by order of the haughty Englishman. Rage filled the duke's heart, and he retired, vowing vengeance for this insult whenever fortune should place him in a position to carry it out.

A few days later, Philip of France announced his intention of returning to Europe, alleging important state-matters and ill-health as the cause of the determination, though probably his well-known jealousy of Richard had really more to do with it than either. However, whatever the motive, the result was the same, and most distasteful to the English king, who was bent on pursuing the Crusade, and did not at all relish the idea of the great diminution in numbers which the departure of Philip and his soldiers would entail. Before setting out for the Holy Land, and ere the rivalry between them had assumed such dimensions, the two kings had mutually covenanted that neither should desert the cause in aid of which they both were embarking, without the other's consent : there-

fore, now, though Philip was most eager to return, Richard recalled his promise, and insisted that the French king should remain till the end of the campaign ; but it was at length arranged between them that he should be allowed to depart on condition that he renewed his oath to do nothing hostile against his ally's possessions during his absence, and that ten thousand foot soldiers and five hundred knights should be left behind under the command of the Duke of Burgundy. This being settled, Philip lost no time in starting out for France, where he arrived at the end of the year. On his homeward route he passed through Italy, and he applied to Pope Celestine III. for a dispensation from his oath to Richard. The Head of the Church, who had declared himself the guardian and protector of the territories of all those princes who had engaged in the Holy War, refused to absolve him ; but Philip's hatred and rancour had by this time become too powerful for him to be deterred by the pope's prohibition, so directly he arrived in his own dominions he prepared to carry disturbance and revolt into those of the English king ; or, in the words of the French historian, "*Il se hâta de regagner la France pour y travailler à la ruine de la trop puissante maison d'Angleterre.*" Arms of all sorts were "fabricated both day and night" in the French king's dominions, the fortifications of cities and castles were inspected, and at length he announced his design of invading Normandy. This intention had been foreseen by those whom Richard had left in command of his strongholds in that country, and we hear that one and all of these constables, "at Le Mans, Anjou, Tours, Bourges, Poitou, and Gascony, of themselves fortified every place that could be fortified in the fullest manner ; and that the son of the King of Navarre, to spite the French, ravaged the country about Toulouse." The Normans themselves resented Philip's treachery by destroying a castle one of his barons had set up on the border-land between France and their duchy, and tearing the unlucky vassal to pieces. This measure sounds rather hard on him

when, in all probability, he had only carried out his king's orders! Seeing the small support he was likely to gain in attempting an invasion of his rival's duchy, (for his French nobility flatly refused to help him in this violation of a state they had sworn to protect, and the pope threw out ominous hints of ecclesiastical censure should he persist), Philip determined to effect by crooked policy and intrigue the mischief he found so difficult of accomplishment in open warfare; and for this purpose he entered into negotiations with Richard's brother, Prince John (who needed very little persuasion to turn traitor), made him large promises of wealth and territorial possessions to ensure his co-operation; and was daily expecting to welcome him on the farther side of the Channel, when he learnt with annoyance and considerable impatience, that the united efforts of Queen Eleanor, and "the menaces of the English council," had combined to dissuade the mean and cowardly prince from this act of treachery.

Here we must leave Philip and John, and return to Cœur de Lion, whom, as the reader will recollect, we left at Acre very sceptical as to the truth of the reasons urged by Philip to justify his departure, but certainly not minded to abate one item of the plans he had traced out for their mutual guidance, now that his restless "ally" had turned his back upon the good cause: if Philip was not in Syria to share the dangers of combat, neither was he there to claim his share in victory; so this was some palliative to Cœur de Lion's annoyance at the defalcation of the French king. A dreadful scene of barbarity was enacted by Richard's orders a few days after Philip's departure, and which, though justified by the stern terms of the capitulation of Acre, was forbidden by every dictate of humanity. We have heard how it had been agreed that, if in forty days the wood of the true cross was not restored, two hundred thousand pieces of gold paid, and a certain number of Christian prisoners given up by Saladin; Richard was to hold the lives of the inhabitants of the con-

quered city at his mercy. Time passed, and no signs of fulfilment of any of these conditions being apparent, Richard sent to apprise the sultan of the approach of the fatal day. Saladin begged for a prolongation of the term accorded; and, to propitiate the English king, sent him the most valuable presents. These Cœur de Lion, without a moment's hesitation, returned, at the same time declining to accord an hour's delay. Enraged at his conduct Saladin ordered the immediate execution of the Christians in his power. Yet five days of the truce remained, when Richard heard of the summary proceeding. True to his word he let the time pass until the Moslems should be legally in his power; the fatal "Wednesday after the feast of the Assumption" dawned, and almost with the daylight appeared the procession of "near three thousand captives, who advanced at slow pace to within sight of the Saracen camp; a signal was then given, and "their heads fell!"

Having repaired the walls of Acre and appointed governors for its safety, Richard, leaving the two queens and the Cypriote princess in security, set out along the sea-coast towards Ascalon; his ships with their "military engines" and stores following in sight of the army, providing them with all they needed. The Saracen host under Saladin moved at their side, and each commander watched with eagerness for an opportunity to attack his enemy with advantage. This occasion arrived when both armies were between Cesarea and Jaffa: Saladin fell with fury upon the rear of Richard's force, but was successfully repulsed, the English king doing wondrous feats of daring, and winning the profound respect of the Moslems for his irresistible arm. The loss of the Turks was immense, that of the Crusaders very trifling in point of numbers, though much felt by Richard, as James d'Avesnes perished, "and his death was justly regarded by the king as the loss of a great pillar of the Christian cause." As the road to Ascalon was now open to him, Cœur de Lion wished to press on thither;

but in this he was once again frustrated by the factious spirit which had been for so long existing amongst the chief leaders of the Christian army. They urged the advisability of repairing the fortifications of the



Acre to Ascalon ; and Richard, recognising the wisdom of the measure, abandoned his original desire, and returned with all speed to Jaffa. But the pretended energy of a good portion of the king's advisers evaporated when once Jaffa was reached, and they gradually sank into a state of indolence and luxury, which the Mussulmans, ever on the alert, took advantage of to rally from their late defeat and consequent panic and present themselves in warlike array in the vicinity of the Christian host.

(To be continued.)

ASCENTS AND ADVENTURES;

A RECORD OF

HARDY MOUNTAINEERING IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

BY HENRY FRITH.

Author of "The Adventures of an Engine Driver," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CAUCASUS.



WE must now ask those of our young readers who have kindly accompanied us so far to take a long leap eastward and alight at Poti on the shore of the Black Sea. We are bound for the Caucasus, for a glimpse at the country even now comparatively little known, at the great Elburz and its companion peak Kazbek; then Ararat, the mysterious, will claim our attention before we make our way across the mighty Himâlaya mountains, "the abode of snow."

So, if you please, imagine yourselves at Poti, where the muddy stream of the Rion river runs into the Euxine. Poti is a wretched place, a most forsaken-looking locality. (I may perhaps remark incidentally that, as I have never been at Poti myself, my opinion may not have sufficient weight; but I have consulted many who have been there.) There is a railroad at Poti, but its fever-breeding swamps do not attract season-ticket holders, nor do they hold out even so much prospect as "Eden" on paper did to Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley. *Verbum sap.*

Some very interesting information can be gleaned respecting this locality which Jason knew, and from which Medea eloped; which the Romans called Phasis, but which is now the most melancholy and pestilential place in the world. All these and more are written by travellers, notably Messrs. Freshfield and Bryce—but we must hurry on.

The Caucasus lies between the Black Sea and the Caspian, and includes numerous tribes which remain distinct. Many of these peoples exist solely by plundering each other. Of the tribes the Circassians and Georgians and Mingrelians are perhaps the best known. The lengthy chain of lofty snow-capped mountains are almost impassable save in certain places. Few travellers cared to ascend the snowy heights, and until Messrs. Freshfield, Moore, and Tucker explored the central Caucasus little was known about it. No one, however, can be ignorant of the gallant defence of Circassia made by the heroic Schamyl. For years unknown, beyond the Black Sea he kept the Russian arms at bay, and, at last, after escapes, battles, and adventures which would fill a volume of romance, he was surrounded and taken prisoner. The conquest by Russia of the Armenian and other tribes occupied just sixty-four years, and cost the invading power dearly.

To reach the great Mount Elburz, the traveller must proceed from Poti to Tiflis, which consists of three towns,—the German, Russian, and native portions. The river Kur rushes through it, and the population consists of representatives from all parts of the adjacent country, and the number of different languages to be heard is described as astonishing. The costumes are even more varied, and must present an ever-changing variety to any European.

Tiflis is considered the capital of Transcaucasia, and travellers bound for Ararat or Erivan, or for Kazbek and Elburz, and the

other snowy peaks of Central Caucasus, make this cosmopolitan town their residence. The Russians are of course the governing class, and it is to the Russian *employés* we must apply for conveyance. An order for horses is absolutely necessary, and passports must be prepared, and then the "tarantass," or the telega or paraclo-naia. The former is a four-wheeled vehicle, consisting of a seat, and not much else, except a pole and the wheels aforementioned. The telega, according to Mr. Freshfield, "is so bad as to be almost beyond description." The body is like a punt, sometimes rounded like a tub-boat, "the boards usually rotten," and nails have a playful habit of appearing in unexpected places to tear the stranger's clothing. The seats are composed of ropes (drawn through holes left for the purpose) cat's-cradle fashion, while the driver sits on a plank in front. When we add to this imperfect description the fact that the roads are generally bad, and that cart-springs are unknown luxuries, some of the pleasures of travelling "post" in the Caucasus may be imagined.

To reach Kazbek, the traveller passes the now miserable village of Mscheti (or Mitzkhet), once a celebrated town, and close to which Pompey gained a famous battle over the Iberians. Two rivers, uniting here, defend it. Thence through the grand Dariel Pass, and so on by a steep zig-zag road, at length we reach the village of Kazbek whence the splendid mountain of the same name is seen towering some eleven thousand feet above—about sixteen thousand feet above sea-level. This is no baby-mountain, and until Messrs. Moore, Freshfield, and Tucker, well-known Alpine climbers, were venturesome enough to scale its snowy sides, no one had dared to attack it. Since that expedition the mountain has been ascended two or three times, and is reported to involve no very great risks, supposing weather be favourable, and the usual mountaineering facilities procurable in more or less European style. This mountain is said to be the scene of the

torment of Prometheus, although Sir R. K. Porter (not Sir Joseph, K.C.B.) inclines to the belief that Mount Elburz is the place where that hero suffered. Mr. Freshfield awards the palm to Kazbek, and mentions other legends connected with the mountain.

The impossibility of making the ascent was strongly impressed upon the bold English Clubmen, but their plans were seconded by the inhabitants; so on the 30th of June 1868 our countrymen started to make the attempt. Kazbek was probably at one time a volcano, and on first appearance the sides look so terribly steep that it required some determination to make the ascent. Since Messrs. Freshfield and party went up, the summit has, we believe, been reached by a different route to theirs, probably that they adopted on the return. We will now turn to the record of the expedition, which was not accomplished without risk. A rather steep climb constituted the first stage, by a horse-path which traverses the bluff between the streams which flow from the glaciers and unite lower down. Just above this the party bivouacked, and at one o'clock next morning prepared for the regular ascent, and as the porters did not put in an appearance, the Englishmen and their guide started alone. We cannot pretend to give more than a brief sketch of this ascent, as space will not admit; but those who are desirous to read the complete narrative, with other very interesting details, can refer to the account of the expedition written by Mr. Freshfield himself.

The travellers gained an altitude of 14,800 feet without any extraordinary difficulty. They were then only (about) two thousand feet from the summit, but this last part proved to be the most difficult. By cutting steps in the ice the party managed to keep ascending slowly, until a *bergschrund* barred their way. Those who have read the foregoing chapters upon Alpine climbing, will not need to enquire the nature of the obstacle that now presented itself. A *bergschrund* three or four

feet wide,—a huge gap in the ice, the upper lip fringed with long icicles, and some feet higher than the lower lip, is not a pleasant object for contemplation. Here an accident occurred which might have had a very serious if not fatal termination. The guide went first, then Messrs. Freshfield, Tucker and Moore in the order named. All passed in safety by means of a rope that somehow or other got hitched round a large icicle which hung suspended over the chasm. Mr. Tucker being last in the line, made up his mind to release the said rope, and cut steps down to the upper lip of the *bergschrund*. We can imagine his position. With an ice-axe it is no difficult matter for a man with a little practice to chip a good step out of ice above him, but to do the same thing *downwards* is a very different affair. The body is likely to be bent too much forward, and then, once you pass the centre of gravity, down you will go. To do this step-cutting in a hurry is more or less suicidal. Mr. Tucker unluckily overbalanced himself—he fell over the chasm. Fortunately the next two men were able to stand steadily when the jerk came upon them, or a fatal catastrophe similar to the terrible disaster on the Matterhorn might have resulted. As it was, some time elapsed before the fallen man could regain his footing and re-ascend. To hang head-downwards over a *bergschrund* is not pleasant, and the escape was no doubt a very narrow one. Had the rope or the hold by the ice-axes failed when the jerk came, the consequences would have been very serious.

Nevertheless our friends' nerves were not damaged, and warily they resumed their ascent. There are two summits to Mount Kazbek, and up the ice-slope separating these, the climbers toiled for four consecutive hours, not one easy step giving them even a precarious resting-place. Crawling up on hands and knees—for step-cutting was now out of the question—the party managed to gain the ridge connecting the twin peaks of Kazbek. The eastern peak appeared to be the higher, so it was boldly

attacked, and by noon the ascent of the hitherto unconquered mountain was an accomplished fact.

This was an undoubted triumph, but the conquerors had now to face a still greater problem. The difficulty that had beset Mr. Tucker when cutting the steps to regain the rope, now presented itself in a magnified form to all the party. How were they to descend the tremendous ice-slope which they had only mounted on their knees? As Mr. Freshfield pithily remarks, "A bad slip would result in a roll of the whole party for at least two thousand feet, unless cut short by one of the numerous crevasses on the lower part of the mountain. The exact manner of its termination would, however, probably be a matter of indifference when that termination came."

Of course prudence carried the day. The treacherous slope was abandoned, and a course sought in the opposite direction, viz., on the northern side, although, by this route, tent and porters left at the resting-place of the previous night were abandoned. By means of much scrambling, glissading, and occasional changes of direction, the four explorers succeeded in reaching a gorge, and after the gorge, some herdsmen, who gave them shelter for the night. This shelter, by the way, was more in name than in fact, for inquisitive goats entered during the night, and with a great taste for European luxuries—which if indulged must sooner or later tell upon even goats' constitutions—devoured a pair or two of gloves, and some thick gaiters, with which they were doubtless refreshed, perhaps the gloves were of kid, and in them they recognised the flavour of a friend.

One very remarkable circumstance connected with this ascent is, that none of the people in the neighbourhood credited the fact that the mountain had been scaled, till the porters descended and bore testimony to the disappearance of the party up the mountain, and the herdsmen proved that the travellers descended on the opposite side. The statement of two parties, that they had tracked the travellers to the summit on the second day, was received

with the derision it deserved. So a grand expedition was safely accomplished without much risk, and no loss, except the gloves and the gaiters, which probably gave the eccentric goat a fit of indigestion and made him regret the theft.

CHAPTER XVII.

ELBURZ AND ARARAT.

As, according to local traditions, the Ark grazed the summit of Elburz before it finally grounded between the lofty peaks of Ararat, it will not be unfitting if we refer to the former mountain before proceeding to Ararat, the Aghri Dagh of the Tartars.

So first let us glance at Elburz. We cannot tarry long. Elborus or Elburz is described by Sir R. Porter, as a world of mountains in itself, towering above all, its white and radiant summit mingling with the heavens. He also informs us that, in his time (about sixty years ago), there was a tradition that the bones of an enormous giant, exposed there by divine wrath, were still to be seen on the smaller summit of the mountain. This giant was of course Prometheus, but, as we have before remarked, Kazbek carries off the honours in this respect.

It is to Mr. Freshfield and his companions, that the more modern account of the ascent of the mountain is due. It is true that an expedition was organized to make the ascent so long ago as 1829 by some Russians, and even when our countrymen visited the district they were alarmed by reports concerning possible rivals. If there is one thing more than another that is alarming to an English mountaineer, it is the presence of his own species, when attacking—not himself, that would be a relief—but his mountain. Take my life—but don't go up first, is the feeling of our true mountaineer, and we can quite appreciate the love of conquest inherent in all British minds. Some such ideas of being surpassed affected our bold countrymen, but their terrors were unfounded, and they

started for Elburz. A flattened snow-dome was pointed out as the "Minghi Tau," or Elburz, and during the night's bivouac on a meadow below the glacier, in company with some shepherds, the sheep amused themselves by charging down upon the tent with a view of upsetting it. We are not told why the sheep behaved thus, unless the unusual appearance of a tent affected them; but the fact remains—and the tent did not give way.

During the following day the ascent was gently continued, that is, about four thousand feet ascent was accomplished as a "breather" and to find a nice level spot for pitching the tent. A spot was reached, and finally chosen for a bivouac, and then the party reconnoitered. All seemed satisfactory; a sudden demand for pay by the porters was met by conditional payment, and the victory remained with the Englishmen, for the erring porters returned, and the party went to bed. During the night the water in a gutta-percha bag, froze into one "long sausage of ice," and at ten minutes past two A.M., the ascent was resumed. The walking was so absurdly easy that the travellers proceeded with their hands in their pockets and ice-axes under their arms.

But this mode of proceeding, though easy, was not unattended with danger. Mr. Freshfield suddenly disappeared, like a clown in the pantomime, down a trap. The crisp surface broke away beneath him, and he carefully disappeared into a crevasse. We may say carefully; because the check of the rope gave him time to choose his manner of falling, and, with his back against one side of the chasm and his feet pressed against the other, the Alpine Clubman managed to support himself, though his hands were still in his pockets and his ice-axe under his arm. After a long struggle, Mr. Freshfield was safely landed, and the ascent was resumed. The cold was intense. For hour after hour they proceeded, and at a height of more than 16,000 feet, frost-bites seemed likely. It appears, from a perusal of the narrative, doubtful whether

the strangers would have gone on, had not two of the native porters been noticed advancing rapidly in the footsteps already made. This decided the question. The whole party proceeded, and after a comparatively easy termination reached the summit, 18,500 feet, without having experienced any inconvenience from "Alpine sickness." The return was successfully accomplished, and the reception given to the travellers must be sought, by those desirous to read it, in the book already referred to.

Let us now proceed to Ararat, or Aghri Dagh.

It is with a feeling of reverence that every English traveller will approach this famous mountain, and anyone who may chance to read these pages, be he boy or man, pupil or teacher, need not be afraid that we are going to say or hint at anything which will in the slightest degree undermine the faith we all have in the sacred writings. Ararat has been to us all a reality since the time we played with our Noah's arks in the nursery. As we grew older, we were able to follow the clergyman when he read the lesson, and in the eight chapter of Genesis, we find it recorded that the ark rested upon the mountains of Ararat. There are two summits to this remarkable mountain, and though the sentence has been taken to mean rested "on a mountain in Ararat," there is no reason to depart from the English version.

It has been suggested to me just now, that Ararat might mean Armenia, the district and not the hill. But with these speculations we have nothing to do. We hope to write a true and interesting account of this famous mountain, next to Mount Sinai perhaps the most famous in the world's history; and all may learn something of the first mentioned mountain in the Bible, upon which all faiths may meet without dispute. There is no reason to doubt that Ararat, the mountain (being the highest land in the country where the flood occurred) was soonest dry when the waters subsided, and no reason either to question

the fact that the ark grounded on the side (scarcely on the summit), or on the connecting ridge between the peaks, if that ridge then existed. As all testimony, modern tradition and Josephus notwithstanding, tends to prove that "our Ararat," is the true mountain, and it has been regarded with peculiar veneration for generations, we must accept the fact as proved.

Travellers, so long ago as 1250 A.D., mention it as a mountain which it is impossible to ascend, and Sir John Mandeville tells a story of a man who tried, but always fell asleep and found himself at the base of the mountain. However, on one occasion he prayed to be permitted to ascend, and then an angel accompanied him to the summit, but "no one has ever been since," says the historian.

It is also recorded that the ark is still on the mountain, and indeed, until a comparatively late date, Ararat was deemed inaccessible. There is quite a variety of stories told respecting the mountain, but we need not quote them. Those who are desirous of reading some excellent opinions concerning the Aghri Dagh, will find them in Professor Bryce's account of his journey in Transcaucasia, and other works to which we are indebted for some of the following facts.

It appears that the Ararat range is about twenty-five miles long, and twelve miles wide; it is said by the Armenians to be the exact centre of the earth. The highest peak of the range is 17,000 feet above the sea, exceeding Mont Blanc in altitude; while the Little Ararat is nearly 13,000 feet high, but much more pointed than its big brother, which is a "dome-shaped mass," always covered deeply with snow. The whole range was at one period volcanic, if the summits were not exactly volcanoes, for no record of eruption exists, nor has any one of the numerous volcanoes in the country ever been noticed in activity. But if there is no fire, there is an equivalent for smoke; for daily a cloud rises, or is formed, upon the snowy peak, shutting out the view from the summit, and from about eight A.M.

till sunset, obscuring the top of the mountain from the spectator below. So those who would climb must make up their minds for a cloud.

The number of persons who have ever ascended Ararat can be counted on the fingers. A Persian grandee went so far as to offer a reward to anyone who would go



up ; but superstition was stronger than the love of gold, and no one claimed the money. Sir J. Ker Porter says that the cold itself would be sufficient to deter anyone from attempting the feat ; but our modern appliances have overcome these terrors. The first ascent was made by Dr. F. Parrot. He made several vain attempts to reach the top, and at last was successful in 1829. But, unfortunately, nobody believed him ; and although there have been three ascents since (not to mention Mr. Fresh-

field's attempt, though his companions very nearly reached the summit), very few Armenians will believe that anyone has ever been up, even though General Chodzo ascended on survey duties with soldiers, and encamped near the top for three days. The most complete account of the actual ascent of the mountain is given by Professor Bryce, who went up a few years ago.

Mountaineering in the Caucasus or in Armenia is not the easy matter it is in Switzerland. In that land of Alpine pleasures there are guides and ponies, and alpenstocks (already marked), milk and fruit for the climber, and even railways to carry him up the lesser hills. But in the East is no professional assistance. Cossacks take the place of guides, and Kurds hand you milk on the way. The peaceful *Bradshaw* or *Bædeker* gives way to a rifle or pistols in the belt, and an umbrella for protection from the sun is usually necessary at the commencement of a journey up the mountain. Mr. Bryce describes a very picturesque encampment on the slopes of Ararat, and on the following morning, at one o'clock, the party of thirteen started to ascend the mysterious mountain. The start was rapid, but the natives soon pulled up, and, after the first half-hour's work, their progress may be described, in Hibernian phrase, as a succession of stoppages. The travellers were helpless. The Kurds and Cossacks did not care; they took no notice of sundry taps on the back and signs to proceed. At length, even when the route was resumed, and daylight made the ascent less difficult, every advantage was taken to halt, and at breakfast time the attendant guards and porters had dwindled to less than half. Perhaps the prevailing superstition and the fear of evil spirits may have influenced the natives, and Mr. Bryce determined to essay the mountain alone.

But when he set off he was followed by three of the men, who came to see him do it, and were witnesses to his picking up a piece of wood high up the mountain, which may (or may not) be a portion of the original Noah's Ark, which Armenians de-

clare to be still on the mountain—somewhere!

As the ascent became steeper the Cossacks seem to have "fallen out," and at length Mr. Bryce was left by himself. If he had any hope of reaching the summit, it must be alone, and notwithstanding all the legends of the locality, and all the uncertainty hanging like the daily cloud about the summit, our traveller determined to go up unattended. Fatigue, and the terrible effort of breathing, almost overcame the bold explorer; but the symptoms of exhaustion wore off, and though "gasping like a fish in a boat, and with knees of lead" he doubted whether he could possibly succeed, Mr. Bryce went on. He certainly deserved to succeed, and it required considerable pluck and determination to persevere. On an unknown mountain, in a country not remarkable for hospitality to strangers, to run a race up a mountain against time, when failure to find the path would be almost certain death, much must be put down to the traveller's credit.

We need not follow him step by step up this splendid mountain. The story of how he had to turn back to find another way—how he came to certain volcanic rocks, sufficiently warm to prevent snow from gathering upon their rugged surfaces—how the mist persistently kept upon the edge of the snow, so that it was impossible to see what lay beyond—and how all view to the right was equally cut off by black precipices—must be sought in Mr. Bryce's own narrative which we cannot reproduce. Yet he kept on. The cold increased to a most severe degree, and he stepped out upon the snow. He could only see a few yards ahead, persuaded that though the slope was gentle there was much to surmount. He trailed his ice-axe behind him to mark the track, and went on till suddenly his footsteps tended downwards—a puff of wind drove off the mist, and at last the plain of the Araxes became visible miles below—"at an abysmal depth." The summit of Ararat was reached.

(To be continued.)

AN ATTACK IN THE DARK.

BY WILLIAM H. GARRETT.

(Continued from page 234.)



HE doctor, after looking at the drawing, and glancing at the face of the last speaker, gave it back to Valentine, who replaced it in the drawer, shut the door of the safe and turned the key—without, however, afterwards withdrawing it.

The conversation had been at no time brilliant—in real life it never is so among very young men—but it had at least been

lively; now, however, it began to languish, and ere long, Warrington, after singing another song very charmingly, announced his intention of going homewards by the last train which was set down in the time-tables to leave Streatham at a comparatively early hour.

“Shall I see anything of you to-morrow?” asked Valentine, when Warrington had advanced towards the door of the room, which he paused to gaze at abstractedly before replying.

“Well, no; I think not. This law business will occupy nearly all my time for the next day or two; but I will write to you—yes, I will write to you the day after to-morrow—if you don’t hear from me sooner. I beg you will not come down to the door with me,” he continued, holding out his hand; “you must not leave your guests, and I can manage by myself capitally.”

When he had gone, Spencer announced that he had two seats to spare in the dog-cart which was to call for him, and offered one of them to the doctor; but the latter replied that he intended to give a little work to some of the four hundred and forty-six muscles in his body, and would

therefore walk to his father’s house in Whitehall Place. David Thorpe, too, declined a similar offer from the owner of the dog-cart, for the simple reason that the carriage of the elder Mr. Thorpe, who was dining that evening at Brixton Rise, was to call at Greenheys soon after eleven. It thus came about that Polk was the only guest who availed himself of a seat in Spencer’s vehicle; and these two, owing to some delay in the arrival of the dog-cart, were the last to take leave of their host.

On the following morning, Valentine rose at his usual hour with the intention of proceeding to the Admiralty; but he soon found that a slight attack of neuralgia rendered it expedient to stay at home and so avoid the piercing east wind which was blowing. That night’s post brought a few lines from Lionel Polk, in which he expressed a hope that the non-appearance of Valentine in his usual place at Whitehall was not due to any serious indisposition. The letter concluded with these words: “*By-the-by, I was slightly inconvenienced last night, by a mistake made by one of your guests. But you have, no doubt, heard all about it by this time; and as it is now within two minutes of the hour at which I take my departure for the day, I will say no more on the subject than—bring it with you when you come.*”

Unable readily to understand Polk’s meaning, Valentine carelessly threw aside the letter, told Mrs. Tucker, who was in special attendance that evening also, that she might go home, and then drawing the sofa near the fire, began to read one of Ruskin’s works.

Midnight was already past ere he closed the book; and when he had done so, he fell into a reverie, during which he became greatly discontented with himself for that

want of the higher art feeling, which a comparison of his own sensations with those of the author he had been reading made sufficiently obvious. In the end, he fell into a doze, from which he was roused by the cold he experienced consequent on the fire having gone out. Looking round for his bedroom candlestick, he saw that the charwoman had forgotten to put it in its usual place, which was on the top of the little safe, for there was no table on the landing without. With drowsy eyes and shuffling steps, the young man, taking the lamp he had been reading by into both hands, went to his bedroom. Ten minutes after he was as deeply enjoying

"The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,"

as the weariest peasant who ever followed plough from sunrise to sunset; and he would have slept on for many hours, but for a trifling accident very simply brought about. On retiring to rest he had placed the lamp and a small tin match-box by his bed, on a chair, in order to be within reach of his hand in the event of his having a recurrence of neural pains during the night. In such case, it had been his intention to beguile the tedium of the hours by reading Dante and comparing the slighness of his own pains with the supreme agony of those ceaselessly tormented beings described in the pages of the "*Divina Commedia*;" but when he had slept for two or three hours, he turned himself from one side to the other; and in so doing, his hand struck against the *modérateur* lamp, and it fell with a crash to the floor, breaking into several pieces. The noise completely awoke him, and he lay for some time wondering what he should now do for a light, if his neural affection should return. Then he again tried to compose himself to sleep, but in vain; and he was beginning to fear that he should have a bad night's rest when his attention was caught by a sound not unlike that caused by the rebound of the snap that fastens a window.

He listened intently, and in a few seconds fancied that he could hear a window-sash

on the landing without softly pushed up. He raised himself on his elbow in bed and strained his ears to catch any further movement; but all became silent once more; and so long did this silence continue that he again lay down in bed under the impression that the night-wind, sighing round the exterior of a house considerably out of repair, had produced the sounds.

Presently, however, from the studio, which had an entrance from the same landing as his bedroom, came the noise as of the court sword falling with a rattle on the polished sides of the floor. What was it? or rather, Who was it? were the questions that the sole occupant of Greenheys asked himself in rapid succession. He had as little superstitious feeling as anybody—no one is entirely without it—and he very soon, therefore, came to the conclusion either that a cat had got into the house during the day, and was now prowling about—the door of the studio had been left open by Valentine when he went to bed—or a burglar had gained admission to the premises. The young man rose from the bed, and quickly threw on a few articles of dress. The night was not a very dark one, though there was no moon. At any rate, he could just manage to distinguish some of the larger fragments of lamp lying on the carpet. The only two matches in the tin-box failed to ignite when hurriedly rubbed against its side. Though thus left without the means of obtaining even a momentary gleam of light, he was by no means inclined to remain tamely where he was. Still he remembered with much satisfaction that, while he was yet in doubt as to the prudence of his going to his official duties on the morning after the little dinner-party, he had hidden the key of the safe under the cushion of the sofa. No fears, therefore, for the safety of his emerald troubled him. But he had just enough of that Platonic virtue called *εὐμυρία* to determine him on going through with what he had commenced.

With something like a feeling of strong indignation, he seized upon the poker from the

fireplace, opened the door of his bed-room as quietly as the lock would permit, and crossing the landing, swiftly passed into the studio.

For a moment, he could not distinguish one object from another; but, as he advanced still further into the room, he heard a metallic click as from an iron drawer that had been quickly shut, and he saw the dim outline of a figure, which till then had been stooping near the safe, rise to its full height and dash forward towards something which seemed, judging from this action, to be lying on the floor.

"Who are you?" cried the young man, darting forward, and making a lunge with the point of his poker at the breast of the intruder—a lunge so well delivered that it caused the recipient of it to reel back a pace or two, but Valentine did not follow up the advantage thus gained and strike his opponent on the head. In another instant there was the clash of steel against the poker, and the holder of it felt that the blade of a weapon had entered his side: at the same time his antagonist pushed violently past him, causing Valentine to fall backwards and strike his head so heavily against the uncarpeted part of the floor that he became insensible.

When he recovered consciousness daylight had returned. By his side lay the court sword unsheathed, and he found he was lying on the newly finished picture which had probably been unconsciously knocked down in the fray.

Fortunately the blade of the sword had entered obliquely and glanced off one of the ribs, inflicting a long flesh wound, which was not, however, in any degree dangerous with ordinary care, and only obliged him to keep in bed for a couple of days. But the emerald had disappeared, and he could form no idea to whom to attribute its loss. That his assailant was the robber there was no room to doubt, for he had been seen bending over the very place where the jewel had been deposited; but who was that assailant, and from whom had he obtained the information that such a treasure was to be found in that scantily furnished room?

A still more startling circumstance connected with the disappearance of the emerald was that the safe had been opened by its own key. When Valentine was sufficiently recovered to realize the significance of this fact, very unpleasant suspicions began to take possession of his mind. At first he had asked himself if it were not possible that the woman Tucker might be concerned in the robbery, but a moment's reflection showed him the absurdity of such a supposition. Even if she had accidentally discovered the place where the key was usually hidden, why should she instigate anybody to commit a burglary in order to obtain possession of that which she would, in such a case, have frequent opportunities of taking when she was within the house. Again, why should she advise her confederate to risk a forcible entrance into the house while the occupant of it was at home when she knew that Greenheys was tenantless nearly the whole day, and was, therefore, at the mercy, to a great extent, of any marauder who could get possession of such a valuable piece of information. As to the waiters who were employed on the evening of the dinner party, he had ascertained at the time that neither of them was in the room, when he spoke of his hiding-place for the key. In short, he could not disguise from himself that none but his guests on that night were in possession of the secret.

Judging from the short time which had elapsed from the moment when he heard the window on the landing raised to that when the sound of the shutting of the iron drawer had reached him, he felt sure that the man who had wounded him had groped his way without a moment's hesitation to where the sofa usually stood; but Valentine, it will be remembered, had drawn the sofa close to the fire; and the search in the dark after its new position had no doubt caused the assassin to stumble against the weapon which he had subsequently so unexpectedly used against the owner of it.

But reflections such as these would not have led Valentine to form any opinion as to the real culprit, had it not been for a visit

paid by Lionel Polk one day, accompanied by Spencer, in the course of which he asked whether his overcoat, which had been taken away by mistake on the night of the party, had been returned to Greenheys.

"I know nothing whatever about it," answered the invalid in great surprise. "How did that occur, I wonder?"

"When I was going away with Spencer that night, I found my card, which I had given to the attendant with a request that she would pin it on to my coat, attached to a coat which I at once assumed to be mine—I am a little near-sighted, you know—but on the way home, finding this coat to be more loose than my own, as well as much thinner, I thrust my hand into one of the pockets and found there a note, addressed in your handwriting, as I afterwards saw, to 'Leicester Warrington, Esq., Hummum's Hotel.' The next day I forwarded the coat to that address, by the Parcels Delivery Company. Of course I expected that my own coat, in which, by-the-by, was a small pocket-book containing a cheque for a couple of guineas, would be at once returned either to this house or to my official address."

"Have you seen your cousin, since the evening of your birthday?" asked Spencer, gravely.

"I have neither seen him nor heard from him, though he promised to write to me on the day but one following," replied Valentine. "He seems to be as careless about his promises as he is about returning another man's overcoat."

"Want of system, no man can go on well without system," said Polk, sententiously.

"Your system of fastening a card to your coat when you go to a party, doesn't seem of much avail," observed Valentine, smiling.

"It makes the mistake inexcusable though," said Spencer, very dryly.

"Oh, it is quite possible that the woman didn't pin on the card at once as she was told, and that she afterwards put it on the wrong coat. That would merely show the

defect in my system. I should have waited to see it put on," pleaded Polk, in answer to Valentine.

"You had better write to my cousin," suggested Valentine, after a somewhat awkward pause.

"I wrote to him three or four days ago; but I have had no reply," answered Polk. "To-morrow, however, I shall call upon him. What makes his silence more singular is that I told him of your wound, Brice, and yet he has neither written to you nor called."

Just then Bannerman, the young doctor, came in. He had been in attendance on Valentine since the day on which he received the wound, and now came to pay a professional visit. Being a Master in Surgery as well as a Doctor of Medicine, he had been able to undertake the case of his friend. To the combination of skill and care with which the patient had been treated, he owed his rapid progress towards convalescence.

"I shall not call to-morrow," said the doctor, when he was about to take his leave, "for you are going on so well that you will very soon be out of my hands. Any news of the stolen emerald yet?" he asked, looking from one to the other of those present.

"None," answered Valentine. "The police can discover nothing, as yet. Thorpe has written to me advising that a printed description of the stone should be sent to the various dealers in such articles, and reminding me that there was a trifling flaw towards one corner of the emerald, but I had already, thanks to Spencer, furnished the people at Scotland-yard with some particulars about the article."

"It has probably been disposed of ere this in a way that will baffle detection. With the aid of some foreign lapidary the stone might soon be made to assume a different shape, or it might be cut into two stones," said the doctor, and then he took his departure.

"I am inclined to think that he is right," observed Spencer, as the door closed.

"You had better make up your mind, Val, to be content with the loss."

"And what about this wound in my side? am I to be content with that also?" asked Valentine, querulously.

"It's a pity that you had no light with you when you encountered that fellow."

"Yes; I could have parried his thrust with the poker if I could have distinguished the blade."

"But I mean that you would then have caught sight of the man's features," said Spencer, looking away from his interlocutor.

"What advantage would that have been?" asked Valentine, with something like a shudder as a sudden and strange thought passed through his mind.

"Because you might have recognised his features," was the answer given quietly.

Did Spencer really mean, Valentine silently asked himself, that the man's face was one with which either of them was familiar? or did he merely wish to convey to his two auditors that a view of the features of the would-be assassin might ultimately have been useful for his identification in case of capture? It would have been easy to ask the young soldier for an explanation, but he was suffered to take his leave along with Polk without any further questioning on that point.

When Valentine was once more alone he resolutely refused to let his mind dwell on the subject. But on the following day Spencer returned looking graver than usual, and he had not been many minutes in the room ere he said, "I have something very strange to tell you, Val, if you are quite strong enough to stand a surprise."

"Oh, I am well enough now," answered the other cheerfully.

"I saw Polk this morning, and he told me that he had been to Hummum's Hotel about his coat. You will be rather astonished, Val, to hear that your cousin left there for Berlin many days ago, and that he omitted to leave Polk's coat behind. But this is not all: Polk tells me that the cheque which was in the pocket has been presented and paid. Now, my dear Val, I

don't wish to distress you, but I am afraid that cousin of yours is a *mauvais sujet*. I have never seen but one man who in any way resembled Mr. Warrington in the face, and he was standing in the dock of the Central Criminal Court one day."

"You are complimentary to my relative," said Valentine, rising from the sofa and walking to the window in his agitation.

"Well, I will say no more; but leave you to think over what I have told you. It may help you to arrive at a definite conclusion as to who has got your emerald."

"Speak plainly. Do you actually wish me to believe, on such flimsy evidence as you have adduced, that Leicester Warrington, the son of my mother's brother—the son of a gentleman and of a man of large means—has been guilty of theft, and worse? It is quite incredible," and Valentine buried his face in his hands to hide the emotion which was visible in his face.

"My dear fellow, anyone who regularly consults that record of real life, a newspaper, knows that such things do happen. Soon after I was entered as a gentleman-commoner at Oxford, there was the son of an officer of high rank—a young man with an ample allowance from his father—proved beyond doubt to have pilfered rings and pins from the rooms of fellow-students."

Before Valentine could reply the room-door was thrown open, and the doctor entered more hurriedly than is at all usual with members of his profession. "Being in the neighbourhood of Hummum's Hotel to-day, I called there to enquire for Mr. Warrington," he said, looking at his patient.

"And you found that he had left," interrupted Spencer grimly.

"I found that he had returned from the continent just five minutes before."

"Returned," echoed Spencer, "you amaze me."

"Not only is he returned," continued the doctor, "but he is at this moment below in the dining-room, and most anxious to see you. I told him to follow me upstairs in a few minutes and come to the first door he found."

"Oh, he will find his way hither easily enough," observed Spencer, glancing at the little iron safe, and looking very stern.

"He has never been here before, I assure you," said the doctor.

An instant after this, there was a tap at the door of the studio, and the doctor going to it invited in a complete stranger, and presented him to Valentine as his cousin Leicester Warrington.

Spencer's brow cleared of its corrugations, and he was the first to recover from his astonishment. "I shall prove to be quite right, after all, Val," said he with something of triumph in his tone. "That rascal with the odd laugh who was here on your birthday is an impostor, and no cousin of yours at all."

"Your explanation of the mystery does credit to your penetration," said the doctor.

"My dear cousin," said the real Warrington, "I am grieved to hear from Dr. Bannerman of the loss and suffering you have had through a chance acquaintance of mine; but it is some satisfaction to know that he was apprehended last night or rather early this morning."

"Yes, he entered this house at a window by means of a ladder," the doctor said. "The ladder was a borrowed one, and this fellow Waghorn, did not, it seems, return it, but left it in the garden here. The lender, who had heard all about the robbery, met the borrower by accident in the street at Brighton, followed him home, and then went to the nearest police-station with the news. The rascal had shaved off his luxuriant whiskers by way of altering his appearance. By the way, I noticed on the evening when I saw him, that his hair was curly, and that it was, therefore, quite unlike that in the water-colour drawing."

"Let me explain, how I suppose that all this trouble was brought about," said Warrington, when the doctor ceased speaking, "I made this man Waghorn's acquaintance in the train by which I came to London. When I told him I should stay at Hummum's hotel, he declared that he was going there also. This led to his subse-

quently accompanying me about London, with which he appeared very well acquainted. One evening I received a letter from my solicitor in the city, saying that our projected journey to Berlin, on business directly connected with a law-suit against me, must take place on the following day at noon. That day happened to be the very one on which I had promised to see you here, Valentine. I fully intended, you may be sure, to write to you before I left; but it escaped my memory till literally the last moment, when I was reminded of my omission by happening to draw out your letter of invitation from my breast-pocket. I turned to Mr. Waghorn, whom I took to be a very good sort of fellow, and begged him to call on you that afternoon and make my excuses. In my haste to furnish your address, I handed to him your letter, and with it, by-the-by, a five-pound note which he had asked me to lend him a few minutes previously. He told me that his family resided in Ireland, and that he had been disappointed in not receiving a promised remittance from home. I now hear that he is not unknown to the police."

"The prospect of a good dinner and the chance of plunder tempted him to an impudent personation of my friend's relative," observed Spencer. "But I took a dislike to the ruffian at the outset, and when I heard of his making off with Polk's coat, I guessed who had stolen the emerald."

"And now, as you are not quite off the sick list, Mr. Brice, I think," said the doctor, "you have had excitement enough for one evening, and that we had all better leave you to compose yourself for bed. The sergeant of police who gave me the account of Waghorn's capture will most likely require your attendance before a magistrate when you are able to go out. The emerald, he says, is at a pawnbroker's in the Strand, so you will recover it after all."

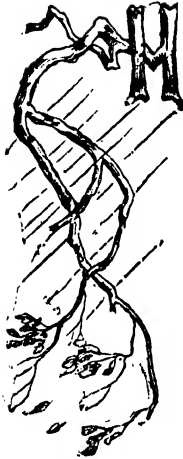
"It will be a lesson to me," remarked Warrington, "how I venture to make the acquaintance of anybody without a proper introduction."

ADVENTURES IN AFRICA.

BY AN AFRICAN IVORY TRADER.

EDITED BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER VIII.—(continued.)



OW to treat the madman—for such he appeared to be—it was difficult to say. He was immensely strong, and we had to exert ourselves to keep him down. Jan proposed to kill him, and was drawing his knife for the purpose when we interfered.

"We shall have to do it, I fear, if we cannot bind his hands behind him," said Harry.

"No, no; we must deprive him of his rifle and ammunition, and he will thus be compelled to follow us."

"If he wanders away into the desert, his fate will be certain," observed Harry.

"He has brought it upon himself," I remarked; "here, Jan, take my rifle-strap; slip it round his arms and draw it tight,—be quick about it. Now, Harry, get another strap round his legs."

All this time Hans was struggling violently without uttering a word. Having succeeded in doing as I proposed, we had him completely in our power. He grinned fearfully and foamed at the mouth; indeed, he almost seized poor Jan's bare arm in his teeth and had not Harry given him a severe blow he would have succeeded.

"Now let's try to get him on his feet, and we will then slacken the strap sufficiently to enable him to walk, though not to allow him to run away," I said.

Hans was very unwilling at first to move, but at length we got him to walk along, though he appeared like a man in a dream,—not knowing what he was doing. Jan

assured us that he could find the way to the water-hole, and we therefore proceeded in the direction he pointed out. It was a question, however, whether we should remain to shoot there, or, having supplied our bottles, return with our unfortunate companion to the camp. As he seemed strong enough to carry the leopard-skin, we replaced it on his shoulders. Every now and then he would attempt to run; but the strap round his legs quickly brought him up. Our progress was of course very slow, until at length the *vlei* was reached. We passed on our way several trees of considerable size overturned by elephants; many of them being ten inches in diameter, it must have required great strength to uproot them. Others were broken short off, a little distance from the ground, by the elephants. This showed us that the country was frequented by the animals, and that if we had patience we might be able to shoot a number. While lying in ambush, however, it would be necessary to remain perfectly silent, as they would be alarmed by the slightest noise.

At length the water-hole came in sight, and eagerly hurrying forward we quenched our thirst and refilled our bottles. Hans did not refuse to drink, and appeared somewhat better afterwards; but there was a roll in his eye which made us unwilling to set him at liberty. Not to alarm the elephants, we retired to a distance and lighted a fire, where we cooked the venison we had brought with us, which, although somewhat high, was still eatable; we then lay down to rest under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, making Hans sit by us.

Harry and I, wishing to obtain some sleep, told Jan to watch our prisoner; and as he had had more rest than we had the

previous night, we hoped he would keep awake.

At length I opened my eyes, and, on looking round, what was my dismay to see Jan fast asleep, and to find that Hans was not there. I aroused Harry. We had placed our prisoner's rifle and knife close to us, and they were safe. He could not be far off; so calling Jan—who looked very much surprised at finding what had happened—we started off, hoping to discover the poor wretch. The feeling of anger with which we had before regarded him was now changed into compassion. Should he have had any evil intentions, could he have got his arms free, he might have brained us as we slept. However it seemed doubtful whether he had been able to get more than his legs at liberty. The strap which secured his elbows was nowhere to be seen. We traced his spoor, but this disappeared along an elephant track—for even Jan failed to discover the marks of his footsteps. The night was approaching, and we lost all hope of discovering him. We therefore took up our position in the thicket we had selected, close to the path the elephants pursued when going down to the pool. We here fully expected to shoot two or three animals. We then proposed returning next morning to the camp, in order to bring two or three of the men with us to make further search for Hans.

We had not long taken up our position, when we caught sight of the huge forms of several elephants coming through the forest, along the path which we had discovered. We saw them sweeping their trunks backwards and forwards over the ground, evidently suspecting something wrong.

Thirst impelled them forward, however. They approached close to where we lay hidden, and I was just about to fire at the leader, who had magnificent tusks—Harry having agreed to take the next in order—when a loud shout rent the air, and a figure started up directly in front of the animal. It was Hans. His arms were still bound, but he kept leaping about, utterly fearless of the elephants before him. I hesitated

for a moment, when the thought struck me, —should I kill the elephant, I might save the life of the unhappy being who seemed to be courting his fate. I pulled the trigger. I could hear the ball strike, but what was my horror to see the animal rush forward, and the next moment trample Hans Scarff beneath his feet. A single shriek escaped the miserable man, and then all was silent. Excited as I was, I did not notice that Harry fired at the second elephant at the same moment. His bullet must have entered the animal's brain, for it sank a helpless mass on the ground. The rest of the herd, alarmed by the fate of their leaders, turned round, and with loud trumpeting rushed away into the forest.

The first elephant, in the meantime, lifted up the body of his victim, whom he dashed violently to the ground; and then, staggering a few paces, came down with a crash and lay motionless.

We hurried out of our ambush to render assistance to Hans; but he was dead, every bone in his body being broken; even his features could not be recognized. We could not blame ourselves for the occurrence, though grieved at his sad fate.

We now purposed returning to our last camp, where we had left our fire burning. Jan begged leave to cut off some pieces of the elephant's flesh to cook for supper. This he did forthwith, in a more rapid way than we could have accomplished the task.

Covering up the body of Hans with some thick bushes, we left it where it lay, in order to prevent the hyenas and jackals from getting at it, and returned to our fire.

We had not long been seated round it, talking over the events of the day, when Jan, starting up, declared that he saw the light of a fire in the distance.

Harry and I looked in the same direction. There was no doubt about the matter.

"Who can they be?" exclaimed Harry.

"Perhaps they are natives," I answered. "If so, we must be careful how we approach them."

"I think it is more likely that they are our friends coming to search for us," said Harry. "They will be surprised at our not appearing yesterday, and may have pushed forward a party who, if on horseback, would soon be up with us."

I at length agreed that such was probably the case, and we accordingly settled at once to go towards the fire. We should probably, even at a distance, be able to discover whether or not it was made by our friends. Jan was of our opinion.

Having hastily finished our meal, we made our way in the direction we proposed. On getting near the fire, Jan offered to go forward and to bring word while we lay hid, so that we might retreat if necessary before we were discovered.

When I was in the forests of Africa, I always remembered that while I was stalking an animal, a lion or leopard might be stalking me; and we therefore, while we waited for the return of Jan, kept our eyes about us, and our ears open to detect the slightest sound.

We had longer to wait than we expected. At length we heard a rustling of leaves near us, and Jan's voice exclaiming,—

"Dey de Capt'n's party, and Toko, and two, three, Makololoes; dey all got horses!"

This was good news. As we went along he told me that he had not informed them that we were near, as he wished to give us the pleasure of announcing ourselves.

In a few minutes we were in the midst of our friends, and our appearance afforded my uncle great relief. They had come across our camp, and found the bodies of the lions, and had some apprehensions that after all we might have been carried off by others.

He was, of course, much shocked at the fate of Hans, though, he observed, that it was better he should have died thus, than have committed murder or some other mischief, as from his uncertain temper it was very likely he would have done.

The Makololoes, on hearing that we had

killed two elephants, were eager to go at once and obtain some of the flesh; but my uncle persuaded them to remain until the next morning, promising that they should then have an abundance of meat.

Although expeditions on foot have their advantages, Harry and I came to the conclusion, when we again found ourselves mounted, that we should prefer in future going out on horseback. My uncle told us that he expected the waggons would camp where we then were, so that we might load them with the tusks and skins we might obtain.

Directly breakfast was over we rode to the scene of our encounter with the two elephants, neither of which had been disturbed. The tusks were soon removed, and the Makololoes cut away enough flesh for a whole army. A grave was then dug, and the body of poor Hans buried. This done, we followed the spoor of the elephants, intending to kill them while feeding in the daytime, and afterwards attack them as they came down to drink.

We had not ridden far when Toko, who was ahead, came back with the intelligence that he had discovered four or five in an open glade, plucking off the branches and leaves of their favourite trees; and that by keeping along through the wood we might come upon them without much risk of being discovered. Almost a minute afterwards we came in sight of the animals, when we at once dismounted to watch them and arrange our plan of proceeding. While some Makololoes held our horses, my uncle, Harry, and I crept along not far from the edge of the forest, so as to get in front of the elephants we saw feeding, while Mr. Welbourn, Toko, and one of his followers made a wider circuit, with the intention of taking them on the other side should they move in that direction. We hurried on, eager to get in front of the animals before they should move away. They now offered unusually good marks to our rifles. My fear was that their sharp eyes might detect us before we could get near enough to fire. My uncle advised each of us to select a tree up

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which we could climb, or whose trunk was of sufficient thickness to afford us protection should the elephants, discovering us, make a charge.

As the forest was tolerably thick, they could not move as rapidly as in the open

ground. We hoped, therefore, to have time to escape should our bullets fail to kill them at the first shot. There were three magnificent fellows feeding close together, and several others beyond them. The latter had fallen to the share of Mr. Wel-



bourn and his party, and we agreed to devote our attention to the three nearest. We proceeded with the greatest care, in Indian file. The slightest sound, even at a distance, caused by a stumble or the breaking of a twig, would attract the attention of our expected prey.

We at length could see their trunks lifted above their heads to reach the higher branches, the rest of their bodies being invisible, and of course they could not see us.

Having taken up our positions, one in front of each elephant, we crept forward, bending down as low as we could so as to escape detection as long as possible. At the same time we looked out for trees to serve as places of refuge. Activity and presence of mind are necessary when a person is hunting wild beasts, but especially when elephant shooting.

I lost sight of my uncle, who was on my left, but I could just see Harry, who was on

the opposite side, his head appearing above the grass and shrubs. I had made up my mind not to fire until I heard the report of my uncle's rifle. At last I could see the huge ears of an elephant, just in front of me, flapping up and down.

I knew that the moment would soon arrive when I must fire or be discovered by the elephant. I crept on a few paces further, then rose on my knees. At the moment that I heard the crack of my uncle's rifle, I lifted my own weapon and fired, aiming full



at the creature's broad chest as high up as I could, so as to clear the head. Before the smoke—which was kept from rising by the branches—had cleared away, a loud trumpeting was heard. The moment it began Harry fired, but I could not see the result. I sprang to my feet, so as to escape behind a tree I had marked, fully expecting to have the elephant I had shot charge furiously at me ; but it did not, and though I retreated

some paces I could still see its head. It seemed to be looking about to discover the enemy who had wounded it. No long time passed before it caught sight of me, and then on it came. I could also hear a loud crashing among the boughs to the right, produced, I had no doubt, by the elephant at which Harry had aimed. On reaching the tree I instantly began to reload, hoping to have time to give the elephant another shot as he

passed me; for, though he had seen me for a moment, I knew that he would go straight on without looking behind the tree. But, even before he had got up to the spot, down he fell on his knees, crushing several young trees. At the same moment I heard Harry cry out, and leaving my own prize I dashed forward to his assistance. I was just in time to see the elephant, with his trunk uplifted, close to Harry, who had not had time to reload or take shelter behind a tree. I fired, aiming behind the ear of the elephant, when down it came, as mine had done, prostrate on the ground. If my uncle had been equally successful, we should have made a grand haul. Without stopping to finish off our elephants, we hurried in the direction we supposed him to be, reloading as we went. We uttered a loud shout to attract his attention. It was replied to by a tremendous roar; and, instead of an elephant, what was our surprise to see an enormous lion lashing its tail and looking up at the branches of a tree, among which we discovered my uncle; and he must have had a narrow escape, for he was only just beyond reach of the brute, who might, it seemed to us, by making a desperate spring, have struck him down. We had now to look out for ourselves, for should the lion discover us, unless we could kill him at once, he might tear us to pieces. Fortunately another tree of considerable girth, and in the position we desired, was close at hand. We retreated behind it. As the lion turned his head and we thought might be looking for us, we both fired. To our great delight we rolled him over where he stood.

"Bravo! Well done!" cried my uncle, descending the tree. "We'll now go after my elephant."

Leading the way, without exchanging further words, he dashed out of the forest.

CHAPTER IX.

ON getting out from among the trees we caught sight of an elephant going along at full swing across the plain. There seemed

but little chance of our overtaking him, but my uncle urged us to persevere, for by the large blotches and splashes of blood which we met with, it was evident that he was wounded. It was pretty hot work, as we were loaded with our ammunition and our rifles, but we were encouraged to proceed by finding that the elephant was slackening his pace.

"We shall catch him before long!" exclaimed my uncle. "On, on. If that lion hadn't interfered, I should have shot him at once; but the brute's lair must have been close to where I stood, and I ran a fearful chance of being seized by him."

We did not see what had become of the other elephants, and we concluded that either Mr. Welbourn had disposed of them, or that they had run into the forest to conceal themselves. However, we soon saw that the attempt to overtake the elephant on foot was useless. We therefore made a short cut back to where we had left our horses. Each of us mounting one, guided by the spoor, we immediately made chase. It was far more satisfactory to be on horseback than on foot. Following the spoor, we quickly again came in sight of the elephant, which was moving slowly on. Seeing us, he lifted up his trunk and, trumpeting loudly, seemed about to charge.

My uncle, notwithstanding, rode forward and fired. The ball struck, when immediately, turning his horse's head, he galloped off, taking the way towards the camp. He had not gone far, however, before the elephant stopped, and Harry and I coming up, both fired, when down it came to the ground, and was dead before my uncle reached it.

"A good days sport, my lads," he exclaimed in high glee. "We shall soon have the waggons loaded if we go on in this way. Fred, you go to the camp to bring up the oxen to load with the tusks and meat, while Harry and I will look after the other elephants and the lion."

I had taken a good survey of the country, so that I believed I could find my way, and without hesitation set off. I had gone but

a short distance when a troop of giraffes hove in sight, and beautiful objects they were, with their heads elevated on their long necks. Influenced by the propensity of a hunter I dashed forward in pursuit. Sud-

denly, my horse swerved on one side, and I saw that he had narrowly escaped a pit-fall. Almost directly afterwards, two of the giraffes sank into other pits, and on turning round I saw that the animals were pursued



by a party of natives, who had them thus completely in their power.

On examining the pit into which I had so nearly tumbled, I perceived that it was about twelve feet in depth, with a bank of earth about seven feet high left in the centre, broad at the bottom, and narrowing towards the top. The fore legs of the giraffe had sunk into one side of the hole,

the hinder legs into another, the body resting on the narrow bank, so that the creature in spite of all its struggles could not possibly extricate itself.

I left the natives to take possession, and rode on endeavouring to avoid the pit-falls, of which I had little doubt there were many on my way. I had, of course, to go much slower than I should otherwise have done.

Though two or three times I nearly got caught, I safely reached the camp. Stopping merely to take some refreshment, I again set off with the oxen, to bring in the produce of our chase. We found that it was necessary to be quick about it, lest the natives should find that we had killed the elephants and appropriate the tusks. They, however, had hitherto been so busily employed in chasing the giraffes that they had not discovered the elephants. We took possession of the tusks, and as much of the meat as our party could consume.

Mr. Welbourn had been almost as successful, having killed two fine elephants and a couple of deer. Next day we continued our journey northward. In passing over the plain, while Harry and I were riding on ahead, we caught sight of an animal occasionally rising out of the ground and then disappearing.

"That must be a beast caught in a trap or pit-fall," said Harry; "let's go and see what it is."

On reaching the spot we found that he was right in his conjectures. He told me that the animal was a quagga, which somewhat resembles a well-shaped ass. In vain the quagga tried to get out by the most desperate efforts. Sometimes its fore feet almost touched the top of the bank, but again and again it fell back.

"I should like to take possession of the animal," said Harry, "it doesn't appear to be at all injured, and if we could manage to break it in, it would make a capital riding horse. If you'll watch the pit, I'll go and get some of the men to come with ropes."

To this I agreed, and he soon returned with Toko and two other men, bringing not only ropes, but a large sack and a saddle.

"What are you going to do with those things?" I asked.

"You shall see," he replied. "It was Toko's idea."

The quagga looked very much astonished at seeing itself surrounded by human beings, and as before, it endeavoured to escape from the pit.

As it did so, Toko, who had fastened the

sack to a loop at the end of a long stick, drew it over the quagga's head, so as prevent its biting, which it would have done had it been able to see.

A halter was fixed round its mouth, and ropes were passed under its body, by which it was drawn out. As soon as it found itself on firm ground, it began throw its legs out in all directions, but Toko held it fast by the halter. At last, wearied by its exertions, it stood perfectly still. The moment it did so, Toko made a sign to his followers, who clapped a saddle on its back, and drew tight the girths.

"Capital!" cried Harry. "I have got a first-rate steed at small cost, and I'll soon show you what it can do."

Before I could dissuade him from making the attempt, he, with his usual impetuosity, leapt on the quagga's back, and, seizing the bridle, told Toko to let go.

What Harry might have expected occurred. Off started the quagga, full gallop, towards the herd from which it had been separated by falling into the pit. I feared from the vicious nature of the animals, that, seeing some strange being on the back of their companion, they would kick it and its rider to death. In vain I shouted to Harry to stop his steed and come back: that was more than he could do. So telling Toko to mount his horse, I set off in pursuit.

The moment the herd of quaggas saw us coming, away they galloped at a furious rate. There were not many streams, but over the rocky beds of water-courses, through dense thickets, up hills, down valleys, on they went.

Our horses began to show signs of fatigue, and I was afraid Harry would be carried away into the wilderness. To attempt to throw himself off would have been madness, and yet while the quaggas were running, there was little chance that their companion would stop.

We had ridden so far that I knew our friends would be anxious about us, for they had not seen us disappear, and no one in the camp would know what had become of us.

To abandon Harry was not to be thought of, and we therefore pushed forward in the hopes of at length coming up with him and stopping his wild steed. The difficulty was solved in an unexpected way. Suddenly in front of the herd of quaggas appeared a large party of people armed with spears and darts. Uttering loud shouts, the blacks began to send their missiles among the herd. The quaggas were thrown into the greatest con-

fusion, some going on on one side, some on the other, others turning in the direction from which we had come. At length the shouts and cries around it brought Harry's quagga to a standstill, and enabled us to get alongside. I advised him to dismount.

"No, no!" he answered. "I have got my steed and intend to keep him, and if you ride near he'll go well enough."

Harry was right. The brute, pretty well



tired out, went with perfect quietness, and submitted to be tethered with a strong rope and hobbles round its legs, so that there was no chance of its breaking away.

"I'll tame him!" cried Harry. "Tell them, Toko, no one must on any account bring him food—I alone will give it him."

By this time the natives, who had killed half-a-dozen quaggas, had come close to us. We considered that it would be prudent, if not an act of politeness, to thank them for stopping the quagga; and Toko, who was our spokesman, so explained matters, that the hunters expressed their happiness in seeing us, and invited us to their village.

We should have excused ourselves, on the plea of having at once to return to camp; but, as the day was already drawing to a close, and even Toko declared that during the darkness he should be unable to find his way back, we accepted the invitation, and set off with our new friends, who were in high spirits at the thoughts of the quagga flesh they were about to enjoy.

Their huts were larger and cleaner than any we had yet seen; and we found that, although the people were hunters, they were also agriculturists, and possessed pretty extensive plantations at the back of the village.

The women were immediately set to work to prepare the feast; and in a short time the whole population was banqueting. We, of course, soon knocked off, and begged permission to rest in one of the huts. We had scarcely however gone to sleep, than we were aroused by a tremendous hubbub; and, rushing out, we found all the women on foot, engaged in seizing their children, whom they had hauled out of their beds, or

rather up from the mats on which they lay, and were belabouring them unmercifully with rods. On enquiring the cause from Toko, he told us that news had been brought that an immense herd of elephants was approaching the plantations. The object of beating the children was to frighten away the animals. This was, for one cause, good news for us, as we hoped to obtain full cargoes for our waggons. We at once



offered to go out and shoot the elephants; if the natives would guide us to the trees in which we could take up our posts for the purpose.

We soon found plenty of volunteers, and, guided by them, we each reached a tree in the neighbourhood of the plantations, near which they assured us the elephants were sure to pass. We gladdened their hearts by telling them that they should have the meat, provided we retained the tusks for our share. The noise, however, continued; the women shrieking, and flourishing their rods, the children howling, dogs barking, and the men shouting at the tops of their voices and waving fire-brands. Our fear was that the elephants would be frightened, and turn back; but scarcely had we climbed up the

trees, each of us accompanied by several natives, than we caught sight, through the gloom, of the dusky forms of an immense herd of elephants emerging from the thicker part of the forest. We at once, taking aim at the leaders, fired, hoping to kill some and turn back the rest. Two fell, and the herd halted, apparently too much astonished to tell what had happened.

This gave us time to reload, when again the animals came on, passing by the fallen bodies of their companions. Taking steady aim we again all fired; and, beyond our most sanguine expectations, three more elephants sank to the ground, each shot through the head. Whether or not the shrieks in front distracted their attention and made them regardless of the sound of

our shots, I cannot say; but the animals scarcely stopped for a moment, though some of them trumpeted notes of alarm, and advanced with apparent caution. The rest stopped lazily, waving about their huge trunks.

I was very thankful that we were high enough up the trees to be out of their reach.

Though several passed us before we had reloaded, others followed, and three more bit the dust. Neither did this stop the onward course of the elephants; for, breaking down the fences which enclosed the plantations, they swept across, seizing the fruit with their trunks, and transferring it to their mouths.



Again and again we fired together. The cries of the inhabitants did not stop their advance, though it tended to turn them on one side, where, meeting with several huts, they trampled them down as if they had been built of cards. Had it not been for the exertions of the people, the whole village would have been destroyed; which Toko assured us, had frequently in other instances been the case.

As soon as the elephants had passed, we descended, and as they showed no inclination to turn back, we pursued them, firing as we could make certain shots, thus killing

I am afraid to say how many more, lest my account might not be credited.

The remainder of the herd then swept on, though we would not give up the chase until we had expended nearly all the ammunition we had with us. At length we returned to the village, where we found the people taking the loss of their crops very philosophically, as they considered that the abundance of elephant meat would make them ample amends.

"I hope the poor people will not get a surfeit," remarked Harry. "I suspect in a few days they'll wish the carcasses at

Jericho, or at all events, at a distance from their village. Our horses and the quagga would have fared ill, had the elephants come across them."

After a few hours' rest, we bade our friends good-bye, and mounted our steeds, promising to return for the tusks, which we reminded them were ours.

Harry wisely kept a sack over his animal's neck, and Toko and I rode on either side to guide it. The creature went wonderfully well, and sooner than we had expected we came upon the waggons. The news we brought was highly satisfactory, and without a moment's delay the oxens' heads were turned in the direction of the village.

The people received us as old friends, and to encourage them to help us we promised them a reward for each of the tusks they brought in. They had already begun to butcher the elephants which had fallen in their plantations, and in every direction round the huts strips of flesh were hung up to dry, creating an odour far from pleasant. They lost no time in bringing in the tusks. Harry and I were highly complimented on our performance. The tusks being cleaned and stowed away, our waggons were nearly full: another day's successful hunting would enable us to turn our faces westward. We accordingly promised to reward our hosts if they would bring us information as to the direction the herd had taken. Harry and I had been congratulating ourselves on the prospect of a quiet night's rest in our tent between the waggons; but we had not been long asleep when we were aroused by a tremendous clap of thunder which seemed to break directly over our heads, while almost immediately afterwards, there came a most fearful shrieking and shouting from the village close to which we were encamped. Slipping on our coats, we hurried out. As we did so a curious sight met our gaze. The whole of the male population were on foot, armed with bows, and arrows; and as the lightning darted from the black clouds we saw them shooting away at them as fast as they could place their arrows to the string.

As may be supposed, we kept carefully behind the savages lest we might be struck by the arrows, which we had heard were poisoned. The thunder rattled and roared, the lightning flashed, and the men shrieked and howled. I asked Toko what it all meant.

"They're shooting at the storm-clouds to drive them away," he answered.

"Do you think it will produce that effect?" I asked.

"Who knows?" he replied. "They fancy so, and are therefore right to try and get rid of the storm, and drive away what they believe would do them harm."

I told Toko that the powerful Being who rules the heavens would not be influenced by such folly, though he would be ready to hear the prayers of the smallest child. He seemed to take the matter far more lightly than I should have expected.

"They are poor ignorant savages," he remarked, "who have not the advantage of living with white men."

The storm swept by, and the poor people were satisfied that their shooting had driven it away.

Next morning, inspanning at an early hour, we proceeded in the direction we concluded the elephants had taken.

While camping at noon, some of the natives who had gone on ahead as scouts, brought us the satisfactory intelligence that the herd were feeding in a wood about eight miles off; and that as a stream ran by, they were certain to go down to drink in the evening; when, if we took proper measures, we should be able to kill as many more as we wanted. We lost no time, therefore, in proceeding onward, and as the ground was pretty level we made good progress.

We camped at a part of the stream where we could draw water; and where, from the rocky character of the bank, the elephants were not likely to come down and drink. On one side it was a swamp, between which and our camp we could leave our horses at liberty to feed, one or two men only being required to watch them. As soon as these

arrangements were made, we set off to search for the spoor of the elephants, so that we might place ourselves in ambush on one side, as we had before done, to shoot them as they approached or returned from the water.

As we made our onward way, we caught sight of numerous elephants feeding at their ease in various directions. If they were part of the herd which we had lately attacked, they had soon recovered from their alarm. We took up our posts in satisfactory posi-



tions, hoping that, before the night was over, we should have bagged the full complement of tusks we required.

I do not suppose the detailed account of our various proceedings would prove interesting. Suffice it to say we were not disappointed. Harry, I, and Toko shot one elephant apiece, and my uncle and Mr. Welbourn each shot three, they using ex-

plosive bullets, which never fail to kill the animals they wound.

At length, frightened by the destruction of their companions, the remainder of the herd retreated, and we, leaving the bodies until next morning, returned to our tent.

As Harry and I were pretty well knocked up with our exertions of the previous day,

we remained encamped while natives were employed in bringing in the tusks.

After breakfast we strolled out with our guns, hoping to get some wild fowl in the marsh, for we were somewhat tired of feeding on elephant's flesh.

We had killed several birds, and on our way back we stopped to look at the horses and quagga, which were feeding in perfect harmony. The latter having a bandage round its eyes, and it being hobbled, Harry went up to it and spoke gently in its ear.

"Take care!" I exclaimed, "he'll give you an ugly bite."

As I spoke the quagga turned his head and very nearly caught him by the arm.

It was a lesson to Harry not to pet his favourite in future, and I advised that he should muzzle it until its temper should become softened.

We were standing talking, when suddenly the horses began to prance and kick up their heels.

"Hallo! what are those?" exclaimed Harry, turning round.

We then saw, emerging from the marsh, where they had been wallowing, a couple of huge rhinoceroses, who seemed to look upon the horses and us as intruders they had a right to drive off their domains.

It was not without some difficulty that we got out of their way. Clumsy as the animal looks, and short as are its legs, it can move with wonderful rapidity over the hard ground.

As our guns were only loaded with small shot, it would have been useless to fire at them. The horses could take pretty good care of themselves, though they exhibited their fear of the savage looking creatures by scampering off in all directions.

Meantime, having withdrawn our small shot, we were ramming down bullets as fast as we could. Although the horses could escape, the poor quagga, with its legs hobbled and its eyes covered, had but a poor chance. The leading rhinoceros had singled it out as the object of attack; and, before Harry and I could fire, rushing furiously forward, it pierced the poor animal through with its formidable horns, pinning it to the earth. When too late to save the quagga, we both pulled our triggers, when the animal, still dragging the body of its victim on, rushed forward several paces before it dropped.

We, of course, reloaded, but before we could fire, the other rhinoceros might be in the midst of the camp and commit all sorts of damage. Fortunately, at that moment, Toko, who had just arrived with a party of men carrying the tusks, his rifle being loaded with ball, with a well directed shot prevented the catastrophe we feared by killing the rhinoceros just before it reached the waggons.

We had an evening of rejoicing, for by the addition of our rhinoceros horns, our waggons were piled up to the very top; and my uncle expressed some apprehension that the axles might break down with the weight of the unusual load before we arrived at the coast.

We lost not a day in proceeding thither. On reaching Walfish Bay, we safely embarked the valuable produce we had collected.

So ended the first series of my adventures in Africa. I have, however, since made several other expeditions to various parts of that hitherto little known continent, of which I may some day give an account to the world.



SCHOOL-DAYS AT KINGSCOURT.

A TALE OF 1803.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,

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CHAPTER XI.



T was half-past four o'clock when the second innings of the Parnassians came to an end, and consequently only a short interval could be allowed before the commencement of that of the Kingscourts. This period the leaders passed in a very anxious and somewhat despondent consultation.

"We must make the best fight of it we can—that's all," remarked Holmes. "I vote each of us goes in, and slashes about him as hard as he can. In that way we may, all of us, get a lot of notches before we are out; and if any of us get a thorough good hold of the ball, he may run up a long chalk. It is quite clear to my mind that we shall never make a hundred runs off those two fellows' bowling, if we get as much as fifty."

"I don't think Longshanks would advise us to do that," said Northcote. "You know he has often told us that nothing is so certain to lose a match as blind swiping."

"I daresay," rejoined Holmes, "and that is all right when fellows have any chance of winning in any other way, but then we haven't. We are in a fix, like that of a fellow who's got something the matter with him which he can't cure, and he has to take some physic which will either set him right, or kill him."

"I wish we had Longshanks here to advise us," said Bell. "It was unlucky he should have had to go over to Wroxford today, of all the days in the year!"

"He said he hoped to be back by four," observed Wood; "it is long past that now. And here he comes, I do declare," he

added, a few moments afterwards, as Mr. Edward Chapman was seen to enter the grounds from one of the windows of the drawing-room, and walk straight up to Dr. Bell, with whom he exchanged a few sentences.

"Yes," said Northcote, "that is Longshanks, sure enough. I suppose he has brought news that someone is ill in Wroxford; for, see, your father, Bell, is leaving the ground. Well, let us go and ask Longshanks' advice. There is a good ten minutes still before the innings begins."

The Kingscourt boys accordingly crowded round Mr. Chapman, and proceeded to explain to him the dire strait to which they were reduced.

"You see, sir," said Holmes, who had been appointed spokesman, "Morison and Hughes bowl so well, that it is next to impossible to get runs off their balls. It is not very easy to block them, but harder still to hit them. The only one of us who contrived to do that was Shute, who went out of his ground and slashed at them."

"Shute was out in his second over," remarked Wood.

"So he was," said Holmes; "but he got eight runs, nevertheless—two fourers—and if all of us had got as many, we should have been fourteen runs ahead of them, instead of they being eleven runs ahead of us."

"In fact you propose to go in and 'slash' yourself, Stephen?" said Mr. Chapman, with a smile.

"Well, sir, I know you don't approve it generally——"

"Nor particularly, either," interposed the usher.

"Well, what are we to do then?" asked Holmes.

"Hum. That's easier asked than answered. Morison and Hughes, you say, are their best bowlers——"

"Their only ones, sir, I believe," said Northcote.

"They *are* their only ones," added Wood. "I heard Mr. Wool, one of their ushers, telling Mr. Collins so."

"Indeed? and they were bowling all through your innings. Were they in long—these two, I mean?"

"Yes, sir," said Wood; "they had, each of them, a long innings both times."

"Then they must be pretty well exhausted," said Mr. Chapman, "and there will lie your best chance. Here, send me up Fielding and Brooker. Now, you two," he continued, as the boys came up, "you two go in first, and do nothing but guard your wickets; you can do that, if you choose it, against any bowling in the world. But, mind, don't attempt to make runs, however tempting the balls may seem; that's my advice. And when one of you two is out, let Blackburn, and then Shute, follow, and play precisely in the same way. Never mind about getting many runs. If you can thoroughly tire the bowlers, Monkton, Bell, Wood, and Holmes—not to say Northcote, Cook, and Hewett—will get any number of runs."

"We can't do better than follow your advice, sir, I am sure," said Bell. "Don't you think so?" he added, turning to his schoolfellows.

"I do, certainly," said Wood.

"And I," added Northcote.

The other leaders also expressed their approval, though somewhat less warmly; and the signal having now been given by the umpires, Fielding and Brooker took their bats and stations at the wickets, while the rest of the Kingscourt eleven retired to the long bench under the oak, where the scorer was seated, keeping his reckoning of the runs, after the primitive fashion of the day, by cutting notches on a stick.

"Nobody at Wroxford is ill, I hope?" said

Dr. Forbes, coming up as the boys withdrew. "I see, you have sent Bell off somewhere."

"No one that I know of," returned Mr. Chapman; "I sent the doctor in to speak to Colonel Morley, who has just arrived."

"Colonel Morley? Has he come? What has delayed him? Is there anything the matter with him?" asked Dr. Chapman, Mr. Podgett, and Mr. Shute almost in the same breath.

"He came on from Wroxford with me," said the usher, "I don't know that there is anything the matter with him. It appears he had reached Wroxford Court yesterday afternoon, when a letter was brought by a groom, who had ridden after him from London. The letter informed him that some infectious disease—it was believed small-pox—had broken out in this village."

"Small-pox!" exclaimed all his hearers together. "Who says that? Where, I should like to know?"

"It is supposed to be in the family of a man named Brown, who lives at Whicheley End—a labourer on Drew's farm, you know."

"I know," said Mr. Shute. "But there's no small-pox there. I was there only yesterday. The man would have told me if there had been."

"We should all of us have been sure to hear of it," said Dr. Chapman. "Here, Mrs. Terry," he continued, addressing that worthy dame; who, having finished her own dinner, had now issued forth with her attendant nymphs, to see the conclusion of the cricket-match. "Mrs. Terry, have you heard anything about there being small-pox in Milham?"

"Small pox, Dr. Chapman! The Lord have mercy upon us, and keep the French from us—no Sir! There can't be anything of the kind, to be sure! We've never had such a thing, all the days that I've lived here, maid, wife, and widow. And we ain't like to have it either, unless that wicked Bony brings it over along with him and his murdering Mounseers."

"We'll hope he won't come, Mrs. Terry,"

rejoined Dr. Chapman, "and then he can't bring it, though doubtless he would if he could."

"I think I can guess what is at the bottom of this," observed the vicar. "The clerk's wife, who keeps the school, told me yesterday, that she had forbidden this man, Brown, to send his children to school any more, till they were cured of ring-worm. The Browns didn't like, I suppose, to tell their neighbours what was the matter with the children, and so a report of their being ill of some unknown malady, got about, which has been magnified into small-pox."

"That's it, most likely," said Mr. Shute. "But who would write idle gossip like that to Colonel Morley?"

"I can't say," said Mr. Chapman. "I fancy it was one of the colonel's servants. But anyhow, Dr. Bell will soon satisfy Colonel Morley that it is a mistake, and then he will come out."

During this conversation, the game had been proceeding, though with but little interest for the spectators. Fully three-quarters of an hour passed, and the two boys who had been sent in first, still retained their bats, though they had not obtained half-a-dozen runs. There had been two or three byes, and one or two tips, but that was all. Nothing, it seemed, could tempt either Brooker or Fielding, to strike. Block, block, block, ball after ball, over after over. Lobbs, half-volleys, long-hops, were dealt with as cautiously as though they had been the most dangerous bail-balls. Even one or two full pitches, on which Morison had ventured, in the hope of enticing the batsmen to lay aside their tiresome caution, were handled with the same wariness, until the bystanders grew weary of the endless repetition. At last Brooker did let a ball pass his bat. It just caught the edge of his off-stump, and he was compelled to retire, though with a score of six runs, while that of his partner together with byes, made the total more than double that number. Blackburn succeeded, not only to his place, but to his policy, sticking at his wicket, and scoring tips and byes for another half-hour.

At the end of that time, Fielding succumbed to a fine ball of Hughes's, and gave place to Shute, whose play exhibited a curious contrast to that of his first innings; his caution apparently being greater, if possible, than that which his predecessors had displayed. He did not remain however quite so long at his wicket as they had done, and was disposed of at last by Morison, who overthrew his stumps with a score of four.

The innings had now lasted more than two hours. Only three wickets had been disposed of, and little more than twenty runs obtained. The bowlers were getting very tired, and when Hewett the fifth player appeared, and began to practice precisely the same tactics, their patience as well as their stamina appeared to be exhausted.

"They are trying to spin out this match, so that we sha'n't be able to finish it," said Hughes to Morison, between the overs,— "rather a mean sort of way of getting out of it, but it's impossible to bowl fellows out who won't hit at the balls, and only just move their bats. Hewett there—that's his name—I really think he sometimes doesn't move his bat. I asked the umpire about it just now, but Hewett suspected something, as he has moved it since—just enough to swear by and that's all. Can't anything be done?"

"Well, I've been thinking, of what is best to be done. I can see nothing for it but to change the speed of the bowling, and send in the balls as sharp as we can. They won't find it quite so easy then to stand in this way, as if they were made of wood."

His manœuvre was accordingly tried, but not with the anticipated success. Not used to this style of bowling, and a good deal exhausted into the bargain, neither Hughes nor Morison could deliver their swift balls with the straightness or accuracy of their usual bowling. Hewett and Blackburn did not indeed succeed in blocking them as they had done heretofore, but they failed to take their wickets all the same; several byes were obtained, and at last Blackburn, taking heart, swept round at a

sharp leg-ball, and drove it to the Fishing Temple for five. His wicket was overthrown by a swift shooter almost immediately afterwards, and Hewett soon afterwards was given out leg before wicket. But by this time the score had mounted to thirty-five.

"Now is your time, Monkton," said Mr. Edward Chapman, as he saw Hewett retire from the wicket. "Go in and block till you have got your sight of the ball, and then cut away as hard as you like."

Monkton obeyed, and the dullness of the game, which during the last hour had been gradually thinning the dense crowd of spectators, was speedily exchanged for eager interest. Bell, who had taken Blackburn's place, and had begun in the same manner as all before him, soon began to hit about the bowling, which had greatly declined from its original excellence. Both the bowlers had got tired and annoyed, and tried in vain to recover their customary skill. They had no reason now to complain of the inaction of their antagonists. The ball flew now to the gravel walk near the house, now to the bench where Pitts and Jenkins still sat in close companionship, now to the Fishing Temple, and now to the borders of the lake, amid thunders of applause, each hit being registered for three or four and occasionally five or six. Presently Bell's wicket was lowered by a fine ball, but Northcote, who succeeded him, proved almost as successful, laying about him in gallant style, and scoring fourteen before he too was disposed of. Holmes was the next to appear, and when he too began to hit, as he did after three or four overs, the opinion of the spectators as to the probable issue of the game began to change. For the next quarter of an hour it was regarded as an extremely doubtful matter. But as over after over passed, and the unconquered Monkton continued to swell the score, and Holmes began to second him valiantly, the betting underwent an alteration, and four to three, in some instances three to two were ventured on the Kingscourts. Then, after a quarter of an hour's successful batting an

unlucky casualty took place. Holmes struck a ball to some distance, but he and Monkton came into collision as they crossed wickets, and both rolled over on the turf. Before they could regain their legs, the ball was thrown up, and Monkton's wicket put down.

Seventy two runs and eight wickets down. This sudden disaster changed altogether the aspect of the day. Monkton had gained so firm a hold on the ball, that it would have been a hard matter for any bowlers to displace him, and Morison and Hughes were tired and dispirited. Holmes too had got into play, and the two might, very probably, have run up the required total between them.

"That's a lucky stroke of business for you, Mr. Jenkins," remarked Pitts, as he saw the two Kingscourt lads tumble over, midway between the wickets, "just the sort of thing, that, to lose a match when you're on the point of winning it."

"These here Kingscourts, as you calls 'em, ain't a-going to win, and never was a-going to win," said the professional now full of tobacco and ale, "they've had wonderful luck, but I judge their luck's come to an end. Why there's only two more on 'em to come, and their two last players was out in one over last time. And there's twenty-eight more to get! I think I sees them winning!"

"Who's that a-going in?" said Mr. Pitts. "Oh, it's Mr. Wood. Well, he played first-rate last time. P'raps he will again."

"Ah, he's the young gent that master fancies so," remarked Pritchard, the butler, who had joined the group a few minutes before.

"Fancies *him*," interposed Hagan, who had hitherto sat by, taking no part in the conversation, "what should make you think that?"

"What I heerd him say, Mr. Hagan," returned the butler. "The last time he was down here, he met some of Dr. Chapman's young gents—in the Park, I believe——"

"Yes, that's right," said Hagan, "I know

he did that, and this young Wood was one of 'em. Well?"

"Well, he had 'em up to the house," said Pritchard, "and gave 'em lunch, and talked to 'em for ever so long. Afterwards the parson dined with him, and I heard 'em talking about this young Wood. 'I haven't seen a nicer lad nowhere,' says the colonel, 'and I hopes to see more of him, when I comes back here.'"

"Ah, I dare say," remarked Hagan, with apparent indifference, "he might say that at the time, but he'd soon forget all about this young buck, when he got among the Londoners. Anyhow he won't see him for many a day yet—nor ever again, may be," he muttered in a tone inaudible to the others.

"Won't he?" returned Pritchard, "why shouldn't he see him to-day?"

"Why, because the colonel's safe in London. Ain't that enough?"

"It might be," retorted Pritchard, "if the colonel *was* there, but he ain't. He's in the library, talking to Dr. Bell about some fever or other, as he's been told is in Milham, tho' it ain't. He is to be here to-day, and go back for a month or more to-morrow. And here they come—Dr. Bell and he. I suppose you'll believe me now!"

Hagan made no reply. He stared, evidently with the greatest surprise at the well-known figure of Colonel Morley, and then drew back into the booth behind him, out of sight. "How has this come about, I wonder," he muttered, "there's nothing but ill-luck now. Well, I'd better get out of his way, or he'll be asking all sort of questions, and if he goes back to-morrow, he'd have forgotten all about the matter before he comes again." So saying, the keeper stepped out by the back door of the booth, and stealing down cautiously to a spot on the edge of the lake, overgrown with long rushes, stationed himself in a place where he could see all that was passing, but was hidden from view himself.

Meanwhile Colonel Morley, who had satisfied himself that in mixing with the throng on the cricket ground he was running no risk of carrying back infection to

his household in London, moved about, exchanging civilities with his neighbours and tenants, and finally seated himself on a rustic bench near the Fishing Temple, and inquired how the match was proceeding, and who was likely to prove victorious.

"I wish I had been down earlier," he said, addressing Mr. Edward Chapman and Dr. Forbes. "I should like to have spoken to the boys before the match began. My old friend Mr. Ward, who is devoted to cricket, heard me talking about the game that was to take place in my park, and has sent me a famous bat, made by his own batmaker, which is to be given as a prize to the best player of the two elevens. I think they would have liked to know of that at the outset of the game. But that can't be helped now. Which side is likely to prove victorious?"

The two schoolmasters looked at one another in some embarrassment, and then Mr. Podgett answered for them.

"I suppose neither likes to say what he thinks. The fact is the game is an extremely doubtful one. Two hours or so ago Dr. Forbes's eleven had it all their own way. Half-an-hour ago everyone thought Dr. Chapman's would win the day. Now it is a very near thing. There are eight of the Kingscourts out, and there are fifteen runs to get. The bowlers, who seemed quite tired an hour ago, seemed to have plucked up again, and are bowling capitally. But young Holmes and young Wood—the last named more particularly—are batting as well as the others are bowling. Sit down here, colonel. You'll be quite interested. They are just going to begin another over. The lad who is on the point of bowling is Hughes. He has bowled or caught seven of the other sides, and has made good scores himself. See, there the ball goes; a well pitched ball, though not quite straight. Well handled too. Bravo, Wood, that's three."

"Who is it batting at the other end?" asked the colonel. "I don't think I have seen him before."

"Most likely not. His name is Holmes.

He is the son of a brother parson from the midland counties. Very well he is playing too, for the credit of the cloth. Well hit, Holmes. Two more to the score !”

Morison now took the ball, and the over passed without any further result, than that two were scored by Wood. The bystanders continued with increasing interest to watch the game for another quarter of an hour, during which, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the Parnassians, the total crept up, until the Kingscourts were only one behind their adversaries. Almost everybody on the ground considered that the victory of the former was as good as gained, when suddenly Holmes's foot slipped as he was striking at a ball ; it struck against his knee and shot into the wicket.

A loud shout was raised, for most of the spectators were under the impression that the last of the Kingscourt players had been at the wickets, and that consequently their antagonists had gained the day. The appearance of Cook, bat in hand, from the marquee, silenced the cries, and it was amid a dead silence of expectation that he moved up to take his place opposite to Wood. Mr. Edward Chapman accompanied him to the edge of the turf, laying his parting injunctions on him, to be sure and make no attempt to strike the ball. “If you are only careful to block the two remaining balls of the over,” he said, “Wood is quite safe to win the game. But you have not yet got your eye in, and there is considerable risk of your being out first ball, considering how well they are bowling.”

Cook made no reply. He was not in an amiable frame of mind. Wood's continued success had galled him more and more. He would much rather that his own party should lose the day than win it after this fashion, for the glory of Wood. He was by no means disposed now to leave to his enemy (as he chose to consider George) the honour of achieving the final *coup*. Disregarding Mr. Chapman's injunctions, he struck somewhat blindly at the first ball, which he drove forward with all his force ; but the hit having been almost straight,

Hughes was able to stop it, and then prepared to deliver the last ball of the over. Perceiving Cook's tactics, he delivered this very slowly, pitching to precisely the most dangerous distance. Cook struck out as before. This time he missed the ball, which passed under his bat and carried off the bails. A tremendous shout rent the air. The Parnassians were the conquerors after all ! With an angry exclamation Cook threw down his bat and hurried off the ground.

For the next ten minutes there was nothing but uproar and confusion. The Parnassians, who for the last quarter of an hour, had abandoned all hope of success, could not contain the delight they felt at this extraordinary change in the fortunes of the day. Shout after shout broke forth, each louder than the last ; and, laying hold, in their excitement, on Hughes, to whom their success seemed mainly attributable, they carried him in triumphal procession round the lawn, setting him down at last almost immediately in front of the bench where Colonel Morley was seated.

The latter was engaged in a consultation with the two head-masters and Mr. Podgett as to the disposal of Mr. Ward's prize. As regarded the largest number of notches made, Wood had been the most successful of the twenty-two players ; he had made twenty-three in his first innings, and twenty-two in his second, in that instance carrying out his bat. Monkton had scored thirty-four in the two innings, Hughes thirty-three, and Morison twenty-eight. On the other hand, eight of his opponents had been bowled or caught by Hughes, seven by Northcote, six by Wood, and three by Morison and Bell severally. If the prize was to be allotted to the best batsman, Wood was evidently the winner ; if to the most successful bowler, it was equally clear that the palm belonged to Hughes. Putting batting and bowling together, their claims appeared to be as nearly as possible equal.

“I really don't know how to decide this,” said Colonel Morley. “I think the best way will be for me to give another bat by

the same maker to one of these two lads, and Mr. Ward's to the other. Then it will not signify very much to them, which gets mine, and which his. What do you say, gentlemen?"

"A most kind mode of deciding the matter, at all events," said Dr. Chapman, "and quite just too."

"Judicium viro tali non indignum," added Dr. Forbes.

"And one neither party will object to," supplemented the parson. "Well, colonel, as you ask me, I think Hughes ought to have Mr. Ward's bat, as he is the champion of the successful eleven, and Wood, of course, will have yours."

"Good," said the colonel, "I assent to that. Here, Hughes," he continued, as the Parnassians deposited their hero on the turf at a short distance from him, "this prize has been allotted to you as having shown yourself the most successful player in the winning eleven. It is given to you by Mr. Ward, one of the famous cricketers of the day, whom I hope you will some day rival. And you, Wood," he pursued, turning to the boy named, who formed one of a dense throng by whom the speaker's seat was now surrounded, "it is thought that as your play has been as good as that of Hughes, though you had not the luck to be on the winning side, you are entitled to a prize of equal value. On my return to London, therefore, I shall order for you a bat from Mr. Ward's maker, precisely similar to his."

The boys burst into a loud shout of applause, and then hurried into the Fishing Temple to make their supper off the viands which had escaped their ravages a few hours earlier—full of eager excitement, the vanquished almost as much rejoiced at the occurrences of the day as the victors themselves. After drinking Colonel Morley's health with a succession of ringing cheers which seemed interminable, they betook themselves to their several homes.

There were two exceptions to the satisfaction otherwise universally felt. Andrew Hagan had watched the allotment of the

prizes from his hiding-place, whence he could both see and hear, tolerably distinctly, all that passed.

"This is the very thing I wanted to prevent," he said to himself. "I suppose what Pritchard says is true, and the colonel has got his eye on this boy, and he'll be asking more, till he finds it all out. Well, I've vowed that shan't be unless Lucy changes, and it shan't. But there's no hurry yet. The colonel won't come here again for a long time, and meanwhile we shall see."

The other exception was Cook. He had always disliked Wood, and was now getting to do so more and every day. He was so vexed at the day's occurrences, that he kept as much as possible out of the way of his schoolfellows for the next two or three days, until the holidays began. Then he went away without exchanging good-bye with anybody but Monkton and Hewett.

CHAPTER XII.

It was about a week after the day of the cricket-match, when George Wood emerged from the gates of Kingscourt, and walked, somewhat disconsolately, across the cricket field, in the direction of Broadleigh Park. The house and grounds presented a strange contrast to their ordinary appearance and condition. Instead of groups of merry urchins making the old walls ring again with their noisy cries, there was an empty yard strewn with scraps of paper and straw, and the fragments of bats, and stumps, and hoops, mixed with not a few torn and dogs-eared books—the debris which the youthful throng had left behind them on the occasion of their departure, and which the school servants—who were enjoying to the full the *dolce far niente* of the first days of the holidays—had not yet cleared away. George Wood felt the contrast, and it depressed him. He found himself utterly without companions. As the reader has heard, Bell and Shute had departed, in attendance on Mrs. Shute, for the seaside. Northcote, Monkton, and Hewett, were, it

is true, living within a few miles of him, but the refusal of Northcote's invitation was regarded by the latter as an intimation that Wood did not desire his society during the holidays, and neither Hewett nor Monkton were likely to induce him to alter his opinion. Even Mr. Edward Chapman had gone up with his brother to London, on some business relating to the school, and Mr. Collins was far away on a visit. George had been up to Kingscourt, to ask Dennis, the school servant,—who was an experienced sailor, having served some years in the coast-guard—to accompany him in a fishing expedition to the Hermit's Island in Broadwater mere.

Wood, as the reader knows, had the owner's permission to use the boats on the lake for this purpose. Of these there were two, a small skiff, kept in the boat-house immediately adjoining the Fishing Temple, of which Mrs. Terry kept the keys; and a large sailing boat, under Hagan's charge, at the lower end of the lake. Both these functionaries had orders to allow George to take out the boats, provided he had some one with him who understood their management. Without the presence of such a person, George himself would not like to have applied for the keys. He was, therefore, a good deal disappointed at finding that Dennis had gone out for the day, having escorted his fellow-servant Jane Dutton to Leddenham Fair.

Wood was on the point of abandoning the expedition altogether, when he remembered that Attwood, the gardener at Broadleigh, had a son, a lad of nineteen, Tom by name, who had the repute of being a good sailor. To him he resolved to apply in his strait, and in this instance he proved successful.

"I haven't anything particular to do this morning, sir," he said, in reply to George's proposal. "Father's gone with the fruit to Leddenham, and won't want me, and Mr. Hagan has been sent for to Nuthurst. I'll go up to the house, and get the key of the boat-house from Mrs. Terry."

He departed accordingly, and presently

returned, bringing not the key only, but a basket of fruit, and a bottle of currant-wine, wherewith the good dame proposed to supplement George's somewhat simple provisions for luncheon. They were soon launched on the bosom of the lake, which was now in all the splendour of its summer beauty. The trees were fully out, and the varied shades of the rich foliage as it dipped into the sparkling waters, was as a charming sight as the eye could desire to rest on. Above, the sky was of the deepest blue, and the dark clouds, which were slowly gathering in the wind-quarter to the south-west, were hidden from sight by the screen of trees. Tom took the sculls, while George leaned back in the stern of the boat, taking in with delight the various beauties of the landscape.

They soon reached the Hermit's Island, which lay in the centre of the widest part of the mere, about a quarter of a mile from the landing-place near the Fishing Temple. Tom sprang ashore, and drew the skiff after him.

"You'd better come this way, Mr. Wood," he said. "The best place for fishing is the balcony in front of the Hermitage. The water is free from weeds there, and the fish lie pretty thick under the bank. I'll take the basket and rods up there, and unlock the door."

George complied, and they entered the picturesque little building, which he had never before seen, except indistinctly from a distance, through the trees. He was surprised at its appearance. He had an idea that it was very ancient and almost ruinous, connected in fact with the legend of a hermit's residence on the island many hundred years before. But the building was evidently modern, and as sound and tight as carpenters could make it. It was furnished too. There was a massive oak-table and several chairs and benches, and the remains of a wood-fire in the grate. There were even some pots and saucepans, a tinder-box, and a kettle, which apparently had been used at no very distant time. The floor was littered with straw and

hampers, and the fragments of boxes and firewood, and there were some half-empty bottles and glasses on the table.

"They yeomanry ought to have cleared away their litter," remarked Tom Attwood, as he saw his companion's eye fixed on these marks of recent occupations with surprise. "They had a feast here on the king's birthday, nigh a month ago, and they didn't put things straight when they went away. If the colonel sees it, he'll make a rumpus, I expect. But come along, sir. There's a nice fresh breeze getting up, and the fish will bite all the better for it."

The morning passed away very pleasantly, and at twelve o'clock—their appetites having admonished them that it was luncheon-time—they adjourned to the Hermitage, and made an attack on the provisions. This over, they would have resumed their fishing if Tom Attwood had not drawn George's attention to the sky, which was now overcast with clouds, threatening at any moment to burst out into a storm. The wind, which had been gradually rising for the last two hours, had considerably increased in violence during their stay in the Hermitage, and was already blowing a gale.

"We had best be off, Mr. George," said Tom. "When the gusts come as sharp as they will do in another hour, at furthest, this cockle-shell of a boat ain't over safe; and I can't swim, though I daresay *you* can. We had better put up our rods, and go back to shore as fast as we can. I'll get the boat ready, if you'll lock the house."

Wood assented. He had not his companion's experience; but he could perceive the change which had taken place clearly enough. He hastened up to the Hermitage, brought down the baskets, and unjoined the fishing-rods. Then stepping aboard the boat, in which Tom Attwood was already seated, he was rowed across to the landing-place, which they reached in a few minutes.

"I'll take the things up to the house, sir," said Attwood, "and get the key from Mrs. Terry. She never will allow it to be taken away in the boat."

He departed accordingly; and George, stepping ashore and getting his things together, prepared to return to Patcham. But while so engaged, a key fell from his pocket, and he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten, in the first place, to lock the Hermitage, the door of which he had inadvertently left open; and in the second, to restore the key to the hollow place in the porch, where his companion had told him it was always kept. It was very unfortunate; but he recollected hearing that Colonel Morley was very particular as to the Hermitage being kept in proper order; and if the rain should fall heavily,—as it might be expected to do in half an hour or an hour, at furthest,—the whole inside of the building would be soaking wet. Well, there would be time to get across and back before the rain could begin,—most probably before the gardener's son returned from the house. He jumped on board again, took up the sculls, and was soon skimming rapidly over the water to the islet again.

He landed, hurried up to the Hermitage, drew to the door, and had just drawn out the key from his pocket, when he saw through the window of the porch a glimpse of the sky between the trees to windward, which told him that a storm was on the point of breaking out, and not a single moment was to be lost if he was to escape it. Replacing the key in his pocket, he rushed, at the top of his speed, to the water side, leapt on board the skiff, and began rowing back to shore. But he had hardly dipped his sculls into the water, when there came a gust of wind, which would have overturned his boat in an instant if it had not been for the shelter which the steep side of the island along which he was passing, and the large trees which grew close together upon it, afforded him. He tried to force the boat back to the spot from which he had set out but a minute before. But it was impossible to move an inch in that direction. The surface of the lake, everywhere except just at the place into which the boat had been driven, was boiling and tossing like an angry sea. The skiff could not have lived

a moment in it. He endeavoured to climb up the side of the island; but the boat had become jammed between the branches of a large tree, and was already half filled with water. Any attempt to move it from its present position would inevitably upset it, and George, entangled in the long weeds by which he was surrounded, would be unable to extricate himself. He could only sit still, bale the boat with his cap as fast as the water came in, and shout for help. Tom Attwood or Hagan might hear him from the opposite bank, notwithstanding the roaring of the storm, and come in the large boat to pick him up. If they did not, his chance of escape from drowning was not a very hopeful one.

Tom Attwood had perceived his predicament before George had been aware of it himself. He had reached the steps near the Fishing Temple just as George landed on the island, and had shouted to him as loudly as he was able, to return immediately. He had been witness of the lad's struggles to regain the island, and was as well aware, as Wood himself, of how critical the position of the latter was. But he was wholly at a loss how to help him. Hagan was out for the day, and had the key of the lower boat-house in his pocket. His father too was absent, and was, moreover, like himself, unable to swim. There were no other men about the premises. He might run down to the village and get some of the fishermen to come to the rescue. But the chances were that, before he could reach the nearest cottage, Wood's fate would be decided. He stood rooted to the spot, continuing to shout at the top of his voice for help, though he scarcely expected that anyone would respond to his cries.

But it proved otherwise. After a minute or two he heard a shout in reply, and looking round, saw a tall, dark lad, apparently about Wood's age, hurrying up from the high road which ran past the park gates. As he came nearer, Tom perceived that he was a total stranger to him, and that there was something strange and foreign in his appearance.

"What is the matter?" he asked in good English, though with an accent which was plainly that of a foreigner. "Why do you cry for help?"

Tom pointed to the skiff and its occupant, who was still clinging with one hand to the bough of a large oak, and with the other dashing out the water which continued to wash into the frail vessel in which he was seated.

"He'll be drowned," he said, "if he can't get ashore, and I don't see how he's to do that without help."

"No, he cannot," said the new-comer, taking in the situation at a glance. "We must go to help him. Where is there a boat?"

"There's only one down at the end of the lake there. But it is in a boat-house, and the door is locked."

"We could break the lock," said the other, "but the place is too far off. There would not be time to reach it. We must get across some other way. Can you swim?"

"No," answered Tom, somewhat contemptuously, for he had now realised the fact that his interrogator was a Frenchy, for whom he entertained the orthodox British disdain; "no, I can't, and if I could, I wouldn't try to swim through that water. Look how it's boiling and rushing! A strong man couldn't breast it—let alone a mounseer," he muttered to himself.

"Ah, you are right," returned the French lad; "one could not swim through it, but one may dive under it. Will you please take care of my clothes," he continued, rapidly stripping off his coat, waistcoat, trousers, and shoes, and handing them to Tom. "Please also to preserve my hat, and to give me that *glène* yonder."

He pointed to a small coil which lay on the ground near the door of the boat-house. The boy complied, staring at his companion with unrestrained wonder. The stranger untied the rope, passed it two or three times round his waist, and then without more words, plunging into the lake, began swimming across to the Hermit's Island.

He was evidently a vigorous and practised swimmer, making rapid way for the first three hundred yards, where the water, closely sheltered by the trees, was comparatively calm. Presently he reached the

quarter which had been pointed out by young Attwood, where the surface of the lake, exposed to the full fury of the winds, was boiling and seething like a caldron. Arrived at this point, Tommy Attwood,



who had been watching him with intense interest, suddenly saw him disappear beneath the surface for a minute or two, emerging presently again in the smoother water beyond, almost close to the island.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed he, as he witnessed this feat, "and he a Frenchy, too!

Howsoever, he'll save Mr. George, Frenchy or no Frenchy, as I didn't think was possible! Hillo, Mr. George," he shouted again, with all the power of his lungs. "Hold on a minute or two more; help's at hand!"

Wood had already descried the swimmer,

and was emboldened to cling more firmly to the branch which supported him, though he felt every minute that his strength was failing him more and more. With desperate determination he contrived still to retain his hold, as his deliverer slowly approached the island, and at length scrambled up the steps of the landing-place. In another minute or two George saw his face, through the leaves of the oak immediately above him.

"Could you climb up here, do you think," he asked, "if I let this rope down to you? If you can reach my hand, I can pull you up."

Wood tried to raise himself, but he sank back instantly into his former position.

"No," he said, "my strength is quite gone. I don't think I could stand up-right."

"Very well," said the other, "then I must draw you ashore."

He descended the branches cautiously, until he came to the one to which Wood was holding on. Slipping down this, he fastened the cord securely under George's armpits, and then passing it between his legs again, knotted it to the cincture round the shoulders.

"Now wait," he said, "till I have got to the steps again; then lie down flat in the boat, and I will draw you to the land."

He took the end of the rope in his hands as he spoke, and lowering himself into the water, swam to the steps.

"I am ready now," he cried; "leave go your hold on the branch, and lie down."

Wood tried to comply, but his senses were now fast failing him.

He relaxed his grasp on the tree, less in obedience to the directions given him, than because he was unable to retain it any longer, and sank down at full length in the skiff. The latter, which was already almost full of water, sank under the shock, and George was immersed in the water, at that part, as the reader has heard, full of weeds. It was only by exerting his strength to the utmost, that his preserver was enabled to drag

him to the landing-place, and roll, or rather lift, him from step to step, until he lay at length on the green turf in front of the Hermitage.

The French lad looked quickly round him, and perceiving the building close at hand, tried the door, which he found to be unlocked. A glance round the room satisfied him that if he could get his patient in there, he would soon come round. He returned, and taking out his knife, cut the cord which had been dragged painfully tight, round the chest and spine. Then he proceeded to convey him, half carrying, half dragging him, until he had safely deposited him on a rustic couch near the fireplace.

He now sat down for a few minutes to rest himself, feeling quite exhausted by his exertions. He saw that Wood had sustained no serious injury, but was simply weak, like himself, from the severe strain which had been put upon him. Warmth and rest would soon restore him. But it was quite necessary that he should have these,—indeed, it was necessary that they both should speedily get rid of their wet clothes, or they might catch a dangerous chill. But how was this to be done? He looked round, and his eye caught a glimpse of the grate, still filled with ashes, the straw, the firewood, and the tinder-box. He sprang up, and soon a bright blaze was illumining the summer-house, while he heaped up the grate with fresh wood.

He now again turned to Wood, who was able, with his help, to divest himself of his wet clothes, and lie down on a bed of straw before the fire, which his newly-found friend had arranged for him. The latter hung up the wet trousers and jerseys—his own as well as George's—to dry, and then sat down in the straw by the side of his companion to warm himself. Presently Wood spoke.

"I am sure I don't know how to thank you enough for what you have done for me. I suppose I owe my life to you, though I don't understand very clearly what has passed. I don't understand how you got over here. I saw you in the water, close to

the island. But you couldn't have swum over, surely!"

"Why not?" said the other, smiling. "It was not a very difficult matter to any one who was used to it."

"It is more than I could have ventured on," said Wood, "and—and—I don't think I have ever seen you before, have I? You speak as though you were—were not——"

"Were not an Englishman," supplemented the stranger. "No, I am a Frenchman. And you could not very well have seen me before, because I arrived in this part of the world only yesterday."

"Indeed. I have good reason to be thankful you did come; and may I ask your name? Mine is George Wood. My mother lives a mile or two from here, and I am at school at Dr. Chapman's of Kingscourt."

"Dr. Chapman's school? That is where my father is going as a teacher of French. His name is de Normanville. He was called Marquis de Normanville, when we lived in Dauphigny a dozen years ago! but that has long gone by. My name is Eugène. I suppose I shall be a pupil also at your school for a year or two, and I hope we shall be friends."

"I am sure you have proved yourself already to be one of the best friends I ever had," said Wood earnestly. "It was very kind and generous of you to run such a risk as you must have done, for the sake of one who was a total stranger to you."

"It was no great risk," said Eugène, smiling. "When we were living at Vevay in Switzerland, and used to sail on the lake, I have been more than once in much greater danger—indeed, I hardly call what has taken place to-day danger at all."

"Ah, you have lived in Switzerland," said Wood. "That is a country I should like to see beyond any other. And your father is to come in M. Des Moulines's place, is he? We knew Des Moulines was to leave."

"Yes; he has mixed himself up with things, which my father does not approve," said Eugène. "My father is for the king. Our king is Louis XVIII. now that Louis XVI. and XVII. have been mur-

dered by the rebels. My father is for the king, and would shed his blood to replace him on his throne; and so would I, my faith. But we will have nothing to do with conspiring to kill people by assassination, let them be ever so rebellious or wicked."

"Is that what made Dr. Chapman send M. Des Moulines away?" asked Wood. "No one ever exactly knew the reason."

"M. Des Moulines was not himself one of the conspirators," replied Eugène; "but he kept up intimate relations with Gaston La Croix and Emil Hulet, who were the chiefs of the conspiracy. The thing was told by some people to Dr. Chapman, and he told M. Des Moulines he must give up either M. La Croix or him."

"And he chose to throw up his situation with Dr. Chapman," said Wood. "Well, no one will be very sorry at Kingscourt. I have no doubt we shall like your father much better."

"I hope so," said Eugène. "My father is always liked by young men. He has so much of youth in him still, though he has gone through so many troubles and dangers. He has always been my companion. He taught me to ride and to swim, and to shoot with the rifle——"

"Shoot with the rifle?—are you a good hand at that, Eugène?—I may call you Eugène, may I not?"

"My faith, yes, if you please, and I will call you Georges. Can I shoot well with the rifle, do you say? Not what they would call well in Switzerland. I have oftentimes missed the chamois; but he is hard to hit, and only their most experienced hunters can be always sure of bringing him down."

"But at a target—at two or three hundred yards——"

"Bah! who could miss that? a steady mark, and as large as the window there. My father, or I either, would teach you to hit that as easy as the side of a house before many weeks had passed!"

"Could you? I wish you would then. There is nothing I should like so much as to be a good shot with a rifle. But I forgot. There is no rifle for me to shoot with, and

I couldn't afford to buy one ; so there's an end to that ! ”

“ No rifle ? Ah, but we have two—my father has one which he won at the great meeting of the Forest Cantons ; and I have another which Jacques Le Blanc, the hunter, gave me after a day's sport in the Oberland. I will lend you mine, and myself shoot with my father's. But come, your clothes are dry by this time, and so are mine. We had better put them on again. It is fortunate we found the means of making a fire, as it seems probable we shall have to pass the night here. It will be dark in another hour, or two at furthest.”

He heaped on more wood, and collecting the straw in one corner of the room, began to make arrangements for spending the night in the Hermitage with the readiness of an old campaigner. But his prediction happily was not fulfilled. His preparations were still incomplete, when a shout was heard at a short distance, and presently afterwards a boat was heard grating on the landing-place outside.

The two adventurers hurried out and were warmly greeted by a party consisting of Will Attwood the gardener, his son Tom, Dennis, the servant at Kingscourt, and old Phil Burn.

“ Are you all right, Mr. Wood ? ” asked Dennis anxiously. “ Tom Attwood came up to Dr. Chapman's with a shocking story of your having been drowned, or as good as dead with the cold, and we were to come down and get the big boat out and go across to the Hermitage, though it would only be to bring your dead body, and the French gentleman's too, back with us.”

“ I'm all right, thank you, Dennis,” returned Wood ; “ though it's all owing to M. Eugene de Normanville here. How did you manage to get the boat ? Mrs. Terry told me Hagan would not be back till to-morrow.”

“ Yes, that was true,” said Will Attwood ; “ but Phil here, whom we fell in with, knew by good luck where Andrew kept the key, so we were able to get the boat out. Well now, I judge we had better make our way

back to shore as fast as we can, for it will be pretty well dark before we reach it, and it's as likely as not, that the rain will come on again.”

They embarked accordingly and returned homewards, having first picked up the skiff and sculls, which on examination, were found to have escaped injury. The next morning Wood paid a visit to M. de Normanville's lodgings, to renew his thanks to Eugène for the service he had rendered him, and to invite him to accompany Dennis and himself into Leddenham in Dr. Chapman's gig. Mr. Edward Chapman had written to ask him to execute certain commissions for him in that town, and had suggested that Dennis should drive him.

The invitation was cordially accepted, and the two boys were as much pleased with each other's company, as they had been on the previous day. An intimacy soon sprang up between them, which before the end of the holidays had been cemented into friendship. Eugène was as good as his word, respecting the rifles. They obtained Attwood's leave to practice in the long paddock, running down from the kitchen-garden to the mere ; a target was set up, and Eugène soon proved the soundness of his pretensions, by hanging a glove upon it, and then driving his bullet through it. Wood practiced steadily, and improved from day to day under his friend's tuition. Before the end of the holidays, though still very inferior to Eugène in marksmanship, he had become a very tolerable shot, rarely missing the inner ring of the target, and sometimes scoring two or three bulls-eyes in succession. At the end of the first week, Mr. Edward Chapman returned, and frequently joined the two lads in their expeditions and their practices on the rifle-ground. The holidays, which had been anticipated by Wood with so much dissatisfaction, as a period of unbroken dullness, proved to be one long round of enjoyment ; and it was with regret, rather than relief, that he saw the day arrive, on which the Kingscourt boys returned to recommence their school work.

(To be continued.)

PUZZLES.

Diamond Puzzle.

1.

My *first* is the beginning of dreams ; my
second what sheep are kept in ; my *third* a
 kind of voice ; my *fourth* a bogey in the
 eyes of boys who eat sweets ; my *fifth* is
 another word for self-esteem ; my *sixth* a
 poisonous serpent ; my *seventh* the end of it.

Mesostich.

2.

My *whole* a poet known to some ;
 My *first* what unto most must come ;
 My *next* a serpent large and long ;
 My *third* is drunk with many a song ;
 My *fourth* a name for father's father ;
 My *next*, than house, is larger rather.
 My *sixth* what are both you and me ;
 My *seventh* to walk quietly.
 My *eighth* the man who sold your hat,
 My *ninth* an article, what is that ?

Cryptograph.

3.

345151 12131154 4211 2154 4141423322
 24433451,
 324325 312442223244 21513351114432
 443251 21543432 4244 2213432534,
 324325 3411121345 4432512451 4244
 1354245234 3143315111135141 ;
 324325 1454423152 1345211334445141
 25325133 2451545111135141.

Metagram.

4.

rst I can best describe
 As a member of the feather'd tribe ;
 But if you will exchange my head,
 An animal you'll have instead ;
 Again exchange and you will find,
 That it is used the free to bind.

Charades.

5.

First and *second* sisters are,
 Pure in heart and soul ;
 I gave a *first* to *second* and
 To *first* a sprig of *whole*.

6.

Of the feminine gender my *first* and *second*
 Have through all time been invariably
 reckoned ;
 But if from my *second* you take the hind-
 quarter,
 A son takes the place of your beautiful
 daughter.
 My *whole* by physicians has oft been cured,
 When this was not done the complaint was
 endured.

Lipogram.

7.

(Vowels only omitted.)
 Frpldgsffrtfltr
 Whdyfllsfst ?
 Yrdtsntspst
 Btymystyythrwhl
 Tblshndgntlysm
 Ndglst.

Drop Letter Puzzle.

Anwssttedctrdr
 Slfekckrrprpa
 Tdctrtecsemshws
 Hsgmmnnectppnddoe !
 Annndrbisodnitca.

Square Words.

9.

Austere ; fritter ; revoke ; fruits ; choice ;
 property (transposed).

10.

A kind of shell ; air ; brightened ; a
 splice ; a circle.

11.

An inn ; an animal ; a foreigner ; a
 mountain.

12.

Superintend ; fertile ; small ; foreign ;
 rejoices ; to wet (transposed).

Double

13.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. 151 + A nosa a. | 2. 151 + A hue a. |
| 3. 1 + U O. | 4. 102 + Enuf, R. |
| 5. 150 + At. | 6. 1151 + Oue path. |
| 7. 1200 + A pony a. | 8. 1100 + Rue Ba. |
| 9. 155 + E'er E. | 10. 506 + H. Seer. |

My primals and finals will name a well-
 known thoroughfare in London.

Cryptograph Quotation from Shakspeare.

14.

Sahaoeoh akgainiik ramh nah aieoo ohhr
oaion.

Quotations from Shakspeare.

15.

a d eee g h i ll nn oo p r s tt u v.

16.

aa d ee h ii ll m ss ttt u y v.

17.

aaa eee fff gg h ii k ll m m nn ss tt u w.

18.

aa b eeeee g h h i ll mm nnn oo rrrr s
ttt w.

Double Arithmorem.

19.

Primals name magnifying glasses for use
at a distance; finals a glass to be used at
hand.

1. 1500 + Neat.

6. 1100 + Sap.

2. 50 + Ei.

7. 0 + Eu.

3. 150 + Yir.

8. 50 + Opo.

4. 500 + Near E.

9. Piques.

5. 1000 + So, Ab.

10. 50 + Sea.

Transpositions.

20. I can cure it for 'im.

21. It is not all crazy.

22. Turn, smile at Tiny.

23. Call boy Simon.

Charades.

24.

A Belgian town as whole I be,
Take me in pieces and you'll see
Solemn pencil strokes are we.

25.

First as a person of me you'll hear,
My second's a fruit, and he knows no fear
Who whispers my whole in a warrior's ear.

Double Acrostics.

26.

A number, a town you in Portugal find,
A bright alloy metal, of medicines a kind;
My next is a belt, then a province in France,
A ruler, and her whom you lead in the dance.
My finals and primals read downwards will
show,
Two games which, if you are a schoolboy,
you know.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

On pages 279—280.

1. A Toast.

2. Level.

13. Lostwithiel.

14. Moreton Hampstead.

3. Swine—Wine—Win.

15. Bishops Waltham.

16. Biggleswade.

4. Paris—Seine.

5. Jaguar—Monkey.

17. Burnham Westgate.

18. Hemel Hempstead.

6.

L

P I G

V A G U E

L I G H T E R

S E T E E

T E N

R

7. Agincourt—Hastings.

8. Archangelo Corelli.

9.

B a f f l e D

U n d o e R

N a n n Y

Y a r D

A l e

N

10.

V A U L T

A G R E E

U R B A N

L E A V E

T E N E T

11. Nile, Icon, Loud, Ends.

12. Stamp, Tiler, Alone, Mends, Press.

19.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful voice of song
That once was heard in happier hours;
Filled with balm the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath.

20. Dromedary.

21. Galway—Tralee.

22. Superintendence.

23. Undeterminable.

24. Unpronounceable.

25. Incommensurable.

26. Melodramatist.

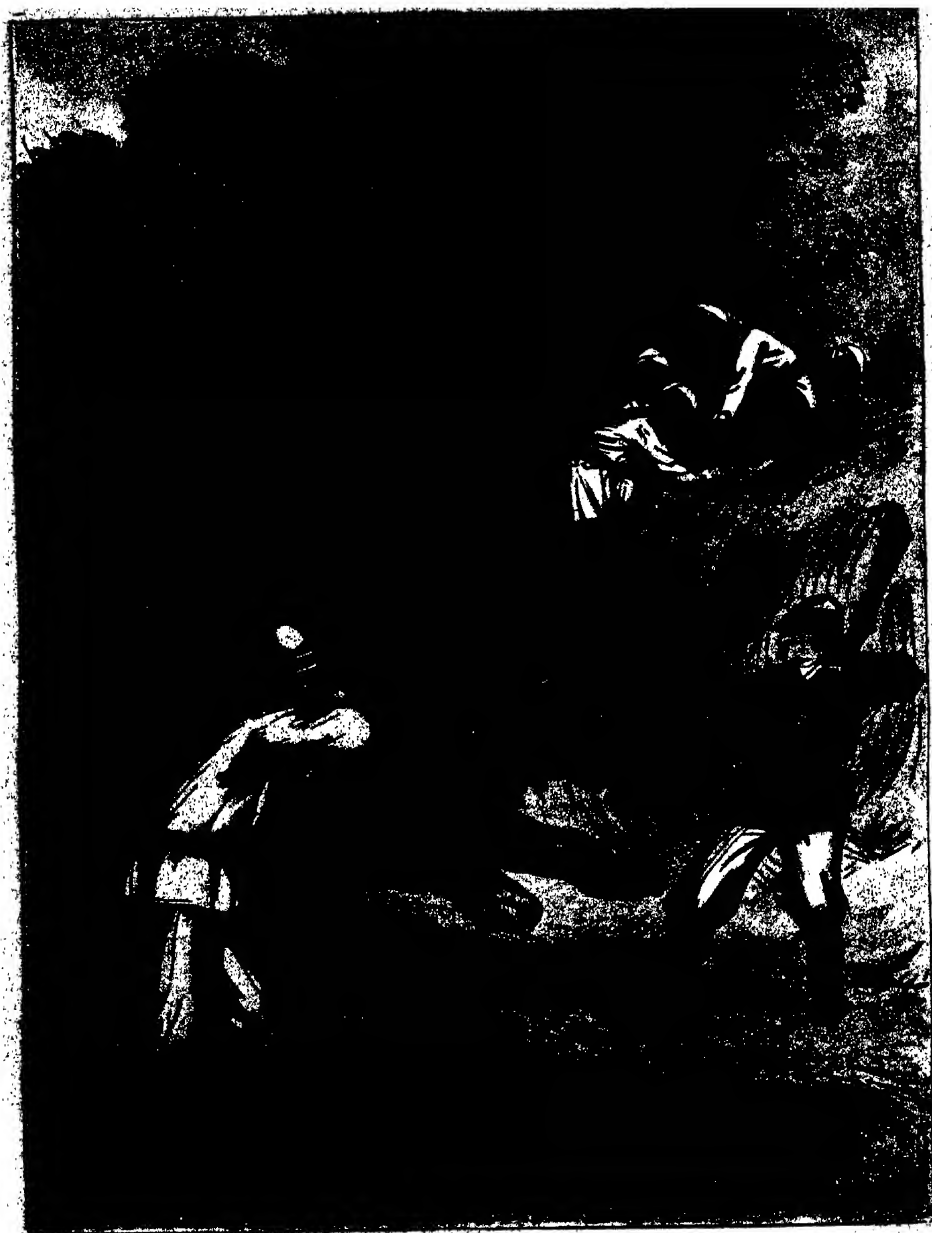
27. Preapprehension.

28. Sample.

29. Clare, Laver, Avila, Relet, Erato.

30. Ideal, Dandy, Enter, Adele Lyres.

ADVENTURES IN CHINA



THE HUNTER SPRANG FROM HIS LAIR.

ADVENTURES IN INDIA.

By WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

Author of "Great African Travellers," "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea," "Digby Heathcote," &c.

CHAPTER I.



URRAH! congratulate me, Desmond," exclaimed Frank Curry, ensign of the then existing H. E. I. C. —th Regiment of Foot, as with elastic step he entered the veranda of the bungalow in which Tom Rice and I were seated on cane-bottomed easy chairs, puffing away at our cheroots, and sipping our sangaree. "I have got leave for two months, and as

soon as we can put our sporting-gear in order, and engage some shikarees, we'll be off to the hills and commence work upon the tigers, panthers, bears, buffaloes, deer, and all other *feroces ferae*, we can hear of."

"You have given us a good list to begin with, Curry, and I am your man," I answered, though I confess, that having a matter of importance which had a short time before brought me to India to attend to, I had not hitherto contemplated making an expedition of the nature proposed.

"So am I," put in Rice, a civilian friend of his, who had lately arrived at the station on leave from Calcutta. "But what about the major?"

"He expressed his intention of accompanying us whenever we were ready to start, provided he could obtain leave," said Rice.

"No fear of that!" cried Curry. "We'll knock him up at once, and see if he is in-

clined to keep to his word. If not, we'll get Dillon of the —th to go with us."

"I shall be very glad to have Dillon, but the major is not likely to haul off, and he is sure to get leave if he wishes it. I had rather he went than any man I know; for he is a first-rate pig-sticker and tiger killer, and has more sporting experience than most people, besides being a jolly good fellow in all respects."

This settled, we made our way to the quarters of Major Denis O'Halloran.

As we entered the bungalow, we found him lolling back in an easy arm-chair, his 'serishtadar,' or secretary by his side, with papers in his hand, evidently accounts.

"With all the pleasure in the world," he exclaimed, as Tom Rice informed him of our intentions. "I have just settled my worldly affairs down to a rupee, and am perfectly ready to be clawed by a tiger, turned into a pancake by an elephant, or ripped up by the tusks of a wild boar; and I would advise you young fellows to follow my example; for although I have no intention of courting such a fate, you ought to prepare for the possibility of it when you undertake an expedition of the nature you propose."

He spoke to one of his dark-skinned, white-robed domestics, who, having placed chairs for us, and brought forth a box of cigars, we sat down, and forthwith began eagerly discussing our future proceedings—the guns we should carry, the horses we should ride, and the attendants we should engage.

The next morning saw us merrily trotting

forward, well mounted on little Deccan horses, provided with first-rate Westley Richard's and Wilkinson's double-barrelled heavy rifles, and smooth-bore guns to shoot both ball and shot, and an ample supply of powder flasks, bullet moulds, and other etceteras.

We were each of us also accompanied by two shikarees, without whom even the best sportsmen cannot with common prudence venture into the jungle, as they are wanted to carry the additional guns, and to show the game to the less experienced. Besides these we had our baggage animals, laden with our tents, beds, canteens, and other camp equipage, as well as an ample supply of ammunition under charge of our servants and four men of the major's regiment to act as guards.

We travelled in the morning and evening, resting during the hottest hours of the day. While passing through the jungles, we kept a bright look-out, to be ready for any lurking tiger or panther, who might leap out and attempt to pick one of us off.

During the march we shot a couple of tigers, three bears, and a wolf, besides several head of deer, but as they were all killed without much difficulty, I need not describe the particulars. The fame of our exploits, however, went before us.

As we approached a village, the rajah or chief man came out with several attendants, and making a profound salaam, expressive of his respect, entreated us to remain a few days, and do battle with a couple of man-eaters, who had, he said, infested the neighbourhood for several months, and carried off and destroyed upwards of one-fourth of the population, while the greater portion of the remainder had run away. Sometimes, the two tigers, he added, would break into a house at night, and seizing the sleeping inhabitants, drag them away to the mountains.

"But how are we to find these man-eaters?" inquired the major, "supposing we undertake to shoot them for you."

"My shikarees shall show you them, saibs," answered the rajah.

Blessings were showered down upon our heads, when the major replied, that we would do our best to destroy the man-eaters.

We forthwith camped on a clear spot, a short distance outside the village, preferring our own tents to the native huts.

Accompanied by the rajah's shikarees, we then set off to find a fitting spot to form a mechaun, which I may describe as a look-out place in the branches of a wide-spreading tree, near where the tigers were likely to pass. It was to be large enough to hold the whole of our party, as well as four shikarees, and we hoped from thence, before many days were over, to be able to give a good account of the man-eaters.

We left two of the shikarees, with four of the villagers, to construct the proposed mechaun; and, hoping to take possession of it before daylight the next morning, we returned to our camp.

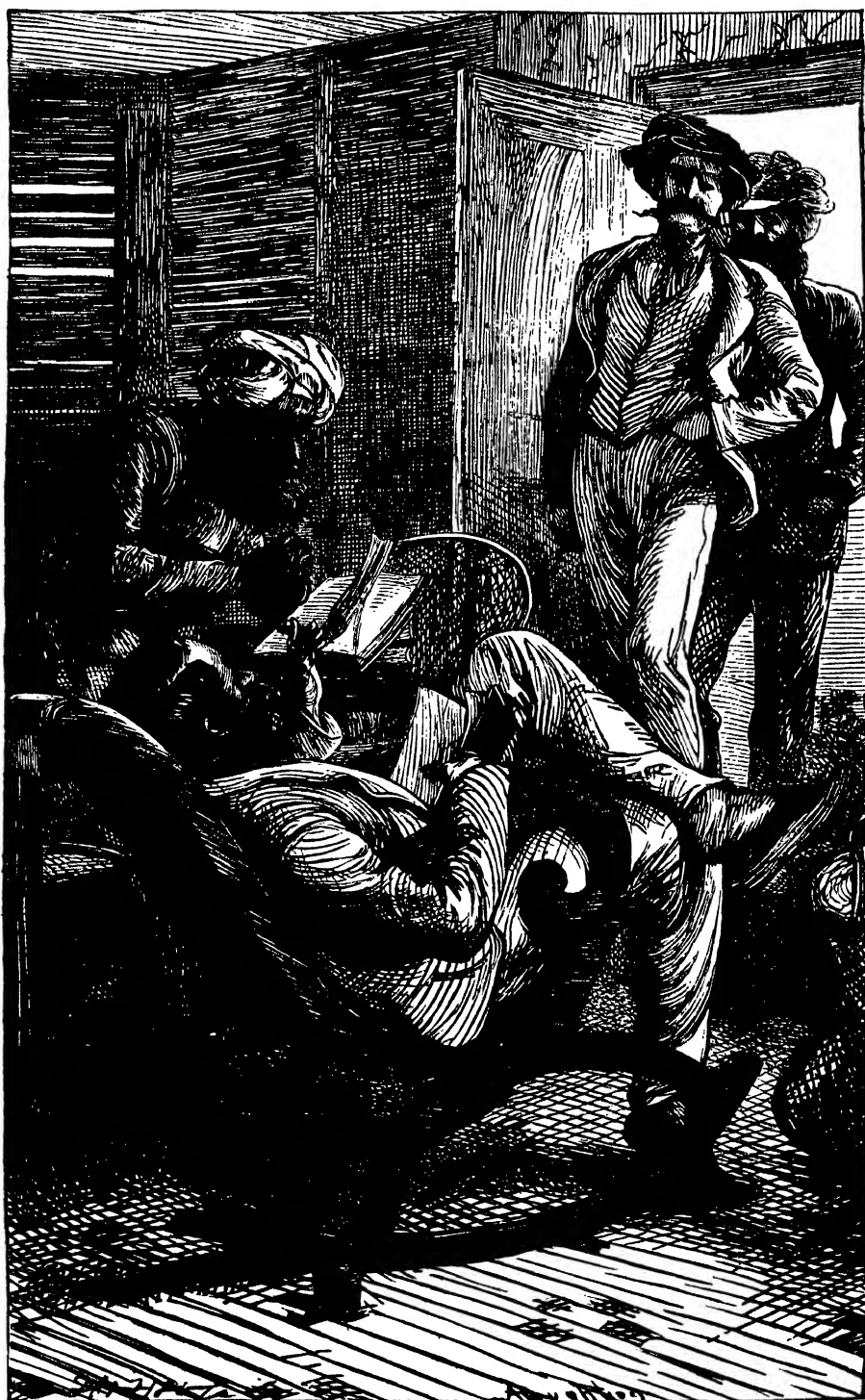
Soon after dusk, while we were enjoying our supper, laughing merrily at the major's jokes, the people came in saying that they had finished the mechaun, and that we might occupy it as soon as we chose.

We accordingly all turned in, so that we might be up betimes; the major having charged the duffadar, or serjeant in command of the soldiers, to keep the fires blazing, and to take care that the sentries were even more watchful than usual.

The duffadar of course promised strictly to obey the orders he had received, and we went to sleep. About two hours had passed since we had turned in, when I was awakened by a piercing shriek. I started to my feet, as did my companions, who had been aroused by the cry. The major fired off one of our guns into the air, for there was nothing to aim at, the night being dark as pitch. The fires had gone out, with the exception of a few embers still burning in one of them.

"What has happened?" asked the major.

"Hamed Ali Khan, one of the sentries, has been carried away by a tiger, or Shitan himself," was the answer. "I saw the



brute make one spring over the fire, and he was off again like a flash of lightning."

We rapidly dressed, buckled on our swords, and seized our rifles. Our shikarees followed our example, while the villagers hearing the report of the gun rushed down to the camp with torches.

The major inquired in what direction the tiger had gone. The duffadar informed him that, though he had been standing close to the man at the time, so rapid had been the movements of the savage creature, he had been utterly unable to observe where it went. For a moment he saw its huge form, and then it had disappeared with its victim. We all rushed out of the camp.

"Take care, lads, or you'll be after shooting each other or me," cried the major leading the way.

We all followed shouting out the poor fellow's name; but though there was no reply, we hoped that the tiger might have dropped him on hearing the gun fired, and that he was either too much frightened to reply, or had scrambled up a tree out of the way.

We dashed on, expecting to overtake the brute before it had reached the mountains, about one-eighth of a mile distant.

"Hark! I hear a cry," said the major. We followed, but searched in vain; and, as it would have been madness to venture up the mountain at night, we returned with the sad conviction that the poor man had been killed.

The duffadar, who, from his carelessness in not keeping up the fires, had really been guilty of the man's death, had now set them all blazing brightly enough,—so that it must have been a bold tiger which would have ventured on another visit to the camp.

We none of us felt disposed to turn in again, but sat up discussing the best means for destroying the brutes. During a short silence I heard a peculiar sound, like that which might have been produced by the tiger crunching the poor sentry's bones. It was followed by a loud growl, then there came strange hooting noises which, our shikarees declared, were produced by monkeys of a large species who follow

beasts of prey, especially tigers, in order to give notice to other animals of the vicinity of their enemies.

Whether or not this was correct we could not say, but true it is that these monkeys do follow a tiger in the most extraordinary manner, hooting and chattering at him as if endeavouring to distract his attention from his victim. At daylight we were on foot. At the major's request the rajah had sent a calf, which was secured to a tree a short distance off from the foot of the mountain, so that the tiger might see it as soon as he left his lair in the morning. We easily tracked the brute by the marks of blood on the ground; then we came to the turban of the poor soldier—next we found his sword-belt and other parts of his dress, torn off by the bushes as the animal bounded along with him. At last his body was discovered, dreadfully mutilated, where the tiger had left it, intending probably to return and finish his meal. The major desired the villagers to allow the body to remain that we might shoot the destroyer over its victim, but while we were engaged in securing the calf, they carried it off to bury it with due honour, so that we were compelled to make use of a living bait.

This might seem a cruel proceeding, but in the first place it was better to sacrifice one calf, and to preserve the lives of our fellow-creatures; in the second, we might hope to kill the tiger before it could attack the calf.

All being ready, we retired behind some rocks which afforded a partial shelter. We had not long taken up our posts when we heard a tremendous roar from the hills above us. Two or three of our shikarees, who were standing behind with our spare guns, coughed—a sure sign that they would rather be anywhere than where they were; for man-eaters, as they knew, were dangerous brutes to deal with. Perhaps they had no great confidence in the skill of their young masters, the major being the only experienced hunter of the party. He made a sign to us to keep back while he crept cautiously forward. We could see

that the poor calf had not yet caught sight of the tiger, though another roar, much nearer than the first, showed that the brute was fast approaching.

After a few minutes of anxious suspense we saw an object moving through the grass. It was the tiger stealing on his expected prey. There was a single tree with a thick stem between us and the calf, and about twenty yards from it. Towards this the major made his way. I felt a strong inclination to join him, but I feared that if I did so I might be seen by the brute, who, suspecting a trap, would leave the calf alone. Like a huge cat it stole on, till it stopped for a moment; and then, making a spring, seized the calf by the neck with its mouth, and clasped its huge paws round the poor animal's body. The major, who had been waiting till he could take a steady aim at a vital part, fired, and I saw the tiger leap several feet into the air and roll over uttering a tremendous roar.

We all thought that it was dead, and sprang from our hiding places, but the next instant it was bounding away towards the mountain. Now was my time, I thought, and, stepping forward as it passed by, its eyes glaring, and its white whiskers spread out on either side, I took a steady aim and fired.

Still it went on, making tremendous leaps for fifty yards or so, when down it came crashing on its head unable to move. My shot had gone through its heart, but still it retained some vitality, and horrible it was to see its mouth opening and shutting till Curry coming up fired and, breaking its back, put it out of its pain.

"You put an end to the brute, my lads, and I congratulate you; but you wouldn't have done that, had not I first sent a bullet into its head," observed the major as we collected round our prize.

We now set to work to take off the skin, which it was necessary to do at once, or ants and other insects would soon have rendered it useless.

We kept a pretty bright look-out all the time for its mate, which very likely might

pay us a visit while we were so employed, and attempt to carry off one of our number.

"A satisfactory morning's work," observed Rice, as we returned with the skin to our camp.

"Not so satisfactory to my poor trooper," observed the major, "we must keep a better look-out to-night lest the other brute should pay us a similar trick."

Notwithstanding the tragedy which had occurred but a few hours before, our attendants jabbered and laughed as merrily as ever; and we, after taking our breakfast, for which our morning's excursion had given us good appetites, lay down to rest during the hot hours of the day. On getting up we saw the natives going towards the spot where we had killed the tiger, apparently very busy about something. At the same time several of the villagers came running to the camp, crying out—

"Come, saibs, come, the tiger is near; come shoot him."

Springing to our feet we took our guns and followed them.

"The tiger will be off before we reach the spot," I observed to the major.

"No fear of that," he replied, "didn't you hear them say that the tiger had been caught in a trap? They have employed a mode I have heard of, but never saw practised, and very much doubted of its success. The animal has been captured by bird-lime. Their plan is to smear with it a number of broad leaves of a tree resembling the sycamore, and to place them in the animal's way with the prepared side uppermost. On putting its paw on one of the leaves it remains sticking, when, on endeavouring to shake it off, it treads on several more, and then rubs them against its face, which is consequently smeared with the ropy stuff getting into its eyes and nose and gluing its eyelids together. Bewildered, it then rolls on the ground, covering its head and face with leaves until it is completely hoodwinked. We shall soon see whether I am right in my conjectures."

I could scarcely believe the account the major gave. In a short time we heard the tiger roaring, when the natives, who had at first advanced boldly enough, scattered on either side, while they pointed out the animal, its whole head covered with leaves, which it was making frantic endeavours to tear off without attempting to escape. It was thus completely in our power.

"Now, Rice, there is something for you to shoot at," said the major, keeping his gun on his shoulder. "If you miss, Curry or Desmond may exert his skill."

Rice advanced a few steps and fired. The bullet hit, but the tiger continued its efforts to free itself from the leaves, taking no notice of its wound. Still, as it might at any moment get one of its eyes open, and spring upon us, our position was not so free from danger as might be supposed.

Curry next fired, when the animal gave a leap into the air, and bounded forward.

Thinking that it was high time to put a stop to its career, I fired, aiming, as far as the condition of its head covered with leaves enabled me to judge, between its eyes; when over it fell, a shout from the natives showing their belief that it was dead, of which there could be no doubt, as it lay on its side perfectly motionless. As many a tiger apparently dead has got on its feet and done no small amount of damage, we waited while we reloaded to see if it would move; but as it gave no signs of life, we advanced cautiously towards it. However, Curry's shot or mine had effectually finished its career. The natives managed to get the bird-lime off the hair by the application of plenty of oil, and its skin was added to our other trophies.

"I gave you the opportunity of shooting the tiger, as you will be the better able to tackle one when you fall in with him in a more dangerous position," observed the major.

He enquired of the natives whether there were any more man-eaters in the neighbourhood.

"This was not a man-eater," answered the rajah. "The wife of the tiger first

shot is still at liberty. She is too cunning to be caught by a trap. We must wait until the evening, when perhaps she will come down to look for her mate, and then the saibs may have a chance of shooting her if they will remain in this neighbourhood."

We accordingly agreed to put off our departure for another day, hoping that we might be the means of ridding the villagers of their persecutor. It was arranged that another calf should be fastened up at a short distance from the stream, near where the first tiger had been killed.

Close to it, the mechaun had been put up in the branches of a tree, behind which we could sit until the tigress approached to devour the calf.

Curry and Rice fought off, having no fancy for spending the evening perched in a tree; so I alone accompanied the major. We had four shikarees, who, after we had mounted the tree, handed up our guns and then took their places behind us.

The major placed his two heavy guns by his side, ordering his shikarees not to move a finger or speak until the tigress was killed.

I imitated his example. Even in our elevated position we were not altogether secure; for the tigress, should she discover us, might spring up to where we were seated; and the major observed that he had known of men being struck from a tree upwards of twenty feet from the ground.

I saw the dark eyes of our companions directed constantly in the direction of the mountain, from whence the tigress was to appear.

We had sat for nearly an hour, when down she came, advancing stealthily towards the calf. She was of the same description as the one we had killed—short and thick—as are generally the tigers inhabiting the mountains. As yet she was too far off for our bullets to reach her. She looked about, as if suspecting that all was not right. The poor calf stood watching the approach of the savage brute without, as far as I could judge

showing any signs of fear, either fascinated, or ignorant of its danger. The tigress kept creeping forward, preparatory to making her final spring. The major, not moving a muscle, held his rifle ready to fire. Had a

leaf been touched, or the slightest sound been made, she would have taken the alarm and have been off. Though we were in a tolerably secure position, it was a nervous moment.



At length the tigress, making one bound, seized the unfortunate calf by the throat, and began drinking the warm blood as it flowed from the wound.

The major now fired, when the tigress instead of dropping as I expected she would, uttered a loud roar, and, letting go her victim, turned to bound away. I took

a steady aim and again hit her. Off she went, however, towards the mountain, and there appeared every chance of her making good her escape.

We instantly leapt down from the mechaun, and having reloaded, made chase, followed by our shikarees carrying our spare rifles. But it seemed a question,

even now, whether we should overtake the brute.

"She'll not live with those wounds in her, but I should like to have her skin," observed the major as we ran on.

We had gone some short distance, following the blood-stains left on the rocks and grass, and expecting every moment to come up with the chase, when I caught sight of a monstrous head with glaring eyes, peering out from behind the bushes.

"There she is!" I exclaimed.

"No, that's not her!" cried the major, "take care," and he ordered the shikarees to keep behind us, and to hand him a gun should his own fail.

The tiger, evidently one of the largest of its race, and probably a man-eater, uttering a tremendous roar, sprang from his lair, when the shikarees, instead of obeying, scrambled up the bank, leaving us at the mercy of the savage brute. I was, at the time, I should have said, a dozen paces or so from my companion. I had not taken my eyes off the tiger, who was creeping on towards me. Mustering all my nerves I raised my rifle, aiming at the animal's head, convinced that unless I could bring him down, I should the next instant be a dead man. Had the shikarees remained in their proper places, there might have been a possibility, should I have missed, of killing him with a second shot; but all now appeared to depend on my sending a bullet through his brain. I pulled the trigger, when as the smoke blew aside, to my horror, I saw the tiger springing towards me. I impulsively clubbed my rifle, though I might as well have attempted to defend myself with a reed, as one blow of those terrific paws would have struck it from my grasp and knocked me over. A glance on one side showed me the major, firm as a rock, with his rifle levelled.

"Leap on one side!" he shouted.

I heard his shot and his bullet crashing through the head of the monster, when, making such a leap as under any other circumstances I could not have performed, I felt the paw of the animal graze my

shoulder as it bounded forward to come down with a tremendous crash into a thicket not ten paces behind me.

The shikarees, now that the danger was over, uttering loud shouts, leapt down from the bank, offering the major and me the guns they carried. I cannot translate what the major said, though I know that he rated them soundly, as they deserved, for their cowardice, while he pointed to the tiger which lay dead where it had fallen. I thanked him for having saved my life, which he had done by his opportune shot.

"I should have been sorry to have missed, and I daresay that some day you may have an opportunity of returning the compliment," he answered laughing.

As there was very little chance of finding the tigress that evening, we returned to the camp with the skin of the tiger we had just shot.

CHAPTER II.

WE had still to look out for the tigress which had escaped us. So the next morning we went to the spot where we had tied up the calf which she had killed the night before. The body lay untouched. We therefore concealing ourselves waited, believing that, should she still be living, she would return to finish her meal.

A whole family of the large lungoor apes which I have mentioned made their appearance, apparently watching for the tigress, but as they sat perfectly silent, we knew that she was not in the neighbourhood. They saw us, and seemed perfectly aware of our object. After waiting for a couple of hours, they appeared satisfied that their enemy was not coming, and after going down to the water to take a drink, away they went again up the mountain.

Bechun Sing, our chief shikaree, exclaimed—

"She dead, she dead! No eat more men!"

Several deer also came down to drink, and trotted off in an unconcerned manner.

This convinced us that the tigress was at all events not lurking in the neighbourhood. We therefore returned to camp to breakfast, when shortly afterwards the villagers made their appearance, shouting on their way home, and singing joyfully that the man-eaters had been killed by the prowess of the saibs. The rajah also came to the camp and invited us to partake of a banquet he had prepared to show his sense of the service we had rendered him and his people.

The feast was not over-plentiful, for provisions were scarce, so I need not describe it. The rajah, however, did his best to entertain us afterwards. We had a sort of nautch, but the performers were neither young nor graceful, and we were not sorry when the dance was over. A couple of

snake-charmers who happened to be passing through the country were then introduced with their baskets, each of which held a cobra. The two men, seating themselves in an open space, began to play on their pipes, when, removing the lids of their baskets, the snakes appeared, raising their heads. One of them remained coiled up, the other glided off putting the spectators to flight, but immediately its master began again to pipe, it stopped and glided back towards him, lifting its head and expanding its hood as if about to strike. Instead of doing so, it remained apparently fascinated by the music, darting out its slender forked tongue, its head following the motions which the man made with his from side to side a short distance from it.

(To be continued.)

ASCENTS AND ADVENTURES;

A RECORD OF

HARDY MOUNTAINEERING IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

BY HENRY FRITH.

Author of "The Adventures of an Engine Driver," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SUMMIT OF ARARAT.—MOUNT ARGEUS.—MOUNT SINAI.



O the mysterious "Massis" was fairly conquered by the pluck and determination of an Englishman. We cannot imagine anything grander than the view from the summit, or rather summits—for there are two—divided by a snow-clad ridge, near or upon which all travellers agree that the Ark rested. Beneath, in the valley of the Araxes, and but dimly distinguishable through the haze, is the traditional site of the Garden of Eden, and he must be indeed unimaginative who can stand upon the

mountain unmoved by the memories of the recorded past. The mountain views are stupendous, while historic Tigris can be traced and Euphrates is visible; the Caspian Sea is within range, and the Araxes winding through the plain of Erivan. The Assyrian mountains and the Caucasus, Nineveh and the traditional Plains of Paradise are all comprised in one grand sweep of view. What associations are connected with this locality! From the very beginning of our world these mountains must have kept watch over the plain where Adam and Eve lived and alas! sinned—where, far

away, yet not out of sight, great Babel rose up—where Noah lived and carried out the commands of God—and where, after the waters had subsided, the pairs of living creatures descended to repopulate the earth. Ararat is a grand and a holy mountain, and the history of it, could it be written, would be the most interesting record that pen could ever tell.

The descent of our adventurous countryman was accomplished in safety. He found his escort mostly asleep where he had parted from them in the morning, at an elevation of about 12,000 feet above the sea. After a venturesome night walk, the party reached the tent just at sunrise and slept. Afterwards the descent was continued to Etchmiadzin, where the Archimandrite calmly told Mr. Bryce that it was impossible to climb Ararat. No one ever had been there. And to this opinion the prelate probably adheres even now.

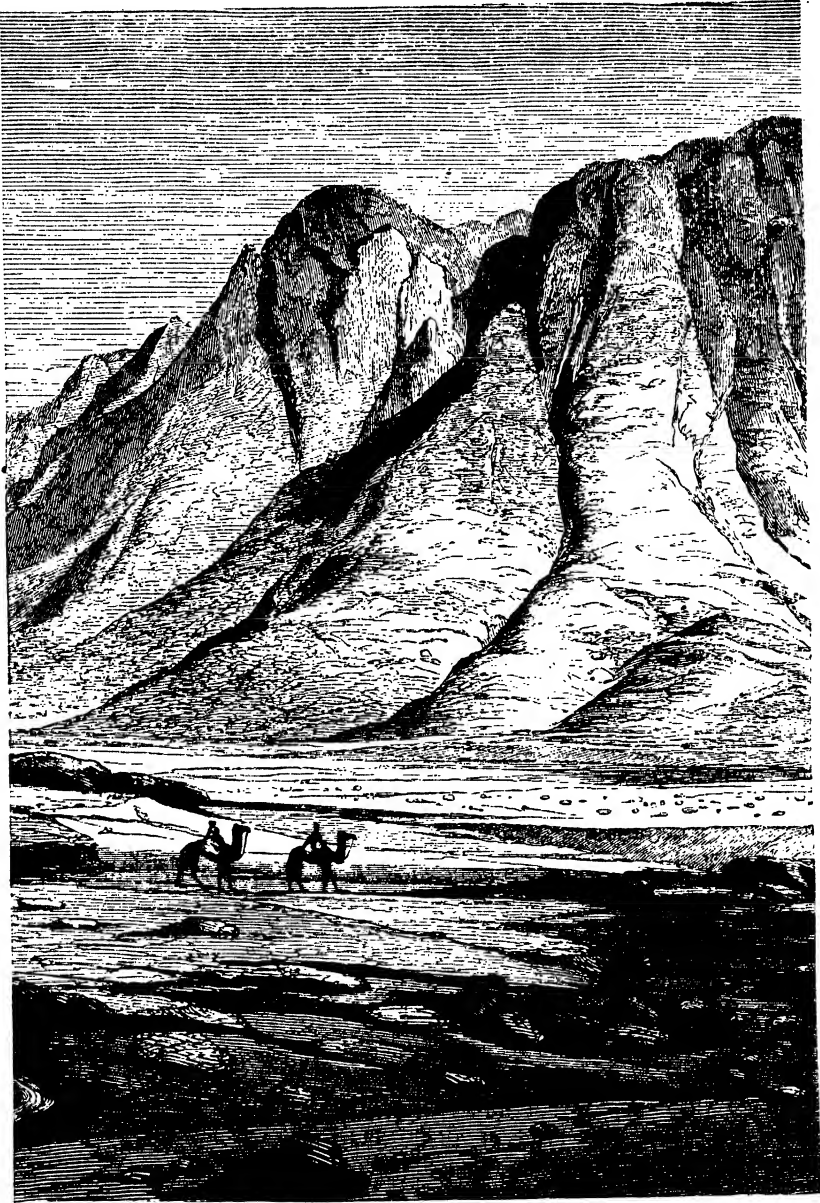
There is another mountain of Armenia, which ranks only second in altitude to Ararat, viz., Mount Argeus. This mountain is probably the Alagos of the German map (or Ala Goz), and is marked 12,606 ft. high. Messrs. Tozer and Crowder ascended it last year, and sent an account of their expedition to the papers, from which we condense the following. The first halt was made 8,000 feet up. If this great mountain be identical with Ala Goz, it consists of three sharp peaks, one most particularly uninviting, said to be inaccessible, and in this instance rumour proved correct. After a night's rest the travellers started at two o'clock, under the brilliant light of the full moon, and began a climb of 1,600 feet, which was a terribly hard piece of work, as the ground was extremely steep, and the face of the mountain was covered with loose stones, and masses of fallen rock equally untrustworthy to the foot. When they were in the middle of this climb, the first rays of the sun fell on the porphyry rocks above them, and produced a splendid effect by turning them to a bright crimson. At last, at about six o'clock, they reached the ridge,

where there was a long *arête* of snow at the head of a vast snow-slope, which formed a conspicuous object, on the north side, when seen from Kaiserieh. Cutting a few steps in the frozen snow, they reached a point some 200 feet higher, at the base of the final peak, which rose about fifty feet above, and was perpendicular and wholly impracticable. This point had been reached before by Hamilton, the secretary of the London Geological Society, in 1837, and by Tchihacheff, the Russian *savant*, in 1848. The view was very extensive, including the long line of Anti-Taurus to the east, the mountains that run down toward Lycaonia to the south-west, and to the north the vast undulating plains, or steppes, which occupy the interior of the country. But far the most remarkable feature was the mountain itself, for the lofty pinnacles of porphyry which rose around and beneath them, veritable *aiguilles*, were as wonderful a sight as could well be conceived. It was strange, even in that land of Cappadocia, which is full of ancient rock dwellings, to find the rocks excavated close to the summit; and these chambers were clearly artificial, for the marks of the chisel were evident along the roof and walls, and there were niches cut in the sides.

We have now to touch upon Sinai, a mountain which, even more than Ararat, commands our reverence and respect; and if in thus introducing these Biblical ranges to our young readers some of them may fancy we are not keeping to our "Adventures," we may remind them that we do not always write merely for amusement. We venture to think that most boys will not object to read something about the wondrous scenes in which Moses took part, and in which the hosts of Israel were the awe-stricken audience. At any rate, those who are not so disposed can enjoy some "literary athletics," frequently practised, and skip over the Arabian mountain.

The accompanying illustration will give our readers some idea of the range of Sinai, for the lofty ridge extends some distance; and for those who wish to read an

interesting narrative, we cannot do better than indicate to them the map of Arabia and ask them to accompany us to Sinai out of Egypt. We very much question whether



Mount Sinai.

many of our young friends realize the fact that the events recorded in Exodus actually happened in that land ; and, reading with the light of modern research, they must be more than commonly interested. So let us look briefly at this wonderful journey, and the subsequent ascent of Sinai.

In the first place the term Sinai does not

only refer to the mountain. The whole of the peninsula between the Gulf of Suez and the Gulf of Akabah is called by the name of the mountains which form a huge plateau intersected by "Wadys," or stream-beds, enclosed between cliffs, in summer dry and stony valleys, in winter roaring torrents. When we know this "wady" is frequently translated "brook" in our Bibles, we can understand the Prophet having gone down to the brook Kedron to hide, and find shelter *in* it.

The Israelites marched from Rameses in Egypt across the Red Sea, below Suez; they then followed the eastern shore of the Gulf as far as Rephidim, which is in the Wady Feiran. Here they were attacked by the inhabitants of the mountains, the sturdy Amalekites; but the victorious strangers marched onwards to Sinai, and encamped at the base of the precipitous sides, where they remained nearly a year. The mountains of Sinai are divided into three principal clusters, but the name is generally applied to the ridge at the south end of which is Jebel Musa—the Mount of Moses—Sinai proper. This peak rises boldly from the plain, and from the northern portion of this, the Ras Susfah, rising about two thousand feet from the plain, Er Rahah, was the Law delivered to the multitude encamped below. It may not be out of place to remark, that Horeb is a portion of Sinai, and was probably the centre of the ridge of which Sinai is the northern extremity.

On the eastern portion of Sinai, supposed to mark the locality of the burning bush, stands the Convent of St. Catherine, to which we propose to ascend. The ascent is by no means easy between the rugged cliffs of granite which appear not unlikely to tumble down upon the head of the adventurous visitor. It is a tiresome and toilsome journey up this rugged pass, Mukb Hawy, and at length the plain of Er Rahah is reached. The view here is described as of solemn grandeur, and the associations almost overwhelming, which all readers will be willing to admit. The valley of the convent is known as the Vale of Jethro,

and as one advances Horeb rises in front like a wall. A difficult path leads to the convent at the head of the valley, the entrance to the house being by a door some feet above the ground, the visitor having to be drawn up in a basket. Here, once admitted, the pilgrim to these holy places will be courteously received and welcomed. The gardens of the convent are cultivated and the general effect is pleasing. But more than a passing thought or indication is deserved by this bold and rugged mountain, standing up in the plain as grandly as it did thousands of years ago, when the thunders of the law were heard rolling over the plain and amongst the echoing rocks and valleys. We cannot in this place do more than indicate to the student the locality upon which centres such tremendous interest. Space forbids our continuing the history of Sinai, which will ever remain a monument to the truth and accuracy of the writings of Moses, the Lawgiver.

We will now pass onward from these Arabian solitudes to the mighty Himálaya, the veritable "Abode of Snow."

CHAPTER XIX.

INDIA.—THE HIMÁLAYA MOUNTAINS.— SOURCE OF THE GANGES.

It may be safely said that, of all the countries on the continent of Asia, Hindustan has been of the highest interest for ages. We all know the map of India, its boundaries, and its provinces. Even were we almost ignorant of geography, the late war in Afghanistan, hardly yet quenched, would have called our attention to it. The features of this most wonderful country are both magnificent and various. It includes every sort of climate, and produces varied crops; we can enjoy the heat of the tropical, the pleasures of the temperate, or the cold of the frigid zone, as we feel inclined—or the reverse. India is chiefly a plain, extending east and west, which is wonderfully fertile. Bengal, of the provinces, is the most favoured, and not a

hill of any size is to be found in it. Its great feature is the river Ganges, which rises far within the "Abode of Snow," the Himâlâya, which we shall explore presently, and take you, my young readers, up to the sacred source of the holy river. The wild animals are various, and about these also we shall have something to say. Tiger-hunting and pig-sticking are still favourite amusements in the Indian peninsula, while the habits and customs of the elephant would fill a book. Up in the "hills," as as the Anglo-Indian terms the slopes of the mighty Himâlâya, and beyond Simla, and in Thibet, we can hunt a variety of animals, from the grand *Ovis Ammon* and the great *Markhoor* to the musk-deer and the hare. Snow bears, antelopes, ibex, and burrell will afford any amount of sport to the intrepid hunter. But there is one feature of India which must be noticed, as it leads us directly to our aim—this is the great desert, about 600 miles long and half as wide, westward of the Jumna. The waters from the elevated plateau fall eastward and westward to the Ganges and the Indus, and consequently the intervening space is almost dry, and quite a desert. Northward of this deserted plain the Himâlâya ranges of mountains rise till they culminate in the snowy peaks as yet untrodden to their summits.

If we look at our map of India we can follow the great chain of the Himâlâya mountains from Cashmir right across the northern boundary to Bootan. If we include the range of the Hindu Koosh, which is in reality a continuation of the Himâlâya, we shall be able to trace what the Arabs first, and Dr. Mackay afterwards, denominated the "Stony Girdle of the Earth." The latter authority mentions this mountainous girdle as extending from the Formosa hills to the Pyrenees in one unbroken chain. This girdle incloses or includes many mountains we have already in imagination visited: Elburz, Ararat, the Taurus range, and so on through Greece to our old friends the Alps, and thus to the Pyrenees.

The chain of the Himâlâya extends for about fifteen hundred miles across the peninsula, and in that lengthened course are included the highest summits in the world. When from Chamouni we gaze up at the sixteen thousand feet of the Mont Blanc, we think it a great height, but what shall we say to twenty-six, and twenty-eight thousand feet of altitude, and to the culminating point in Nepaul, Mount Everest, or Gaurisankar as it is called, which attains the enormous height of twenty-nine thousand and two feet above the sea. This is stupendous, and would appear to us to require the assistance of the man and the boy, of the American tale, to look up to the top.

Before we attempt to enter this splendid scenery we may remark that our usual pronunciation of the name of this particular mountain chain is quite wrong. From our youth up until lately we have been under the impression that the Himâlâya should be pronounced as if written *Himmalaya*. Now this is an error. The word is a compound one, and any encyclopædia will give us the derivation which Mr. Andrew Wilson has adopted effectively as a title to his pleasant volume, "The Abode of Snow." The name Himâlâya is derived from two Sanscrit words, *hima* (snow) and *alaya* (place or site). So you see the double *a* in the centre must be longer, and it, not the single *a* preceding the *y*, should be accented. Let us therefore read HIMÂLAYA in future.

From a distance the Himâlâya appears to be a collection of several parallel ranges, one rising behind the other, till at length the snowy peaks form a striking background. Along the south side of the outermost range, there exists a belt of swamps, a plain about twenty miles wide, covered with jungle, the haunt of wild beasts, particularly between the Ganges and the Jumna, where all kinds of ferocious beasts can be found by those disposed to cross the "belt of death" in the pursuit. There are some unpleasantly disposed snakes located amid the thick and tangled foliage, and as

for tigers, elephants, panthers, and "such small deer," you can have your choice as to which shall make a meal of you. It is some consolation to know that, if one has paid one's money to go so far, one can have a choice after all. This "belt," is called the Terai.

We have said that the Himâlaya at a distance, appears to be a series of ranges; and at about fifty miles distance from the base, the view is very striking indeed. From the summits of the first or outer range, which is perhaps six thousand feet above the level of the sea, the view is limited to a perfect wilderness of gorges and rugged summits. The great peaks are still afar off; when you have surmounted the second ridge, you have to descend again, and so on, perhaps travelling up and down for days amid these lower-class yet very respectable mountains, before you arrive at the bases of even the junior giants of the great boundary. It is this wandering in search of the peaks, that deprives the Himâlaya of the romance and charms which exist in the Alps or Pyrenees. In the latter mountains you can almost at once reach an elevated position, affording a variety of prospect and surroundings, which, at a similar, or even a greater altitude the great Himâlaya cannot produce. After a long search, both mind and body are apt to weary so that even when we have reached the snowy mountains, we find (to use a homely proverb) that the "gilt" is to a certain extent absent from the "gingerbread."

According to the majority of travellers the best or at any rate the favourite starting point for the "hills," is Simla. This, we all know, is a great military station and sanatorium. There are two other and similar stations, Dârjiling and Mussûri. From Dârjiling a peak of the Himâlaya can be seen rising twenty-eight thousand feet. This giant is called Kinchinjunga and lives in Sik-kim. From Mussûri, one can reach the source of the Ganges at Gangutree, in about fifteen "marches," the whole distance is about 200 miles including

the distance from the temple to the glacier whence the sacred stream issues. Perhaps as we are at Mussûri we may as well go up at once to the Source of the Ganges and notice Simla and Dârjiling as we proceed up to the Sutlej or in the direction of Sik-kim. The sources of the Jumna (Jumnutri) and of the Ganges can be visited from Mussûri, where there is a very good hotel, and various British institutions, such as a club, library, &c.; for many English reside there.

From Mussûri to Gangutree, is a matter of fifteen days, so we may reckon on a month for the expedition to the Gungaree source, or rather sources, for there are four, but that called Bhagirathi is the most sacred of all. This excursion does not involve any very great fatigue, but there is no pleasant Alpine hotel to stop at. Tents, and all the usual accompaniments of tent life are to be endured on this expedition, and care must be taken that the *caste* prejudices of the attendants are not in any way offended. Offence may be given when least intended, as the following anecdote, related by Captain Simpson, will prove.

When he was ascending to the sacred source of the Ganges, a Brahmin lit a fire and proceeded to cook his food. The fire was burning by a fallen tree, and the man with great perseverance, had succeeded in gathering various herbs to flavour his soup, and was proceeding to enjoy his repast, when Captain Simpson unwittingly approached the farther end of the fallen tree. To his great surprise, the man suddenly rose and threw away his food, exclaiming that Captain Simpson had spoiled it all. The captain was naturally incredulous, but was informed that he had touched the tree with his foot, and as the tree had touched the fire, and as the food was on the fire, therefore the captain had touched and defiled the supper. Q.E.D. A sort of "House-that-Jack-built" argument apparently, but still the prejudices of the natives must be respected.

The route up to Gangutree is very fine

and except at the last part by no means difficult. At the source is a temple, and a pilgrimage to this place is the great feature of the Brahmin religion. The grandeur of the scenery here is described as amazing. The traveller, has, however, to take heed

to his feet, for the rocks are steep, and the precipices, along which the devotee must climb by means of rough wooden ladders and galleries, tremendously deep. Towards the east, some lofty summits peep over the surrounding masses of rock, and a few pines



Buddhist Temple at the Source of the Ganges.

mark the infancy of the glorious Ganges, which pours its mighty waters from above Gangutree to the ocean—a distance of sixteen hundred miles.

Great numbers of pilgrims come up to the great fair or religious bathing-festival to Hurdwar, which is regarded as the point at which the Ganga or Ganges issues forth upon the plains. The legend of Ganga and Vishnu and Siva, who are all mixed

up together in the Hindu account of the river, is briefly as follows. A certain king was about to perform a solemn rite, called the "horse sacrifice," which occupies many months in preparation; but at the supreme moment the animal, not entering into the spirit of the ceremony, bolted, and could not be found, although the numerous sons of the king (the number I believe is 60,000—a somewhat large family to provide

for) were sent out in pursuit. It appears the horse took an asylum with Vishnu, who turned the whole of the 60,000 men to ashes by merely breathing upon them. "Ashes" seems a curious transformation. However, the 60,000 ash-men could find no water to purify them for a better state, and at last Bhagiratha, son of Delipa, left his throne and became a hermit in the mountains. After a sojourn as a strict ascetic for the term of one thousand years, Brahma appeared to him, and, taking advantage of the visit, the ex-king requested that Ganga might pour out the water. The boon was refused, but after the lapse of one hundred years the water was permitted to flow over the head of Siva, the deity of the Himâlaya. A pilgrimage to Gangutree is considered a most meritorious action for a Hindu, and thousands make their way up to the sacred source from the great religious fair at Hurdwar. The temple stands about 14,000 feet above sea-level, so intending tourists will have a good climb amid some grand scenery, and with sufficient risk for the last ten miles to give the excursion the leaven of danger which is so attractive to all Englishmen.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL IN THE HIMÂLAYA. — PIG-STICKING. — AN ADVENTURE.

WE have said that Simla is the most convenient starting point for the Himâlaya. So let us in imagination ascend from Kalka, where conveyance is usually bargained for, to Kussowlee, up a rather steep road. From this place there is a beautiful prospect, and the view of the mountains, except when the haze hides them, is lovely. N.B. the haze is generally in the way. From Kussowlee to Simla is thirty miles, and at Simla we may meet all the grandees from the viceroy downwards.

The traveller can go almost anywhere (in reason) from Simla. He has a choice of

about sixty routes, which will be found by the curious in the report of the Survey of India. Major Mongomerie has also taken the trouble to give the tourist or traveller some hints as to the reception he is likely to meet with. Roads, houses, and supplies, being extremely uncertain and generally absent, rope-bridges insecure, and no fuel in many places, the adventurous climber must "rough it" a little. In this and the foregoing chapter we are indebted to various well-known writers for the principal modern facts connected with excursions into the interior, amongst whom Mr. Wilson, Dr. Joseph Hooker, and a lady-pioneer stand foremost. Very little, comparatively, is known of the Eastern range of this mighty chain, and no Englishman, so far as we are aware, had ever penetrated into its vast mountain-valleys and slopes, until Doctor Hooker ventured thither in 1848-9.

Travelling in the Himâlaya is, as we have before hinted, a very different thing from travelling in Europe. A tent is a necessity, and if ladies are bold enough to accompany the party, then *dhoolies*, or perhaps *dandys* (the latter most probably) will be found advisable, and are not at all strange objects—not male dandys these, remember. A *dhooly* is a sort of bed with an awning, and carried by two or four bearers by means of poles. It is on record that certain War-Office authorities, hearing of these conveyances, fancied they composed a tribe of hill-men, and the inoffensive beds were referred to in official correspondence, as the "ferocious Dhoolies," till some one who had been to India explained the matter at head-quarters, and the Horse-Guards recognised the correction as probable after due enquiry. A *dandy* is a sort of lounging-chair, in which the lady-traveller can set herself as on a couch and is thus carried by four coolies up the rough paths over which it is impossible she could walk.

There are a few features of the Himâlaya, which are also interesting if not altogether attractive, though of course such drawbacks

will have no effect upon any mountaineer worthy of the name. For instance, what can it matter that there is almost no level ground in the Himâlaya, for, therefore, according to Mr. Wilson, the choice of a position for one's tent is immensely simplified. The chances are that you will have a mountain at the back, and a precipice yawning all night in front of your tent door. Furniture of a sort must also be carried, and supplies for self and coolies, numbering perhaps twenty, or more according to the number of the travellers and ladies. Mr. Wilson was carried in a *dandy*, but we fancy most men would prefer to walk and enjoy the scrambling which is, nevertheless, most severe in places.

On the journey, supposing all to be in readiness and the weather fine, there are some other advantages to be included which we never possess in Europe to the same extent. These blessings consist in myriads of leeches, ticks, sand-flies, moths, cockroaches, flying-earwigs, beetles, and daddy-long-legs of supernatural dimensions. The leeches have playful but fatiguing habits: they get into your hair, hang on your eyelids, crawl up your legs, and down your back. Dr. Hooker used to pull a hundred at a time from his legs, and the leech-bites did not heal for five months. The sand-flies and ticks, almost invisible, burrow into your skin, and must be *cut out*; moths and other flying things nestle comfortably in your hair, or crawl over your paper, food, or table, and hold midnight meetings on your lamp. To mention such commonplace pests as worry us in England is unnecessary, as they are too evident in every direction; and when we add that most of the hill-men you encounter never by any chance wash, and never even take off their clothes, but reckon their age by the number of suits that have fallen off from sheer wear, you may easily imagine that the advantages of travel in the Himâlaya are neither few nor inconsiderable, and include snakes, panthers, and tigers, in first class localities.

The "roads" we have mentioned as
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generally lying in the beds of torrents, or on scaffolding fastened to the face of a precipice. The great Hindustan and Thibet road (a bridle-path) is an exception: it was made by Lord Dalhousie's directions after the Punjab war, and had it been completed would have been a great boon. Its further progress was stopped by the outbreak of the Mutiny. On the wooden galleries which frequently serve for paths you may possibly meet a drove of yaks. These are not pleasant, if inoffensive, animals, and as there is not much room, the sportive creatures will probably crush you against the precipice on one side—if you are clever enough to reach the wall—or drive you over the chasm (about 12,000 feet) on the off side. This is a contingency you must accept in the Himâlaya.

The bridges also are peculiarly adapted for suicidal purposes. Nearly all of these structures are composed of canes held together by other canes and slung across the torrents. There are no nails and no ropes. Sometimes a cane-rope is slung across, to which, upon a ring, a basket is hung. You get into this "cradle" and are hauled across by coolies; or are let run down half way by your own weight, and pulled over the remaining distance. At other times the bridges are composed of canes laid lengthways, and if you do not take off your boots, and walk very carefully, you will probably tilt up one end of the canes, lose your balance (there is no parapet or guard but a cane-rope) and fall into the river to almost certain death. The oscillation of these frail structures is sometimes very great, and the great swirling river beneath gives a bridge the appearance of being carried up stream at the rate of about seven miles an hour.

The greatest risks are those of riding ponies or mules which are not thoroughly trained. Many accidents have happened, even upon the beaten tracks, from restive horses shying or backing. Sometimes the road may give way like a trap, as it did while Sir Alexander Lawrence was riding

over it, and he and his horse were smashed to atoms. No one who can walk should ever ride in the Himâlaya—those who cannot walk can be carried, if they do not mind bumping, or occasionally being suspended over a precipice. The foregoing are some of the incidents almost inseparable from travel in the Himâlaya, yet unpleasant as they are to read about numbers of Europeans are annually willing to encounter them, and some people fear that personally conducted parties will ere long render the “Abode of Snow” as terrible as the beaten paths of the Swiss Oberland.

Before closing this chapter we will say a few words upon the great Anglo-Indian sport of pig-sticking. Let no young reader fancy that pig-sticking is the literal description of the amusement. Boar-hunting or hog-hunting would be more appropriate. But pig-sticking it is called; and with all who have made the essay the sport is most exciting. The boar is to be found in the plains, and particularly in the Terai, that jungle tract of land just at the foot of the outer Himâlaya. He is a ferocious animal, and possesses “any amount” of pluck. He will charge an elephant as well as a horse, and, once aroused, nothing will cause him to flinch. Wounded desperately though he may be, the “pig” will come to the scratch—and this you will find is no figure of speech if you come within reach of his tusks. Independently of the danger of attack if you are unhorsed, the fact that the ground is generally intersected by ravines, or nullahs, will be enough to warn you to be careful; but pig-stickers rarely come to great grief, and manage to “fall soft.” Occasionally, however, an accident occurs; and the following escape of Captain A. Kinloch (brother of my poor friend who was so treacherously slain in Afghanistan last autumn) will illustrate some of the dangers of pig-sticking.

A pig suddenly made his appearance as the officers were lounging about the mess-tent, and at once a chase was improvised. The pig got a clear start, but was nevertheless quite visible, and Captain Kinloch pursued him. The pig at first charged two natives, and knocked one over. The officer was close behind, and gave him (the boar) “a spear;” but to the pursuer’s disgust, he found that in his hurry he had taken out a blunt spear, and so his thrusts had little or no effect upon the ferocious brute. Suddenly Mr. Boar turned, and charging at the horse, tumbled him over, the rider naturally coming down at the same instant. Captain Kinloch had just time to lower his spear when the boar came at him; but the captain was thrown down and attacked in a most savage way. It was no use to try to throw the brute over; and so, finding himself getting (literally) cut up, Captain Kinloch tried “shamming dead.” Even this ruse was no use; and the “pig” still kept digging his tusks into the prostrate body, until fortunately some other officers arrived on the scene, and the boar then decamped. The sufferer was carried into camp, bleeding from about fifty wounds; his clothes were cut to pieces. For a month the bold hunter was *hors de combat*, and the left hand is still more or less affected.

The foregoing are some of the pleasures of pig-sticking, an amusement which combines racing, hunting, and steeple-chasing, not to mention an occasional pitched battle; and if that be not real “sport,” I should like to know what is.

The above incidents are extracted from the narrative in “Large Game Shooting,” by the hero of the adventure, who is now, or was lately, on the Staff in India.

I must now ask you to accompany me to the “Abode of Snow,” which deserves a fresh chapter all to itself.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL-DAYS AT KINGSCOURT.

A TALE OF 1803.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,

VICAR OF OLD SHOREHAM, SUSSEX.

Author of "Schoolboy Honour," "Wroxby College," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XIII.



THE first Monday in August was the date fixed, by old usage, for the return of Dr. Chapman's scholars after the summer holidays. On the morning and afternoon of that day, boys were continually arriving from all quarters, and by all manner of different equipages. His Majesty's mail, which performed the distance from the metropolis in the course of some eighteen hours, starting at eight in the evening and reaching Mil-

stead at two in the afternoon of the next day, had brought down several who had travelled from the northern counties. Post-chaises and gigs conveyed such as lived within forty or fifty miles; while those whose residences lay still nearer, rode over under the escort of their father's servants, leaving their boxes to be conveyed in due process of time by some country carrier, or haply a farmer's cart borrowed for the occasion. Throughout the entire day the pupils came thronging in, each fresh arrival bringing an additional batch of high spirits and small talk; for however depressed your English schoolboy in all generations may be when bidding farewell to home and friends, he recovers his equilibrium, or rather mounts to a height proportioned to the depth to which he had sunk, as soon as he finds himself in companionship with his schoolfellows again.

The joys of the holidays, which had just

come to an end, were of course the main staple of conversation. Wonderful cricket-matches had been played, at which the skill of the bowlers, the extraordinary scores of the batsmen, the heavy wagers won and lost, the splendid entertainments which followed, were matters quite unrivalled; races had been visited; steeple-chases witnessed; boating and fishing parties participated in, the like of which had never been seen or heard before: one had been allowed to ride a pony, which would clear any fence, and go a fabulous number of miles without weariness; another had seen a juggler perform, whose feats had astonished King George and his court; a third had been taken out by the squire's keeper, and had seen a stag shot, and had been promised that he should some day have a shot at a stag himself—never had boys enjoyed such fun, and each boy had been more fortunate in this respect than any of his schoolfellows.

But after a while these topics gave way to the one which was at the time engrossing the attention of all Englishmen—Buonaparte's invasion of England. This was no new scheme. As early as 1797 the French Directory had decreed an "Army of England," of which citizen Buonaparte was to have the command. Three or four years afterwards, when Napoleon was smarting from the defeat of his schemes for the conquest of Egypt, which he rightly attributed entirely to the English, he revived the idea, and went so far as to make preparations for it. He collected transports in the French harbours, and established camps along the coasts for the reception of the soldiers who were to be employed in the attempt.

The English, on their side, had not been idle. A large fleet was assembled, of which Nelson—whose name was already the terror of his enemies—was put in command. He was resolved not to wait for the departure of the French flotilla for the expedition; but proceeded to attack them, as they lay in their own harbours, under the shelter of their own batteries. He bombarded Boulogne, where the largest number of transports was assembled, and then arming his boats, sent them in to attack those of the enemy. The French were compelled to resort to extraordinary means of defence. They anchored their gunboats immediately under their batteries, filled them with soldiers, and drew large chains across the mouth of their harbour. By these means they barely succeeded in averting the total destruction of their flotilla, sustaining, however, considerable loss in the action with Nelson. The latter would doubtless have renewed his attack; but the change of ministry which now took place in England paved the way for pacific negotiations. The peace of Amiens was arranged, and the treaty signed on the 25th of March, 1802.

The renewal of the war within the interval of little more than a twelvemonth took both parties for the moment by surprise. But the determined spirit of aggression on the one side, and of resolute resistance on the other, was soon roused to a greater pitch than ever. Up to this time it may be doubted whether the English people really believed that the great French soldier, who had proved himself more than the equal in war of the ablest continental generals, had resolved on crossing the channel which lay between the countries, and measuring swords with them. Now, however, it seemed plain that such was his purpose. The French harbours were enlarged at an enormous cost, until they had been made capable of holding two thousand transports. At all the smaller sea-ports, from Flushing to Toulon, the flat-bottomed boats in which the invaders were to be conveyed were collected: the whole French army, victors in so many brilliant battle-fields,

led by the most renowned of the French marshals, covered the entire coast. Rumours were continually circulated to the effect that the French troops were either on the point of immediate embarkation, or had embarked, or sometimes, had actually landed, on some portion or other, of the English coast.

The feeling evoked by these reports was such, as those who understood the character of the British people would have anticipated. The threat of invasion sounded very differently in the ears of an Englishman, from what it would have done in those of an Austrian, a Belgian, or a Spaniard. These nations had been familiarised by long experience with the inroads of foreign enemies; nor had the presence of armed strangers in the domains of France, or Prussia, been any novelty to the inhabitants of those lands. But centuries had passed since the foot of a foreign invader, in the strict sense of the term, had been pressed on English soil. The notion of his property being destroyed, his hearth violated, his wife and children exposed to the tender mercies of a brutal soldiery, made the blood of every Briton boil in his veins. Immense exertions were made to meet adequately the threatened danger. A fleet of many hundred vessels was got together, and despatched to watch the various ports, whence the enemy might be expected to issue; the standing army of one hundred thousand men was supplemented by a militia and yeomanry nearly equal to it in numbers; and a volunteer force was raised, amounting, it is believed, to between three and four hundred thousand men. Had the invasion actually taken place, it is probable that this would have been largely augmented: and however numerous Napoleon's invading army might have been, every French soldier would have found himself opposed to three, at least, and probably four, antagonists. How these raw levies would have fought, may be inferred in some degree from the conduct of the English troops at Waterloo, a large proportion of which had never been under fire before.

It is certain that no campaign of Napoleon's was ever conducted in the face of such overwhelming odds; and when to this is added the enormous difficulty of conveying artillery, ammunition, and reinforcements across the channel, in the teeth of a large and effective navy, it may safely be pronounced that no enterprise ever undertaken by a great conqueror, was more ill-advised, or would have proved more disastrous.

During the six weeks of the Kingscourt boys' holidays, the approaching invasion had been the great topic of discussion everywhere; and it was no wonder that, when they had exhausted the discussion of the various sports and amusements of the holidays, they should proceed to handle it.

"We've had such fun," said Cook, "at Durnford for the last month. There has been a regiment raised in the neighbourhood to fight the French; and one company of it was made up from Durnford. My eldest brother was one of the officers. Old Major Hartley took the captaincy, and Woodford, the surgeon, and Timms, the banker, were lieutenants; and pretty nearly all the small tradesmen enlisted, and were drilled three days a week by Sergeant Chivers. Even old Gerkin, our head clerk, turned out. It used to be no end of fun to see him put through the goose step. His back is as round as a badger's from sitting at the desk, and he's as short-sighted as a bat; and I'm pretty sure he must have known what a joke was made of him. But he stuck to it. It used to be a sight to see him, with his pen behind his ear, and his spectacles on his nose, ordering his musket, and standing at ease! Jem Hawes, the office boy, was made a drummer; and even Jerry Lane, the parish clerk, joined the corps. You should have seen him at his desk in church on a Sunday, in full uniform, giving out the Amen! I never could help laughing at him, though I got into a row for it."

"Well, we had something of the same kind," said Holmes, "only ours were sharpshooters. Squire Dutton, who owns the greater part of the land in Milnthorpe, and

Mr. Travers, who is a retired manufacturer, got it up between them. Dutton's tenants made up a third of the corps, I should think, and Travers's nearly half the rest; and a lot of the villagers enlisted also. It was a great sight to see them practising at the target. I was there the first time it was tried. The bumpkins who had never handled a gun in their lives——"

"No, the squire took care they shouldn't do that, I'll be bound," said Thorne. "A squire can't bear to see a bumpkin with a gun in his hand, for fear he should be going to shoot his game."

"You're about right, Dick," said Holmes, "that was just the best part of the fun. First of all, there came Robins the miller, and Black the carpenter, and the smith, and a lot of shepherds, and carters, and labourers. You should have seen the shots they took—not one of 'em within a mile of the target. Then there followed half dozen young fellows, who weren't in any farmer's employ, and got their living by doing odd jobs, it was said—precious odd jobs some of 'em were, I guess. There was Jack Grant, who, they said, regularly supplied the poulterer at Fetchford with hares and partridges, and Tom Bowles, and Phil Turrell, who had been once or twice had up before the magistrates on suspicion of poaching,—they took their turn next, and one after another sent their bullets slap into the bulls-eye. Old Dutton's face was a sight to see, while it was going on. 'All thieves and poachers, every man of them!' I heard him mutter. But they made smart soldiers, nevertheless,— 'first-rate sharpshooters,' Colonel Hodges said, when he saw them perform, 'first-rate sharpshooters, whatever else they may be!' You lost some fun, by not being at Milnthorpe this summer, I can tell you that, Ralph."

"I daresay," said Hewett; "but I expect we had better still at Wavelsbourne and Cheselden—hadn't we, Everard, hadn't we, Monkton?" he added, turning to the boys named. "Your fellows were only infantry; but we had a splendid turn-out of cavalry. You should have been present at the muster

on Leddenham Common. Then you might have talked !”

“Yes,” said Monkton, “Hewett is about right. My father’s tenants and Sir Hugh Northcote’s made up a troop between them, and a splendid set of young fellows they were. Colonel Howard—who came down express from London to inspect them—said they were as fine a set of young fellows as he’d ever set eyes on. I wish I had done with this beastly school. I should have had a commission in the regiment, and so would Everard also. Well, what is it then, Dennis?” he proceeded, addressing the school servant, who had made his appearance from the house, and was evidently searching for someone.

“I want Mr. Wood,” returned the man. “All the others are here, I think, excepting him.”

There was a laugh. “Well, Paddy,” said Bell, “Mr. Wood is not here; he hasn’t come back yet. But what do you want with the others excepting him?”

“Tisn’t I that want him at all,” said Dennis, “it’s the Doctor—leastways it’s Colonel Morley who’s with the Doctor—it’s he wants Mr. Wood, Mr. Northcote, Mr. Bell, Mr. Monkton, and Mr. Holmes. They’s the five head boys, I judge.”

“And you judge right,” said Hewett: “only there’s only four of them, as you’d say. If the five head boys are wanted, I suppose I had better go, as I come next to Northcote.”

“I can’t say, I am sure, Mr. Hewett,” said Dennis, “but I was to send five, and four wouldn’t be five without ye; so I suppose ye had better come.”

The others concurring in this, the five repaired to the Doctor’s study, where they found the colonel in close consultation with the head master.

Colonel Morley had returned to London on the day after the cricket-match, and had been detained there for more than five weeks. At last his business was completed, and he came down, as he had proposed, to settle at Broadleigh. One of his first acts, after his return, had been to call at Kings-

court; but Dr. Chapman was still absent, and they had not met until the present day.

After the usual exchange of compliments, and an expression of satisfaction, on Dr. Chapman’s part, that the colonel had at length come to reside among them, the latter opened his business.

“I have been making arrangements,” he said, “for the formation of a volunteer corps in this immediate neighbourhood; as indeed has been done in almost every county in England. I am informed that a horse regiment has been enrolled in the neighbourhood of Leddenham, as a supplement to the yeomanry of the district. What I propose here will be a corps of riflemen.”

He paused, and Dr. Chapman expressed his satisfaction in due orthodox fashion—that Milstead was likely to take its part in the effort now being made to meet the great crisis which seemed to be impending.

“Quite so,” observed the colonel. “It is the duty of all Englishmen. Well, one company of the corps will consist mainly of my tenants and labourers; two or three others of the tradesmen and journeymen in Milstead and Wroxford. I thought it not improbable, that your boys might be disposed to form another, conjointly with those of Dr. Forbes’s school.”

“My boys!” repeated the schoolmaster, hastily; “the boys of my school! You do not really mean that?”

“I don’t suppose your boys would be enough of themselves to make a company,” said Morley; “but, combined with Dr. Forbes’s, I think they might. You have both got a large number of pupils—many of them stout, well-grown fellows. I have seen something of the French soldiers, and will answer for it that, in respect of personal strength, stamina, and pluck, your lads are a match for the general run of them. On my conscience, I believe they would stand a charge of cuirassiers like veterans!”

“You really take me so completely by surprise, Colonel Morley, that I hardly know how to answer. The idea has never entered my mind.”

“I am a little surprised at that. If they

were to form a corps, theirs would by no means be the first school that has done so. I know several other instances."

"And the parents?" suggested Dr. Chapman.

"In the present state of public feeling very few parents would object," observed the colonel. "But that you could ascertain."

"I could do that, certainly," replied the Doctor.

"And till then, I should not think of urging you to take any step. I ought to add that, as regards the expenses of the corps, a subscription will be raised—indeed has been—which will cover everything except the mere cost of the uniforms and accoutrements; and those could be paid for out of it, in the instance of any boy whose means were very small."

"That would be quite satisfactory. Only one thing strikes me. Is it certain that the boys themselves would like it? If they did not, it would be rather hard on them to force them into the position of either joining the corps, contrary to their inclination, or incurring the odium of refusing."

"Depend on it the boys will like it well enough. But suppose you send for them—send for the seniors of the school, and tell them what is proposed. Then you will see in a moment how they take it. If they don't jump at it, I should certainly say, leave it alone. By the bye, I suppose young Wood will be among them. I want to see him to give him his bat, which has been brought down from London by Pritchard."

"There can be no reason why we shouldn't tell the boys about it," said Dr. Chapman ringing the bell. He sent the message, and presently the five boys—Monkton, Holmes, Northcote, Bell, and Hewett—made their appearance.

"Where is Wood?" inquired the headmaster as he noted the faces of the boys.

"He has not returned yet, sir," said Hewett. "As I was sixth in the school, I thought I had better come to make up the number, if Colonel Morley does not object."

"Of course I have no objection," said the colonel. "I am only anxious to see

the head boys of the school. Wood will do another time. Well, boys, you have heard, I conclude, about this invasion, which the French are preparing?"

He looked at Holmes, who answered, "Yes, sir, we have heard a good deal about it."

"And you know that everywhere our countrymen are making preparations to give them a warm reception, if they come?"

"Yes, sir," again replied Holmes; "I should think everybody knew that."

"Good! Well we in this neighbourhood must not be behindhand in doing our part. I and Mr. Matcham and Colonel Woodford and some others have been organizing a corps of Riflemen, which is to be called the 'Milstead Rifles.' One company will consist of my tenants and labourers; another of those on Mr. Matcham's, Mr. Dunn's, and Mr. Hickley's farms; another of the people at Wroxford; one or two others of the tradesmen and journeymen at Milstead. It has occurred to me that the boys of Kingscourt and Mount Parnassus might, if they liked it, form a company between them. As I have been telling Dr. Chapman, there have been several instances of schools forming themselves into regiments. I don't see why they should not. Many lads enlist in the regular army who are quite as young as you are, and make good soldiers too. But the question is, how would you like the thing, yourselves?"

"We should like nothing better, sir," exclaimed Holmes. "You may be sure of that!"

"I should have had an ensign's commission in my uncle's regiment," put in Northcote, "if it hadn't been that I was returning to school."

"And so should I, sir," said Monkton. "My father would have insisted on my having one, only there wasn't time for drilling me properly, before the end of the holidays."

"No one in Kingscourt could object," added Bell and Hewett, as eager to all appearance as their schoolfellows.

"Very well, lads, I am glad to hear that

is your feeling. But what will your parents say to it? You two," he continued, addressing Monkton and Northcote, "apparently would have the sanction of your fathers. But what about the others?"

"My father, who is Hewett's uncle also, would be very much pleased, I know," said Holmes. "He was very much interested in the corps which was formed at Milnthorpe last summer. I don't see how he could object."

"There will be some expense you know. There is the uniform and some of the accoutrements. I think we must not assume that the friends of any boy would be willing to incur this."

"No," said Dr. Chapman, "I could not allow anything to be charged to the parent of any boy, without his express authority. If this is to be carried out—and with the consent of the parents, I should not object—every boy who desires to join the corps, must write home about it."

"I daresay the boys will not object to do that," said Colonel Morley. "Will you, boys?"

"No sir, certainly not, we will write at once," was the ready answer.

"Very good. Then, there the matter had better stop until answers have been received. You must understand exactly what will have to be provided. The government I believe will, on application, if the formation of the corps has been duly certified, furnish carbines, bayonets, and side arms. But you would have to pay for uniforms and other accoutrements. Timmins the tailor, will give you the exact cost of these. I will desire him to send it to you."

"Thank you, sir, we will lose no time," said Holmes. They were about to leave the room, when the colonel called them back.

"Stop," he said. "I had forgotten one thing, of course your company would have its commissioned and non-commissioned officers. I suppose your brother would take the captaincy, would he not, Doctor?"

"He has heard nothing about this," said the headmaster, "but I make no doubt he would, if it was the general wish."

"That, no doubt, it would be; are there

any other of the masters, who would serve as commissioned officers?"

"Possibly Collins, but no one else."

"Then one or perhaps two of the boys would have to be made lieutenant and ensign. Sergeant Goldie, your drill-master, would of course be sergeant-major of the regiment. You would have to find several sergeants and corporals, and he I suppose would choose them. But it would be different with the commissioned officers."

"How would they be appointed, sir?" asked Bell.

"That you had better arrange among yourselves," was the reply. "Perhaps Dr. Chapman, or the captain, who ever he may be, would select them, or you might prefer electing them yourselves."

"I would rather not have the selection," said the Doctor, "and I think Edward, if he takes the captaincy, would say the same."

"How would you like choosing your own officers?" asked the colonel.

The boys looked at one another somewhat doubtfully, at last Hewett said, "I think that would be the best way. I think there can be no doubt who would be elected," he added, glancing with a meaning look at Monkton and Northcote.

No one contradicted him, and the boys, taking leave of their visitor, retired, full of eager excitement, to the playground, resolved to despatch the letters to their several homes without the loss of a post.

"How do you manage about your own officers?" asked the headmaster, when they were again alone.

"Oh, I have got over that," said his visitor. "My bailiff's two sons, who are smart young fellows, and did serve for a short time when they were in Ireland, are to be the captain, and senior lieutenant, and my secretary, and young Ballard, the miller's brother, take the other commissions. I am well off for sergeants and corporals, as both my butler Pritchard, and my keeper Hagan are old soldiers and understand their business thoroughly. Hagan was a sergeant in India for several years, Attwood also is an old militia-man."

"Hagan. That reminds me, colonel, I wanted to ask you about him. Do you know him so thoroughly well, that you can confidently answer for his respectability?"

"Yes, I think so," answered the other, though with some hesitation. "Why do you ask?"

"Because he has behaved somewhat strangely to my neighbour and friend, Mrs. Wood—the mother of the boy you wanted to see."

"Oh, aye, I remember. What has Hagan to do with her?"

"You may well ask. It appears that he knew her, some years ago—before either of them came into this neighbourhood; and he wanted to marry her, but she refused him; which made him very angry. He has renewed his offer, now that he has met her as a widow; and is (Mrs. Wood tells me) more angry than before, at her refusal. He has gone so far as to threaten her——"

"Threaten her! with what?"

"With some vague injury, which he is to do to her boy, I understand. He is—pardon me for saying it—a rather strange character. They say he is connected with smugglers——"

"With the smugglers? Have they any proof of that?"

"I do not know that they have. I am merely mentioning the *ou dit* of the neighbourhood. I should attribute no sort of weight to it, if it were not for the business about Mrs. Wood. But she is seriously alarmed, lest he and his lawless companions, if indeed he does keep their company, should hurt young Wood."

"Well, Doctor, this in some degree corresponds with what Lieutenant Roby told me some months ago. I will inquire into it, guardedly of course. Hagan is no doubt, as you say, a strange character, but I have reason to be deeply grateful to him, and should not like to adopt an unfavourable opinion of him, unless on positive proof. As regards this lad, young Wood, you must give him his bat. It is here in your hall. I meant to have given it myself, but I cannot stay any longer."

"I am surprised he is not here," said the Doctor, "it is past the usual time for a boy's return, and he is generally very punctual."

"He interests me much," said the old officer. "You have been speaking of his mother. She lives in the neighbourhood, does she not?"

"Yes, at Patcham. But she will receive no visitors. I wish she could be persuaded to do so."

"Of course then, I cannot ask for an introduction. But do you know the particulars of her history—her circumstances? I might be able to do something to help this lad, without seeing her."

"I know her history, but only under a promise of the strictest secrecy. There is nothing to her discredit, but her story is for certain reasons so painful to her, that she cannot bear to have it entered upon."

"In that case I can ask no more." The colonel bowed and withdrew.

CHAPTER XIV.

GEORGE WOOD had been delayed to a later hour than usual, by having had to accompany his mother into Leddenham that morning. It was the day when she received her quarterly dividends, and since Hagan's visit to her in the spring, she had been afraid of walking out alone. It was fully three o'clock before he could leave Patcham, and he was hurrying on as fast as he could, when at the entrance of Milstead he encountered Mr. Edward Chapman, who was engaged in conversation with M. de Normanville and Eugène, all three looking somewhat perplexed.

"Ha, George," exclaimed Mr. Chapman, as he came up, "this is fortunate. You will help us out of our difficulty. M. de Normanville is obliged unexpectedly to leave his lodgings, and is to rent the rooms immediately adjoining mine, if we can agree about them. I was just going to take Eugène down to Kingscourt to introduce him to the boys; but there will not be time for that and to settle about the lodgings too."

Will you take him and make him known to the senior boys. From what I can learn, he will probably be placed in the first or second class. On the whole it will be better for you, than for me, to introduce him, as you and he have become intimate, I understand, during the last few weeks."

"I shall be most happy to do so," returned Wood. "I shall of course make a point of speaking to Bell, and Shute, and one or two others about Eugène. I am sure there can't be any doubt but the fellows will like him very much. Anything in my power, I shall be most glad to do. It would be no more than a very small return for what he has done for me."

"You are most gracious, M. Georges," said M. de Normanville, "and my son is much honoured by your friendship. M. Edouart is so kind as to invite Eugène and myself to sleep at Kingscourt this night, so that we shall meet again before many hours."

They bowed and parted, Mr. Chapman and the Frenchman turning down the High Street, and the two boys proceeding to the house. In the hall they encountered Dennis, who informed Wood that the headmaster had sent for him an hour and a half before, and had left orders that he was to be shown into the study, as soon as he arrived.

"I am very sorry, Eugène," he said, as soon as he received this message. "I must go; but I daresay the Doctor won't detain me long. If you don't mind waiting a few minutes, I shall be back again directly."

He ran off, leaving Eugène in the hall, and knocked at the door of the study.

"Ha! is it you, George?" said Dr. Chapman. "I'm glad to see you. How did you leave your mother?"

"She is better, sir, and has been over to Leddenham to-day for the first time for three months."

"To Leddenham? Ah, I see. You stayed to accompany her. Well, George, I have two things to say to you. First, here is the bat which Colonel Morley has brought down from London for you. He was here an hour or so ago, intending to

give it to you himself. That is one matter. The other is of a great deal more importance. You will remember that I had some talk with you, before the holidays, as to your future career."

"Yes, sir; and I have again spoken to my mother, as you desired me to do."

"You have? What does she say?"

"She is much obliged to you for your kindness. She knows that my father would have wished me to go to the University, in preference to anything else, and that I wish it too—I can't tell you how much, sir. If it could possibly be managed, we should, both of us, be most thankful."

"I expected that would be your answer. Well, George, there are great difficulties in the way; but I have some hope—though not, I fear, very much—that they may be overcome. I know something of the Principal of St. Jorworth's College, Oxford. He has a nomination to a scholarship at his college, which he means to give away to some deserving case, and I have laid yours before him. He is well disposed to give it you. I have also spoken to the secretaries of one or two of the London Companies, who have exhibitions in their gift, and I feel pretty sure of success with them. Altogether we may raise as much as a hundred a year, perhaps. But that would not keep you at Oxford. The question is, can your mother do anything herself towards your maintenance there?"

"Very little, I fear, sir, though she will do all she can. She thinks she might, with the very strictest economy, afford twenty pounds a year."

"No more? I feared so. I am afraid you could not live at the University for less than £150 a year."

"I would be as economical as possible," said the boy.

"I don't doubt it, George," returned Dr. Chapman. "But I do not think you could make it do. If I were at liberty to lay the particulars of your mother's case before a friend," he added, hesitatingly, "I think I could secure you the means of going to Oxford. But I shall not do this without her

consent. Do you think you could persuade her to allow me to do so?"

"I should not like to try, sir," returned George, respectfully. "I know what pain it gives her when any reference to the past is made. I would rather give up going to the University, than distress her, as I know I should, by pressing her on the subject."

"Shake hands, George; I cannot help regretting it, but I will not urge you further. I am afraid this must be given up, but you will prosper none the less in life for your refusal to pain her."

Wood withdrew, and hastened back to the place where he had left Eugène. But the latter was gone, and it was ascertained that he had been sent into the playground, almost immediately after George's departure, by the housekeeper. She had found him loitering in the hall, and, supposing him to be simply one of the new boys, told him he must not stay there. Our hero immediately followed him; but he had no sooner entered the cricket-field, than he perceived that some disturbance had taken place, or rather was still in progress.

The five boys had quitted Dr. Chapman's room in the highest spirits. The prospect of a volunteer corps—and especially of a rifle corps—being formed among the Kingscourt boys was the thing above all others to delight them. During the holidays, as the reader has heard, they had seen a good deal of the soldiering spirit which was abroad in the country, and many of them had regretted their inability to join the regiments, which were everywhere being raised. They had seen lads, no older than themselves, admitted as privates, and in some cases, as commissioned officers, to the various corps. They had thought it very hard that they should be prevented from taking their part in the fun, because they were kept at school so much longer than plough-boys, and apprentices. But enlisting in a regiment where most of the officers and men too were, of necessity, strangers, would not be half so pleasant as the formation of a company consisting entirely of their own schoolfellows. The uniform, too, and the

accoutrements, and the parade, and the review—what a relief to the dull round of "As in præsentî," and vulgar fractions! how superior to the attractions of even the fives-court and the cricket-ground! The whole of the first class, excepting Bell and Shute, who had gone into the house, assembled under the shade of their favourite beech-trees, and were soon deep in the discussion of the proposed scheme, which in their eyes was already as good as settled. What would be the pattern of the uniform, and the cap; what place would be chosen for the parade, and what for the practising ground? Would Longshanks take the captaincy, and Collins, the lieutenantcy? What kind of officers would they make if they did, and who would be appointed, if they did not? These and a dozen like questions were being eagerly handled, when their attention was suddenly drawn to a fracas, which was going on among the juniors at the further end of the ground.

Eugène de Normanville, obeying the directions given him, had entered the broad field, in which he saw the school assembled, and walking up to the nearest group, was about to address them with the courtesy of his nation, when he was repelled by the stare of surprise and awkward embarrassment, which he read on every face. All the boys composing the cluster were much younger than himself. His height, strength, and foreign look at once awed and offended them. Nothing was said for a minute or two; and then Archy Cook, an urchin whose natural impudence was a good deal increased by his near relationship to one of the first-class boys, ventured at last to inquire the new-comer's name.

"I am Eugène de Normanville," returned the French lad, "at your service. You are, I suppose, my fellows of the school?"

"Eugène what?" exclaimed Archy, saucily, "a rum name that!"

"Eugène de Normanville," repeated the other, a little affronted, "I was called when we lived in France, the Vicomte de Chaumont—that was the name of our estate, and my father was the Marquis de Nor

manville. But all titles have now been abolished in France."

"Oh, I daresay—you a viscount, hey? You look like one, don't you? I say, you fellows, come up here. Here's a fellow who says he is a viscount, and his father a marquis! Here's a go!"

"The Marquis of Carabas, I should think," suggested Charley Thorne, who was a faithful likeness in miniature of his cousin Dick, "and this is my Lord Viscount Pussin-boots! How many mice has your viscountship caught to-day?"

"It's frogs he eats, not mice," said Archy. "I say, my lord, there's a famous lot of 'em down by the pond there—famous eating for a mounseer! Let me show you the way!"

"You are insolent, you English *canaille*," retorted Eugène, angrily. "You are insolent, and know not courtesy. I shall leave you. You will be pleased to stand out of my path!"

He pushed his way through them. The action, combined with his angry words, roused still further the reckless spirit of mischief, by which that *enfant terrible, par excellence*, the English schoolboy of thirteen—has ever been possessed. They began straightway to divert themselves with the stranger after their peculiarly merciless fashion. They danced round and round him, making hideous grimaces, and heaping on him the copious terms of abuse, wherewith the French in that day were wont to be assailed. They hustled one another against him, and apologised with elaborate politeness for the accident: they trod heavily on his toes in front, and poked him with sharp sticks from behind; and no sooner did he turn on one of his assailants, who eluded his grasp, as easily as a fly escapes from a horse's nose in summer, than half-a-dozen others galled him in flank and rear.

After many ineffectual attempts, he succeeded at last in catching one of his tormentors, no other than Archy Cook, by the collar, and wresting from him the long stick, wherewith the young caitiff had been

persistently harassing him in the rear, proceeded to lay it sharply over his back and shoulders. This process elicited a loud howl, less of pain than of indignation, from the sufferer, and presently attracted the attention of the seniors of the school, as they still sat in conclave under the beech-trees.

"What's the row there?" exclaimed Monkton, "who is that big fellow, and what is he after?"

"I don't know who he is," remarked Holmes, "but he is pitching it into one of the juniors there, pretty sharp!"

"It's the son of the new French master," said Northcote. "I saw him in the hall half-an-hour ago, and asked Dennis who he was."

"And it is your brother Archy, Cook, whom he is walloping," added Hewett. "Of course he doesn't know he is your brother, or you may be sure he wouldn't——"

"Shut up that, Ralph," broke in Holmes. "I say, Cook, I shouldn't stand that if I were you."

"I'm *not* going to stand it," returned Cook, stepping forward. "Here I say, you French fellow, who on earth are you, and what do you mean by pitching into my brother after that fashion? Just stop that, will you, or you'll get something you won't like yourself!"

He hurried up as he spoke, and seizing one end of the stick, endeavoured to wrench it out of Eugène's grasp. But the latter was by no means mollified at the tone of Cook's address. He turned angrily on his new assailant, and measured his tall thick-set figure with very evident disparagement. Then he said haughtily, his excitement rendering his foreign accent still more marked:

"Your brother is he? Make him then offer the apology for his impertinence, or I shall chastise him the more."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," cried Cook, whose temper was roused by what he considered the French fellow's impudence. "Let go that stick, I tell you. I don't

know what all this is about, but I do know that I'll give you the best thrashing a Frenchman ever got from an Englishman, if you don't leave off this."

"You will strike me at your peril," shouted Eugène, wrenching away the stick, and standing on his defence. Cook doubled his fist, and rushing in, struck his adversary a blow in the face, which prostrated him in the dust. Eugène sprang up with the fury of a tiger, and flew at his adversary's throat; but being totally ignorant of the use of his fists, and unable to guard his face, was a second time struck down, with more violence than before, amid the derisive plaudits of the boys, who were delighted at the overthrow of the Frenchman.

Severely hurt, but in no way daunted, the latter sprang up again, and was about to renew the battle, when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and Wood's voice was heard exclaiming "Eugène, what is the matter? How has this come about?"

Eugène turned round, and saw that his friend had just come up from the house.

"It is not my fault, Georges," he said. "I was told by madame the matron to come hither. The lesser ones insulted and struck me, and afterwards this bigger one assaulted me. But I am ready to combat him again."

"Why did you attack him, Cook?" asked Wood.

"Because he was thrashing my brother, if you want to know," answered Cook defiantly. "He has got a little of what he deserves, and if he wants more, there's plenty for him."

"What made you thrash Archy Cook, Eugène?" inquired George.

"He insulted my country. He stamped on my foot; he threw dirt on me," returned the excited French boy—"he and the others. I tried to get away from them, but they would persist to follow me."

"If your brother did that, Cook," observed Wood "you can hardly wonder that Eugène——"

"What business is it of yours, Wood?"

broke in Cook insolently; "do you think I am going to be called to account by you?"

"I'll tell you what business it is of mine," returned the other. "In the first place, Eugène de Normanville is my friend, and I am not going to stand by and see him ill-used and bullied. In the next place, Longshanks particularly asked me to make him known to the first-class boys. In the third place, he is quite new to England, and the ways of English boys, and therefore, I think that in any case you might have made some allowance for him."

"I daresay Cook would have done so," observed Hewett, "if this fellow hadn't struck his brother. You cannot blame him for standing up for his brother. You would not have him stand by and see his brother thrashed, I am sure! and Archy meant nothing but a joke."

"He might have prevented him from thrashing Archy, without knocking him about in that way," retorted Wood, glancing at Eugène's bruised face and bloody nostrils. "He knows that French fellows don't understand how to fight with their fists, and that therefore it wasn't fair——"

"Do you mean to charge Cook with being a coward?" asked Hewett.

"Wood didn't say anything about cowardice, Hewett," struck in Bell, who had now joined the party. "You needn't try to make bad worse!"

"I!" exclaimed Hewett, "I try to make matters worse!"

"Yes, you," returned Bell. "Wood only said it was unfair——"

"That is much the same, to my mind," interposed Cook. "Look here, I am not going to be dictated to by Wood, and I am not going to be dictated to by Bell either. If this French chap chooses to beg my pardon, and promises not to meddle with my brother again, well and good. But if he doesn't——"

"I beg your pardon," broke in Eugène hotly. "I will not do that. Rather should you beg mine!"

"Very good; then you may take the consequences!" He advanced upon his

antagonist as he spoke, and aimed another heavy blow at him, but it was turned aside by Wood.

"What do you mean by that, Wood?" exclaimed Cook, turning angrily upon him.

"I mean that I shall not allow you to pitch it into Eugène any more," returned Wood.

"You will not? In fact, you mean that if I attempt to lick him, you will fight me?"

"I don't want to fight you, but if there is no other way of stopping you, I will."

"No, no," interposed Bell, "this is really monstrous. I must say, Cook, from all I can hear about this, I think your brother deserved a good deal of what he got; and, in any case, you have taken more than sufficient revenge for what was done. You can't blame Wood for interfering to help this French fellow, when you have been told that Longshanks especially put him under his charge. And you know, too, that Wood is no match for you in weight or strength."

"Keep your palaver to yourself," broke in Cook savagely; "you are always interfering in Wood's behalf. I tell you what, Bell—if Wood's no match for me in size, anyway *you* are——"

"I'm sure Wood will never agree to let Bell fight for him——" began Hewett.

"No one is going to fight for me," interposed Wood. "I am going to fight for myself. Austen, will you be my second?"

"Yes, of course, if you must fight," said Bell reluctantly, "but I see nothing to fight about."

"Don't you?" said Cook, "we do, you see."

He stripped off his coat and waistcoat as he spoke, and handed them to Hewett. Wood did the same, and the fight began.

The combatants, as Bell had remarked, were not equally matched. Cook was nearly eighteen; tall, stoutly built, and the strongest boy in the school, next to Monkton. Wood was a year younger, of a much slighter build, and three inches shorter. His only advantage over Cook lay in his superior activity, which enabled him sometimes to evade his antagonist's blows, and

sometimes to strike before the other was fully prepared to receive the blow. The boys, who were aware to some extent, of the bitter grudge which Cook bore to his adversary, and guessed that he had caught at this opportunity of indulging his enmity, expected to see Wood speedily and utterly crushed, undergoing heavy punishment in the process. They were surprised to see the contest protracted for fully half-an-hour—at the end of which time, Wood, though doubtless he had sustained more damage than he had inflicted, was still unconquered. How much longer the battle might have lasted, it is hard to say: but it was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Edward Chapman, who, returning from the furthest point of Milstead in company with M. de Normanville, had taken the path to Kingscourt, which led through the cricket-field. The boys were so intent on the round which was proceeding, that they did not perceive his presence, until they were startled by his angry exclamation. "What is this about?"

His words fell like a thunderbolt. The combatants dropped their guard, and stood confounded. Hewett slipped quietly away from his station as Cook's second and buried himself in the throng. The boys stared at one another, wondering what was to come next.

"What is this about, I say?" repeated Mr. Chapman. "Cook and, I declare, Wood!—two of the head boys, and on the very first day of the new half-year! Whatever does it mean? Tell me, Bell. You at least generally have your senses about you."

"A new boy—a French boy, I believe, sir—was annoyed by some of the juniors," answered Bell. "He struck one of them, who happened to be Cook's brother. Cook took it up——"

"A French boy—that must be Eugène, of course," said Mr. Chapman. "Let me hear your account of this, Eugène."

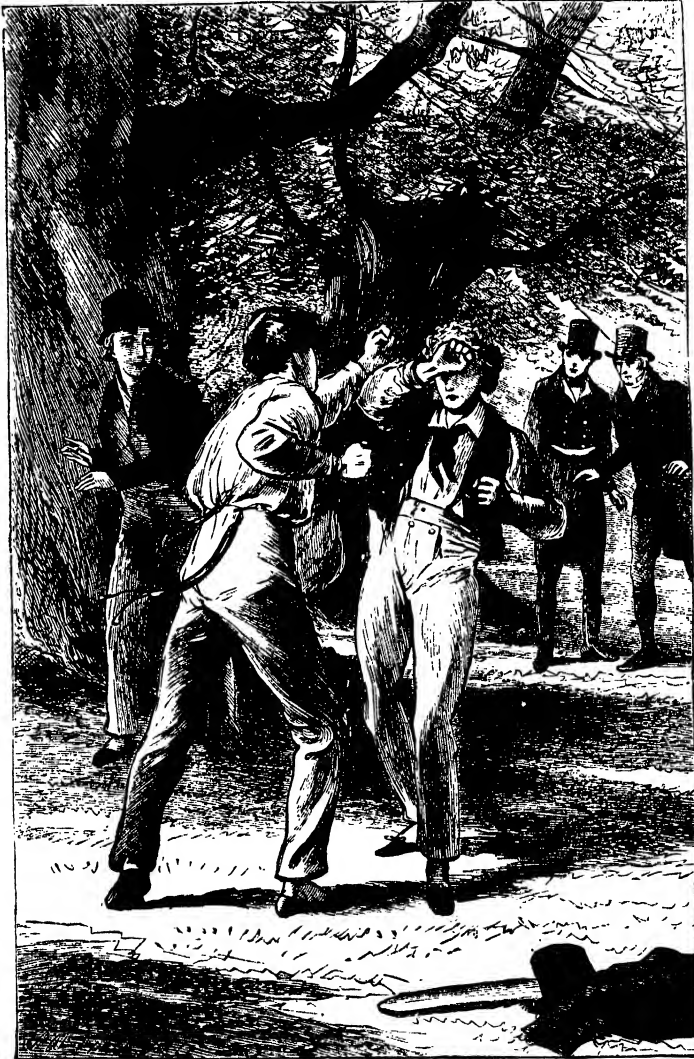
Eugène complied, and explained clearly enough what had occurred, adding his profound distress, that Wood should have

incurred so much pain and damage on his account.

‘I need not tell you, my father,” he said, “that I tried to dissuade M. Georges, my friend, from fighting in my behalf. But I

could not get any one to hearken to me. I am ready to take up the combat now——”

“No, no, Eugène,” said Mr. Chapman, “we have had too much fighting already. You and M. de Normanville had better go



to my lodgings at once. I will join you there in a few minutes. Do you accompany them, Wood, and when you have repaired damages, I shall be glad to speak with you.”

“Cook,” he continued, turning, after a few words with M. de Normanville, to the

boy named, who had resumed his coat and was leaning sulkily against a tree; “Cook, this is not a very creditable affair. I should have hoped that you would have had more generous feeling than to insult and strike a stranger, who was almost helpless. You ought to be ashamed of yourself also, for

having fought with Wood, who, you must know, in point of strength, was no match for you. M. de Normanville has made it a special request that I will not punish you, and I know not under such circumstances how to refuse him. But you will go into the house at once, and up to your bedroom. Boys, I must tell you also, that this business reflects no credit on you either, though none of you are so much to blame as Cook. I had thought better of you."

He walked away in the midst of a very uncomfortable silence, and repaired to his lodgings, where he found M. de Normanville awaiting him, but Eugène had asked leave to retire for the night. Shortly afterwards they were joined by Wood.

M. de Normanville took George's hand with all the grace and *empressement* of a French nobleman.

"M. Georges," he said, "I am deeply concerned that you should have sustained injury in my son's behalf. He would not have allowed it, believe me, if he could have prevented it. We have lost much—we De Normanvilles—but we have not lost our honour!"

"I know that, sir," returned Wood, "and I would have let Eugène fight Cook, only I knew that he had never been taught to box, and therefore it would have been merely allowing Cook to knock him about as he pleased. When Eugène has learned how to use his hands, he'll drub Cook, I'll be bound, and do it well too. He has plenty of pluck, as I have good reason to know!"

"Pluck! Ah, that is your schoolboys' name for courage. Yes, Eugène has courage. He would not be of our race if he had not. Shall I tell you what took place two years and a half ago? It was the depth of winter. Eugène had been hunting the chamois with some of the peasants of the Oberland. He was returning to our *chalet*, which lay a long distance off. The evening was coming on, when he met two girls who were hurrying

homewards, as fast as they were able, but had become so exhausted, that they appeared every moment to be on the point of falling. He learned from them in a few hurried words that they were pursued by wolves, who were but a short distance behind. And truly a few minutes afterwards he could hear the howling of the pack, who had scented their prey, and were coming down the pass in a dense body. Eugène is swift of foot, and could have escaped without difficulty, but the girls could never have reached the village, though it was not so far off.

"Just at the spot, there were the remains of an old hut. It had been put up, we were told, many years before for the accommodation of travellers. It was raised on four posts to escape the floods, which sometimes come sweeping down the valley, but it had long been ruinous, and it had no roof. The girls wanted to climb into it, but he would not let them. 'It cannot be defended for any length of time,' he said, 'but it may hold out long enough to enable you to reach the village, and send help. Run for your lives. Be assured no wolf shall pass this spot.'

"The girls obeyed him, and Eugène scrambled up and laid the broken door before the opening. In five minutes the pack had come up, and the leader had fallen dead by a bullet from his rifle. The wolves stopped, and, for a moment or two, seemed half inclined to take to flight. Then their savage nature asserted itself, and they rushed at the doorway, trying to force their way in. The doorsill was not above three feet from the ground, and Eugène had no time to load again. He could only stab at them with the *couteau de chasse* which he always carried, and in this manner he contrived to keep them off for a quarter of an hour or so. But the exertion was so great that he could not have maintained the struggle five minutes more, when a number of men from the village came up, armed with guns, and drove the wolves off."

PHOTOGRAPHY WITH HOME-MADE APPARATUS.



F all pursuits of a technical nature photography is perhaps the most entrancing. The power which it affords of being able to seize and fix impressions of scenes which we may not again have the opportunity of visiting, or of the faces of those whom time may part from us, perhaps for ever, seems too wonderful to be within the bounds of possibility. But we have reason to know that photography is capable of all this, for the expenditure of a very trifling sum will put us in possession of a picture which will

rival in absolute correctness the work of the most accomplished draughtsman.

The beautiful art of photography may be said to be the child of two sciences—namely, optics and chemistry. The first-named gives us the means to control the influence of light by means of proper lenses, and the second enables us to prepare a certain sensitive surface on which that light is received and upon which it acts. Although this method of obtaining pictures is now so widely known that evidence of its work can be found in every quarter of the habitable globe, it is but a new thing. The old alchemists knew but one fact connected with it—namely, that a certain salt of silver would darken on exposure to light. This little bit of knowledge was recorded merely as an isolated fact regarding the behaviour of the substance in question, and no application then resulted from it. Still it is worthy of notice as being the sole chemical

contribution to the foundation of the art of photography until the beginning of the present century. You have doubtless most of you, at some time or other, had reason to repeat the same experiment, for the chemical substance alluded to is lunar caustic, or nitrate of silver, which is seen to blacken on the finger after it has been applied to stop the growth of a wart.

The real starting-point of the art may be traced to the invention of the camera obscura by Battista Porta in the sixteenth century. Battista Porta was a Neapolitan who seems to have been much in advance of the age in which he lived. He busied himself with natural philosophy, and has left a record of his work. But what we are now concerned with is the camera obscura. By very simple means we can construct one in miniature which will give us more information in a few minutes than a long written description could possibly afford. Take a cardboard collar-box, remove the lid, and fill up the space which it occupied by pasting over it a piece of tissue or tracing-paper. Now cut a hole the size of a sixpence in the bottom of the box, and turn it towards the window. We shall then see on the tissue screen a correct but inverted image, in the varied tints of nature, of all that is passing outside. The image will be somewhat dull and blurred, but the addition of a lens, such as an ordinary reading-glass, will render it sharp and clear, provided that the glass be held at a certain distance from the screen. This distance will vary according to the particular focal length of the glass used; but it is easily found by trial. A cigar box, with a sliding tube to hold and adjust the lens at one end, and a sheet of ground glass at the other extremity will give a better result. With less trouble we may illustrate the principle of the camera by holding a magnifying-glass above a sheet of

paper under an ordinary gasalier, when we shall see clearly depicted on the paper an image of the lamp and shade with all their details. Whichever way we try the experiment, it will become evident to us that a lens, under certain conditions of light, is capable of giving us pictures of whatever may be placed before it. The human eye is furnished with such a lens, which depicts upon the retina at the back of the eyeball pictures of the scenes we look at. A network of nerves is spread out there to receive these impressions, and these nerves transmit to the brain the sensation which we call sight.

The camera obscura was, as I have said, invented three centuries ago. It was used by various artists as a help in drawing, and in the last century it was a common thing to see a room devoted to it attached to country residences. But in late years it is seldom seen except at places of amusement, where it is placed for the amusement of visitors. In these cases it generally consists of a darkened room, with a lens and slanting mirror at the top which can be turned round every way, the image being cast upon a whitened table in the middle of the chamber. Such an arrangement may be seen at the Crystal Palace and at other places. It is not surprising that, seeing the wonderful effects produced by such simple apparatus, many people endeavoured to find out some means of rendering the fleeting pictures permanent. Many eminent men turned their attention to it, and endeavoured to solve the problem. In 1802 Wedgwood, with whose name you will be familiar, published a method of taking sun-pictures on leather or paper which had been brushed over with a solution of nitrate of silver. He did not use this method in connection with a camera, but obtained copies of ferns, lace, and engravings, by laying them above the prepared surface. Where this surface was, by the lines of the engraving or the threads of the lace, protected from the light, it remained white; but where the sun was allowed to act upon it, it turned black, and so the pictures were produced. But they were

quickly lost, for no method was discovered of stopping the action, and the whole surface of the paper or leather speedily presented one blackened sheet. In other words, the image could not be fixed.

Some years later a Frenchman, named Daguerre, discovered that plates of silver which had been treated with Iodine underwent a change when exposed in the camera, and that the after-application of the vapour of quicksilver would cause a coating of that metal to be deposited on those parts of the plate which had been acted upon by the light. In this way the first photograph or daguerreotype, as it was called, was given to the world. After this discovery inventors became very busy in endeavouring to improve the process. The opticians lent their aid in providing suitable lenses, until at last the art has reached a pitch of perfection which must have been undreamt of by its originators. Very many different processes have been invented as substances were found which were sensitive to light, but the best and most reliable is that known as the Collodion process. This is in common use in the present day, and I shall presently describe it in detail.

Having learnt from our experiments that an image may be obtained by means of a lens and a suitable screen, we shall now be in a better position to understand the construction of the camera used by photographers. Such a camera I will now endeavour to describe in such a manner that you will not have much difficulty in manufacturing one for your own use. But it must be borne in mind that the work requires great neatness and accuracy. These two essentials can be much better secured by making full-sized drawings on paper, before the work is actually commenced. A precaution which applies more or less to all good carpentry.

The best wood for the purpose is mahogany; for it gives the requisite hardness, is not liable to warp, and is easy to work. It must be perfectly flat, free from flaws, and straight in the grain; that is to say, it must be without that figured grain which is so

valued for ornamental purposes. The base-board and some other parts will require $\frac{3}{4}$ inch stuff; but the body of the camera will require wood of less substance, say $\frac{3}{8}$ inch in thickness. The most simple form of camera consists essentially of two boxes which fit, telescope fashion, one inside the other, the outer one being fixed to a projecting base-board. A reference to Fig. 1. will

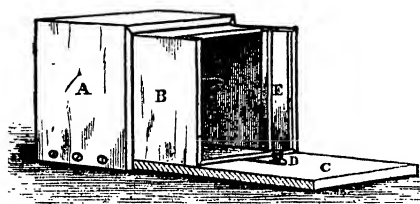


Fig. 1.

make the matter more easily understood: A is the outer box; B the inner box, sliding upon C, the projecting base-board. Attached to the under side of B is a projecting piece of brass plate, through which passes a milled screw, D. This screw slides along a narrow slit in the base-board, and is intended to fix B at any point of its progress. It is shown on a larger scale in section at Fig. 2. It will be seen that the object of this sliding arrangement is for the purpose of focusing the image, which in our previous

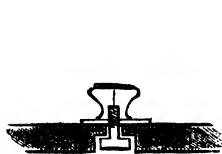


Fig. 2.

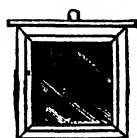


Fig. 3.

experiments was done by moving the magnifying glass. The groove, E, is for the reception of the ground-glass screen (Fig. 3.); and the closed end of A has a hole in it for the accommodation of the lens. I think that you will now understand the connection and use of the various parts which I have described, I will therefore furnish the details for their construction.

The camera is really so like a couple of boxes, that no particular directions beyond mere measurements are necessary for making

it. Those who can make a good box—which every boy should know how to do—will be able to make a respectable camera. Should the knowledge of the workman extend to dove-tailing the corners, so much the better. If not, the corners may be mitred and fastened together by inserting tongues of hard wood in cross saw-cuts made for the purpose. When dry, the projecting pieces may be cut off, and the whole planed up, when a very neat join will be made. Fig. 4.

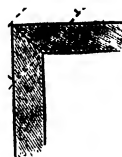


Fig. 4.

will show the manner in which the wood is cut, the dotted lines representing the piece inserted. If we are not clever enough to attempt even this, we must be content with glue and brads. The most important point is to make the corners perfectly square, so that the outside of B will fit into the inside of A without there being room for a slip of paper between them. The dimensions of the camera must vary according to the size of the photographs which are required. I should certainly advise my young friends not to aim too high at first, but to be content with a small size. Large cameras mean large pictures, large quantities of chemicals, large glasses, and large everything else. It is therefore better to begin with small things, as we shall thereby save much trouble and expense. Those, however, who wish at once to plunge into large work, can easily multiply the figures I give to meet their more extended ideas.

The dimensions are as follows:— Inside measurement of A which will be of course just about the outside measurement of B,— $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches square. Each box must be $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep; the length of the base-board being 12 inches. It will be noticed that the top of B is not carried over the groove E, as the ground-glass screen is dropped into its

place from above. The groove can be neatly formed by attaching four slips of wood, two on each side to the interior of B. The screw, D, can be purchased at any photographic depot. When the camera is so far finished, it must be blackened inside by the application of a mixture of lamp-black and thin gum-water. This mixture should be rubbed up on a piece of glass with a knife until perfectly smooth: it can then be diluted with water and applied with a brush.

The next operation will be to make the ground-glass screen, which you will remember was, in our camera obscura, represented by a piece of tissue paper. We shall here want a piece of wood, 1 inch in thickness, which is the capacity of the groove E, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch in depth, and 2 feet long. We must plane and groove it so that its end or section will appear like Fig. 5. When this is done it must be cut into

four pieces with mitred corners, like the four sides of a picture frame, and glued and nailed together. The groove is for the reception of the piece of ground-glass,

which, of course, must be placed in position before the last of the four sides is joined up. A flat piece of wood attached to the frame, to fit the top of B, will finish the screen. But we must not omit to fasten a little loop of leather to its upper side, by which we can pull it in and out of its place. It is usual to draw diagonal pencil lines on the ground-glass from corner to corner, so that the centre is accurately known. This precaution saves much trouble in using the instrument.

We now come to the really difficult part of our work, the construction of which will test all our capabilities. I mean the dark slide, or box within which the sensitised surface is placed so that the light from the lens may be impressed upon it. Let us consider first of all what is required of this dark slide. First and foremost it must be, when closed, perfectly impervious to light. Secondly, it must contain at one side a door, for the entrance and exit of the sensitised glass plate, and at the other side

a shutter which can be drawn up and down from the outside of the camera; this last being the means whereby the sensitive surface is exposed within the camera to the action of the light. Let us now see whether we cannot fulfil these conditions. The section of the frame of the dark slide is somewhat different from that required for the ground-glass screen; although in external dimensions they both agree, for they both occupy at different times the space afforded by the groove E. The section is shown full size at Fig. 6. The length of wood required for this frame will be only 18

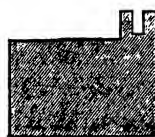


Fig. 6.

inches, as the top will consist of a separate piece. It is most important, in putting it together, that the corners be mitred with great care, so that the groove in which the shutter is to work may form a continuous

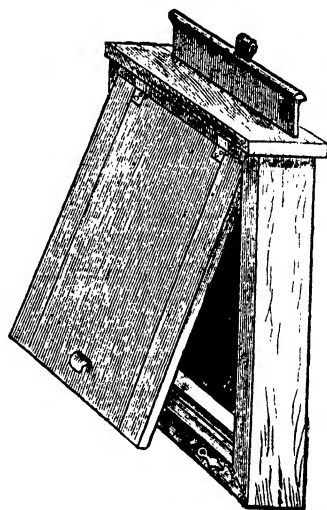


Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.

channel on the bottom and the two sides. When the two lower corners have been joined up, a $\frac{3}{4}$ piece of wood must be fitted across the top to hold the hinges of the door: see Figs. 7 and 8. Before this piece

is actually fixed, it will be as well to make the door and to attach the hinges, so as to make this part of the work complete. The hinges should be sunk for greater neatness; and, after their screws are driven home, a few touches of a flat file will remove all roughnesses.

The shutter must next be made. By referring to the section of the dark slide, Fig. 8, it will be seen that the lower edge of the shutter is cut, so as to bed firmly into the groove below, the same treatment being necessary at both sides. But of course care must be taken that it runs up and down with sufficient freedom. The form of its edge is a special precaution against the admission of light, and it is a point of very great importance. At its lower part it is furnished with a hinge, which may be made of indiarubber, cloth, or any soft substance which is quite opaque. This hinge is very convenient for turning over the shutter flat on the top of the camera when it is drawn up ready for the exposure of a plate. But it entails some difficulty in construction, owing to the very thin material of which the shutter is made. Its use is not indispensable, although very convenient. The projection shown in Fig. 8, just below this hinge, is a slip of wood to prevent the shutter from being pulled out too far. The top of the shutter is furnished with a round beading, which is grooved for its reception. This beading has a tongue of leather for a

dark slide when a smaller picture is required than the full size afforded by the camera. The opening in its centre is furnished at the corners with small bars of silver wire, to hold the glass plate in its place. It is evident that with a sufficient number of these carriers, photographs of any smaller size can be taken with the same dark slide.

Referring once more to the section, Fig. 8, there are one or two points which yet require explanation. On the right hand side is the shutter which, as in Fig. 7, is partly raised. Next to the shutter is shown the edge of the carrier, in which is a glass plate. Against this plate rests a curved brass spring, which is fastened by a screw to the inside of the hinged door. The object of this spring, which pushes against the glass plate directly the door is shut, is to keep the sensitive plate firmly in one place during the time it is in the dark slide. It must be carefully noted that the dark slide must be so constructed that, when in position, the glass plate within it must occupy exactly the same position as that previously taken by the ground-glass. It stands to reason, that the image carefully focused on the one, must fall in exactly the same place on the other, if we desire to produce a good picture.

When the camera is completed it will be necessary to make a stand for it. The most simple and easy to construct is that which consists of a flat triangular top, with projecting pieces at the corners, see Fig. 10.

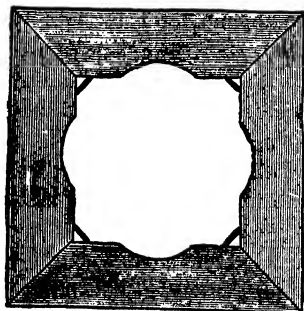


Fig. 9.

handle, like that attached to the ground-glass screen. Fig. 9 represents what is called a carrier. It is a frame which fits into the

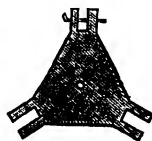


Fig. 10.

Fig. 11.

It should be made out of inch wood. The legs are cut as shown at Fig. 11, and they are fastened to the body by metal pins. The three legs should be pointed at their lower ends, so as to take firm hold of the ground. The triangular body of the stand should be about 7 inches across, and the

legs of such a length that the top of the camera will be on a level with the eyes. The camera can be fastened on the stand by means of a thumb-screw through the hole shown in Fig. 10. The constructor must continually bear in mind that his apparatus must be capable of being packed up in a small compass for convenience of carriage; for this reason the stand is made so that it will take to pieces in a few minutes. The base-board of the camera may be hinged, so that it will shut up into half its usual bulk, in order that it may fulfil the same conditions.

Good photographs can only be taken with good lenses, and I need hardly say that the construction of a good lens for photographic purposes is quite beyond the powers of anyone unused to such work. We must, therefore, depend upon what we can get from dealers; and on enquiry shall find that the prices of lenses range from fifty shillings to as many guineas. But a good lens can often be picked up second-hand for a few shillings, and I should advise a beginner to turn his attention to this source for his first purchase. In the limited space at my disposal it would be impossible to give a description of the different glasses grouped under the two headings of landscape and portrait lenses. The former are many of them available for taking groups of people, but are quite useless for portraiture. The latter are, on the other hand, quite useless for landscape, but can be used for copying pictures, maps, as well as for portraiture. The amateur must then make up his mind as to which class of work he wishes to devote his energies to, and he can then choose his lens accordingly. If he be rich enough, he can rejoice in a lens of each description, and the same camera will do for either kind of work. In this case the face of the camera must be removable, working in grooves, so that a duplicate face holding the other lens can be placed in position without any delay.

One of the first necessities to a photographer is a room, or den, as his friends will probably call it, where he can keep his

bottles and apparatus. If possible this room should be divided into two, so that one division may constitute the indispensable dark room. But if space is not available, we must be content with the use of one room, which can be darkened at pleasure. It must be remembered that light is of a compound nature, that is, it consists of different rays having different properties. The photographer need not shut out all these rays, but he must sternly refuse admittance to those which act upon his various preparations. Such rays are called the chemical rays. To do this he must furnish his window with some orange-coloured medium, which will only allow the harmless rays to pass. Coloured glass is commonly used, but it is rather expensive. Orange-coloured paper may be pasted over glass, and varnished. Then there is calico, and a kind of tissue which is sold expressly for the purpose. In short, in the choice of material the operator must be guided by his resources and the capacity of his work-room. One very good plan is to have a frame covered with orange calico hung on hinges just above the window. A string running over a pulley-wheel lowers it or raises it out of the way in half a minute. In the absence of anything better, good work can be done by a persevering worker in a small cupboard, with a lantern furnished with red or orange glass. The room should contain shelves for bottles, etc., and a table on which the necessary apparatus for developing a photograph may be conveniently placed. It should also, if possible, contain a small sink, with a water tap above it. But in their absence the more modest jug and pail must represent them. A large earthenware jar should be kept for all waste solutions, as the silver which they contain can be recovered. Dealers give the full value for such residues, and their collection therefore becomes a means of lessening the cost of the work. The room should be kept as free of dust as possible, and should be light-tight at all parts.

As we now approach that part of our

subject which deals with chemicals, I must impress upon my readers the necessity of being most cautious in their use. I purposely avoid those of a highly poisonous nature; but still, those that are requisite are certainly not fit to be taken inwardly, or they may lead to very unpleasant results. And although this caution may seem to some unnecessary, it is intended for others who may be careless enough to leave solutions in the way of children or pet animals, who are never very particular in their tastes, particularly when their curiosity is excited by anything which is new in appearance.

Another caution is necessary as to the extreme cleanliness which must be observed in dealing with all bottles and other vessels which may be used, otherwise failure is a foregone conclusion. The value of this caution will be appreciated when it is known that a speck of dust or the contact of a glass plate with a dirty cloth, although at the time it may leave no perceptible stain, is quite sufficient to spoil what might otherwise have been a good photograph. The chemicals required, which should all be kept in stoppered bottles properly labelled, are the following. The prices attached are those for which they can be obtained in London, but no doubt some variation will be found in other localities. The quantities given are those to which I should advise a beginner to limit himself.

		s.	d.
Negative collodion	2 oz. . . .	1	0
Alcohol	2 oz. . . .	0	8
Nitrate of silver	1 oz. . . .	3	6
Distilled water	$\frac{1}{2}$ gall. . . .	0	6
Acetate of soda	1 oz. . . .	0	2
Sulphate of iron	1 lb. . . .	0	4
Glacial acetic acid	2 oz. . . .	0	4
Nitric acid	1 oz. . . .	0	1
Pyrogallie acid	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. . . .	1	6
Citric acid	1 oz. . . .	0	6
Hypo-sulphite of soda	2 lbs. . . .	0	6
Chloride of gold	15 grains	2	0
Biearbonate of soda	1 oz. . . .	0	1
*Negative varnish	4 oz. bottle	1	0
Tripoli	1 oz. . . .	0	3

The apparatus required will be as follows. camera; lens; stand; a square yard of black

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calico, to place over the head while focusing; glass or porcelain bath and dipper; stand for same (see Fig. 12); pneumatic

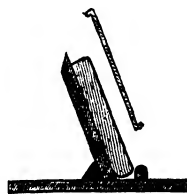


Fig. 12.

plate-holder (Fig. 15); flat camel-hair brush; three developing cups; grooved box to hold glass plates; printing frame (Fig. 13); three porcelain or gutta-percha dishes; stoppered bottles; glass funnel; one ounce graduated

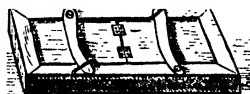


Fig. 13.

measure; glass rod; box of scales and weights; blotting paper; filter papers; test tubes; spirit lamp; cotton wool; glass cloth; wash-leather; plate cleaning-board (Fig. 14); and pestle and mortar.

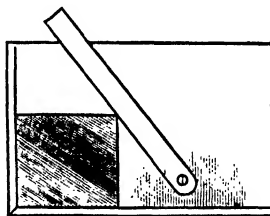


Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.

I hope that this rather formidable list of things requisite will not frighten away any would-be photographers. Those who can spare the money cannot do better than buy them out and out, but those who prefer to try and make some of them can do so without much trouble. The bath-stand, for instance, can be made in a very few minutes; for it merely consists of a slanting board. The developing cups can be made out of china egg-cups, with their stems ground off. The grooved plate-box can easily be made

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Fig. 12.

plate-holder (Fig. 15); flat camel-hair brush; three developing cups; grooved box to hold glass plates; printing frame (Fig. 13); three porcelain or gutta-percha dishes; stoppered bottles; glass funnel; one ounce graduated

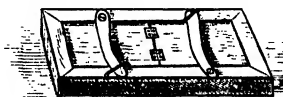


Fig. 13.

measure; glass rod; box of scales and weights; blotting paper; filter papers; test tubes; spirit lamp; cotton wool; glass cloth; wash-leather; plate cleaning-board (Fig. 14); and pestle and mortar.

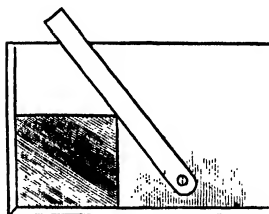


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at home. The printing frame will only cost about sixpence, and had better be bought. The dishes can be made out of square pieces of slate held in a grooved frame about 2 inches in depth. Such a dish can be rendered water-tight by the application of marine glue, a useful compound, which can be bought at the photographic warehouse. Stoppered bottles can be obtained very cheaply second-hand, and are none the worse for wear. The glass plates can be obtained from the glaziers, quite good enough for first attempts. The glass cleaning-board can also be made at home, and although Fig. 14 almost explains itself, it will be as well to point out how it is made and used. It consists of a wooden board about fifteen inches long by twelve broad. Along two of its sides is nailed a strip of wood, which forms a raised edge about the sixteenth of an inch high. A wooden lever, fastened by a screw, completes it. The glass plate is placed in the corner formed by the raised edges, and the lever is held firmly against it with the left hand, the other hand being left free to vigorously polish the surface. It will be noticed that the use of this board obviates the necessity of touching the plate with the fingers except at the extreme edges.

Before describing the operation of taking a photograph, I will give a list of the solutions required, all of which will keep well except the intensifier which must be made the moment before it is wanted. The silver bath will be made as follows :—

Nitrate of silver	5 drs.
Nitric acid	1 drop.
Distilled water	10 oz.

The crystals of the silver nitrate must be powdered in the mortar, and mixed with a little of the distilled water in a test tube. It must be held in the flame of the spirit-lamp for a few seconds, when it will quickly dissolve. It may then be placed in the bath and the rest of the water added to fill it up, the single drop of nitric acid being added last of all. The bath should have a cardboard cover to keep it free from dust,

and it should never remain uncovered except when a plate is being placed in it or withdrawn.

The Developer.

Sulphate of iron	$\frac{1}{4}$ oz.
Glacial acetic acid	$\frac{1}{4}$ oz.
Alcohol	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Distilled water	8 oz.

The Intensifier.

No. 1. Pyro-gallic acid	3 grs.
Water	1 oz.
No. 2. Nitrate of silver	5 grs.
Citric acid	10 grs.
Acetic acid	$\frac{1}{2}$ dr.
Water	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.

In use, pour sufficient of No. 1 over the plate, return to the cup and add a few drops of No. 2, and again apply to the plate.

Fixing Solution.

Hypo-sulphite of soda	8 oz.
Water	10 oz.

Glass C.

Alcohol	
Liquid ammonia	
Water	
Fine tripoli	

Alcohol	4 oz.
White stick lac	$2\frac{1}{2}$ drs.
Sandrac	$2\frac{1}{4}$ drs.

These ingredients must be placed in a Florence flask, which must be dipped into hot water until they are dissolved. The mixture must then be filtered.

∴ Bath.

Chloride of gold	1 gr.
Acetate of soda	10 grs.
Distilled water	10 oz.

We will now suppose that everything is prepared and in order, and that we are ready to make our first plunge into the art of photography. The first subject may consist of anything which may present itself—a view of our neighbour's chimney-pots, if we live in a town; or of trees, if we are fortunate enough to be dwellers in the country. Having well focused the image on the ground-glass screen we will

retire to the dark room, and prepare the plate which is presently to receive that image. The glass plate must be rendered first of all not only clean to the eye, but chemically clean. For, however bright it may look, there are sure to be some hidden impurities upon it unless we take special means to banish them. This we can do by laying the glass on the cleaning board, and applying a small quantity of the tripoli mixture with a piece of cotton wool. Rub well, and finish off with the glass cloth, and last of all with the leather. Both sides of the plate will require this treatment. A stock of plates should be kept ready cleaned in the grooved box, when they will merely require dusting before use with the camel-hair brush.

The plate being perfectly clean we can now pour upon it the collodion, which is the foundation of the sensitive film. To do this, hold the plate horizontally by one corner, and pour upon it close by your thumb a pool of collodion about the size of a crown-piece or larger, according to the capacity of the plate. By gently tilting the surface without any hurried movement, the liquid can be made to flow over the glass from corner to corner until it is all covered. The surplus can be run back into the bottle from the last corner covered. The plate should now be gently moved up and down in the air to assist the ether in the collodion to evaporate, when the film will set. The plate is now ready for immersion in the silver bath. The exact time which must elapse between the coating of the plate and its insertion into the bath is partly dependent upon the weather, for on a hot day the ether will evaporate more quickly than when the weather is damp and cold. But the appearance of the film is the best test, and one which can only be learnt by experience. The plate must be carefully transferred to the flat dipper, and must be lowered into the bath with one firm even movement. It should remain there a few seconds, and then be raised and lowered a few times—an action which assists the formation of

the sensitive surface. Having remained in the bath for about one minute, the plate must be lifted out, tapped on the edge of the bath in order to loosen the drops adhering to it, and rested for a few seconds on a pad of blotting paper. It must then be placed, face downwards, in the dark slide. Taking care that the slide is securely fastened by the brass buttons at its lower side, it may be covered with the focusing cloth for fear of accident, and carried to the camera. One last look at the ground-glass screen, to see that everything is as it should be, and the lens-cap may be put on. The screen is now exchanged for the dark slide, and all is ready for the important operation of exposure.

The upper part of the shutter can be felt through the focusing cloth, which has been spread over the camera as the dark slide was put in its groove. The shutter can therefore be raised without removing the cloth—a good precaution against any accidental admission of light. The lens-cap must now be removed for a period ranging from 5 to 30 seconds, according to the amount of sunlight and the capacity of the lens, when it must be quickly replaced. We have now secured our image, and must lose no time in taking it to the dark room for further treatment. Taking the glass plate carefully from the slide, we shall see by the dim light of the dark room that it has undergone no apparent change. There it is, the same milky looking, semi-opaque piece of glass as it was when it left the silver bath. But now apply the developer, and watch the result. About half an ounce of the developing solution will be required, and it must be emptied from the cup in which it is contained by a kind of gentle throwing motion, so that the liquid will at once flow over the entire plate. The fluid must be kept in motion by tilting the plate see-saw fashion, so that it will flow backwards and forwards in an even wave. Presently the picture will peep out. First the sky, and those portions of the subject which, like it, are the brightest objects, and then the other details. Should the whole picture

seem to flash into being directly the developer is applied, it is a sure sign that the exposure has been too long. Should it, on the other hand, be very negligent in its appearance, we have been too hasty in restoring the lens-cap to its place. All these details can only be learnt by time and practice, and the amateur photographer would do well to adopt, for his motto, the words "*Experientia docet.*" When the picture seems fully developed, *i.e.*, when the *half-tones*, such as the bricks on a dark wall, make themselves fully apparent, the action must be stopped. The plate must now be well washed under the tap or jug, after which it may be intensified, according to the directions already given. It can then receive another washing, and is dropped into the fixing tray or bath.

White light can now be admitted to the dark room, for it can do no harm during the subsequent operations. It will now be seen that the photograph is undergoing a change. The yellow, semi-opaque matter which previously covered it is being quickly dissolved in the fixing bath. When this is fully accomplished, the glass must be thoroughly washed, to remove every trace of soda. It may now be dried by a gentle heat, or allowed to do so spontaneously, after which a coat of varnish must be applied in exactly the same manner as the collodion was flowed over the plate. The plate must then be held for a few seconds in front of a clear fire—and the negative is complete.

We can now handle our work without fear of injury, for the varnish forms a protective covering to the tender film. The first thing that we shall notice is that all those parts of the picture which should be light are opaque, and that the deepest shadows, instead of appearing dark, seem to only consist of clear glass. This being the case, it is evident that, if we can procure some prepared paper which has the property of turning dark when exposed to daylight, we can, by placing our negative above it, get a picture on the paper, the

lights and shades of which will appear in their proper natural places. Thus, the sky will be protected by the opaque mass which represents it in the negative, so that on the paper it will appear quite light; while the deepest shadows, consisting, as we have noticed, of clear glass, will allow the light to pass through unimpeded, so as to blacken the paper in those particular portions of the picture. The half lights and shades will also fall into their places, and be impressed upon the paper with their proper intensity. Such sensitive paper can be bought ready for use better and cheaper than it can be made by an amateur; and as the operation of preparing it generally stains both fingers and shirt-cuffs, I strongly advise my young friends to buy it ready for use. For these reasons I do not give the directions for preparing it at home.

The operation of obtaining the paper image from the negative is called printing; and a frame (Fig. 13), in which to hold both glass and paper in intimate contact, is necessary for the purpose. Such a frame can be bought at such small expense that it is not worth while to attempt to construct one. The negative is first placed in the frame, plain side downwards. A piece of sensitive paper the same size is now placed upon it, with its glossy side next the negative. Then comes the velvet-covered back, which is secured by the pressure of the two brass springs. The frame is now exposed to the light—not *direct* sunlight—and the paper will be seen through the negative to gradually darken. After some time has elapsed, it may be examined by putting aside one of the springs and opening half of the back board, which is hinged for the purpose. The exposure must be continued until the image becomes somewhat darker than it is required to be in the finished photograph, for in the subsequent treatment it is sure to lose much of its vigour. The print must now be placed in a darkened box or drawer, in a vessel of water, which should be twice changed at intervals of ten minutes. (This water should be run into the waste jar, for it contains much silver.) It

may then be transferred to the toning bath.

I have, for the sake of clearness, treated the description of all these printing operations as if only one picture were in question ; but, of course, in practice several are passed through the various solutions together. In the operation of toning, care must be taken that the prints do not overlap one another ; it is therefore better to tone three or four at a time only, having ready a basin of clear water, to which they may be transferred as they become sufficiently dark. Before this treatment the pictures are of a dirty red ; but after being in the toning solution for a few moments they assume a beautiful, warm, purple colour. The print must now be placed in the fixing bath, which will consist of a dish of water containing hypo-sulphite of soda : strength, 3 oz. of soda to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water. It must remain in this bath for about fifteen minutes, and then must receive a thorough washing to remove every trace of soda. A dish of water containing the prints, placed under a running tap for some hours, is perhaps the best method of eliminating the soda. It now remains to dry the print, trim its edges, and mount it on card, using starch for the purpose,—and our work of art, which may possibly prove to be “a thing of beauty and a joy for ever,” is ready for the album.

In describing the various details connected with taking a photograph, I have proceeded as if everything would happen exactly as it should do. And, in the hands of one used to the apparatus, all things would go thus smoothly. But beginners

must look forward to many and many a failure before they can hope to produce a respectable photograph. This can only be achieved by practice and perseverance. It may be more convenient to some of my readers to work one of the many excellent *dry* processes, which are now so common, in preference to the ordinary wet process which has formed the subject of my remarks. But I should advise any intending photographer to pass through an experimental period with the latter, as by that means he will secure a knowledge of chemical manipulations which will be useful to him whatever process he may ultimately adopt. I need say no more concerning these dry methods, for full directions for working them are always given with the materials supplied. But, above all things, when the experimental period be passed, whatever process you choose, stick to it, and work at it patiently until you attain successful results. The amateur who potters about from one process to another is like the proverbial rolling stone,—he never produces anything worth looking at. A fact not to excite much wonder, for his chemicals naturally get into as bemuddled a state as his brains. In conclusion let me mention, that five minutes in a photographer's dark room—if you can find one kind enough to let you see him at work—will teach you far more in the way of manipulation than a written description can afford. Each turn of his wrist, as the practised man handles the plate, has some motive attached to it ; and, with the observant powers which are at their perfection during boyhood, you will notice the action, and trace its meaning.

T. C. H.



RICHARD, CŒUR DE LION.

BY L. M. C. LAMB.

(Continued from p. 293.)

INDOLENCE and luxury were terms certainly not applicable to Richard, whose superabundant energy always urged him to activity; still it must be admitted that he abandoned his soldierly pursuits for awhile and gave himself up with ardour to the amusement of falconry, for which he was like to have paid dearly on one occasion, when his party being set upon by Moslems, he made his escape only by the devotion of a Provençal noble who, to divert the attention of the foe, cried: "I am the king." This lesson was enough for our hero, who, somewhat ashamed of having thus been "caught napping," now pushed on the work of the fortifications with redoubled vigour. Negotiations were opened between him and Saladin for the surrender of a portion of the Holy Land; but as neither of the monarchs could come to an arrangement on the subject, and as a proposal from Richard to ally his sister Joanna to Saladin's brother, and so to establish a consolidation of Christian and Moslem interests, met with a violent opposition from the Crusaders; a vigorous renewal of hostilities was resolved on. To march towards Jerusalem now appears to have been Richard's ambition, and the enthusiasm of his army urging them on, they started, each one looking eagerly forward to the moment which should first discover to them the towers and walls of the goal of their pilgrimage. But their desires were not to be so easily fulfilled, for we hear that "the Templars, Hospitallers, and Pisans," did all they could to dissuade Cœur de Lion from his project by representing to him the certainty there was, that the visit to Jerusalem once accomplished, the professed object of their journey (the recovery

of the Sepulchre) once attained, "the soldiers would return to Europe," and the rest of the Holy Land be left to its fate. Unable to combat so plausible a reasoning, Richard fell back upon Ramula and thence continued along the coast to Ascalon, where mortification and sorrow filled the breasts of all when they beheld the beautiful "bride of Syria," stripped of its noble ramparts and magnificent citadel; a ruin of gray stones in the distance.

This work of destruction had been accomplished by Saladin to prevent the occupation of the city by the Christians. Despondency was depicted on the face of Richard as he rode up to the now dismantled town; then, his courage and strength of will returning to him, he called his men around, and told them that if the sultan's policy lay in destroying the fortifications of Ascalon, his was concerned in their being rebuilt with all possible speed. The ardour of his manner and the example of personal exertion he gave them, fired his followers to emulation, and ere long nobles of all countries, knights and barons, were to be seen making mortar, carrying stones, and labouring like common workmen. All but one, rather; for Leopold of Austria, still mindful of his grievance against the English king, stood aloof, gazing contemptuously at the towers and walls rising on all sides, and replying to all Richard's persuasions to work, that he was neither mason nor carpenter and could not understand the business. The irascible monarch, enraged with his impudence, behaved after his usual energetic fashion.

"The duke with his foot he smot,
Against the breast, God it wot,
That on a stone he him overthrew,
It was evil done, by St. Matthew."

After this forcible way of expressing his

opinion, the king cast Leopold's standard "out from his camp," and desired him to depart instantly :

"With voice full steep,
'Home, shrew! coward! and sleep:
Come no more, in no wise
Never oft in God's service.' "

Muttering imprecations and projects of vengeance, the duke went off with his followers. A large body of French soldiers also took advantage of this incident to quit

the army of the English monarch, and betook themselves to luxurious idleness at Acre.

All that winter was spent by Cœur de Lion in fortifying the maritime towns, and with the early spring he was ready once more to set out on the road to Jerusalem; once again he was doomed to disappointment; once again the miserable internal dissensions and jealousies of the army he led were to obstruct the very aim of their pilgrimage. Germans and Italians loudly declared their



Bethlehem.

intention of abandoning an expedition in which fatigue, disease, and want were ever striving for the mastery; the French under the Duke of Burgundy (who, to conciliate Philip, had no hesitation in mortifying and opposing Richard), were equally disaffected; while Saladin, on the contrary, had gained rest and fresh forces by the winter's repose, and was now ready, with "armed myriads," to dispute every inch of the road with the enfeebled foe. Unfortunately, also, Conrad of Montferrat had incurred the displeasure of the Chief of the Assassins,* and was sent "to taste eternal repose" by the hands

of two of his miscreants. The instigation of this crime was most unjustly imputed to Richard, and did a good deal to ferment the already existing ill-feeling. However, in the month of June, and in spite of most disquieting intelligence from England, Richard determined to lie idle no longer; he therefore led on his troops to the attack of Darum, which having conquered, with his usual magnanimity, he presented to the French. Here fresh reports of the treachery of Prince John and Philip Augustus reached him; but, hoping yet to achieve the recovery of Jerusalem, Cœur de Lion determined still to put off his return to Europe, and, marching in the direction of the Holy City, encamped in the Valley of Hebron, and thence proceeded to Bethlehem.

* Assassins or Assassinians, a band of fanatical Mussulmans, who, under command of a chief or king called "The Ancient of the Mountains," trained youths to the assassination of those the despot had doomed to destruction. Hence the origin of the word assassin.

But we must not think that Saladin had allowed his foes to advance so far without molestation; on the contrary, parties of Moslems had continually harassed the Christian army; the wells and cisterns along the route had been filled up with rubbish; and now, the fearful heat of the weather, the parching thirst which there was no water to quench, and the prospect of a long and arduous struggle with a formidable enemy at Jerusalem; had extinguished the enthusiasm of the Crusaders, whose progress was slow and painful. In this state of affairs, Richard called together a council at Bethlehem, consisting of five Templars, five Hospitallers, five of the barons of Palestine, and five French barons, to determine whether to push on to Jerusalem, or retreat towards the sea,—that is to say, towards the ships which contained the stores and provisions so much needed. The result of this conference was such as might have been expected: the Duke of Burgundy expressed his intention of abandoning any further attempt to reach Jerusalem; and intimated that he had received orders to that effect from king Philip; the other barons said “they had done enough for glory; and disease, famine, and sword, would soon dispatch them if they waited longer where they were. The city they knew was strongly and powerfully defended, while Saladin lay at a short distance, ready with instant succour should it be needed.” To all this Richard replied that “those who put their hand to the plough should not look back;” that for his part he was ready and willing to assail the city, and not desist whilst an ounce of horseflesh remained to be eaten. This declaration met with no echo, and, finally, a retreat was determined on, to the English king’s great annoyance; but what could he do, so slenderly attended, against the Saracen host!

At this period, news arrived by Cœur de Lion’s spies of the approach of a large caravan laden with all kinds of merchandise and provision, and destined by Saladin for the inhabitants of Jerusalem. To cut off the approach of this relief was now Richard’s

ambition. Choosing out a small party from his followers he set out and came up with it only after marching all night. The caravan was strongly guarded by a large band of warriors, but the irresistible arm of “Melech Ric,” as the Moslems called Cœur de Lion, soon gave him possession of the rich booty, and the “four thousand seven hundred camels, and immense number of horses, mules and asses which were burdened with it;” and thus attended he retraced his steps towards his camp, where his arrival with such wealth was hailed with acclamation. Fortified, well-fed, and rested, Richard hoped now to have induced the crusaders to reverse their determination and to proceed to the Holy City, where the loss of the caravan and the knowledge of its having fallen into the hands of the Christians, had in all probability occasioned a change in the minds of the disheartened garrison; but this argument was of no avail, and he learnt with bitter mortification that a retreat was to be immediately commenced. It is said that, during this discussion, from the summit of a hill Richard first descried the towers of the Holy city; then he hid his face behind his shield, and cried aloud: “Lord, suffer me not to see thy sacred town, since these things happen, and I may not deliver it from the hands of thine enemies.”

After this the army of crusaders broke up in a great degree—some retired to Jaffa, most however made their way to Acre; and Saladin, who had let no move of the Christian forces escape him, no sooner saw them turning their backs upon the sacred city than he sent word of their departure to “many Mussulman states,” and with a large army marched to Jaffa, which he besieged so rigorously, that in a few days one of its gates was broken down, and the inhabitants lay at his mercy.

Preparations for a general execution were already making when some English and French knights gave themselves up as hostages to the sultan and agreed to the payment of heavy ransoms for the redemption of the citizens, should help not come during the next day. But help did come, for Richard

(who on the abandonment of the expedition to Jerusalem, had determined to return to Europe and to the punishment of Prince John and Philip of France) hearing of the Saracen's march to Jaffa, and the result of the siege, had hastened thither from Acre by sea, accompanied by the Earl of Leicester and the other English nobles ; and now, eager for battle, our hero leapt into the water while yet the boats were away from the shore, "so great was his impatience ;" and wading to the land, made such a furious onslaught that the astonished Turks, who had hoped their invincible foe was by that time well on his way across the blue waves of the Mediterranean, were beaten off, and retired "some miles into the country, Cœur de Lion's standard waving from the walls giving greater speed to their departure."

Three days later the Saracens hearing by what a small body of troops they had been put to flight, returned to the charge, hoping to find Richard either gone or at least unprepared for their attack. Truth to tell, their last surmise was very nearly correct ; for somewhat despising his fleet-footed enemies, Cœur de Lion was yet asleep when the reiterated cry : "To arms, to arms," aroused him. Hastily equipping himself, the king lost not a moment in mingling in the fray, which was already engaged between some of his men and the Turks ; and calling to him a few of his knights, who must have presented a rather motley appearance, having all performed their toilettes in hot haste, the gallant little band rode furiously at the foe.

We must not forget to mention that Richard had inspired his followers with extra courage in a manner peculiar to himself. Before starting, and with one foot already in the stirrup he solemnly swore aloud that he would cut off the head of any one, of them he saw shirking his duty : no vain threat in his case, for they knew he was perfectly capable of carrying out his declaration.

On them they rode, and soon the Saracens recognised the sturdy arm which had wielded the falchion with such signal success at the battle that preceded the capture of Ascalon.

Flying on his good steed from one portion of the battle-field to another, the king strewn his route with dead and wounded. One Turk, noted for his dexterity and skill in the use of arms, having ventured to meet Cœur de Lion in single combat, speedily paid for his temerity, "the king at one blow severing his head, right shoulder and arm, from the rest of his body." With incredible deeds of valour, the monarch and his "ten knights" soon routed the enemy and rejoicing over their victory retraced their steps ; but, arrived at the city, found that a large body of Moslems taking advantage of Richard's absence "had secured themselves in the town." Enraged more by their success than their temerity, Cœur de Lion led his men into Jaffa, whence he caused the Turks to decamp with all speed ; and when evening came found himself in full possession of the field, a result so wonderful from the smallness of the force he had been able to oppose to the Turks, that "the Christians falling on their knees ascribed their victory to a direct interposition of Providence, and gave thanks accordingly." The defeat of their troops in so many engagements, greatly afflicted the sultan and his chiefs ; though the result produced on the brave "Prince of Miscreants," (as, in the crusading treaties, Saladin is civilly entitled) and his emirs was very different ; his courage suffering no abatement from ill-success, theirs being reduced to the merest shadow, and urging them in all their councils to persuade him to enter into negotiations for peace, or at all events for a truce with his invincible foe.

Richard also was quite ready to assent to such proposals, his enthusiasm having considerably cooled since the projected siege of Jerusalem had been abandoned. With these feelings then in the breasts of Christian and Saracen, terms were not difficult to arrange : Saladin was unwillingly persuaded into the views of his emirs ; preliminaries were debated, and a truce of three years, three months, three days, and three hours decided upon ; the terms thereof being that the Christians should retain possession of the sea-coast from Jaffa to Tyre ; that Ascalon,

to which each monarch had pretensions that he was unwilling to forego, should be again dismantled after the English king had received the sums the erection of its fortifications had cost him ; and that Christian pilgrims were to have access to the Holy City, free of tribute. In ratification of this treaty the principal warriors of each army met, and took their oaths to faithfully observe its terms, the Christians swearing on the Gospels, the Mussulmans on the Koran. The principals of this agreement only exchanged a mutual promise of fidelity, the word of such heroes as the King of England, and the Prince of the Saracens being considered sufficient without its being enforced by any oath. Having thus decided the affairs of Palestine, Richard proceeded to Acre to superintend the departure of the two queens and the Cypriote princess under the escort of Stephen de Turnham, from the Holy Land, which being accomplished, he made preparations for his own return to England. This was a more difficult and dangerous matter, for to return by the route he had taken two years previously, was obviously impossible, owing to the existing feud between Philip of France and himself ; accordingly, he determined to sail up the Adriatic.

It was not without bitter grief that he prepared to bid adieu to the Holy Land, the scene of so many chivalrous exploits, and alas ! so many disappointments ; and standing on the deck of his ship, the reflections which crowded upon him as he remembered the failure of the chief object of his expedition, must indeed have been overwhelming ; for we hear that tears started to his eyes, as with outstretched hand, in the grief and sorrow of his heart, he cried : " Oh, Holy Land ! I commend thy people to the Lord of Hosts ! May Heaven grant that I may come again to visit and to succour thee."

It was now the winter of 1193, and full time for the return of the king to those island shores he had quitted so full of hope and ardour, when with a goodly following of knights and barons he had set forth on his way to join Philip of France at Vezelay. But the familiar proverb of "*l'homme pro-*

pose mais Dieu dispose," was never better verified than in this instance ; for the ship which bore our hero was wrecked near Aquileia, and he being cast on shore and desirous of avoiding recognition, disguised himself as a pilgrim, and commenced his journey towards Germany, through which country he hoped to pass safely on his road to England. As ill-luck would have it, Richard was obliged to pass through the domains of a certain Count Meinhard ; and desirous to do so without molestation, he despatched his attendant with a message requesting a safe-conduct for "the merchant Hugh," and sent a handsome ring as a propitiatory offering. This Count Meinhard, it appears, was a near relation of Conrad de Montferrat (who, as our readers will remember, was assassinated by order of the "Ancient of the Mountain" in the Holy Land), and divining in the professed merchant the king who had been suspected of causing the death of his relative, he sent for the messenger and demanded further particulars of him who requested the safe-conduct. The more he heard, the more Meinhard's suspicions became a certainty ; and at length he answered the request of Richard's emissary by saying : "The name of the owner of this ring is not 'Hugh the merchant,' but King Richard of England ; tell him that I have sworn to let no pilgrim pass through my possessions, still, in consideration of his dignity and the value of his gift, I will make an exception in his favour." These specious words were only intended to lull the king into a false confidence, for Meinhard immediately sent to seize the prince whom the Emperor of Germany, the King of France, and the Duke of Austria, would each have paid him handsomely to deliver to their tender mercies. This peril Cœur de Lion escaped, but only to fall into another, from which he was delivered by the accident that one of the knights sent to secure him was a Norman, and he recognizing his "*suzeraine*," gave him his own horse and told him which road to take to avoid his pursuers. For three days and nights Richard

contrived to escape detection, riding forward in the darkness and sheltering from observation during the day; scarce a morsel of food passed his lips, and weary and faint he at length resolved to halt at an obscure inn, in a small village near Vienna. But his past "securitie" was more fancied than real, for scarcely had our king seen to the comfort of his good horse, and sitting down in the kitchen begun "turning the spit," and in all probability anticipating pleasurably

the moment when the roasted fowl should be placed on a dish before him; ere he was aroused from his culinary operations by the sound of the clatter of arms outside the door of the inn, and in another moment the kitchen was filled with the followers of Duke Leopold, who loudly demanded the surrender of the English king. The people of the house stared aghast as they explained that there was no one on their premises but the traveller turning the spit before the fire.



The Austrian knight who led the party looked at the "traveller," who, at that moment, was artistically ladling gravy over his fowl. "There he is, seize him!" cried the chevalier, and the next moment our lion-hearted king, forgetful of his hoped-for dinner, was dealing valiant blows at these disturbers of his labours. All in vain, however, for, "by numbers overborne," he was presently vanquished, and then thrown into strict confinement, where, loaded with irons, he suffered every indignity at the hands of his vengeful enemy, Leopold of Austria, who took this means of retaliating for the insults he considered he had endured from Richard in the Holy Land.

No sooner had the news of Cœur de Lion's incarceration got abroad, than the Emperor of Germany (who owed him a

grudge for an alliance he had made with King Tancred in Sicily) demanded that the captive should be delivered over to him, professedly for safer custody, but really in order that he might participate in the ransom which the English were sure to offer for their heroic monarch. So now the royal prisoner was made over to Henry VI., and by him confined in a castle "he had, called Trivallis, into which no man was ever known to be put that escaped with life." Here the warlike monarch, whose very name had been a terror to the Saracens, lay while the weary days and weeks passed, his sole amusements being "wrestling with his guards," and "composing lays;" for we must not forget that our hero had acquired considerable renown in the days of his early youth as a minstrel and troubadour. Of

these *tensons*, Burney gives us an example in his "History of Music," which we would fain copy for the perusal of our readers ; as there are, however, six stanzas, we must be content with quoting two of them :

"For true it is—so selfish human race !
Nor dead nor captive, friend or kindred find ;
Since here I pine in bondage and disgrace,
For lack of gold my fetters to unbind ;
Much for myself I feel, yet ah ! still more
That no compassion from my subjects flows :
What can from infamy their names restore,
If, while a prisoner, death my eyes should close ?

* * * * *
Know, all ye men of Anjou and Touraine,
And every bach'lor knight, robust and brave,
That duty, now, and love, alike are vain,
From bonds your sovereign and your friend to save.
Remote from consolation, here I lie,
The wretched captive of a powerful foe
Who all your zeal and ardour can defy,
Nor leaves you ought, but pity to bestow."

Meanwhile the Emperor spared no artifices to mislead Cœur de Lion's subjects as to the place of his detention ; the greatest consternation reigned in England, as, though rumours of the king were continually coming, the least investigation always proved them to be without foundation. Prince John in the preceding year had absolutely broken into open rebellion, and but for the timely arrival of Queen Eleanor, who threatened him with her curse should he dare touch his brother's kingdom, even worse mischief might have ensued ; as it was, that energetic dame (who had kept Princess Alice of France in close confinement at Rouen, instead of giving her up to her brother, as Richard had commanded,) persuaded and threatened alternately to such good purpose, that she reduced the treacherous prince to some appearance of loyalty, though she certainly did not eradicate the germs of treason from his heart.

Philip of France, who still nursed his old rancour against and jealousy of Richard, no sooner heard of his enemy's imprisonment, than writing to John that "there was now a throne within his reach, and he would aid him to ascend it on conditions easy of fulfilment," proposed that he should marry the discarded Alice, (who seems to have been

tossed about like a shuttlecock, and her personal feelings not even taken into consideration !) and deliver over to him the English provinces of France. Now John was willing to please Philip by marrying Alice (he had already a wife in England, but evidently they thought that fact of little importance !) but thought if anyone but Richard had a right to Normandy, it was himself. This opinion he made known to Philip, and fortified it by immediately setting out for the duchy, and proposing to the Norman barons the surrender of their fealty to him. This proceeding met with the success it deserved, and the enraged John, betaking himself to the French court, immediately did homage to Philip for his brother's transmarine dominions, and then returning home with an army of mercenary soldiers, made himself master of the castles of Windsor and Wallingford, and continued on his road to London, proclaiming everywhere the death of King Richard.

But at length came tidings that Cœur de Lion was to be found in Germany ; and the Archbishop of Rouen, assembling a council of the king's faithful subjects at Oxford, it was resolved to despatch messengers to Henry demanding the instant liberation of his captive. Leaving them to pursue their journey, we must glance at Philip of France, and see what he had been about after the departure of Prince John.

The first thing was the invasion of Normandy, where "by the treachery of John's emissaries" he obtained possession of the fortresses of Gisors, Neufchatel, Passy, and Ivry ; next he revived the question of Richard's imputed assassination of Conrad de Montferrat ; then he offered enormous sums to the Emperor, provided he would surrender to him his royal prisoner, or at least keep him in perpetual captivity.

We now return to the history of Richard, and the romantic incident of Blondel's discovery of his lord, which we have mentioned earlier ; this, regretfully, we must dismiss as fiction, or at best look upon as truth romantically surrounded, the histories from which we learnt our youthful hero-worship being

now discarded for those which deal more with harsh realities, and treat with contemptuous disdain the legend we refer to !

The messengers from England had reached Germany ; searched diligently for some trace of their sovereign without success, and were entering Bavaria, when they were met by a party of soldiers evidently escorting a prisoner of importance ; the messengers looked again, and almost doubted the evidence of their eyes, when in the captive they recognized their king. With unbounded joy at having found the object of their search, they made themselves known to him, and learnt that he was on his way to Worms, where a diet of the empire had been convened for the purpose of enquiring into the various misdeeds of which he was accused.

The second day after his arrival at this city, the list of charges against him was made ; but these he refuted so ably, and defended himself with such eloquence, that he fully vindicated himself before the princes of the diet, who exclaimed loudly at the emperor for keeping him so long in confinement. The news of their decision spread like wildfire to France, causing Philip to write to Prince John this short but pithy sentence : " Beware ; for the devil is let loose ! "

A ransom of one hundred and fifty thousand marks was named by Henry as the price of Richard's liberty ; two thirds of this to be paid before he should leave Germany, and sixty seven hostages to be given as guarantees of his good faith in the payment of the remaining money. Cœur de Lion at once sent a faithful messenger to England to apprise his mother of the decision of the diet ; and urged that the stipulated sum should be raised as soon as possible. Taxes were imposed, churches and monasteries melted down their cups and chalices ; abbots and nobles gave a fourth of their revenues ; voluntary gifts aided largely the imposed taxations ; and the requisite money was amassed and entrusted to Queen Eleanor and the Chief Justiciary, who set out for Germany shortly before Christmas.

But Philip of France had not been idle either : well-knowing the avaricious nature of the emperor, he and Prince John made a proposal to give him a hundred and fifty thousand marks, providing the king's release were deferred for a year. The shameless monarch listened to the offer, and deferred to a more distant date the accomplishment of his promise to Richard ; even openly shewing the letters of Philip and John to the unfortunate king at Maintz. Too shocked to speak, and utterly cast down by this fresh treachery of his brother, Cœur de Lion stood, motionless and despondent. Then stood forth Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, with the German prelates and princes who had been sureties for the prisoner's release, and in passionate terms upbraiding Henry for his venality, pleaded the cause of the English hero, pledging his credit for the payment of the stipulated ransom, and even offering to leave a Guelphic prince as guarantee of his good intentions.

These remonstrances and appeals finally shamed the grasping emperor, and Cœur de Lion was given up to Queen Eleanor, who, fearing Henry VI. might retract his permission to depart, hurried her son out of Germany with all possible speed. They embarked at Antwerp, and, after an absence of four years (fifteen months of which he had passed in confinement), King Richard I. landed once more in England, on " the Sunday after St. George's day," 1194.

Having escorted our hero safely to the shores of his kingdom, we must go back in our narrative, and tell in a few words what had become of Queen Berengaria after her departure from Acre. Without accident of any kind, the good knight Sir Stephen de Turnham brought his ship to Naples with its precious freight of Berengaria, Joanna of Sicily, and the Cypriote princess, and thence journeyed to Rome, where he placed the ladies under the protection of the Pope. Here they remained for some months, when, under the care of one " Messire Mellar, a cardinal," they removed to Pisa, and thence to Genoa, where they

embarked for Marseilles. Here they were received by the King of Arragon, who gave them a safe conduct through his Provençal dominions, and, committing them to the escort of a brave knight, heard soon after of the English queen's arrival in the kingdom of her father, the King of Navarre, where she stayed until 1195, when she returned to her husband (between whom and herself an estrangement had arisen) at Poitiers.

Loud and long were the acclamations which greeted Cœur de Lion's return to England. The road to London was one continued ovation from the loyal subjects whose enthusiasm, aroused by their king's exploits in Palestine, had been still further excited by his dangers and sufferings in Germany. A second coronation took place at Winchester, which, though perhaps in some respects not so magnificent as that which had taken place at Westminster in 1189, was more satisfactory, since there was no repetition of a certain massacre of Jews and their consequent "rising," which had disgraced the first ceremonial. The king assembled a council at Nottingham, for the purpose of sitting in judgment upon those traitorous castellans who had delivered their fortresses to Prince John; as also to confirm his intention of confiscating the possessions he had conferred upon his unworthy relative.

We all know how John came and threw himself at the king's feet, craving pardon for his faithlessness; and we all remember the forgiveness the generous monarch afforded, as raising him he said, "I forgive you, John, and I wish I could as easily forget your treachery as you will my pardon."

Now came news from France but little calculated to decrease the wrath Richard already felt against King Philip. Sitting at dinner one day in his "little hall," a messenger came to tell him that the French monarch was besieging Verneuil. With an oath Cœur de Lion rose, and, vowing he would never turn his face till he had chastised his enemy, "caused the wall before him to be thrown down," and passing out

collected all his followers, and with them started for France, taking with him also, be it remembered, Prince John, "who served him faithfully and did him signal service." In hot haste the king pushed on to Verneuil, and routed his enemy so effectually, that, as Baker tells us, Philip "made great haste to be gone, not without some loss and more disgrace." Then Richard pursued him, "and with his coming so affrighted him that, leaving bag and baggage, munition, tents, and treasure to a marvellous value, he got him gone, and glad he was so rid of King Richard." But to give a concise list of the encounters, skirmishes, conquests, and defeats which took place between these two monarchs would tire the patience of the most long-suffering reader. Truces were made lightly and broken easily. One day we hear of the kings meeting at Andeli on the Seine, and conversing familiarly, one from his boat, the other from his horse; the next, of their ratification of a treaty of peace to last five years, and we hope we have come to the end of their never-ceasing disputes: when, four French nobles attacking some Brabanters who had just left Richard's service, and being reported by them to their late commander, he finds in this a reason for recommencing hostilities, and begins to upbraid Philip on the subject. Again, the French king desires to erect a fortress near the Seine, and, in the course of his works, cuts down some trees to which Richard lays claim. Here is a direct violation of the truce, and forthwith the two impetuous monarchs, forgetful of their recently sworn amity, lay about them with a will to protect their rights by force of arms. So matters went on between Cœur de Lion and Philip of France, while the positions of the other personages we have mentioned in these pages, were ever varied by the ordinary changes of births, deaths, and marriages. Leopold of Austria had been excommunicated by Pope Celestine for his share in Richard's detention, had paid but little heed to the pontifical thunder, and finally finished his worldly career unpleasantly by breaking his leg by a fall from his horse, and

dying from the effects of the unskilful surgery of one of his soldiers. Tancred of Sicily had also paid the debt of nature, leaving his crown to his infant son William, whom the emperor soon dispossessed of it. In 1193 Richard's chivalrous enemy, "the Prince of Miscalants," died, having reigned over Egypt for twenty-two years. He left seventeen sons, who, with his brother Safadin, contended with much heartburning for his possessions. In 1197 Henry VI. of Germany expired at Messina, and was refused interment by Pope Celestine (who had excommunicated him), "unless the king of England consent, and the hundred and fifty thousand marks be restored to him." We do not hear the end of this affair, but, from the knowledge we have gained of Richard's character, cannot suppose he carried his enmity to his deceased foe so far as to deprive him of a tomb!

In the following year dissensions between France and England recommenced, and Richard, having pressing need of money, was compelled to resort to stringent measures to obtain it. A tax of five shillings on every hide of land was instituted; researches made as to any debts that might be owing to the crown: in a word, the land was taxed from sea to sea, and all felt the weight of fresh imposts in a country from which but lately so much wealth had been drained. Supported by the confederacy formed with the Count of Flanders, Richard's arms met with their usual success. A battle was fought near Gisors in which the French were defeated, Philip nearly losing his life in the retreat. "He drank that day of the waters of the Epte," wrote Cœur de Lion mockingly, in an account of the combat.

A priest, whose fame for prophecy had spread far and near, met Richard one day, as he was riding home victorious from the battle-field. The friar, whose name was Fulco, accosted him, and after some conversation, warned him that if these ever-recurring hostilities were continued, either he or Philip would soon pay the penalty of their malpractices with his life. Finding the king, who had faced death on a thousand

battle-fields, not a whit intimidated by this intelligence, Fulco proceeded, "And I counsel you, my son, to marry off, as soon as possible, your three daughters, infamous as they are, lest a worst mischief befall you."

"Hypocrite," retorted Richard, "thy falsehood is palpable; I have not a single child."

"You have three, I repeat: Pride, Avarice, and Luxury."

The king called to the nobles who surrounded him. "Listen, good friends," said he, "to the admonitions of this worthy priest, who maintains that I have three daughters, Pride, Avarice and Luxury, and commands me to dispose of them. This I will do, in this wise: I wed my Pride to the Templars, my Avarice to the Cistercian monks, and my Luxury to the prelates of God's church."

After Christmas, Richard, accompanied by Queen Berengaria (who, after their reconciliation seems never to have left her husband, but to have been near him with fond words and loving counsel to the day of his death) and his army, left Normandy for Aquitaine, where some disturbances demanded his presence; having previously discussed a peace with Philip Augustus, the terms of which were that the French king should restore the towns he had conquered, with the one exception of the city of Gisors, in return for which he engaged to give up to Richard the nomination to the see of Tours, and that his son Louis should marry Blanche of Castile (Cœur de Lion's niece), receiving as her marriage portion the castle of Gisors and the sum of twenty thousand silver marks. Having put matters once more on an amicable footing with the French monarch, Richard departed for Aquitaine, intending finally to adjust the terms of the new treaty on his return. But this was not to be, for the last scene in the life of our king was drawing near, and the hero of a thousand glorious feats of arms was to die, stricken down, not by Saladin, his former grand opponent, but by the crossbow of an insignificant archer. It came about in this way: intelligence was

brought to the king that Vidomar (or as Sir Richard Baker puts it, Guydomer), lord of Chaluz, had, while watching his peasants ploughing one of his fields, noticed an iron ring imbedded in the ground; he at once proceeded to a nearer inspection, when he discovered that the iron ring belonged to the cover of a chest which, when opened, displayed to his astonished gaze, "golden statues and vases full of diamonds." Reflecting that as sovereign he could claim a share of this treasure—which recalled to his memory certain golden stools and a golden table left by William of Sicily to Henry II.—Cœur de Lion forthwith despatched a messenger to Vidomar enjoining him speedily to send a portion of his newly acquired wealth. When the king's emissary arrived at Chaluz and told his tale, consternation was depicted on the face of the castellan who assured him the only "treasure" found was a jar of Roman coins and to them the king was quite welcome. The messenger returned to his master and faithfully reported Vidomar's story, without producing the least impression on the monarch, who was not so easily to be dissuaded from his visions of golden statues and diamonds; and who, believing his vassal had only told the tale of the Roman coins in order to put him off the scent, declared his intention of besieging the castle and bringing the unfortunate castellan to reason. Accordingly Cœur de Lion marched to Chaluz accompanied by a company of Brabanters under command of one Marcadée, and had approached the castle for the purpose of deciding his next movement, when an arrow from a cross-bow came rushing through the air and pierced his shoulder. The infuriated monarch at once commanded the assault, and while the surgeon was trying to extract the arrow from his flesh, gave orders

that every one of the garrison should be hanged, except Bertrand de Gourdon, the archer who had shot the missile which had wounded him. All this time Cœur de Lion had suffered agonies, for his shoulder had been dreadfully mangled by the cutting of the surgeon, who understood so little of his work that mortification was even now setting in. Aware that his last moment was at hand, the king commanded Bertrand de Gourdon to be brought before him; when the archer came into his presence Richard addressed him: "What have I done to you, wretch, to oblige you to seek my life?" "What have you done to me?" repeated the prisoner, "I will tell you, what you have done. With your own hands you killed my father and two brothers. I am in your power now, and you can revenge yourself by inflicting on me the most severe torments: I shall endure them all with pleasure provided I can think I have been so happy as to rid the world of such a nuisance." Struck with the courage of the reply, and rendered merciful by the near approach of death, the king ordered that the prisoner should be allowed to go forth free, and that a sum of money should be given him; but this magnanimity was too great for the Brabançon commander, Marcadée, who seized the unfortunate archer, whom he hanged after making him endure the most frightful tortures.

On the 6th of April 1199, our lion-hearted king died, and a few days after was buried at Fontevrault; "the remorse for his undutifulness towards his father was living in him till he died; for at his death he remembered it with bewailing, and desired to be buried as near him as might be, perhaps as thinking they should meet the sooner, that he might ask him forgiveness in another world."



PUZZLES.

Extraction.

1.

My *primal* will to you display
 What *third* oft makes you do ;
 What *third* to my *second* is
 In *second* you will view ;
 My *third* will give you cause to *first*,
 'Tis sometimes hard to bear ;
 My *fourth* will give an ornament
 That ladies like to wear.

Square Words.

2.

At breakfast will before you stand.
 A river in the Holy Land.
 Is trained to lead a warrior band.
 A Russian lake by bridge unspanned.
 A colony on Afric's strand.

3.

A meeting ; obliquely ; the preceding
 month ; an animal ; not formed ; pebbles.

4.

An eastern country ; an Irish term ;
 nymphs ; a fruit ; a South American river ;
 a German dukedom.

5.

Destiny ; to chant ; taken ; teeth ; to
 weaken ; parts of verbs.

6.

A chasm ; to chant ; extremely minute ;
 Italian name ; accordance ; a moment.

Cryptograph.

7.

Made ! made ! made ! made !
 OgImbp uze kjddar, bwge uze vade,
 Hadejz, mgwtjz, bwhhjg'e uze gadd'e ;
 Bjwtk pa mjp, uze almbp pa bade ;
 Bawgeje, owgpjg'e, oanmbp, uze xade.

Charade.

8.

Our *first* is present now you'll see,
 When this you have resolved ;
 An interjection is our *next*,
 And should be easily solved ;
 Now opposite our *third's* to *first*,
 For *first* is present, *third* is past ;
 In mathematics *whole* is known :
 Guess this, the riddle we have cast.

Anagrams.

9.

Save Zion corn, E.

10.

Ipho u lags me.

11.

Yes, dry plac.

12.

Chance a dry ro.

13.

Seed pan is trim.

Cryptograph Quotation from Shakspeare.

14.

Dqzewjz ekh ncqc ukpix cgiswk ujhmw
 egdxmy.

Charades.

Through my *first* for ever flow,
 Sounds of joy and sounds of woe ;
 In my *second* newly made,
 Thousands year by year are laid ;
 In my *whole* we never jest,
 Prayers are said and vows expressed.

16.

In my *first* sat my *second*,
 I ate my *third* and *fourth*.

17.

My *first* is a sea, my *next* to enjoy ;
 My *third* is a play, my *fourth's* over the boy ;
 My *fifth* is a language, my *sixth* to possess ;
 My *ends* form two actors, I'm sure you will
 guess.

18.

My *first* is speech, a patriot comes *second*,
 A fairy king, a piece of wood *fourth's*
 reckoned ;
 A bounty, and a precious stone now follow,
 With cost, and power making up enow.
 When these are found two writers come to
 view,
 Who of English novels have composed no
 few.

Hidden Proverb.

19.

"That tuneful peal will still ring on."
 "The vale in whose bosom the bright waters
 meet."
 "Whose earthly race has run."
 "Her home is on the deep."

Cryptograph.

20.

'Zsj ahccq, 'zsj ahccq so Wxscqdxom,
 Nvho wxscq rscmj xch jsoksok,
 Nvho zvh fgbcz mgzv csmh rq zvhsc
 agoxcfv'j jsmh
 Nszv rsz xom rismdh csoksok.

Triple Arithmorem.

21.

Primals, centrals, and finals read down-
 wards will give a well-known proverb.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 1. o + nt. | 2. |
| 3. 1051 + Ve. | 4. 100 + Anne, He. |
| 5. 1 + Tares, N. | 6. 500 + Et. |

Cross Puzzle.

22.

Primals read crosswise will give the name
 of an English king; finals denote rending.

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. A cell. | 2. Cavity. |
| 3. A girl's name. | 4. A consonant. |
| 5. Unwell. | 6. A number. |
| 7. Feminine of boys. | |

Numerical Charades.

23.

I am formed by 6 letters, and am a place
 of business. My 1, 2, 3, 4, is an ancient

piece of money; my 3, 2, 1, is an animal;
 my 4, 2, 1, 2, is a river; 6, 2, 1, 2, 3, is a
 river; my 1, 2, 3, is an earl; my 6, 5, 2, is
 a beverage much used; my 1, 2, 4, 5, is to
 manufacture; my 2, 3, 4, is a building; and
 my 3, 2, 4, 5, is a gardening implement.

24.

I am composed of eight letters, and am
 metal. My 4, 5, 6, is a metal; my
 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, is a dead language; my 3, 6, is
 an adjective; my 3, 6, 6, is a girl's name;
 my 1, 3, is a parent; and my 5, 6, is a pre-
 position.

Word Squares.

25.

A breach; a boat; an Irish river; ap-
 pearance; opinion.

26.

Part of the body; a madman; an island
 in the Mediterranean; cuttings; rubbish.

27.

A burning mountain; labour; a river in
 Africa; a man's name.

28.

Part of the body; an open surface; close
 by; an arrow.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

On pages 335—336.

- | | | |
|---|---------------|--|
| 1. Dentist. | 2. Goldsmith. | 9. Morose, Omelet, Resile, Olives, Select,
Etesta. |
| 3. | | 10. Testa, Ether, Shone, Tenon, Arena. |
| See, Flavia, see that budding rose,
How bright beneath the bush it glows;
How safely there it lurks concealed,
How quickly blasted when revealed. | | 11. Khan, Hare, Arab, Nebo. |
| 4. Goose, Moose, Noose. | | 12. Manage, Arable, Narrow, Abroad,
Gloats, Eewdsb. |
| 5. Rose—Mary. | 6. Malady. | 13. Saint Paul's—Churchyard. |
| 7. | | 14. Pleasure and action make the hours
seem short. |
| Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last. | | 15. Truth loves open dealing. |
| 8. | | 16. All that lives must die. |
| And now she's at the doctor's door,
She lift's the knocker, rap, rap, rap;
The doctor at the casement shows
His glimmering eyes that peep and doze!
And one hand rubs his old nightcap. | | 17. If angels fight weak men must fall. |
| | | 18. Great men tremble when the lion roars. |
| | | 19. Telescopes—Microscope. |
| | | 20. Mercurification. |
| | | 21. Crystallization. |
| | | 22. Instrumentality. |
| | | 23. Monosyllabic. |
| | | 24. Grave—Lines. |
| | | 25. Man—Date. |
| | | 26. Football—Rounders. |



THE DAY OF THE BOAT-RACE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

THE DAY OF THE BOAT RACE; AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

By W. W. FENN.



MUCH rejoicing and many hearty congratulations were going on in Walter Grey's rooms at Cambridge, the evening after it was known that he had won almost the highest honours the university could bestow. Nor was there the least tinge of envy or disappointment to be detected in the ring of the young voices that were eagerly recounting the various successes that had marked his career from first to last. And no wonder, for he was a very fine fellow. Not only was he one of the first in the boat or on the cricket-field, but he was the very soul of honour

and straightforwardness, and Walter Grey's "yes" or "no" was unalterable. In vain might one friend after another enter his whilst he was hard at work, and try to tempt him to shut up books and desk, and make one of a rollicking, noisy supper-party, or take a hand at the whist-table; not a foot would he stir until what he had set himself to do was accomplished. "The first thing in the first place" was his motto, and he kept to it. Not that he ever insisted on everybody thinking the same as he did, or vaunted of his own industry, or ever looked down upon others—not a bit of it: he was cheery and genial always, so that everybody who found himself from time to time in his company was made instinctively to feel that after all there was something better worth striving for in college

life than perpetual amusement and excitement.

And now had come the crowning-point in his career. Everything had been won, and there was not a man who knew him who did not rejoice in his distinction, nor amongst the ten or twelve chosen friends who found themselves in Grey's rooms on the evening of which we write, was there one who doubted that in years to come his name would be first either in the senate or at the bar.

"Where shall we hear of him next, I wonder?" said Fred Harrowby to John Denman, captain of the eight.

"Who knows? Wherever he may be, he will be first anyhow! Shame upon him though that he failed me in my crew; he was in splendid training, and just another week or two of work would have given him a first-rate grip upon the water."

"Why did he give up then?" said a third speaker.

"Why? Because he declared that Howard was a better man than he at an oar; but I believe his real reason was that he thought Howard had set his heart upon being one of the eight."

"Oh, no! that wasn't it," said Grey, himself, who had overheard his friend's words; "that wasn't it! but look at my arm; it wasn't made to grip an oar and hold on to a mathematical tripos at the same time."

"What's the matter with your arm?" said Harrowby, pretending to examine it critically with his eye-glass; "it's a very good arm! Shouldn't much care to get a punch of the head from the fist that belongs to it."

"Come, come, a truce to all this chaff; it's nearly nine o'clock," said the captain of the eight, turning to those of his men who were there present: "time for me and you,

my merry men all, to turn in now, that we may show up in good form the day after to-morrow at Putney. Good-night, Grey; I suppose you'll not be above giving us a look from the riverside."

And with reiterated good wishes and congratulations, one by one Walter Grey's college comrades left him and his longest-tried friend of all, Edward Randall, alone together.

"What good fellows they all are," said Grey. "They are as glad for me as I ought to be for myself."

"Yes; there are some fine young English gentlemen left amongst us still; and, if they do pride themselves somewhat upon their thews and sinews, rather than upon their brains, their hearts are where they should be, at all events. But why are you so grave, Walter, on this of all nights in the year?"

"Am I so grave? Well, one thinks, you know, sometimes; and as those kind-hearted boys left me, I could not help casting onwards a few years, and wondering what life was to bring to us all."

"Well, it is pretty plain what life is to bring to you, my friend—that is, if your past is to be an earnest of your future. All you have tried for you have won; you may rest satisfied now, and go on to reap the fruit of your successful labouring."

"Ah! that is it," cried Walter. "The fruit! what is to be the fruit?"

"The fruit? Why, Fame!—the world's verdict that Grey is one of the pillars of the State. In years to come you will—if you know where your main strength lies—be one of England's greatest statesmen, for you have the Heaven-born gift of oratory, and, by earnest, burning words, can draw around you the coldest and most cynical hearts, as we who have listened to you at the 'Union' well know. Action, public life, Walter; ever pressing towards the heights; no standing still for you!"

"Don't set me on too high a pedestal, that's all. I may perhaps disappoint you, and others too; sometimes I feel that—however, no more now; only, Randall, be

sure you look me up in town on the Saturday after the boat-race: my mother and sister will be heartily glad to see any chum of mine." And with a few more words, the friends shook hands and parted for the night.

But it was not until long after he had been alone that Walter Grey thought of going to bed and sleeping. He wrote to his mother to say he should be in town the following day—he put his papers and letters in order, walked up and down his study irresolutely, and did not look like a man who had the ball at his feet, and who might take up at will any career he chose. Not that he seemed anxious or unhappy, his face simply wore a thoughtful expression, mingled with some perplexity. But anyone who had known him of late years, would know that whatever problem he set himself to think out would not remain unsolved long; and when he joined his mother and sister in town the next day,—if he were thoughtful still, the perplexity had disappeared.

Walter Grey was an only son: his father died when he was quite a child, and his mother had given herself up, heart and soul, to the welfare of her boy. All her hopes and plans had prospered for him, not a wish nor an aspiration hitherto breathed on his behalf remained unfulfilled; no wonder then that Mrs. Grey's handsome face looked handsomer still when lighted up by the pride and delight that were in her heart as she welcomed Walter home, crowned as he was with University honours. Edith Grey too, who also worshipped her brother, in her own quiet way, was more demonstrative than usual, and refrained from saying a word of the disappointment she felt in his not being one of the University eight.

When, in three weeks' time, the morning of the race arrived, it promised gloriously, and as the March day wore on, the brilliant sun, and soft yet cool air filled the hearts of the holiday-makers with delight. The race was to come off at 9.30, but long before that time the course on both sides of the river, from Putney to Mortlake, was thronged

and the windows of every house filled with bright and eagerly expectant faces. The lawns of the pretty Thames-side villas and cottages, were covered by groups of spectators, amongst whom, attended by their schoolboy or undergraduate brothers and cousins, were scores of pretty girls dressed in every conceivable shade of light or dark blue, prepared to picnic on the grass when the race was over. Carriages were arriving one after the other, taking their stand on the available road-way and public spaces in regular order. Countless numbers of passengers on foot were crowding round and about them, as well as by the refreshment stalls, knock-'em-downs, and costermongers' barrows, placed at frequent intervals along the course. Small craft of every kind were going up and down the water; the barges, rowing boats, and river steamers were alive with people, the whole forming a scene, in truth, familiar enough by this time to all English men and women, boys and girls. University men seemed to be everywhere; Cambridge and Oxford alike looking for the success of its boat, and this year it seemed that not the wisest head on either side could predict where the victory was likely to remain, for no one who had watched the progress of the crews in their previous daily practice, could possibly declare with whom the palm of supreme excellence lay,—so equally were they endowed with British muscle, pluck, and skill.

But any one who had time or eyes to spare from watching the preparations for, and surroundings of, the great event of the day, might have observed one fine athletic young fellow amongst the throng, who did not seem altogether engrossed by the race. He was keenly observing—as he passed slowly through and amongst the various groups—the countenances, words, and doings of the poorer and the rougher classes, who were gathered together on the scene in no fewer numbers than the well-to-do; and more than once that morning, had he with a strong arm and a well-timed word of warning separated angry combatants, and quieted a scolding tongue.

About a quarter of an hour before the race was timed to start, he found himself near the outskirts of Putney by the river, standing for a moment beside an ill-constructed wooden platform, with seats upon it, which were raised one above the other. His attention had been drawn to it first, by the insecure look of the erection, and next, to the battle for places which was going on. It was surrounded and almost covered already by a crowd of roughs, who were jostling and hustling off all respectable-looking people. One poor woman with a baby in her arms, and a fine curly-headed little fellow of three, clinging to her skirts, and clamouring to be put where he could see, riveted our friend Walter's attention upon her, for upon her face was a look of such unutterable hopeless wretchedness, that pity stirred his breast to its inmost depths.

"Why do you try to get up there?" he said to the woman, "you hav'n't strength enough to push your way to the front, better stand quietly here, out of the reach of those quarrelling noisy brutes."

"Oh! sir," she said, in a low tremulous voice, "I don't want to be there myself, it's only for the boy, poor little fellow; it isn't often he sees anything to make him laugh, and he wants to look at the water and the boats, sir; he can't see anything standing down here; it's nothing to me, it's only for him."

"Well, well, keep here close by me. Give me the boy, I'll put him on my shoulder, he'll see better there than anywhere: I'm a pretty good height, and he will be out of harm's way with me."

"God bless you, sir; he'll be very good, won't you, Jem?" she said, as she stooped to kiss the boy, and push his curly locks off his forehead, "and sit still where the gentleman puts you."

The child turned a smiling face to Walter, who took him up, and set him on his shoulder, whence he could see all that was going on.

The signal for the start was expected every moment; the crowd grew thicker and thicker, and the platform close to which

Walter and his charges were standing began to creak ominously ; but no one heeded it. Every eye was strained in the direction of the boats—the signal was given—the gun was fired—and in a moment or two the beautiful craft, with their perfectly matched crews of stalwart young Englishmen, flashed past.

A prolonged shout arose, and a general movement of the multitude took place.

Ah ! what was that terrible crash ? What does that horrible gap in the midst of the dense crowd mean ? There ! close to the left of Walter Grey—who for a moment stands aghast ; still holding the boy, who sees nothing but the glitter of the water and the moving boats, steamers, and barges, with their bright flags flying, and who claps his little hands with glee ! Where is the woman who, but a few seconds ago, stood hard by, with her infant in her arms ?

The rickety platform has given way, and twenty or thirty human beings are lying crushed and writhing under the severed beams and planks ! Alas ! the woman and her infant were so near, that they too must have been knocked down ! and are there underneath, mortally injured, perhaps dying !

Still holding the boy firmly, Walter forces his way through the throng of bystanders, who, just recovering from their alarm, are beginning to try to raise the planks. In a moment he sees that, from want of a head to direct, and the state of excitement prevailing, the efforts at relief are rendered almost useless. So, giving the boy in charge to an old woman selling gingerbread, and bidding her keep within sight, he set to work ; and no sooner was his voice heard telling one man off here, another there, applying the smaller planks as levers to the larger, heavier beams, and, by his example encouraging all to follow his lead, than hope was entertained that no life would be sacrificed, as so little time had been lost.

Carefully and cautiously Walter worked where the *débris* was heaped the highest, for there lay the heaviest weight on the

crushed crowd beneath. He knew that the woman must have been struck down just at the farther end of the erection, close by where—as has been said—they were standing. The great crash was in the centre ; only here and there had a plank been jerked to the outer edge. Dozens of stout arms and hearts were helping in the work of liberation, and one by one the stunned and helpless creatures were gently drawn from under the mass of woodwork ; still Walter failed to find the woman. He began to think that she must have, after all, been out of reach of the accident, and that she would be found in the crowd at a little distance perhaps, when his eyes suddenly fell on what looked at first sight like a torn fragment of a woman's dress, and ah ! from under a huge beam was stretched out an arm and hand, from the stiffened grasp of which a little, helpless infant had slipped, and lay, just out of all harm's reach (sheltered by a capsized barrow full of huge oysters), alive and unhurt.

To take up the baby, and put it into the arms of the gingerbread seller, who had followed Walter about with her first charge, was the work of a moment, whilst he called two or three men to raise this beam, as they had done many others. It was slow work ; no leverage could be used here, for the farther end lay heavily on half-living bodies. At last Grey had found the object of his search, the poor careworn woman ; but she was past hope ; her life must have been crushed out of her instantaneously by the blow from the falling mass. Only one other life beside was sacrificed ; one or two hospital cases there were, but not very severe ones.

Walter's thought now was for the desolate children. The race had been long over ; shouts of victory for Cambridge had filled the air soon after he began to work for the relief of the sufferers ; and the bystanders were now dispersing in all directions. It will be well understood that Walter Grey was not a man to shirk a difficulty ; and what to do with his two little charges was a difficulty, no doubt ; but he soon cut the

knot. The body of the mother was carried to the workhouse, but Walter's heart revolted at the notion of the little ones being left there. He could gain no information about their parents or where they came from, save from one person in the crowd, and this was a policeman, who said, "The father was a bad 'un, and that if the gentleman thought of taking the children home himself, he would go with him—it might be necessary, perhaps, for there was oftentimes a regular gang of ruffians hanging about the house; and the poor woman must have had a bad time of it; there was nothing against her, she had always been respectable."

"Well, then," said Grey, "in that case, you had better take the children to the police-station, give them some food, and I will come on there myself when I have decided what to do; but you must direct me to the house, and tell me what the man's name is."

"Well, sir, he's known as Jack Ridley, and he lives in the third house on the right-hand side of that narrow little street there, 'Paul's Rents' they call it, just in front of you."

They had got well away from the river-side by this time, and were in one of the narrow Putney bye-streets, when Walter, followed by the faithful old vendor of gingerbread with her two charges, whom she was, in her motherly fashion, alternately petting and moaning over, came to a standstill.

Recompensing the woman handsomely, he handed over the children to the policeman, and walked on alone. The house to which he had been directed looked neglected and dirty enough, with hardly a whole pane of glass left in any of the windows. Two or three ill-looking, half-drunken roughs were lounging about the doorway, who jeered at the "young swell," as he asked which amongst them was called Jack Ridley.

"'Ere, Jack!" one of them called out, putting his head inside the door, "'ere's a gen'lleman wants yer."

"Does ee? let him come in 'ere, then—I ain't a-goin' out to him."

"Let me pass," said Grey to the men, who seemed rather bent on barring the entrance by ranging up close in front of the door, and linking their arms.

"Come on, then," said the man who had first spoken, "there's room, I dessay, though you are such a swell."

Without waiting an instant to parley, Walter walked swiftly up to the two men in the centre of the group, unlinked their arms in a twinkling, and went through the half-open door. He found himself in a squalid, filthy room, in one corner of which sat a man of about forty years of age, with a black pipe in his mouth, and a pewter mug half full of beer standing on a rickety three-legged stool by his side. He eyed Walter in a sulky stupid way, and then growled out:

"What do you want here?"

"An accident has happened by the river this morning," said Walter, who saw in an instant that the man was too stupid with drink to understand anything but the most downright words; "a platform crowded with people fell, and killed a poor woman who had two children with her: the children are safe, I am told the woman was your wife; she has been taken to the workhouse, and I——" but before he could get in another word, the man got up and reeling towards him said:

"And a good job too! What do you want to come sneaking here to tell me that! Get out of my way, or I'll soon make you," and then, with a futile effort at throwing the pewter mug at Walter's head, fell against the wall. The men outside hearing the noise, looked in, and the civillest amongst them said in a low tone:

"Ye'd best get out of this; Jack's like a wild beast when he's in drink."

But he spoke to a man who never thought of himself, and Grey never stirred till he had uttered a word of warning to the men, telling them what he had seen that morning.

With all the strength of his deep earnest nature, he briefly pictured to them the horrible future that lay before them all, here, day by day, in this world, if they would

not have the courage to stop at once in their drunken career. He spoke of the dead woman and helpless children, but all was vain ; and Grey saw that it was mere waste of time to attempt to bring these half-brutalized men to reason. He made his way out, amidst a torrent of threats and jeers, and went to the police-station where the children had been brought half-an-hour before.

Rather helpless he felt as he stood there, looking at those two little waifs and strays of humanity, but yet quite determined that they should never go back to that horrible den he had just quitted. How he wished he had had his mother or his sister with him ! but something must be done at once. So, after a consultation with the inspector and his friend, the policeman, it was settled that the latter should take the children home to his "missus," till another refuge could be found for them. Grey put a couple of sovereigns into the man's hand, gave him his card with his address, and with his heart and mind full of what he had seen and heard that day, he returned to his mother's home in Berkeley Square to meet and welcome a party of his college friends at dinner.

That evening was a marked one in the life of Walter Grey.

Never had he seemed more brilliant. Surrounded by some of the most rising and promising young men of his day, they yet, one and all, turned to him with a sort of deference, as though proud to show how they admired and loved him. They little thought, as they parted from him that night, what path in life, he, whose name in future years they fondly hoped would be added to the long roll of those who had already made their *alma mater* famous, would choose to follow !

When all was hushed in the house, Walter went to his own study, where he sat far into the small hours, musing and thinking deeply.

For some time past an intense desire to enroll himself in the ranks of those who wage war against wrong and evil-doing had

taken root in his heart. He had been penetrated through and through with the deepest pity for the dense masses of human beings struggling hourly through the mists of poverty and ignorance. The power of a great intellect in him had had no deadening influence upon his heart, but had only made it keener and readier to redress suffering. All that he had seen that morning,—the miserable woman, the lonely children, worse than orphaned, the selfish, brutal, drunken man and his companions,—had moved Walter deeply. Not that such scenes were unknown to him—his search after truth in the world in which he lived, and his keen spirit of observation, had caused him to realize vividly the existence of evil, and how it should be the aim of all brave spirits to wage war against it, each in his own way, and with whatever weapons God might place in their hands.

When dawn broke, and he rose from the reverie in which he had been plunged for hours, to put out his lamp, he had taken his resolution, and knew what he would do with his life. He determined to enter the church, and vowed to work heart and soul in the calling to which he made up his mind to devote himself.

We will not attempt to describe the disappointment of his family and friends on first becoming acquainted with Walter's resolve. All gave way before his earnestness, however, and in course of time he settled down as a hard-working clergyman in a crowded London parish, rife with poverty and ignorance. As can well be guessed, the little boy and girl he had rescued from a fate worse than death had been his first care ; and, at the time in which we write, they are two very promising pupils, in one of the best-managed schools in the district, and we will venture to say that neither by word nor deed will they ever grieve the brave and loving protector of their infancy. Even the drunken father and his besotted and worthless companions have been unable entirely to resist Walter's constant and fearless efforts to drag them out of the mire of degradation and sin in which he first found

them. Their hearts have been touched, and, although now and then the old evil breaks out, Walter never wearies, but unceasingly renews his warnings and his care, and who shall say that they will be in vain?

And so, bravely working on, he knows no weariness, he craves no distinction that the world would recognise, so long as the power is given him to war against evil, to uphold good, to comfort the sorrowing, and to protect the helpless. Was it not for these ends that God had so stirred his heart and spoken to him in the "still small voice" audible through and above all the praises and con-

gratulations which had been showered upon him on that memorable day of the boat-race, now five years ago? Many a poor home, made glad and bright by his hearty, generous, and God-loving spirit, will testify to this truth in the crowded and hitherto uncared-for neighbourhood in which Walter Grey still lives and labours. And as, day by day, bent on doing his Master's work, he passes up and down the narrow streets, men and boys leave the rough oath unuttered, and drop the uplifted arm; whilst women and little children follow him with wistful eyes and silent blessings in their hearts.

EDWARD I.

By L. M. C. LAMB.



ERE we to record minutely the "*faites et gestes*" of the sixty-eight years during which Edward I. lived, so many pages would be consumed ere we arrived at that 20th of November, 1272 when, on the death of

his father Henry III., the subject of the present memoir, was "at the new Temple" proclaimed King of England; that space would fail us for the recapitulation of the events that took place after his return from the Holy Land, and the actual commencement of a reign which forms so marked a contrast with that of the preceding monarch. Nevertheless, since Edward had arrived at the mature age of thirty-four ere he was called to the throne, had done various valourous feats in England, Wales, and Syria, had married the beautiful Eleanora of Castille, and become the father of three promising children; the readers who most dislike little excursions into history anterior to that which the writer professes to relate, will be charitable and agree with us that we

could hardly ignore half our hero's life, and take up our story when he was safely in possession of his inheritance!

It was at the palace of Winchester that, four years after the marriage of his royal parents, Edward "Longshanks" was ushered into existence; great rejoicings followed the birth of the heir, and grave deliberations as to the name to be bestowed upon him took place, that of Edward being finally decided upon by the king, in remembrance of the Confessor.

One of the sponsors of the little prince was the celebrated Earl of Leicester, who, lately married to the king's sister, Eleanor, Countess of Pembroke, was then in great favour with both parents of his godson. This friendly feeling was however of short duration, for, at a grand feast-given by the queen a few weeks later, we hear that Simon de Montfort was chased ignominiously from the royal presence, and departed vowing vengeance against his sister-in-law, whom he suspected of having influenced her husband against him. How well he avenged this insult we shall see, when we find him heading a faction of turbulent

barons against the king, whom, and with some reason, he represented as utterly incapable of wielding with firmness and resolution the sceptre of the realm.

The first years of Edward's childhood are scarcely mentioned by any historian; so we are left to conclude that he shared the fruitless journeys to and from the Continent with his parents; that he came in for some of the good things purchased by the moneys his father extorted from all available sources, learned the use of arms, and in all ways led the life of a prince of the blood royal of those days, until he had arrived at the age of fourteen; when, at the end of Henry's campaign in Guienne, a marriage was discussed and determined upon between Eleanor, sister to Alphonso King of Castille, and the heir to the English crown. The king at once sent the intelligence of this decision to Queen Eleanor (who was acting as regent of England during his absence, and bringing upon herself endless reproaches from all classes of people for her greed and rapacity), and she, willingly resigning the cares of sovereignty to Richard Earl of Cornwall, with her second son Edmund, the Countess of Cornwall, and a magnificent retinue, set sail from Portsmouth on the 15th of May, arrived shortly afterwards at Bordeaux, and met with a warm welcome from her husband and the young bridegroom elect. A few days passed now, during which the royal party gave themselves up entirely to the pleasure of their re-union; but the king, by no means inclined to lose sight of the objects of family interest which had caused him to send for Eleanor, pressed the continuance of her journey to Burgos; and we soon find the obedient spouse speeding over the Pyrenees as fast as the cumbrous means of transit employed in those days would permit, accompanied by Prince Edward and the courtly train of ladies, nobles and knights, whose presence was to shed an added brilliancy to the marriage festivities of King Henry's heir.

Every imaginable pomp and splendour graced the nuptials of the young people;

and, gratifying as this was to the vanity of Henry III., we are bound to admit that his contentment was in no wise diminished by the contemplation of the solid advantages secured by this Spanish alliance—the termination of the war between himself and King Alphonso, the Castilian monarch's abandonment of his claims to Aquitaine, and the Infanta's presumptive inheritance to Ponthieu and Aumerle.

The result of these cogitations was apparent in the magnificent manner in which he prepared to receive his young daughter-in-law with a marriage feast on which he expended the incredible sum of three hundred thousand marks, to the intense indignation of his English barons, one of whom, more careful of the interests of his pockets than of the king's favour, expostulated vehemently upon such gross extravagance, and irritated Henry to some very undignified rejoinders. Annoyed and wearied by his pertinacity, the king at last exclaimed in dolorous voice: "Oh! for the love of God, say no more of it, lest men stand amazed at the relation thereof!"

In order that Aquitaine should no longer form a bone of contention between himself and Alphonso, we hear that the province was settled upon Prince Edward by Henry, "as the inheritance of Eleanor his grandmother;" the other possessions and titles granted to the bridegroom on the auspicious occasion of his nuptials were Wales (with an admonition to lose no time in conquering it!), Ireland, Bristol, Stamford, Grantham and the governorship of Guienne. Thus at fifteen our hero was married, knighted, (at a tournament given by King Alphonso) and gratified with several fine-sounding titles, many of which were mere empty words and conveyed neither power nor gain to their holder, whose financial affairs bid fair to show a strong family likeness to those of his impecunious father; who, on his return to England, called upon the citizens of London and the Jews to pay for his continental feasts and magnificences, and suggested to them that they should be a little more

liberal than usual in their contributions to the royal purse, since he must diminish his own means by an annual allowance of fifteen thousand marks which he had agreed to give Edward.

The king next called his barons together, and to them repeated his pecuniary necessities, and his demand for aid; but as they had fallen into an unpleasant habit of capping each dolorous demand by the mention of some recent piece of extravagance, or some breach of the Great Charter, Henry soon discovered that they were in no humour to make a fresh monetary advance, and dismissed them though he was daily plunging deeper into the abyss of debt. At last he thought he had a good opportunity for gaining a point on which he had set his heart; we refer to the offer Pope Innocent IV. had made to bestow the crown of Sicily on Henry's second son, Edmund. To lose nothing for want of a little dramatic effect, he convened a parliament, told the barons of the Sicilian project in an eloquent speech, and, at the most telling moment, presented to them the little prince, habited in the picturesque costume of that island, and, with tears in his eyes, asked if they could endure to see the noble boy lose such an opportunity of wearing such a crown and such apparel for a sordid money consideration; adding that, sure of their decision, he had given the pope unlimited credit to expend whatever sums he thought necessary for completing the conquest of Sicily; and that the pontiff had already drawn bills amounting to 150,540 marks. Great consternation greeted this announcement; surprise and indignation were depicted on every countenance, and presently found vent in every variety of reproach and censure; the dramatic portion of the entertainment provided by the king, of the young prince in his Sicilian costume, utterly failed to impress the parliament; and the bishop of London vowed that if the king and the pope, who were more powerful than he, divested him of his mitre for refusing to aid in this speculation, he would resign it

without grief and don a helmet in its place. On this the legate of the new pope, Alexander, threatened the refractory churchman with excommunication; and, by these and like means, a sum of money was at length made up and sent off to Rome; but this being accomplished, and the nobles being goaded into desperation, a coalition was formed between the Earl of Leicester (who had by no means forgotten the insult he had received when, with his countess, he came to pay his *devoirs* to Queen Eleanor after the birth of Prince Edward), Humphrey de Bohun the high constable, Roger Bigod the earl marshal, and the Earls of Warwick and Gloucester, to call the king to account for his extravagances and open violations of the provisions of Magna Charta, and to impose upon him—by force, if needs must—a plan of government which should effectually prevent such breaches of faith in future. The articles of the proposed reformation were in substance as follows: that the king should confirm the Great Charter which he had sworn so often, without any effect, to observe; that the office of Chief Justiciary should be given to a person of capacity and integrity who would administer justice impartially to rich and poor; that the chancellor, treasurer, justices, and other public officers should be chosen by a body of twenty-four commissioners (of whom the Earl of Leicester constituted himself president!); that the custody of the king's castles should be given over to the above-named commissioners, who were empowered to entrust them to such persons as were well affected to the State; that the opposition of any person to the decrees of the commissioners should be punished by death; that the parliament should meet at least once a year to make such statutes as should be judged necessary for the welfare of the kingdom; "that the king's brethren, the Poictevins, and other strangers, must presently be removed, despoiled of their fortunes, and exiled by proscription under the king's own hand." In consideration of Henry's consent to these and other conditions intended

to curb the royal authority, the parliament agreed to aid him in the mad project of securing the Sicilian throne to Prince Edmund. Far more difficult of persuasion than his father was Edward; however his promise was at last obtained, and the new system set in motion. But now commenced a series of disputes amongst the reformers themselves: a "royalist party" arose, and, ere long, we find Henry despatching messengers to Rome supplicating the pope to absolve him from his enforced oath. In 1261 the king's adherents had become so numerous that Leicester found it most prudent to put the blue waves of the Channel between himself and them, though he by no means relaxed his efforts to strengthen his party; and in 1262 when Edward was carrying on a war against the Welsh, he returned to England, upbraided Henry for his evasions of several of the articles of the Oxford Statutes, and wound up the address by offering to amend such as he "should find too severe!" The king declared he could give no answer until Prince Edward's return, and eagerly he looked out for his son's arrival, hoping that he would join him in a contemptuous rejection of both Leicester's advice and pretensions. Great was his disappointment when the prince, on hearing of this new dissension between his father and the barons, emphatically declared that he had consented to the Oxford Provisions very much against his will, but that having consented to them he would see they were carried out. The barons, overjoyed at this turn of affairs, were not long before they outstepped even the limits of the powers they had taken upon themselves, and enacted a new statute by which they decided that their authority should continue, not only during the present reign, but also during that of Edward. But in this they had gone too far, as the young prince utterly declined to agree to any such infringement of his future pretensions; he referred the question to the arbitration of the King of France; and that monarch deciding in his favour and against the encroachments of the barons, he resolved

to have recourse to arms in defence of his menaced rights. He accordingly summoned the king's military vassals; the royal forces were formed into three divisions, respectively commanded by King Henry, Richard King of the Romans, and himself; and now a civil war broke out in which first one and then the other party was victorious.

A decisive battle was fought on the 12th of May, 1264, at Lewes, in which the rebels totally defeated the king, who with his brother Richard was taken prisoner. Edward, whose division had done good service during the day, was returning to the field of battle, after chasing and inflicting a terrible slaughter upon a wing of Leicester's army, when he heard this deplorable intelligence; presently he found himself surrounded by insurgents, and, to make short a long story, was taken to Dover and imprisoned in the castle. Leicester's ambition now knew no limits; he claimed the lion's share of the spoil gained in the battle of Lewes, confiscated the estates of eighteen barons, monopolized the sale of wool to continental markets, dispersed the twenty-four commissioners, and in their stead elected a council of nine who were to be selected by "three persons or the majority of them," these being himself, the Earl of Gloucester, and the Bishop of Chichester. Meanwhile the king, Prince Edward, and the king of the Romans were still in confinement; and, in spite of the untiring efforts of Queen Eleanor, who had retired into France, the succour she had prepared for the royal prisoners was "detained in France by stress of weather." So everything combined to make Leicester think he need put no limits to his rapacity and ambition, as he had already gained to his interests Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, and need fear no annoyance from that quarter. But trouble was coming from one of his associates in rebellion; the Earl of Gloucester, disgusted at his assumption of supreme authority, retired in dudgeon to his estate on the borders of Wales; not, however, before he had sown the seeds of

discontent in the minds of some powerful barons, who were already beginning to doubt whether Leicester's rule was any less galling than King Henry's. From doubt to regret was but a step, and soon they suggested that Prince Edward at least should

be set at liberty. Making a merit of necessity, Leicester assented, and the prince was brought to Westminster, where by the unanimous voice of the barons he was confirmed in his freedom. The earl had no intention of losing sight of his quondam



prisoner ; for when he pursued Gloucester to the castle to which, as we have said, he had retired, the king and prince accompanied him. This was too good an opportunity to be lost by the Prince, and calculating that the enmity between the two earls would make one of them his friend, Edward began to think about seeking means to effect his escape from Leicester's super-

vision. He had reckoned truly on the animosity of Gloucester, who, as a present, sent him a horse "of surpassing swiftness." One day then, on pretence of "taking the air," he rode out with a party of Leicester's retinue, who, though by way only of affording him pleasant company, were meant in reality to prevent any attempt at evasion ; the young prince led the conversation care-

lessly from one subject to another till he engaged his escort in a discussion as to whose horse was the best. They got warm in the cause of their favourite steeds, each knight asserting proudly that his was the swiftest; therefore, when Edward innocently suggested that they should try them before him, and that he should be umpire, his proposal was unanimously accepted, and the valiant warriors galloped away eagerly. The prince seemed to find great difficulty in making his decision, and again and again the horses' hoofs clattered past him, till all the riders were fain to postpone any further trials, for the weariness of their chargers; then Edward, gathering up his reins, and, bowing to his company with easy grace, wished them a very good morning, and, putting spurs to his good steed, left them open-mouthed and discomfited to follow as best they might. In their turn they urged their weary chargers on, but all to no purpose; their prisoner had been joined by a party of Gloucester's troops and was now well out of the hands of Simon Montfort.

This event was the signal for the whole royalist party to rise; an army was soon assembled, and now Leicester saw with bitter mortification how his so-called friends abandoned him and rallied under Prince Edward's banner. At the battle of Evesham the royalist forces carried everything before them, though Leicester exerted himself to the utmost to keep the advantage on his side. He caused King Henry to put on armour, and fight against his own cause in the front of the army where he was not recognized by his friends, who, never doubting but that he was a worthy follower of the ambitious earl, set upon him with such a will that he was wounded in the shoulder, and would have been killed if he had not cried out: "I am Henry of Winchester, your king." Prince Edward heard the well-known voice, and riding up immediately to his father's side, caused him to be conducted to a spot where he could in safety watch the issue of the battle.

In this combat Leicester's army was

totally defeated, the earl's body being found among the slain on the field; and, according to the barbarous customs of the time, his remains, horribly mutilated, were afterwards sent to his wretched widow. One would imagine that now the rebels would have willingly laid down their arms, and renewed their allegiance to the king; but, incited by Gloucester (whose ideas of the rewards merited by his conduct in the late war had no limit, and whom Henry's generosity had failed to satisfy), a fresh rebellion broke out and had to be subdued, before Edward could embark upon an expedition to Syria, in which he had agreed to join King Louis of France.

In 1270 he set out, accompanied by his faithful Castilian wife, whose sole regret at following the fortunes of her husband was caused by the thought of the three children she left behind in England. True, they were high in favour with their grandfather, and were likely to want for nothing in her absence; still the poor princess's heart ached not a little as she thought of the weary months, nay years, that might elapse ere once more she should press them in her arms.

The good ship started from Portsmouth in May, and made first for Bordeaux, Edward's intention being to wait there for Eleanor, who had gone over previously to make some final arrangements. From Bordeaux the prince and princess sailed for Sicily, where they remained during the winter, expecting to be joined by St. Louis of France; but that monarch had been persuaded by his brother, King Charles of Sicily, to proceed to Tunis and help to enforce some question of tribute he claimed from the Moorish sovereign; and falling ill of "a very pestilential disorder," he expired, to the great grief and affliction of his followers, who now one and all abandoned any idea of the crusade, and returned to France.

When this sad intelligence reached the English troops, they represented to Edward the impossibility of contending with the vast Saracenic host with any hope of success, now that the aid for which they had depended on the French king was lost to

them. Finding all their arguments powerless to move the prince from his purpose, they induced the King of Sicily to add his representations to theirs, with no other effect than to put their leader into a towering rage, in which he vowed that if all his followers left him he would still proceed to Acre, attended only "by Fowen, my horse-keeper."

Accordingly, in April he set forward on his route, and arrived at the scene of the exploits of his great uncle, the valiant Cœur de Lion, to find his coming hailed with delight by the Templars and Hospitalers, to whom the name of Plantagenet was a tower of strength, and who hastened to put themselves under his command.

A little army of seven thousand men was thus mustered, and with it Edward proceeded to Nazareth which he conquered, though with much difficulty; and, we are sorry to add, signalised his victory by some horrible barbarities, which recalled very forcibly to the minds of the Moslems some of "Melech Ric's" similar performances. Edward now turned his steps towards the sea-coast and arrived at Acre just as the Saracens were preparing to besiege it, rescued it after incredible acts of personal valour, and then entered into negotiations with the Emir of Joppa, who, pretending a strong desire to embrace the Christian faith (but not to do so until some doubts he had were removed), employed a messenger to carry back his answers to Edward's correspondence, and through this man, who was a follower of the "Old Man of the Mountain," and consequently ready to do any murder, contemplated surprising the English Prince in an unguarded moment, and by a cruel assassination delivering the Moslems from one of their most dangerous foes. This event in Edward's life has formed the subject of one of the many legends of history; and though it is the fashion now to condemn these little events as flights of fancy, still, the absolute and indisputable fact of the prince having been wounded by a would-be assassin admitted, surely we are at liberty to

embellish it with the legend which speaks so well for Eleanor's wifely devotion, or to pin our faith on the cure of his wound through the skill of some "chirurgien," as we think fit. And if we elect to copy textually the account of our old friend, the good knight



Templar and Hospitaler.

Sir Richard Baker, whose quaint description is a gem of old parlance—who shall say us nay? We hope not our readers; but, begging their indulgence, proceed in the words of "a chronicle, tastefully collected out of Authors Ancient and Modern."

"After which, out of envy to his valour, one Anzazim, a desperate Saracen who had often been employed to him [Edward] from their [Saracen] general, being one time, upon pretence of some secret message, admitted alone into the chamber, with a poisoned knife gave him three wounds in the body, two in the arm and one near the arm-pit, which were thought to be mortal, and had perhaps been mortal, if, out of unspeakable love, the Lady Eleanor his wife had not sucked out the poison of his wounds with her mouth, and thereby effecting a cure which otherwise had been incurable. It is no wonder that love should do wonders, which is of itself a wonder."

The illness and weakness caused by this

* See previous paper upon Richard Cœur de Lion.

attempt upon his life necessitated a prolonged stay at Acre, and here it was that Edward's second daughter was born. The name chosen for her was Joan, which appellation seems to have had that of her birthplace generally added to it, for we find frequent mention of "Joan de Acres."

After the capitulation of this town, a truce of ten years was concluded between Edward and the Sultan; and with the remnant of his little army which had not succumbed to sickness, want, or the fury of the Saracens, the prince and princess set sail once more for Sicily, where evil news awaited them in the intelligence of the death of their first-born son, Prince John, at whose birth all England had rejoiced, and to whom Henry's barons had sworn fealty and allegiance in the event of his father's death in the crusade. The sorrowing parents had hardly realised the truth of this great loss, when fresh grief came with the news of Prince Henry's death; this again was followed almost immediately by the arrival of a third messenger, whose errand was to announce the demise of Henry III., and Edward's consequent succession to a kingdom which, by his character for straightforwardness and valour, there was little doubt of his governing with wisdom and power.

Hearing with what tranquillity, and even pleasure, his accession to the throne of England had been greeted, Edward—finding no reason to hurry to surroundings which could not fail to remind him and his consort of their recent sorrows—determined upon carrying out the original programme he had decided on before he left Syria, and paying a visit to his old tutor, Theobald, Archbishop of Liege, who under the name of Gregory X. now filled the papal chair. The king and queen, therefore, bidding farewell to Charles of Sicily, took their departure from his dominions, and, without let or hindrance, reached Rome, where they were magnificently entertained "with much honour" by the pope, whose elevation to the pontifical throne had in no way diminished the interest and affection he entertained for

his former pupil. After this pleasant visit, Edward pursued his way homewards; and, passing through Burgundy, was invited to a tournament by the Count of Chalons. He joyfully accepted this proposal, which afforded him an occasion of measuring lances with the greatest nobles of the land, and especially with the count himself, who had the reputation of being a prince of great valour and bravery. But this amicable trial of skill was very nearly ending in a serious contention; for the count and his company, seeing the advantage in the jousts all on the side of Edward and his knights, lost their tempers and made a serious attack upon them, which, though repulsed by the bravery of the English combatants, occasioned much blood to be shed, and put an end to what should have been only a friendly encounter. From Chalons the king and queen journeyed to Paris, where Edward did homage for the possessions held by him in France, and was magnificently received by his cousin, King Philip. Some disturbances in Guienne next claimed his attention; and these terminated, he and his queen set out for England, and landed at Dover on the 2nd August, 1273, where a warm welcome from their subjects awaited them. "And under the wing of the Divine Providence he had now passed all the dangers of this tedious journey; and, being safely come to London, was, on the fifteenth day of August, in the year 1274, crowned at Westminster, together with his wife Queen Eleanor, by Robert Kilwarby, Archbishop of Canterbury, when five hundred great horses were let loose for any that could take them; and yet the outward solemnity was not greater than the inward joy was universal; every man rejoicing not only at a change which of itself is pleasing, but at a change so much for the better as this was like to be."

At Edward's coronation, Alexander, king of Scotland, came "to do him service and to worship with a quentyse, and a hundred knights with him;" the Duke of Bretagne also rendered his homage, and the magnificent appearance of these two great

vassals and their retinues was a source of much gratification to the king, and he hourly awaited the arrival of another prince whose coming should give additional splendour to the ceremonies which had already dazzled all beholders by their pompous state.

But Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, entirely disregarded the summons he had received; and, when a peremptory message was des-

patched requiring his immediate presence to tender his homage to Edward and his consort, he refused to admit that any such homage was due, and asserted that the English had committed several outrages on his frontiers for which he meant to demand satisfaction. Edward now called together a body of "Commissions" to enquire into and adjust Llewellyn's pretended grievances; and it was at length agreed that an interview between the English king and the refractory prince should take place on the borders of the principality; but Edward fell ill at Shrewsbury, so the meeting was deferred, and Llewellyn, having time to repent the consent he had given to pay homage to the king, declared now his determination to refuse when next called upon. The following year he was therefore cited before the Parliament, and returned for answer that he was unwilling to trust himself in the country of a monarch who had on several occasions shown a marked animosity to him, unless the heir to the

English throne, the Earl of Gloucester, and the High Chancellor were given him as hostages. This arrogant demand incensed Edward, who finding fair means of no use, and having at hand the opportunity of working on his vassal's feelings, determined to try another plan of action. For some time the Welsh prince had been affianced to Lady Eleanor Montfort, (the daughter of King Henry's recalcitrant Earl of Leicester) and this marriage, most eagerly looked forward to by Llewellyn, was now on the point of being solemnized, and the fair lady daily expected to arrive in the principality from France. Edward determined to capture the bride elect, and then to let the prince know that she would be detained until he should be pleased to repent of his obstinacy, and pay the long demanded homage. Lady Eleanor's vessel was captured by some Bristol merchants, and the fair damsel carried prisoner to the king, who immediately sent her to Windsor, where he gave her into the custody of no harsher gaoler than his faithful queen, Eleanor. Here she remained until 1278, when, finding Edward was as good as his word, "for the love of her Prince Llewellyn was content to submit himself to any conditions," and agreed to "the subjection of his State," and the payment of a sum of fifty thousand pounds at once, "and a thousand pounds per annum during his life."

So queen Eleanor, accompanied by the "prisoner" and her train of court ladies, set out for Worcester, where the marriage of Llewellyn and his "extreamly loved" lady was solemnized with much state, King Edward giving away the fair bride who, we must not forget, was his cousin, being the daughter of his father's sister Eleanor, Countess of Pembroke.

For three years "Leolyn's" loyalty outwardly continued; and during this time Edward found himself compelled to go over to France to take formal possession of the provinces of Ponthieu and Aumerle, to which, as we have said, Queen Eleanor was presumptive heiress when, as Infanta of Castille, she had been united to Prince



Seal of Edward I.

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Edward. On his return he found that his troubles with the Welsh prince were by no means over, for Eleanor de Montfort having recently died and her softening influence no longer existing, Llewellyn had suffered himself to be once more dominated by those of his subjects who regretted the submission of their country to England, and who, incited thereto by the warlike songs of their bards, lost no opportunity of pouring reproaches into his ear. The effect of this was that the Welsh had made a sudden expedition into England; and, coming unexpectedly upon the castles of Flint and Ruddlan, had taken them, and also possessed themselves of the person of the Chief Justiciary, Lord Clifford. No sooner did the king hear this than he set out with an army, and penetrated into Anglesea by a bridge of boats across the Menai; but, this somewhat difficult feat accomplished, the royal troops were met by Llewellyn, and his brother prince David, and after a most vigorous engagement were obliged to retreat to the mainland, many of the soldiers being drowned while trying to escape the fury of their pursuers by throwing themselves into the waters of the straits, and the king himself being compelled to retire to one of his castles. One victory, however, was not to determine such a contest as this; and presently we find the Welsh prince marching southwards to concert measures with some of his most important subjects. On his arrival at Bualth he found that perfidy or the dread of Edward's vengeance had deterred many from attending the council or even appearing at the *rendez-vous*, and soon after learnt that the main body of his army (which he had sent by a different route to that taken by himself) had been met by Lord Mortimer, and was in great difficulties. Llewellyn lost not a moment longer, but hastened to Bualth where already 2,000 of his men had fallen; with a valour born of desperation the prince rode in amongst the troops, and laid about him so furiously that several of the foe had fallen victims to his sword;

at length, however, "one Adam Frankton ran him through the body, and so died Leolyn," on the 10th December, 1282.

His head was sent to London and—encircled with a wreath of, some say, ivy, and some, willow leaves—it was placed on the Tower, his body having been drawn and quartered. For some months Prince David contrived to escape the vigilance of Edward's soldiers by hiding in an obscure cavern; this retreat being discovered he was hunted from one place of concealment to another, and was finally taken, tried before an English parliament at Shrewsbury, and condemned to death, his body to share the same fate as that of his brother. The distinctive government of Wales from this time ceased to exist, and it became an appanage of the English throne, was made a principality and eventually bestowed on the king's eldest son, or to be more correct, was given at the death of the king's eldest surviving son, Alphonso, to the little prince Edward who, on April 25, 1284, made his entrance into the world at Caernarvon Castle, and who succeeded his father as Edward II.

By the death of Alexander III., of Scotland, in 1286, without any direct male heir, the Scottish crown devolved on Princess Margaret of Norway, the infant daughter of Alexander's daughter, Margaret of Scotland, and Eric, king of Norway. A new scheme for the aggrandisement of his son now presented itself to the mind of the king of England, and accordingly a treaty of marriage was proposed and concluded between Prince Edward and the infant sovereign. Great results were anticipated from an alliance which promised to unite in so firm a bond the interests of the sister kingdoms.

All these brilliant expectations were suddenly annihilated by the death of the little queen (aged six years) on her stormy passage from Norway to her own dominions; and the peace of Scotland was considerably shaken by the pretensions of a vast number (twelve) of competitors for the vacant throne, and the disturbances and disputes provoked by the twelve factions which rose up

and armed each in favour of its own candidate. On investigation, the pretensions of most of these claimants were dismissed; but there still remained three candidates, between whom the guardians of the realm hesitated to decide. It was finally determined to refer the arbitration of the question to the king of England, who, instead of admitting the claims of either of the competitors, requested the nobility and clergy to meet him at Norham, on May 10, 1291, marched there with a great army, and after many expressions of affection and goodwill to Scotland, informed the assembled commissioners that he was there to settle the question of the sovereignty of their country, not only as umpire, but also in accordance with his right as Lord Paramount, which he requested them immediately to recognise. This claim of feudal superiority he founded on some records preserved in the English archives, and in support of it quoted a passage from Hoveden, which asserts that a king of Scotland had done homage to England; omitting, however, the concluding portion of the sentence, which expresses that the said homage was done for lands held by the king in England. The Scottish barons were thunderstruck at these pretensions, and pointed out the impossibility of giving an immediate decision on such an important subject; they therefore craved a delay in which to consider their reply. This did not at all suit Edward, who was prepared to resort to arms should his means of persuasion be exhausted without effect; but if possible he wished his asserted claims to be admitted voluntarily on the part of the regency who formed the government of Scotland during the Interregnum; he accordingly granted a delay of three weeks, and on the day appointed (2nd of June, 1291), in a plain opposite Norham Castle, the "States" met for a second time, when the Bishop of Bath and Wells, as spokesman for the king, addressed himself to the assembly, and said, that the delay accorded by Edward being now expired, and nothing to invalidate the right he claimed having been produced,

"his intention was, to act by virtue of his acknowledged sovereignty over the kingdom of Scotland, and as sovereign, to do justice to the candidates." The High Chancellor now addressed himself to each of the claimants, and asked whether he acknowledged Edward's superiority as Lord Paramount, and would abide by his decision? Robert Bruce, the grandfather of the future King Robert I., was the first to make answer in the affirmative; and the others quickly following his example, the king at once settled the manner in which the pretensions of each aspirant were to be investigated, and fixed upon Berwick as the town where the commissioners were to hold their meetings. These said commissioners were chosen as follows:—forty by the candidates who were in the interests of John Baliol; forty by those who supported the claims of Robert Bruce; and twenty by the king himself. In order that his having the power to bestow the kingdom of Scotland on whichever of these aspirants should produce the best founded claim might be something more than a mere form of words, Edward now demanded possession of the fortresses and strongholds of the country. These were accordingly yielded to him; but in the documents which treated of the affair, it was made a special condition that he should restore them within two months of the date of his decision. This condition, which seems to hint at a possible wish of his to retain the Scottish castles in his possession, did not trouble the king at all; he meant to choose a sovereign from the two candidates above-mentioned; but he also meant to show that monarch, from the beginning of his reign, that he considered him much more as one of the great vassals of the English crown than as a ruler capable of exercising independent sovereignty.

The ultimate decision of the king, as we all know, adjudged the crown of Scotland to John Baliol, Edward, however, "saving to himself and successors the right of prosecuting their pretensions to the same kingdom whenever they thought proper."

By this somewhat insecure tenure Baliol

agreed to hold the title of king, did homage to Edward on the 20th of November, 1292, at Norham; was crowned at Scone on the 30th of the same month; and, that he might not forget the humiliating terms upon which he held his dignities, was summoned immediately afterwards to repeat his acts of homage at Newcastle.

As might have been expected, Baliol speedily learnt the rôle Edward intended him to play, for in the course of his first year of so-called sovereignty he received no less than six citations to appear before his Lord Paramount in the English parliament. At one of them, when accused with "the unjust imprisonment of the Earl of Fife," he was ordered to arise, and to stand in the place appointed for pleading. To this he returned for answer that he desired to reply by a proctor, "which he is denied and therefore descends to the ordinary place, and defends his cause himself."

From almost the first moment of his possession of the Scottish crown, the tyranny and injustice of Edward, and the dislike he had brought upon himself from the Scots by acknowledging the feudal superiority of the English king, had galled and mortified John Baliol, who, though led by ambition into the undignified position in which he at present found himself, was by no means destitute of spirit. Goaded into desperation by this last and public insult of having to appear at the bar, and answer to the offences charged against him like a common felon, he determined to make an effort to throw off the English yoke; and, taking advantage of a war which at that moment was breaking out between Edward and Philip of France, he allied himself with the latter, and, on the 23rd of October, 1295, signed a treaty, in which he and the French monarch agreed to assist one another to the uttermost against their common enemy, Edward of England. Baliol now solemnly renounced his allegiance to the English king (having to that effect obtained an absolution from the Pope), and so commenced a union between the two countries of France and Scotland which was maintained by their mutual

necessities and interests for so many centuries.

As to the impending war between Philip of France and Edward, it first arose out of a puerile quarrel between some Norman and English sailors, in which one of the foreigners was killed; the remainder of the Norman crew carried their complaints to the French king, and he, having heard their story, bade them trouble him no more on such a trivial matter, and to settle their vengeance themselves, which the excitable sailors speedily did, by seizing an English vessel in the channel, and hanging several of its crew on the yard arm (in company with some dogs as an extra insult); next they called the companions of their victims together, bade them look at the dangling corpses, and then return to their homes and inform their countrymen that this was the Norman sailors' revenge for one of their number having been slain by an English dog.

Such was the spark which kindled discord between the two nations, for after this, whenever French and English subjects met, hard words ensued, and harder blows; until at length the affair had become so important that the sovereigns of the two countries found themselves obliged to take up the matter; ambassadors passed to and fro, intrigue and deceit following their steps; and the quarrel, instead of being healed by their negotiations, was increased a thousand-fold.

In the midst of all this, Philip summoned Edward to do homage for his province of Guienne, and also to defend himself from certain accusations brought against him by the inhabitants; but, conceiving his presence to be more needed in his own kingdom, where he could keep an eye on the Scots, than in France, the monarch contented himself with sending his brother Edmond, Earl of Lancaster, in his stead. This course enraged Philip the Fair, who, condemning the disobedience of the vassal and forgetting the necessities of the king, proceeded with the afore-mentioned investigations, and judgment being given against Edward, his Gascon dominions were de-

clared to be forfeited to the French crown, and the Constable de Nesle was sent to Bordeaux to take possession of that and the entire province in his master's name. When this intelligence reached Edward, he assembled an army and sent it into Guienne under the command of John de Bretagne, Earl of Richmond; but, though at first success attended the English arms, the eventual advantage lay with Philip, and he, elate with victory, by a sudden attempt sent a large body of troops to Dover, which they took and burnt; but there began and ended their exploits in that direction, for they were driven back and forced to retire with much loss.

¶ We must now turn back to the affairs of the king with Scotland. When he first had reason to anticipate an invasion from France, Edward sent to John Baliol, summoning him to perform his duty as vassal, and to send him a supply of forces with which to repel Philip. This demand Baliol had disregarded; and to a second appeal replied by a formal refusal, and an allegation that Edward had exceeded that which his position of Lord Paramount entitled him to demand. The king's next step was to assemble a Parliament at Newcastle, and to give Baliol notice that he was expected to attend and give some valid reason for his non-compliance with his over-lord's desires. But by this time Baliol had leagued himself with Philip of France, had obtained the papal absolution from his oath of fealty, and had no intention of acknowledging Edward's supremacy in any one way: moreover, he had allowed a body of Scottish troops to invade Cumberland, to massacre some English soldiers and lay siege to Carlisle, and had gone too far to be able now to go back, however much he had desired to do so. Accordingly, as we have seen, he refused to attend the English Parliament. When Edward heard this, he gave orders to march forward to Berwick; and soon the English army, consisting of 30,000 foot and 4,000 cavalry, were speeding northward, and the Scottish forces, numbering 40,000 infantry and 500

horse, were pressing in all haste eastward to the relief of their threatened city, which we must not forget was then the emporium of their foreign commerce.

At Coldstream Edward crossed the Tweed, and, having fixed his quarters at a religious house about a mile from Berwick, whence he could watch his fleet which lay at anchor in Berwick Bay, drew up his army on an extensive plain at the eastern foot of Halidon Hill, and sent to summon the garrison of the town to surrender.

The over enthusiasm of his sailors in this instance cost the king dear. Seeing him mustering his army, watching the unfurling of the banners and the movements of the troops, they believed Edward was about to assault Berwick, and, anxious for their share of glory, boldly entered the mouth of the Tweed and sailed towards the haven, where their ships ran aground and were immediately attacked by the garrison. The utter destruction of three vessels was the result of this premature display of courage: some of the crews were killed, others escaped by swimming or in small boats, and the rest of the fleet took advantage of the ebbing tide to retire.

Seeing the error into which his sailors had fallen, divining its cause, and anxious to save the rest of his fleet by diverting the attention of the garrison, the king ordered an instant assault on the town; and his soldiers, advancing sword in hand, forced their way with such fury that the wooden stockade which formed the rampart of the town was soon passed, and the English troops pouring into it, infuriated and maddened with the sight of blood, mowed down nearly 8,000 of the unfortunate inhabitants without regard to age or sex. This wholesale massacre was only brought to a close when a procession of priests bearing the host before them entered Edward's presence and prayed him for mercy; when, with a sudden and characteristic burst of generosity, the king bade his soldiers desist from further carnage.

(To be continued.)

ADVENTURES IN INDIA.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

Author of "Great African Travellers," "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea," "Digby Heathcote," &c.

CHAPTER II.—(*continued.*)

HE moment the music ceased, the snake darted forward, but instantly again stopped when the charmer recommenced playing on his pipe. I expressed my belief that the fangs had been extracted, but on this being interpreted to the charmer, he seized the reptile by the point of its tail with the left hand, and slipping his right hand with the swiftness of lightning up the body, grasped the snake by the throat with his finger and thumb, and then opened its jaws, displaying its poisonous fangs. To prove that the venom

especially fine, they could not easily be replaced.

After playing for some time they took up the creatures and allowed them to crawl about their necks and bodies, when they hurriedly replaced them.

We discussed the subject afterwards, and came to the conclusion that there was a good deal of trickery and sleight of hand employed in the performance, and that most of the snakes had had their fangs extracted and been tamed. One probably was kept with its fangs intact, to be exhibited to the spectators, and over this one its owners kept a very watchful eye, trusting to their dexterity to seize it before it could bite them. They showed us their snake-stones and other pretended antidotes, but it is well known that when a snake-charmer, as occasionally happens, has been bitten he dies as certainly as other persons.

Next morning the villagers came out to see us off, and showed by every means in their power that they were really grateful to us for having killed the man-eaters which had infested their neighbourhood, while we felt a satisfaction in having rendered them an essential service.

We had now reached a region abounding in wild hogs, and having camped, prepared for the sport, which in some respects is more exciting than tiger-shooting. The major declared that it beat it hollow. Our horses were well trained for the purpose, the major's and mine especially were famed for the spirit with which they entered into it, taking as much interest apparently in the matter as their riders.

"Now, lads! just listen to what I've got to say," observed the major. "You'll kill

was still there, a fowl was brought, when, on its being placed on the ground, the snake, instantly darting out its head, bit it. The poor fowl uttered a fearful scream, but went off immediately afterwards apparently not the worse, and began feeding with its companions. Within a minute, however, its comb and wattles began to assume first a livid and then a black hue, and within three minutes it began to stagger, and after being seized with strong convulsions, fell down, struggling violently until it expired.

The major proposed destroying the snakes, or, if not, extracting their poisonous fangs; but their masters declined having this done, declaring that the latter operation might kill them, and that, although they might procure others, these being

your hogs and save yourselves from many a tumble, or worse, if you follow my example. When you see a hog, ride at his tail, press him as hard as your horse can go until you blow the beast—I mean the hog. Don't let your animal have any food after the night's grass, so that he'll go his best at starting, while the boar, which has been feeding all night, will soon lose his wind. When you see your hog, shout 'Tally-ho!' stick to your saddle, keep your head up and your hands down, and your spear with the point forward, so that if you do come down it will be before you and your steed. On nearing your hog, be ready to let your horse spring at him so that the hog may



run on your spear as you press it down; but don't make long lunges; and be prepared to turn your horse in a moment, for the hog, if he finds that you are nearer his lair than he is, will double on you, and even though he gets your spear right through him, he'll still have plenty of life left to attack your horse, or that of the next rider, with his sharp tusks. I have seen a hog speared half-a-dozen times, and even pinned to the ground, and yet show fight and get off, though he died afterwards."

With the major's hog-hunting lore fresh on our minds, we set off at daybreak, ac-

companied by our beaters, for a cover in which we expected to find several large animals. The first thing was to drive the hogs out into the open plain, where we might have a chance of spearing them. For this purpose the beaters entered, shouting and shrieking, beating gongs, sounding horns, and rattling other noise-making instruments, while we kept along the edge of the jungle, with watchful eyes prepared for the moment when the boar should make its exit into the open.

"There he is!" shouted the major. "On, boys, on!" and away we rode, he

taking the lead as usual. At first the hog trotted on as if he was not aware that enemies were in pursuit, and we were under the idea that we should soon have our spears into him.

Suddenly, off he started like a race-horse, we following as fast as our steeds could put hoof to the ground. All at once he turned, endeavouring to get off to the left, but the major was up to him with spear lowered, and through and through the boar went the point, as he cried—

“First spear, first spear!”

I thought that the animal was pinned to the ground, but in an instant the major's weapon was broken in two, and the boar, turning tail, regardless of the fearful wounds it had received, charged full at me.

“Down with your spear, youngster!” cried the major.

I obeyed him promptly, for I fully expected to have those sharp tusks making a deep score in my horse's chest. My aim was true, and I plunged my weapon into the boar's side, only, however, to have it wrenched out of my hand.

“Spear him, Curry, spear him, Rice!” shouted the major, as, wheeling his horse, he drew his sword, which he always carried, to attack the boar, should the ensign fail to pierce him; but Curry, though a novice, was eager to distinguish himself, and meeting the boar as it charged, drove his weapon into its withers. Over went the boar, but, strange to say, in an instant was on its feet, and would have inflicted a severe wound on Curry's horse had not Rice come to the rescue, and driven his spear into the brute's shoulder.

Notwithstanding these severe wounds, with two spears sticking in him, the boar dashed forward; but his pace was far slower than at first, and the major, having obtained a fresh spear from one of the shikarees, galloped after the enraged animal, hoping to overtake it before it entered the jungle, where our horses could not have followed. I also got another fresh spear, and again made chase, but arrived only in time to see the major, with hearty goodwill, plunge his

weapon through the boar and finish its mortal career.

Thus died our first boar. We killed two others that day, and, obtaining a pair of plough bullocks, had them dragged into camp on a sledge formed of four or five branches.

We had also, on this occasion, the satisfaction of knowing that we had rendered good service to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood; for the wild boars often injure people severely, and sometimes kill them, and they likewise commit great injury to the fields and gardens, rooting up with their enormous tusks large quantities of the produce in a single night.

One of those we had killed was thirty-eight inches in height, and five and a half feet in length, not including its tail, while the tusks were nine inches long.

We were seated in the tent, smoking our cheroots and sipping our coffee, the sentries being on the watch, to give warning of the approach of any unwelcome visitor, when Curry suddenly exclaimed—

“I say, Desmond, what brought you to this part of the world?”

“Your question requires a longer reply than you may be disposed to listen to,” I said.

“You are not seeking for employment, and you do not appear to have any special business, or you wouldn't have come hunting with us,” remarked Rice.

“I might have been influenced by a desire to learn the manners and customs of the natives, and to visit the cities and ruins of this wonderful land,” I replied, not having hitherto made up my mind to tell my companions the reason of my journey to the East.

“I doubt if you care very much for the one or the other,” remarked the major. “Had you no other object in coming out here? Come, let us hear it, old fellow.”

“I consider you trustworthy friends, and believe that you will, therefore, take an interest in my private affairs, with which I should not otherwise have thought of troubling you,” I replied. “The fact is that

I have an object of considerable importance to myself in visiting India. I was induced to undertake the expedition by a young lady who has promised to marry me. She is, however, most anxious that I should first discover a younger brother of hers, whom she believes to be alive, though it was supposed that he was killed, with her parents, while travelling from Peshawar to Delhi. Certain it is that they were murdered, but a report reached her that the ayah, with the child, escaped from the robbers, and that

they are still concealed somewhere up the country. Should the boy not be discovered, the property, which is entailed, will be inherited by a worthless cousin, whom she detests, but who wishes to obtain her hand. She fancies that he has obtained information of the boy's being alive, and that this makes him press his suit with increased ardour, hoping, that should her brother ever appear, he will be placed under his charge, or if he himself in the meantime has obtained possession of the property



that he will not be compelled to refund the portion he may have spent. One thing is certain, that he has sent out here an agent, who is, I understand, a clever fellow, once in the Civil Service, but was dismissed in consequence of being implicated in several fraudulent transactions. He speaks Hindoostanee and several other languages; and as he greatly resembles in appearance an Oriental he is able to disguise himself as a native; so that, although I ascertained the fact of his coming, I have utterly failed to discover the places he has visited since he left Calcutta. I feel myself, indeed, sadly unqualified to compete with a man of his description, but I know that I can rely on

you to afford me all the assistance and advice in your power."

"You allude, I presume, to the murder of Captain and Mrs. Dunmore," observed the major. "They were among my most intimate friends, and I shall be truly glad to be of service to a daughter of theirs, and delighted to assist you in discovering their young son, should he really be alive."

"But I am surprised that, having so important an object in view, you came out hunting with us," observed Rice. "I should have supposed that you would have continued the search where you are likely to meet people from whom you could gain information."

"I had two objects in view, the principal one being to mislead the person who is, I suspect, following me. I also wanted to see some sport, while I considered that, being engaged in a task somewhat similar to that of looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, I am more likely to succeed by moving about and mixing with all classes of the population in the villages, than by remaining in the towns among Europeans. Had I made my object generally known, I have good reason to believe that it would be counteracted, and I therefore judged that my safest course was not to mention it, until I could reach the district in which the boy is most likely to be found."

"I see the wisdom of your proceeding," observed Rice. "We shall have time to push on towards Lahore, and I will, on the way, obtain all the information I can from the natives."

Having once broken the ice, I was very glad that I had mentioned the object of my expedition to my friends.

The major took the matter up warmly, as I thought he would do; Curry was enthusiastic in the extreme, and declared, if he could get his leave prolonged, that he would devote the whole of his time to my service; while Rice, though in a calmer way, was evidently considering by what means he could best help me. Though my companions did not propose to abandon the sport for which we had come out, they agreed to travel on more rapidly than at first, and slightly to alter the route they had before intended to take.

We were arranging our plans for the following day, when a man from a neighbouring village desired to see us.

Having heard, he said, that some renowned tiger-killers had come into the district, he begged that we would visit his village, as it had lately been infested by numerous tigers, a pair of whom were undoubtedly man-eaters: as they had already carried off three of the inhabitants, and as they had several cubs who would be brought up to the same objectionable practices should they reach tiger's estate, the place

would be rendered uninhabitable. He and his friends had endeavoured, he added, to trap the man-eaters, but hitherto without success.

We, of course, could not refuse such an appeal, and before daylight the next morning, we set out accompanied by our shikarees, the villager having promised to meet us with a number of his people, to assist in beating the jungle and driving the tigers down upon our guns.

As we approached the village, we were accordingly met by a concourse of people shouting:—

"The saibs have come in time to see one of our enemies caught."

They pointed ahead as they spoke, and on riding a short distance, we saw before us a huge trap, formed by poles driven perpendicularly into the ground. It was built upon the principle of a mouse-trap, with a door sufficiently large to admit a full grown tiger. In the centre of the trap, was a cage in which a goat had been confined, and close to it a piece of board, on stepping on which, the door, formed like a portcullis, was caused to drop, thus shutting in the tiger.

He at first did not seem aware of what happened, and was engaged trying to get at the unfortunate goat, when the shouts of the villagers aroused him. He instantly began making frantic endeavours to get free. First he sprang on one side then on the other, causing the stout stakes to tremble. At last, by a tremendous bound, he forced his head through the bars above him. Every moment it seemed as if he would get loose, when he would probably have sprung upon some of the nearest of the spectators. To prevent such an event, the major and I who had come up first fired, the major hitting him in the head, and I in the shoulder, when he fell down into the cage, where he lay uttering fierce growls, and making desperate efforts to recover himself. It seemed very possible that he might do so, and though wounded, still break through.

We rapidly re-loaded, while Curry and

Rice, who had just come up, fired at him, both bullets taking effect, one in his body, the other which entered his head finishing him. The major was somewhat inclined to be angry with the natives, for having brought us out of our way, but they pacified him with the assurance that there were many more tigers, and other man-eaters among them, in the neighbourhood. Although, having shot the tiger, we might



have claimed it, we gave it to the natives, promising to purchase the skin, and proceeded to the jungle where some mechauns had been erected, and near which a young bull-heifer was now tied up, to tempt the tigers to their destruction. As, however, after the row which had been made in killing the first tiger, there was not much chance at present of the brute being taken, we agreed to supply ourselves with some venison. A jungle cock getting up, Rice fired and killed it; and soon afterwards Curry knocked over a peacock. I shot a hare, thinking it better to have small game than none at all. Still no antelopes had appeared, but as the beaters were on the

other side of the jungle, trying to drive them out, we were still in hopes of shooting one.

Finding several trees in a convenient position, behind which we could shelter ourselves, we halted, determined to wait for the appearance of the deer. We had not long taken up our positions, when I saw a movement in the bushes and presently, out bounded a doe, and up got a covey of peacocks, although both were too far off to enable us to hit one or the other. Fortunately we did not fire, for almost at the same moment, I observed the bushes again stirring, and an enormous tiger sprang upon the deer, fixing his claws in its back. The next instant, just behind it, out came a tigress with two cubs, following in his track and evidently anticipating an abundant feast. Our situation was not altogether satisfactory, for we had left our shikarees some way behind, and although we had four guns, we might fail mortally to wound the animals, and the tigress was sure to be especially savage from having her cubs with her; still, we had come out to shoot these very brutes, and it was against our sense of manhood to allow them to escape. Fortunately their attention was occupied with the deer, which had been brought to the ground.

We dare not move or speak for fear of alarming them, but the major made a sign for me to see that all our guns were loaded with ball.

I replied in the affirmative, for I had seen Curry and Rice just before ram down some bullets. We kept ourselves concealed behind the trees, but the branches were too high up to enable us to climb into them, which would have been our safest plan. The deer, from having been struck behind, was not killed, and struggling to its feet made a desperate effort to escape, running directly towards us; but the tiger with a tremendous bound was quickly after it, and this time, taking good care not to let it escape, brought it to the ground, when, seizing it by the throat, he quickly severed the jugular vein, and began sucking away at its life's blood.

Now was our time. The tigress with her cubs was advancing slowly and cautiously, having probably caught sight of us, though we endeavoured to conceal ourselves behind the trunks of the trees and their wide-spreading roots.

The major now made a sign to me to fire at her, while he took aim at the tiger. Almost at the same instant our rifles went off, my bullet striking the tigress full in the face, while the major's buried itself in the tiger's head. It must have missed the brain; for the savage creature, uttering a tremendous roar, let go the deer, and bounded towards us. The tigress, as pugnaciously disposed as her mate, also sprang forward.

"Now, my dear fellow, show your skill," cried the major, reloading as fast as he could. "Rice, take the tigress; Curry, bring down the tiger if you can."

There was barely time to utter this before the two brutes were almost up to the trees. Our two companions showed more nerve and courage than they had before exhibited. Both fired as they had been directed, and both hit, sending the tiger and tigress, who were in the act of springing, over on their backs; but neither being killed, struggling desperately, got up ready to renew the attack.

The major and I had lost no time in reloading, and were prepared for them by the time they again came on, the tiger making the welkin ring with his savage roars. The major, springing round the tree, fired and broke the tiger's spine, and over he fell, unable even to crawl another foot. This left our three guns at liberty to tackle the tigress. We fired at once, and to our infinite satisfaction saw her roll over dead; when the major, once more reloading, put an end to the tiger's struggles.

CHAPTER III.

OUR shikarees coming up, took charge of the tiger and tigress, receiving directions to skin them and bring in their heads, as well as the flesh of the deer, which was as

eatable as if shot, although few of our attendants would have touched it. The cubs, which, after finding that their parents took no notice of them, were making their escape, were shot, though Rice proposed catching them and trying to tame their fierce natures. Though this has often been done, and they are pretty creatures while

very young, they are somewhat dangerous playthings when full grown, and have been known to kill their masters, when they by chance have tasted their blood.

We in the meantime returned to the mechauns, near which some of our attendants had been ordered to remain with provisions to prevent the necessity of our



going back to the camp until we had accomplished our mission.

The villagers whom we found there, were highly delighted to hear of the death of the tiger and tigress and their cubs. They told us that the female of the one killed in the morning was still at large, and that they would be grateful to us if we would finish her off as she was even more cunning than the tiger, and was not likely to be caught in a trap.

We accordingly, having sent some of the

villagers to assist in bringing away the skins, mounted to our mechauns, being shortly afterwards joined by our shikarees. The major and Rice climbed into the principal one formed among the branches of a tree, but as there was not room in it for all of us, Curry and I took up a post in another a little distance off on the top of a high bank, which although it was not so secure as the other, afforded a more advantageous position for taking a steady aim.

'Rather dull work this,' said Curry,

after we had been sitting there some time and darkness was approaching: "I wish that that brute of a tigress would show herself if she's coming at all, and let us finish the job. I think I'll light a cheroot."

"If you do, her sharp eyes will observe it, or the smell may make her suspicious, and she'll not come at all," I remarked.

"She will take it for a fire-fly, and as for the smell, that would ascend," he answered.

"We cannot be too cautious," I said; "see, there she comes!"

Looking along a ravine, by the side of which the victim was fastened up, we saw the form of the man-eating tigress emerging from the gloom and making towards the heifer. She would probably have preferred a native or one of us, but even man-eaters are not disdainful of young beef when it comes in their way, although they will make every effort to obtain a human being, and will sometimes even walk into a village with that object in view.

On came the tigress, and with a bound was upon the heifer, when the major and Rice fired. Although they hit the creature, the only result was to make her let go the heifer, and on she bounded towards us. Curry and I then fired at her. In doing so part of our mechaun gave way, and our aim being unsteady, to our infinite disgust we both missed. We were more successful with our second barrels, but the tigress seemed to bear a charmed life. With a fearful roar she sprang towards the bank on which we were posted. Curry, who was somewhat behind me, was endeavouring to reload. I fortunately had a pistol in my belt, and as there was barely time to seize another gun, I saw that my best chance was to stoop down and take a steady aim with it at her. Though I was within her reach, my shikaree, who was just below me, hanging on to a branch by one hand, having drawn his tulwar as the tigress sprang up, aimed a blow at her claws and cut one of them off, while I, at the same instant, fired, and down she fell, shot through the head.

We had indeed narrowly escaped; for

though Curry might have shot the tigress, either the shikaree or I should probably have been killed had she reached us. I bestowed a well-merited reward on the hunter for his courage.

Satisfied with our day's sport, we returned to the camp. Our tent was pitched under a wide-spreading banyan tree. The weather was hot, and tatics, which are wet mats formed of sweet-scented grass roots, were fixed at the door on the weather side. One man was stationed to work them, while another constantly poured on water to keep the matting moist. Bottles of lemonade and water were hung up inside, wrapped in straw, also well moistened, and being swung backwards and forwards, the rapid evaporation cooled the liquor. Numerous gay-coloured birds sang in the trees, while not far off a river soothed us with its rippling sound, as it flowed over its rocky bed.

The major had sent for a couple of elephants, that we might change our mood of hunting, as the increased heat rendered walking, or even riding, more fatiguing than was pleasant.

After a day's rest we continued our journey. Tigers abounded in all parts of the country, and we could not refuse to exert our skill in getting rid of some of them.

Information was brought us while we were encamped, that a tiger, which had carried off a couple of men and committed depredations on the cattle in the neighbourhood, had been seen in a ravine, or nullah, a short distance off.

Late as it was in the day, we immediately started, and a mechaun having been built near where one of the cows had been killed, we took up our position within it.

We were waiting impatiently for the appearance of the tiger, for darkness was rapidly approaching, and we feared that we should be unable to see the animal sufficiently clearly to shoot it, when we made it out creeping cautiously towards the dead cow. It stopped every now and then as if suspicious, and then, satisfied that all was right, it sprang on the carcase, and

we could hear its fangs and claws tearing away at the flesh.

We all fired at once, when the tiger, giving a loud roar, bounded away up the ravine. Several more shots were fired, but

probably missed, and we had to return disappointed to our camp. Having determined to hunt the tiger with the elephants, they were brought up to the camp at an early hour the next morning, and being made to



kneel down by the mahouts, we got into the howdahs : the major and Rice in one, Curry and I in the other.

We were soon on the track of the tiger, which, contrary to our expectations, the shikarees found had been badly wounded, for large drops of blood marked the direction it had taken up the ravine. This was shallow, with brushwood growing among the rocks, and the sides sloping gradually enabled our sagacious elephants to traverse

it without difficulty. We had not got far when we saw a troop of lungoors jabbering and leaping from branch to branch.

"The brute is concealed below them, no doubt about that," cried the major. "We must look out for him."

Our elephant was taking the lead, cautiously descending the sides of the ravine by stretching her forelegs and tucking the others up under her, so that we were able to retain our seats. Scarcely had we gained

the level ground at the bottom, than I caught sight of the tiger looking up at us, prepared to spring.

My rifle was ready in a moment. There was a loud roar and a rush through the brushwood, and the tiger was off, deeming, I supposed, discretion the best part of valour. The elephant, however, was after him, tearing away the creeping plants and other impediments with her trunk as she advanced. She was thus engaged when I heard a savage growl, and the next instant the tiger sprang out from his ambush, and fixed his claws in the elephant's head.

Curry and I were both so placed that we dared not fire for fear of wounding the elephant. She uttered a shrill, trumpeting sound, and, violently shaking her head, sent the tiger falling back into the bottom of the nullah. As the brute reached the ground we both fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing, by its convulsive struggles, that there was little chance of its regaining its feet. To make sure, however, the major, who now came up, sent another bullet through its head and killed it.

The mahout, having examined the elephant's wounds, expressed his fears that unless she was allowed to have her revenge on the tiger she might be unwilling to face another.

The major desired him to act as he thought necessary. We got off, however, as she might possibly have thrown the body of the tiger over us. At first she seemed unwilling to approach it, but encouraged by the voice of the mahout, she advanced slowly and gave it several severe blows with her trunk, sufficient to have killed it over and over again had it still been alive. Then she retired, and once more approaching, again hit the body, and turning round gave it a kick which sent it flying into the air.

Now again she rushed at it, and getting it between her legs, kicked it forwards with the hind ones and sent it back with the others for some minutes, till, kneeling down, she crushed it almost into a pancake. It showed us how a savage elephant would

treat a human being who might fall in its power.

After receiving the approving caresses of her mahout, she at length quitted the body and allowed us to remount. Shortly afterwards—as we were proceeding along the jungle on the other side of which the beaters were engaged in making all the noise they could with their voices and various uncouth musical instruments—the elephants lifted up their trunks.

“Look out!” cried the major, “there is a wild beast of some sort not far off, the elephants are suspicious.”

We held our rifles ready, and the instant afterwards, a tiger springing out of a bush nearly caught hold of our howdah; but a couple of bullets, aimed at his head, drove him back, and he dashed under cover again as rapidly as he had appeared.

The elephants seemed as eager as we were to come up with the brute; and, encouraged by the mahouts, pushed into the jungle, clearing the way by tearing up shrubs and pulling down creepers with their trunks. We were still moving on, when the tiger, as rapidly as before, sprang on the shoulder of the elephant; but a bullet well aimed sent it back roaring, and rolling over and over on the ground. The savage brute, however, still had some fight in it; and, once again rising to its feet, sprang at the elephant's back. It fell, however, and I thought was done for; but no, frantic with pain and rage, it again came on, but as it was about to spring, its hinder legs gave way, and it fell to the ground roaring fiercely. Four more bullets were sent into it before it ceased to breathe.

The major declared that he had never seen a tiger attack an elephant in the same way before. On making enquiries we found that a tiger had only the year before attacked an elephant in the same neighbourhood, and, bringing it to the ground, had nearly caught the riders and mahout, who escaped by a miracle with their lives.

There was no doubt that this was the same animal, which, attempting the same trick, had met his fate.

As we were approaching the end of our journey the next day—it was not at night, however, but about ten o'clock in the morning,) we having travelled since dawn—the major, with whom I was riding, exclaimed—

“Do you see anything under that tree, away to the right?”

“Yes, it looks like a human being,” I



answered. “Surely it must be a man, I saw him lift his hand.”

The figure towards which he pointed was in deep shade, so that it was not easy to distinguish it, but on getting nearer we saw that we were not mistaken. There lay a native with a cloth only round his loins. He was a tall, dark man, apparently on the point of death. The major leapt from his horse and approached him, when kneeling down by his side he spoke a few words.

The man opened his eyes and replied in a faint voice, when the major, unslinging his flask, poured some of its contents down his throat. The effect was almost magical. The man, expressing his thanks, attempted to rise, speaking in a stronger voice than I could have supposed possible.

"We will wait until the elephants come up, then place him on the back of one of them, and carry him with us," said the major. "The poor man has fallen among thieves, who have well nigh done for him. See, he has received two or three severe wounds. They left him supposing him to be dead, or they would to a certainty have finished him off. He is no ordinary man, I suspect, but whether of the lowest caste or not, we are bound to take care of him."

I agreed with the major, observing that it was important to show the natives that we had no respect to persons; and that if he were the humblest pariah we should be equally ready to help him.

"Lend me your handkerchief, and I'll see what I can do in the meantime," said the major, making use of his own to bind up the man's side, after cleansing it as well as he could with some water from his water-bottle. He then took my handkerchief and treated the wound in the man's shoulder in the same way.

By this time the elephants had come up, and placing the man on one of them, we continued on our way. As soon as we reached the camping ground, some food was ordered to be got ready. While it was preparing, we placed the man on a charpoy and again washed and dressed his wounds in a more efficient manner than we could do before.

After he had eaten as much food as the major thought it advisable to give him, he fell into a deep sleep, on awaking out of which he appeared greatly recovered.

As soon as he was able to speak without difficulty, he informed us that he had been head shikaree to the Rajah of Nealpoore, and was on his way southward to visit his relatives, when he and the party with whom he had been travelling had been attacked by a body of marauders, who had murdered most of them, and carried off others as prisoners; and that he, having defended himself to the last, had been shot down as he was endeavouring to escape. After this

he knew not what had happened, till, on recovering, he found himself bruised and wounded, and stripped of his clothes and arms. He had then—fully expecting to die—crawled to the tree, where we found him. His name, he told us, was Ally Khan; and he added, proudly,—“There are few shikarees who have killed more tigers, bears, leopards, and wolves, than I have!”

While we sat after dinner smoking, the major proposed that we should take the man into our service, as there appeared every probability that in the course of a few days he would be fit for work, from the rapid manner in which the natives recover, even from severe wounds.

This was at once agreed to, if he was willing to accept our offer. There was something in the modest way the man spoke which made us all think him honest; and we believed that, should we obtain his services, we should gain a useful attendant. Our own shikarees, with one or two exceptions, though well enough in their way, had shown no great amount of courage or intelligence; and we had been guided rather by the information we had received from the villagers, who had been generally ready to assist us, than by them.

When the offer was made to Ally Khan, he at once accepted it, and expressed his satisfaction at serving with the English saibs, adding that we should further enhance the benefit we had conferred upon him by endeavouring to bring the robbers to justice. He thought that they would probably infest the neighbourhood for some time, and that we should thus have an opportunity of falling in with them.

The major replied that he could not promise to undertake the task of running down the robbers, as our party was too small for the purpose, and that we might, possibly, in making the attempt, have the tables turned, and be hunted by them. At the same time, should we find the means of punishing the villains, without undue risk to ourselves, we would certainly do so.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL-DAYS AT KINGSCOURT.

A TALE OF 1803.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,

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CHAPTER XV.



WEEK or so had passed. The "Caps," as they were now generally called—that is to say, Monkton, Holmes, Northcote, Hewett, Cook, and Thorne—were seated in their favourite "Chimney," enjoying the latest batch of tobacco—in their judgment also the best—with which Burn had provided them. Two or three months had now elapsed since the discovery by Hewett of the closed-up room in the old house, and as yet the secret of its existence had been carefully kept. The other boys knew that some of the seniors of the school were in the habit of getting over the play-ground wall to smoke somewhere or other, but that was the extent of their knowledge. Wood and Bell and their cronies had made a point of making no inquiries into a matter, with which they had resolved to have nothing to do. The "Caps" had knocked together a rough table, a cupboard, and a few seats, out of some firewood and old boxes; and Monkton and Northcote had brought back with them from their homes several folding-chairs and cushions, so that the "Chimney" now bore quite a comfortable appearance.

The only thing which troubled the enjoyment of the occupants was the reflection, that now, before many weeks, the cold weather would be coming on; and then they would have either to give up the use of the room, or sit without a fire. But the evil day was, what seemed to boys, a long way off as yet. Besides, in the instance of several among them, it would, perhaps, be their last half-year at Kings-

court, so that there could not be very much lost, after all.

"It is quite settled, is it, that this corps is to be established?" inquired Thorne. "I heard so this morning, but but my informant was not sure."

"Yes, it's settled," said Holmes. "Chapman spoke to me this morning about it. I am head fellow now, you know, that Wood is away. He said that there had been so many favourable answers from the parents of the fellows, that he had told Colonel Morley the thing might be regarded as settled. He is going to announce it publicly to-morrow."

"That's all right," said Northcote. "What jolly fun it will be! Did he tell you anything more, James?"

"Yes, he told me—what I wasn't quite so pleased to hear—that Longshanks meant to accept the captaincy."

"We couldn't have expected anything else," observed Northcote. "I don't think Chapman would have allowed the thing at all without that."

"I think you are quite right, Everard," said Hewett. "Did Chapman tell you who were to be the other officers, Steve?"

"Collins is to be lieutenant; Old Goldie, sergeant-major. He is to find several fellows to be sergeants and corporals—Nutley, the drawing-master, his nephew Watts, and I don't exactly know who else."

"And who is to be ensign?" asked Hewett.

"You heard what the colonel said," remarked Holmes. "We are to choose him ourselves. Chapman declined the selection, both for himself and his brother."

"In what way are we to choose him?" asked Cook.

"Oh, I suppose in the usual way in which fellows are chosen for anything. Candidates must offer themselves, or be put up for the ensigncy, and if there are more than one, it must be decided by votes."

"What fun," said Thorne, "we shall have a regular contested election—proposers and seconders, canvassing and colours, and speeches from the hustings! Who solicits my vote and interest? Do you, Monkton, or you, Steve, or, Everard, here? Any one of you would look a tremendous swell with a sword and epaulettes!"

"Why don't you put up, yourself, Dick?" said Northcote, laughing. "I think you would cut quite as good a figure as any of us!"

"Thank you, not I, if you please. I don't desire the responsibilities of office, as Chapman would phrase it. Well, how is it to be, Monkton?"

"I don't care, I am sure," returned the boy addressed.

"Nor I," added Northcote. "If the fellows chose to elect me, well and good. I should have no objection. But I wouldn't take any trouble to get it, and of the two, I'd rather they left it alone."

"I am much of your mind," said Holmes. "It would be a terrible lot of trouble. If Monkton, or Cook, would like it—"

"Longshanks would object to Cook," observed Hewett.

"Longshanks be hanged!" exclaimed Cook, angrily. "What business is it of his?"

"Why should he object, Ralph?" asked Northcote.

"I don't know that it is his business," said Hewett. "In fact I don't think it is, but he'd make it so. As for his reason, he has never got over that row between Wood and Cook. He'll try to get Wood chosen, if he can. The doctor declined, in his name, the right to choose the officers, or I expect Longshanks would have been glad enough

to exercise it. But in any case, he'd particularly dislike having Cook."

"I declare if I thought that, we'd put up Cook," said Monkton. "I haven't forgotten the remarks which Longshanks made to us on the day of the fight, and which he hadn't the smallest right to make."

"I'll back you in that," said Holmes. "I've no idea of the ushers meddling in a matter which concerns only the boys."

"But you don't know that Longshanks does mean to interfere," observed Northcote. "It's only Ralph's fancy."

"Well, Everard, I think you'll allow that it is more than that," said Hewett. "He has been saying to two or three of the fellows what a capital officer Wood would make, and he has thrown out several hints about Cook's conduct—"

"I vote we choose Cook for our candidate," broke in Monkton, "what do you say, Steve?"

"Ditto to you," replied Holmes. "Longshanks has no kind of business to meddle; and it would just serve him right, if he *did* meddle, that a fellow should be chosen, whom he doesn't fancy. But I must say I think it unlikely that Wood would put up for this ensigncy. I hardly fancy, indeed, that he would consent to stand, if anybody else put him up."

"They'll put him up, and perhaps elect him, without his knowing anything about it," said Hewett. "He has gone home—went this morning—for a week. His mother is ill, I believe. But anyhow he doesn't return till this day week. I fully expect Bell and Shute will propose him."

"I think you are right," said Cook. "They must mean something of the sort. Here's this French chap, the new French master's son, he's been going about all the morning, praising Wood up to the skies, and reporting what Chapman and Colonel Morley said about him."

"Who'd mind what a French fellow said?" observed Monkton, contemptuously.

"They mind him more than you'd fancy,"

said Northcote. "This chap can't play cricket, or row, and he doesn't know how to use his fists——"

"No," said Monkton, with a laugh, "we all saw that pretty plainly."

"But they say he can do some things better than any fellow in Kingscourt."

"As what?" asked Monkton.

"They say he can ride, and climb, and fight with swords, as well as any officer in the army."

"Ride! I should like to see him on one of the hunters at Cheselden," cried Monkton. "No Frenchman ever can ride, or climb either."

"Well, that's what they say," said Northcote; "and there's certainly more in him than you'd think. I'll tell you what happened yesterday. There were a lot of fellows, who had gone down to Broadleigh to see the ground which Colonel Morley has had marked out for the rifle practice. Old Pritchard came out of the house with a lot of guns and pistols, which he was going to take to Hammet's to have them overhauled, before the colonel used 'em again. Well, some of the fellows got Pritchard to let them have a shot at the target at the hundred-yard distance, to see what sort of a hand they could make of it. Green, one of the Parnassians, you know, a bumptious sort of fellow, was down there too; and he was very cock-a-hoop over our chaps, because they'd all missed the target, and he had twice hit it, though nowhere near the centre——"

"I know that Green," said Holmes. "He'd be all the better for being taken down a peg or two."

"Just so," said Northcote. "Well, he was very much stuck up about his chalk, and asked whether there wasn't any fellow at Kingscourt who could hit even the outer ring. This Eugène—if that's his name—hadn't said anything till then; but Green asked this question more directly of him. So he answered that 'he didn't doubt there were plenty who could. It was easy enough, anyhow,' he said. Green was put up at this, and asked him if he could hit it himself. The Frenchman laughed and an-

swered, he should as soon think of shooting at the side of a house.

"Oh, indeed! that's it, is it?" says Green. "What mark *would* you like to shoot at, that *would* be small enough for you? Here's my hat, now—do you think you could hit that?"

"I have no doubt that I could," says Eugène.

"Let us see you do it, then," cries Green. "Here it is. You are quite welcome to make a hole in it, if you can."

"I should not like to spoil your hat," says the other, after his polite French fashion, "but this will do as well." He picked up an old cracked flower-pot, and placed it on the top of the rails, ever so much further off than the target. "If Monsieur Pritchard will kindly lend me his rifle, I will try that." Well, the fellows all stared, and Green most of any. But the Frenchy took the rifle, which Pritchard handed to him, took aim—with no great care, apparently—let fly, and the flower-pot smashed into twenty pieces!"

"By Jove! you don't mean that!" exclaimed Monkton. "You saw that yourself, Everard?"

"I saw it with my own eyes, James," replied Northcote; "I heard what he said, too, as he handed the gun back to Pritchard, 'If you had been used to hit a chamois on a glacier, you wouldn't think much of hitting a flower-pot on a fence.'"

"By Jove!" said Monkton, "this fellow must have something in him. Does he mean to belong to the rifle corps?"

"That's what Pritchard asked him," rejoined Northcote. "'I hope you mean to join us, sir,' he said; 'you'd do us credit.' But the French chap answered, 'Alas! no, sir, I cannot fight against my own countrymen, unless under the banner of my own king!'"

"Bravo!" cried Holmes. "We must be friends with this fellow, Frenchman or no Frenchman. But we have to do with Wood, not him. I quite expect Wood will be proposed by Bell or Shute, as Hewett says. But, mind you, even if he should be elected,

he couldn't take the ensigncy. He couldn't stand the expense of the uniform. It would cost a lot of money, and his mother is as poor as Job."

"Oh, Longshanks would pay that, of course," suggested Thorne.

"Would he, though!" exclaimed Monkton. "I don't think you'll catch him at that. He's as poor as Wood. And if he did offer to pay, Wood is as proud as Lucifer, and wouldn't accept it."

"You mustn't trust to that," said Hewett.

"No, if we mean to keep Wood out, we must work double tides. We've got a good many fellows with us——"

"Pretty nearly all, I think," said Thorne.

"There are six out of the nine in the first class on our side, and most of the second class—certainly more than half. There's Bates, and Plumridge, and the two Bowles's, and Fowler, and Harris, and ever so many more."

"Yes," said Northcote; "but Bell is very popular with the juniors, and so is Wood. If it rested with the two upper classes, we should carry it, I think, hollow——"

"Well, I take it for granted that only those who belong to the corps will have votes," said Holmes.

"No, I suppose not," returned Northcote; "but there's a good many fellows in the third, who have joined, and some in the fourth. Pretty nearly all these will be for Wood, or what is the same thing, for Bell, or perhaps for this Frenchman."

"Yes, that fight with Cook was unlucky," said Thorne. "Wood got immense credit with the juniors for his pluck in standing up, as he did, so long against a fellow stronger and bigger than himself. If the fight had gone on, and he had got well thrashed——"

"Which no one can doubt would have been the case," struck in Hewett; "Longshanks's coming up was a rare piece of luck for him."

"Well, if he *had* got thrashed," resumed Thorne, "the juniors wouldn't have thought so much about it. But they've got the notion that he is a match for Cook——"

"He'd better not provoke me again," exclaimed Cook; "I'd make short work of him, if he did."

"You can't fight with him again," observed Northcote. "You and he have shaken hands, you know."

"I don't want to fight with him again," returned Cook, sullenly. "All I say is that I don't see that he is so wonderfully plucky, as these juniors seem to think him. I don't see that he is more plucky than other fellows."

"No," assented Hewett. "And no one can forget how last half he shirked out of that offer to pass two hours of the night alone in the 'Chimney' here. The juniors didn't hear of that, or they wouldn't talk so much about his pluck, perhaps."

"He didn't refuse, Ralph, to do him justice," remarked Northcote. "It 'was Bell who stopped that—Bell and Shute. Wood would have kept to it."

"Bell and Shute are very convenient friends for him," said Cook. "They saw he didn't fancy it, and helped him out of the mess."

"At that rate you'd better remind him of his promise now," laughed Thorne, "and then he'd show the white feather, and his credit with the juniors would be damaged."

"He wouldn't do that," said Northcote. "But I don't see why, if he made an engagement, he shouldn't have been held to it. I didn't see it at the time, and I don't see it now. I like Wood very much, but I must say that."

"We've had enough of this," exclaimed Monkton. "Let's talk of something else. Do you know, Steve, that the supply of tobacco is beginning to get low?"

"I am not surprised if it is," replied Holmes. "There was a good heap when we came back. But we have had several meetings already this half. Well, there is nothing for it but to get some more."

"Yes, if we could; but old Burn gets more and more shy of us. First of all he wouldn't come to this house. After that, he wouldn't let us go to the cove, or to his cottage. Now he keeps out of our way

altogether. I saw him yesterday ; he was about a hundred yards off, and I ran after him. He must have heard me, but he turned sharp round a corner, and when I came to it, he had vanished somewhere or other."

"I think I can explain that," said Monkton. "The lieutenant—Roby you know—is making a great row about the smuggling, which, he says, is going on five times as much as used to be the case. He came over to Cheselden about it, once or twice during the holidays, and wanted warrants against old Burn. He says he's dead sure that cargoes are continually landed somewhere near about the Dane's cove, but he can't make out where. Now you remember, of course, that hole in the rock, where old Burn hid us, that day when Longshanks came by in the gig—"

"I remember that well enough," said Holmes, "but cargoes couldn't be hidden there. It was a mere hollow, large enough, Phil said, to allow of four or five fellows hiding there, but nothing more."

"Yes, but I expect some of the smugglers lie snug there and spy out Roby's movements. While he's hammering about there, these fellows keep quiet in their hiding-place, wherever it may be, and as soon as he has turned his back, they come out and carry off their goods. Now, Burn, I know, got into a row with his mates for having told us about it, and he's afraid, if he is seen with us, they'll think he's been putting us up to something more. That's it, I judge."

"Well, that's not unlikely," said Northcote. "But we must have our tobacco, don't you see. The best thing will be to write him a letter, and tell him he must bring it to us, or we'll go to him. He'd bring it then, double quick time, I expect. If he chose to watch for his opportunity, he'd soon find one of handing over the parcel to some one of us, and taking the money."

"That's not a bad idea, Everard," said Monkton, "only how could we get the letter delivered to him. It wouldn't do to

send it by post. It's as likely as not, they'd open it at the post-office."

"We could leave it for him at Mother White's," suggested Hewett. "He often goes there, and she's safe to hold her tongue for her own sake."

"Well, we could do that certainly," said Holmes. "And I agree with Everard, if we tell the old villain to bring us the tobacco, or (if he likes it) to leave it at Goody White's, and hint that if he doesn't, we'll go after him to the Dane's cove, whether he likes it or not—we shall be pretty safe to get it."

"That is a good notion," said Monkton. "You can write the letter, Steve, and the first of us that goes to Mother White's, can leave it for him. Well, that is settled : and now, if I don't mistake, it's about the time when old Timmins was to come to measure us for the uniforms. Yes, it's just the time. We'd better be in the school-room punctually, or Longshanks will be sending after us."

"Done with you," said Northcote, and the conclave emptying their pipes, resuming their coats and waistcoats, and putting their smoking habiliments and apparatus carefully away in the lockers, returned to Kingscourt.

"Don't go, William," said Hewett, catching Cook by the sleeve, as he was about to follow his schoolfellows ; "there's a favour I want to ask of you."

Cook complied, and resealed himself in the chair he had been occupying. "What is it ?" he asked.

"Well—this is quite between ourselves, you know ?"

Cook nodded. "All right," he said, "go ahead."

"I want you to help me in exploring the other rooms in this house."

"The other rooms ! Why, I thought Monkton and Holmes had tried every possible mode of getting the door open and had failed, they told us so on the day of the cricket-match, I am pretty sure, and it was agreed we must give the thing up."

"I know all that," said Hewett, "but I

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propose to go to work in a different way altogether."

"How in a different way?" asked Cook, "I thought they had tried every possible mode of getting the door opened."

"I don't propose trying the door at all," at least not on this side. Look here. I know the front and back doors of the house are both fastened up so securely that it would be no sort of use trying to enter that way. Fellows *have* tried that over and over again. The windows, too, are all secured by thick bars of iron. They say the owner is resolved no one shall get in. The very chimneys have bars across them."

"Yes, I have heard that," said Cook. "He's always believed to be cracked. Until you found out that trap, I don't suppose anybody had ever been inside any of the rooms for years. But what then? If you can't get in by the doors, the windows, or the chimneys, how *are* you to get in?"

"I'll tell you," said Hewett, "under the floors."

"Under the floors," repeated Cook, "what! getting down under the floor of this room, I suppose, and so under the others till you find another trap."

Hewett nodded. "You've hit it," he said. "I don't see what prevents us from getting in that way."

"I'll tell you what will," rejoined Cook, "the ground below the trap-door is enclosed all round with a wall of some kind. You can't get under the floor of this room."

"Ah, so I thought, till I looked closer at it," said Hewett. "There's no wall on the right hand side. There's only a door screwed up. I saw the screws and the hinges quite distinctly. It is quite clear to me that people have been used, at some time, to get into the house that way. And if so, there must be a trap-door somewhere opening into one of the other rooms or passages. I want you to help me open the door I've found. I can't very well manage it by myself, as it must be done quite late in the evening. The best time would be after the fellows have gone to bed. I

should want some fellow to hold the lantern, and very likely I mightn't be able to lift up the trap by myself."

Cook hesitated. "It would be fun, I daresay," he said. "I should like to see the inside of that queer old place, as much as any one. But a fellow might get into an awkward scrape, if he was caught doing it——"

"I don't see how he could be caught," said Hewett. "Nobody ever goes into the fellows' rooms after the light has been taken away, and the nights are so dark now that we couldn't be seen crossing the playground."

"No, I suppose not," assented Cook.

"And then, if we did contrive to get into the house, unknown to the others, what a trick we might play off on——"

"Wood," suggested Cook, coolly.

"Well on Wood, if you choose it. I don't pretend to like Wood. He gives himself great airs, and makes himself very disagreeable. In particular he sets himself up as being so uncommonly plucky. I've no doubt he'll accept James's challenge, and pass that two hours in the 'Chimney' at night. He knows, as well as any one, that there's really nothing in the house to interfere with him. But, if we could get under the floors and into the adjoining room to the 'Chimney' here, it would be a very different matter."

"No doubt of that," assented Cook: "we might try a thing or two, then, if we chose it, which would show his mettle. And I must say I should like to see it tried too. He can't complain, if he is taken at his word."

"Of course he couldn't," said Hewett. "Well then, William, you agree to help me?"

"I don't quite know that," returned the other. "My mind isn't made up about it. When do you propose to make this examination of yours?"

"One day this week, I thought. Wood, you know, won't be back for six or seven days to come—so James told us. We have plenty of time therefore. There is a new moon the day after to-morrow, and it will

be pretty nearly pitch dark for a night or two. If the weather turns to rain, as seems likely, we shall have just such a night as would suit us for the purpose."

"No doubt, if we are to try this on, the night chosen ought to be both dark and wet. Well, as I told you, Hewett, I must think this matter over, before I settle it one way or the other. But I can't stay here any longer. I must go and look at the uniforms, or Timmins will be gone."

He disappeared through the trap, leaving Hewett in a brown study. "It won't do to let Wood go on in this way," he thought. "It's all right so far as Monkton is concerned. *He* dislikes Wood, and there's no fear of an invitation to Cheselden. But it is Sir Hugh, who can stand my friend if he chooses: and if Everard can be prevailed on to ask for that secretaryship, it will be the making of me. But it is very doubtful whether he will. He is more than half inclined to prefer Wood. I can see that. It's lucky Wood himself doesn't see how things are, and luckier still, that there was that quarrel last half about this 'Chimney,' or he'd have been asked to Wavelsbourne, instead of me, last summer, and things would have gone all wrong. I made good way while I was there, I believe, with Sir Hugh; and if I can get asked again next Christmas, I may clench the matter. But if Wood's invited, and I know Everard still hankers after him——

"No, it mustn't be allowed," he resumed. "Wood mustn't get this ensigncy. There'll be parades and reviews; and the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and Sir Hugh among them, coming over to see them; and if Wood is one of the commissioned officers, he'll be sure to be noticed by Sir Hugh, and then he'll ask Everard about him—No, it won't do. Wood sha'n't get this election—that's flat!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE fourteenth of August arrived—the day appointed for the election to the ensigncy. The boys had not thought very much

about this matter at the outset. On the day after the meeting of the "Caps," as described in the last chapter, the head-master had formally announced to the whole school, what he had already intimated to Holmes. The corps was to be formed—or, it would be more proper to say, a company of Colonel Morley's corps was to be formed—of such boys belonging to Dr. Chapman's and Dr. Forbes's schools, as chose to join it. The uniform had been already fixed upon, a dark green braided with black, and the rifles would be provided by the government. There were to be three commissioned officers in the Kingscourt portion of the company, a captain, a lieutenant, and an ensign, and several non-commissioned officers. Sergeant Goldie, a veteran who had seen service under Clive and Cornwallis, and who for some years past had been the drill-master of most of the schools in the neighbourhood, was to be the sergeant-major, and to him the selection of the other sergeants and corporals had been left. At Dr. Chapman's and Dr. Forbes's particular request, Mr. Edward Chapman was to be captain, and Mr. Collins, the Kingscourt lieutenant. It had further been agreed that the boys themselves should, in the instance of both schools, be allowed to chose the ensigns out of their own number. They were to make their election in any manner agreeable to themselves, and to give the head-master notice of their choice, on the following Wednesday. As it was on a Wednesday also that the Doctor made his announcement, there would be a whole week allowed them, in which they might make up their minds on the subject.

Dr. Chapman had no sooner left the room, than a conclave was formed consisting of all the boys, who had given in their names, as being willing to serve. The business was commenced by choosing some one who was to preside and take the votes. Holmes, as head-boy in the absence of Wood, was proposed and chosen without opposition. He entered at once on his duties.

"I conclude it is agreed on all hands," he began, "that no one, who does not mean to join the corps, will have a vote in this election, or interfere at all in it."

"No one who *has* not joined it, you mean, do you not?" asked Hewett.

"You may put it in that way, if you like it better," replied Holmes, "I suppose it comes to pretty much the same thing. Any fellow who meant to join would have notified his intention by this time."

"I don't know that," said Shute. "There's Harper. He has not come back yet, and won't be back, I am told, before Friday. But most likely he will join when he hears of it."

"Harper! Yes, he's safe enough to do so," returned Holmes. "We may reckon upon him, as though he had given in his name."

"Then there is Wood," said Bell.

"Hasn't Wood declared his intention yet?" inquired Hewett, in apparent surprise.

"The name is not here," remarked Cook, looking down the list.

"No," said Bell, "it is not there, because, when Wood went home at the beginning of last week, the Doctor had not announced whether there was to be a corps established or not."

"Yes, but most of the fellows had said whether they meant to belong to the corps, in event of one being set on foot," urged Cook.

"Perhaps; but there was no need for them to do so," answered Bell. "The better way, I think, will be to leave it open for anyone who is not here now to join it or not, as he likes, before Wednesday next. If he does, he will have a vote, but, of course, not otherwise."

"Nothing can be fairer than that," observed Hewett; "but you don't, I presume, mean that any but those who have been enrolled members of the corps can be proposed for ensign? We might elect a fellow, and he might afterwards declare he didn't mean to have anything to do with the thing. Suppose we were to elect Harper, for instance——"

"Suppose we were to elect *Wood*, for instance!" burst in Shute. "Why can't you say what you really mean, Hewett? Of course this point must be determined. Bell and myself intend to propose Wood for the ensigncy, and we are not going to be checkmated in this manner. I have no doubt Wood means to enlist——"

"Did he tell you so?" inquired Cook.

"I never asked him. He went off at a moment's notice, and the question was never raised. You have no right to assume that he does not mean to belong to the corps."

"Rather you have no right to assume that he does," said Monkton.

"I must say I think that is true," said Holmes. "I don't wish to be unfair; but I do not see how we can elect a fellow as an officer of a regiment, when we don't even know whether he ever means to belong to it."

There was a very general expression of assent. Bell and Shute looked at one another, a good deal perplexed.

"Will you wait till we can get an answer from Wood?" asked Bell, at last. "If I had had any idea of this, I would have written a note to him as soon as the Doctor gave out the notice. But I had no idea that such a question as this was likely to be raised."

"We should of course wish to do nothing but what was strictly fair," said Hewett; "but should we be justified in putting this off? We are to hold this election on Saturday morning—that has been unanimously agreed on, and this is Wednesday afternoon. If Bell were to write this moment, the letter could not go till to-morrow, since it is past post-time now. It would not reach Wood till Friday, and we could not receive his answer before Saturday morning. That would allow us only an hour or so to make all the necessary arrangements, and choose between the candidates. I don't, myself, think that two days are a bit too much. I am sure no one will think two hours enough."

No one replied. Bell and Shute evidently

did not know what to say. At last there was a stir in the crowd, and a tall lad, who had been standing on the outside of the throng, made his way up to the spot where the first class was standing. It was Eugène de Normanville.

"Will you pardon me?" he said. "This is a matter in which I have no immediate concern. But, as regards Georges Wood, it happens that I know it is his intention to enlist in your *compagnie*."

"You *know* it, do you?" asked Thorne. "How can you do that?"

"I have seen him within a few hours. Yesterday, which was the half-holiday, I walked over—I and my father—to inquire for Mrs. Wood, who has been ill. We saw Georges, and he spoke to me of the corps, and asked if the *docteur* meant to allow it. I told him, yes—he had given that notice to the school. Then he said he was glad, and that it would be good fun——"

"Good fun? He might have meant good fun for us, though not for himself," remarked Hewett. "I don't see that——"

"Pardon," interrupted Eugène: "he added that he was glad he had learned to shoot with the rifle, because he would find it of service to him now."

"Oh, well, if he said that," said Holmes, "there can be no doubt he means to enlist. Don't you think so?" he continued, looking round him.

"I think so, certainly," said Northcote. The rest assented, only Cook growling out an unintelligible expression of dissent, to which no one paid any heed.

"Very well; that's settled, then. Well, the next thing is the nomination of the candidates."

"I scarcely think that is the next point," observed Hewett. "We haven't yet determined who are to be the electors."

"Yes, we have. All those who join the corps, and no others."

"I daresay. But the names ought to be put down on a list. Otherwise we shall have fellows saying they mean to join, and then, after they have given their votes, withdrawing."

"I shouldn't think any fellow would do that. However it shall be as you like. There are nine first-class—take a pencil and write them down—nine first-class, fifteen second, seventeen third, about half the fourth, and one or two from the lower classes. In all there are between fifty and sixty. Have you got the names right," he continued after a few minutes.

"I think I have," said Cook, reckoning them up. "There are fifty-seven, if we include Wood and Harper. Yes, that is right, fifty-seven."

"Very well," said Holmes, "now then at all events we have only to receive the names of the candidates. I think you said, Shute, that you had a candidate to propose."

"I have," returned Shute. "I nominate George Wood. He is head boy of the school, and is besides in my opinion, and I know in that of many others, especially qualified for the office. He'd keep up the discipline, and at the same time wouldn't give offence by unnecessary strictness. Both the captain, and the sergeant-major, have several times remarked that he would make a capital officer. I therefore nominate him."

"I second the nomination," said Bell.

"Has anyone else a candidate to propose?" asked Holmes.

"Yes," said Monkton, "I mean to propose William Cook. I think him as well qualified as Wood, or rather better qualified. If he is not head fellow in the school, he is one of the first class, and there is no kind of reason why the head boy, more than any other of the seniors, should be ensign. As to Longshanks's opinion—I don't know what that is to us. It is we, and not he, who have to choose the ensign."

"Hear, hear," exclaimed a chorus of voices.

"As for old Goldie," continued Monkton, "he'd say the same of any fellow almost, whom he was asked about, and besides we don't want his advice any more than we want Longshanks's. If we think

Cook would make the best officer, let us have him, let who will say anything to the contrary."

"Hear, hear," again shouted a good moiety of his hearers. Monkton had shown himself a better advocate, than might have been expected.

"I second the proposal," said Northcote, for the reasons given by Monkton, and also because Cook during the summer holidays, had a good deal of experience of just such another corps as is going to be formed among ourselves; and everyone knows what the value of experience is in the formation of a new regiment. I think we can't do better than have William Cook."

"There is one thing which it would be unfair not to notice," observed Hewett, "and that is that those who vote for Cook can make sure they are not giving away their votes for nothing. I suppose you have no objection, Cook, to assure us that you would take the ensigncy, if you were elected?"

"I should of course accept it," said Cook, "if you did me the honour to choose me, and should do my best in the office."

"I hope everyone will understand," added Hewett, "that I don't at all mean to imply Wood wouldn't do the same. Only you see in his case, it is impossible to be certain."

"Has anybody else a candidate whom he wishes to bring forward?" inquired Holmes.

No one spoke.

"Very well. Then on Saturday next, after dinner, I shall take the votes. I presume you intend the voting to be open, and not by ballot?"

"Open voting, open voting," was the general cry—"that is fairest and best."

The assembly broke up; and the boys separated into a number of small coteries, each of which was soon deeply engaged in discussing the probable issue of the contest. Every hour the excitement grew more keen. It was ascertained that Cook had a decided majority in the first class, five out of the seven being his supporters, while Wood could reckon only two. In the second

class the numbers were more nearly even. Seven were known to favour Cook, and five, Wood; while there were two who would give no promise, but were thought to incline to Wood. In the third, the preponderance was the other way, Wood having ten avowed partisans and Cook only six. The remaining boys were supposed to be almost evenly divided, though several would not promise at all. So far as pledges went, Cook had twenty-two, and Wood twenty; but there were more than a dozen, who were either claimed by both sides, or professed that in all likelihood they would not vote at all.

These twelve became for the next few days, the subjects of so many entreaties, warnings, and arguments, that several of them gave in their adhesion to one side or the other, out of sheer weariness. The hopes and fears of both parties grew every hour more keen, as they saw, more and more plainly, how very close the struggle would be. On the Friday morning each candidate had twenty-five promises, and there were but five who had not given in their adhesion to one side or the other. On Friday afternoon Harper returned, and added one to the supporters of the "Caps," as they were now generally called. But immediately afterwards, one of the neutrals, who bore a particular dislike to Harper, out of sheer opposition to him, declared for Wood. The three remaining unpledged ones held out, and on the Saturday afternoon when Holmes took his place to receive the votes, each of the candidates was believed to have twenty-six supporters—the two candidates and the three neutrals making up the entire number on the list, viz., fifty-seven.

"How are we to vote?" asked Hewett. "In school order, or alphabetical order, or haphazard, as fellows come up?"

"I think it had better be school order. I vote first, and then take the other votes," answered Holmes.

"I think so too, and then, if the numbers are even, you can give the casting vote," rejoined Hewett.

"Hold hard there," said Shute, "I don't agree to Holmes having a casting vote. If he is to have that, he mustn't vote first. No one fellow can be allowed two votes."

"Why not?" asked Monkton. "Isn't it the usual practice?"

"I think not," answered Bell. "No doubt it is the case sometimes, but only, I fancy, where it has been so arranged beforehand. If this is insisted on, the matter must be referred to the Doctor for settlement."

"Don't let us do that, for goodness sake," cried Northcote, "I hate calling in the masters. Let us settle it, somehow or other, ourselves."

"Good," said Shute. "Then let us settle it in this way. Holmes votes in his turn, as one of the first class. Then afterwards; if the numbers should be found to be equal, we can determine whether he is to have a casting vote or not. If we can't agree about it, then we shall have to bring the matter before Dr. Chapman. But it is hardly likely that the question will arise."

"That sounds reasonable," observed Northcote. "Drive on, Steve. We are losing a lot of time."

The poll was accordingly opened, Holmes giving his own vote first. He then called upon Monkton, Bell, Northcote, Hewett, and Shute in succession. But when he proceeded to ask Cook how he voted, some surprise was manifested.

"Cook!" exclaimed Shute, "he won't vote to be sure!"

"Why not?" asked Hewett.

"Why not? Why, because he is one of the candidates. It is always the etiquette for the candidates to vote for one another. But as Wood is not here to vote for Cook, of course Cook can't be expected to vote for him."

"It would be a rather Quixotic proceeding, if he did," remarked Thorne.

"He would be a precious fool, indeed," said Monkton, "but I don't see why he shouldn't vote for himself."

"Cook wouldn't do anything unfair, of course," said Hewett. "But Wood, no

doubt, will be here before the poll closes, and then he too can vote for himself."

"Very good," said Shute, "then Cook had better vote for Wood, and Wood when he comes, will vote for Cook. I think I'll answer for it—Wood will never consent to vote for himself."

"If he doesn't like to do it, he needn't," said Cook. "But I don't see that his fancies are to be any rule for me."

"Certainly not," said Holmes. "Then I suppose you mean to vote for yourself, Cook?"

"I suppose so," answered Cook. "As Hewett says, no doubt Wood will do the same."

"Good," said Holmes. "I have marked you down so."

The poll proceeded, rather slowly from one interruption or another, until they came to the bottom of the second class, when on Cartwright's name being called, the boy in question came forward, and said he had fully made up his mind, and so had his brother, who was in the third class, that they wouldn't vote at all. They didn't think any of the boys ought to be put over the others, and therefore they would have nothing to do with the election.

"Very good," said Holmes, "then I am to cross your name and your brother James's out, I suppose?"

"Yes, if you please," said Cartwright, retiring back among the crowd of his schoolfellows.

"That leaves only fifty-five to vote then, including the two candidates," observed Northcote.

"Only fifty-four," said Hewett. "North also says he does not mean to give a vote."

"I beg your pardon," said North, "when my turn comes, I do mean to vote now."

"Your turn *is* next," said Holmes, "your name stands at the head of the third class. For which of the candidates do you vote?"

"Wood," said North. "I didn't mean to have had anything to do with the thing. But I think, with Shute, that Wood will never consent to vote for himself, and I

give him my vote therefore to set against Cook's vote. I shouldn't like to see a fellow lose the day, because he wouldn't do a mean action."

North was a huge muscular lad, not brilliant at Latin and Greek, or indeed remarkable for anything but a love of good cheer, and an imperturbable temper. He rarely committed himself to any sentiment, but when he did, he delivered himself of it in a very few words, and then relapsed into impenetrable silence. He excited a good deal of amusement among his schoolfellows, and a good deal of awe, as it was found to be by no means safe to play tricks with him. Cook, who though a full-grown boy, was two inches shorter, and not nearly as strong, thought it wiser to treat the remark as a joke, and laughed accordingly though in rather a forced manner. But Hewett for once could not disguise his chagrin.

"What a bother," he said, apart to Cook, "that, I expect, will make you and Wood even once more, and we shall be obliged to fall back on the chance of Steve's casting-vote after all. I wish I hadn't advised you to vote for yourself, William, but I couldn't foresee this."

"No, I suppose not," returned Cook, though rather gruffly. "It is a bore, though; I wouldn't lose this election now for anything. And, I say, what is to happen if Wood comes back in time after all, to vote? We've lost such a lot of time in talking about one thing and another, that it is getting near the hour when he usually comes back from his mother's."

"I'll go and give Steve a hint to get it over as quick as possible," said Hewett. "When the poll has once been closed, it can't be reopened, you know. Then supposing you to be even, Chapman will have to decide whether Steve is to have his casting vote, or whether there is to be another election. In either case, I think we shall still get it. If Steve has a casting vote you're all right, and if he hasn't and there's a fresh election, I think I can come round the Cartwrights this time."

He moved up to his cousin's side accordingly. The voting had been going on more briskly during the last few minutes, and all but the two or three juniors had declared themselves. "Get this over as quick as you can," he whispered. "It is getting very near supper-time."

"We've all but done," answered Holmes. "There 'are only Andrews, Bubb, Nugent, and Summers to vote now. Well, Andrews, for whom do you poll? Wood, hey? Very well. I have marked your vote. Now, Bubb, who is it?"

At this moment a shout was heard, and Hewett, looking sharply round, saw, to his extreme vexation, George Wood shaking hands with Bell and Shute, who were evidently giving him a full and particular account of all that had taken place.

"Get it over, Steve," he again urged, "and shut up the poll before Wood has any opportunity of interfering. Bubb, I see has voted, and there are only Nugent and Summers now——"

"They have voted—both of them for Cook. I have just hastily run the numbers up, and I think they are even. But I can't close the poll, now that Wood is actually here, without asking him whether he means to vote. I don't want to see him elected, but I can't do so unfair a thing as that would be."

Hewett swallowed down his vexation at his cousin's tiresome scruples, as well as he could. "You are right," he said. "I suppose it wouldn't be fair. And here comes Wood himself. Well, Wood, you are in time after all. We were afraid you would be too late, but the poll is not closed yet."

"So I understand," said Wood. "I am told, Holmes, that Cook has voted for himself. Is that the case?"

"It is," replied Holmes. "You can of course do the same."

"I daresay, but I shall not. I shall not vote at all. If I had been here at the beginning, I should have voted for him. Under present circumstances, I can't do that. So, as I have said, I sha'n't vote at all."

"I am sure your determination does you

credit," said Hewett. "Well then, Steve, the only thing that remains to be done is to sum up the numbers and say who is elected. If the numbers are even, it must be settled, as we agreed it should be, whether you are to have a casting vote."

The boys came flocking up as he spoke, and Holmes proceeded once more to reckon up the numbers, in order to make sure that he had not made a mistake. Presently he came forward, and called for silence. His demand was instantly complied with, the boys being now extremely interested in learning the result.

"I have to announce," he said, "that the numbers are equal. Wood and Cook have each of them twenty-seven votes."

"Then the question of your casting-vote has to be considered," said Hewett.

"It may be considered of course," said Bell, "but I for one, shall not agree to allow——"

"Will you let me interrupt you a moment," said Holmes. "I don't know how you may settle this; but even if you were to allow me a second vote, I shouldn't give it. I couldn't vote for Wood, because that would be in the teeth of my promise to Cook, and I couldn't vote against him, because I don't think it fair he should lose this, because he wouldn't vote for himself."

There was a general shout of applause, even Cook's supporters joining in it.

"We had better have the election over again—say next Tuesday, as we have to give the name in to the Doctor on Wednesday. If the numbers are again even, draw lots for it, or refer the matter for settlement to Collins."

The proposal was received with renewed applause.

"We agree to that," said Bell. "The poll is to be taken again on Tuesday, and if Wood and Cook are again equal on the poll, the matter is to be determined by Collins. Come with me, Eugène," he continued. "There is a passage in a French book which I want you to explain to me." He took the French boy's arm, and they walked away together.

Wood and Shute were on the point of following, when Hewett stopped him.

"I have been requested, Wood," he said, "to put a question to you. It is thought that you may not be aware what the conditions attaching to this ensigncy are. The Doctor announced to us that every fellow would have to pay for his uniform. This won't be much in the instance of the privates, but will be rather heavy in that of the officers. We think it only fair that you should be told beforehand, as the others have been——"

"There's no need for Wood to answer that now," interposed Shute, who saw that his friend was a good deal startled at this intimation. "The other fellows, as you say, have had a week to consider this. He has only heard it now."

"How much time will he require? We think we ought to know his intentions before the election takes place—indeed, before any one resolves to give him his vote. If we elect Cook, we know he will be sure to keep to what he undertakes——"

"Whatever I undertake, you may be sure I shall keep to," said Wood, haughtily.

"Hem! not always," observed Cook.

"Not always! what do you mean?" cried Wood.

Cook did not answer, but after a minute's silence Hewett spoke.

"William spoke in haste, but I have no doubt he was thinking about that wager, or engagement with Monkton, to pass two hours in the 'Chimney' at night, which was never carried out, you know. I am sure he did not mean to annoy Wood."

"If he didn't, and if *you* don't, you had both better drop it then," broke in Shute. "We had enough of that at the time, and don't want any more now."

"You may not, perhaps," remarked Monkton, "but that is no rule for others."

"No one wants to revive anything unpleasant," said Hewett, "only the question as to Wood's keeping to what he had agreed on, was brought up, you see: and on the occasion in question—I don't say

he was at all to blame, but he certainly did not keep to what he undertook."

"And doesn't mean to keep to it, if he ever did," added Cook.

"I am, and always was, ready to keep to it," said Wood, hotly. "I thought you yourselves had given the thing up, or I should have done it."

"All right," said Hewett, "no one doubts your word——"

"And I should not care a straw, if you did," broke in Wood. "It is not what *you* may say, but what *I* have said, that signifies. Well, what night do you fix on for this purpose?"

"Since you yourself wish it, what do you say to Monday next?" said Hewett, "that is a day, when Heywood will be away, and Collins generally takes supper with the Doctor. Two or three of us can go with you to the 'Chimney,' as soon as the lights are out—say at half-past-nine—and come back to fetch you at half-past-eleven. Will that do?"

"Yes, if you like," returned Wood. "Take note that I think the whole thing childish, and am sorry I agreed to it. But as I did, I stick to it." He turned off, and accompanied Shute into the house.

(*To be continued.*)

ASCENTS AND ADVENTURES;

A RECORD OF

HARDY MOUNTAINEERING IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

BY HENRY FRITH.

Author of "The Adventures of an Engine Driver," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ABODE OF SNOW.—THE WESTERN HIMĀLAYA.



WE have noticed already that Simla is an excellent starting-point for the Western Himālaya, but Dārjiling is the natural base of operations for the eastern portion of the range. As it is quite impossible to give detailed descriptions of both routes or even portions of the routes, we will glance at the Western range first, and then carry you over the hills and far away into Nepaul. Simla is one of the fashionable resorts of India. It did not come into existence

till about 1822, and then it was purchased by the Government for a sanatorium. From here numerous roads can be followed; but the chief paths lead to Thibet, Ladak, and

Kashmir. From Simla, Nagkunda is about fifty miles distant, and a journey thither is known as "going into the interior." The road is good, and at the end of each day's march is a government "guest-house." Here servants are in attendance and accommodation is provided for travellers in return for a small payment. From Nagkunda you can view the river Sutlej, while opposite are the peaks of the Kulu and Kunawur districts.

This place is a very favourite object of excursionists from Simla, and thence up the Sutlej valley to Pangee, from which place the road is very rough. It lies in the bed of the torrent, or along the steep sides, and is carried over precipices by wooded galleries. But even on the road accidents will happen. On one occasion the young daughter of a missionary was riding along (a railing now guards the place) and her pony shied. In an instant she was carried over the cliff and killed. With a steep rock above, and no protection on the other hand,

the danger is by no means lessened on horse-back if anything should alarm the animal.

At Nagkunda, as we have already said, there is a guest-house or bungalow. Here you may enjoy beautiful scenery unmolested, for three days ; but at the end of that time the traveller must decamp—or rather camp—if he intend to remain in the neighbour-

hood. According to regulation no one can occupy a room for more than three nights, but this rule, like others we wot of, is not very difficult to evade, and a descent or ascent for one evening will give the guest a claim for the further period of three nights. Whether this can be repeated I cannot say, but a week up there would be sufficient.



View of the Outer Himālaya.

Proceeding upwards, the Werang Pass is reached at an elevation of 13,200 feet, and crossing the river you will enter the land of Buddha, and so on by the Hungarung Pass to Shipki. When Mr. Wilson arrived at this place, where the British boundary ends, he and his party were stopped by some Tartar women, and they had apparently determined he should go no farther. Shipki is not a place to rest in comfortably. Every portion slopes more or less, and even if you succeed in pitching a tent, you may roll down to somewhere in your sleep. The house-roofs are flat, and offer eligible sleeping quarters ; and here one would fancy that peace would be found. But not so. On every house-top is a

ferocious dog which is only too ready to welcome the daring traveller. The fields accordingly were the only available resting-places, for they are constructed terrace-fashion, and present more or less level surface. But to these fields the female Tartars determined that Mr. Wilson's party should not go. We have all heard the phrase "catching a Tartar" as applied to an unwelcome reception, and in this instance the proverb was fully borne out, only more so, by the ladies. These gentle creatures, "clad in red and black tunics, loose trousers and immense cloth boots," showed fight. The men and the dogs sat quietly on the flat roofs looking on. At length a Lama (not a quadruped, but a

priest) took pity on the party, and invited them to encamp in his field. This man-œuvre was at last successful.

There is always great difficulty in getting into Chinese Thibet. The inhabitants are very exclusive and jealous of Europeans, and do all in their power to prevent their crossing the boundary. Some very curious and some amusing anecdotes are related by travellers. One expedient which succeeded was to let a traveller run half way by the rope across the bridge over a river. These bridges, you will remember, are composed of poles between which a rope is extended and on this rope a basket is slung. The traveller gets into the basket; his weight will carry him to the centre of the bridge, but he is pulled up the opposite curve by his men who have preceded him. The Tartars once let an officer run down the rope, but, when he halted in his basket half way, they could not be prevailed upon to pull him across the remaining distance. There he hung suspended in his cradle, swinging in the wind, till night-fall, when, being nearly frozen, he promised to return home if they would pull him back. This they did, and he returned to British territory, a sadder if not a wiser man.

Although Mr. Wilson did not meet with such treatment, he found it impossible to penetrate into Thibet; so he turned aside, and traversing at a high elevation the Western Himâlaya, reached Kashmir after a troublesome if not very adventurous journey. Kashmir or Cashmere (whence a number of shawls comes annually to Her Gracious Majesty, and which she liberally dispenses as gifts to brides of her acquaintance) is our tributary. "Who has not heard of the Vale of Kashmir," sings the Irish poet who has written a description of that beautiful valley in most melodious verse:—

"Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Majian his urn full of incense is swinging;
And here at the altar a zone of sweet bells,
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer, is
ringing."

The vale of Kashmir was at one time a lake

which fed the Jhelam or Hydaspes, and so far Alexander the Great penetrated. Surrounded by splendid mountains and rich in vegetation, there is a variety such as no European valley can equal. Forests, glaciers, green slopes, and even snow can all be seen, and "though every prospect pleases," we fear we must continue the quotation and add that "only man is vile," if all that is said of the population be true. But they are badly treated, suffer terribly from famines, and probably were the people in better circumstances they would be immensely improved morally. A great deal has been written, and a great deal more might be written, about Kashmir and its surroundings; but it scarcely belongs to our subject, and it is, moreover, not the "Abode of snow." We will, therefore, pass across it and return as the crow flies to Dârjiling whence we can make our arrangements for a venturesome and adventurous expedition into the Eastern Himâlaya.

CHAPTER XXII.

DARJILING.—DR. HOOKER'S EXPEDITION. —A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

THE station, or Sanatorium, of Dârjiling is about seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is not very far from Calcutta, and in this it has considerable advantages over Mussûri and Simla, which lie three times as far away. It occupies a very central position, as a reference to the map will show. The station was established in 1840, and soon increased. Invalids were sent up; and after a while officers sent their wives and children thither to recruit their health. The benefits of the place quickly became known, and a considerable trade sprang up in various commodities. From Dârjiling the most splendid panorama of mountain scenery in the world is visible. The English quarter is above and at some distance from the native village, and the depot of the troops is still farther away. According to travellers the prospect is unequalled. Forty-five miles away the gigantic

mountain Kinchinjunga rises to an elevation of 21,000 feet above the spectator, 11,000 feet being clothed in perpetual snow. The intervening hills are well-wooded, and through the forests an immense river, the Runjeet, makes its way to feed the Teesta, which flows nearly one hundred miles in a straight line through the country. Besides Kinchinjunga (28,178 feet above the level of the sea) there are other immense though inferior peaks to the north-west, such as Junnoo 25,312, and Kubra 24,000 feet. Kinchinjunga puts forth two great spurs, one separates Sikkim from Nepaul, and the other runs near the Teesta. In addition to the mountains named above are Nursing (a capital name for a mountain near an invalid depot), Donkia, and numerous others averaging twenty-thousand feet in height.

Such a prospect as this is sufficient to "set up" a sick man, and Doctor Joseph Hooker mentions that even this glorious panorama may be extended by ascending a small hill about a thousand feet high, easy of access, and a favourite excursion from Dârjiling. Thence immense snowy peaks are visible eighty miles away and more. This is, no doubt, the best starting place for the great peaks of the Himâlaya, through Sikkim, and if possible, into Nepaul. Great difficulty is sometimes experienced in obtaining permission to enter, but a little diplomacy will, at any rate, ensure a tacit, if not a very willing, permission to Europeans.

The great spur or range called Singalelah must first be traversed, and then the direct route into the interior is by the valleys of the Runjeet and Rating rivers. From the summit of Tonglo the view is magnificent. It was by that route that Doctor Hooker proceeded, and thence up the gorge of the Tambur river to the Wallanchoon Pass to Thibet. This Wallanchoon is "a large village of painted wooden houses," containing about a hundred houses and temples, which latter buildings contain rows of praying-machines. These machines are supposed to be as efficacious as oral prayer. A sentence is imprinted on it. The sen-

tence is "Om mani Padmi om." The cylinder is composed of leather, which is placed in a frame; at each turn, when moved, a bell is struck. Written prayers are placed inside this cylinder, and as often as the bell is rung a prayer is supposed to be said. A handle, or a string and axle, turns the machine. The native term for these cylinders is, "Mani." Sometimes they are turned by water and are four or five feet high. The same sentence, "Om mani Padmi om," is continuously repeated on them.

Difficulties were of course made by the ruler of the village to Doctor Hooker's progress, but he persisted, and penetrated into the pass, which was deep in snow. The top of this pass is the boundary line between Thibet and Nepaul, and is about 16,000 feet high, about the elevation of Mont Blanc. But a descent was made on the same track, and after parting with some of his attendants, the traveller struck off in another direction.

It does not appear that Dr. Hooker was much affected by the rarity of the air, or by the glare from the snow; but that this latter is a very considerable evil, the following condensed extract from the account of a similar expedition, undertaken by a "Lady Pioneer," will show. Ladies seldom or never undertake such a journey as that into the Eastern Himâlaya; for the fatigues and trouble, the immense distances to be traversed, the deep snow, and the evil disposition of the tribes render such an excursion not only difficult but very dangerous.

Snow blindness arises from the reflection of the sun upon the the snow-crystals. When the lady and her party were ascending the Himâlaya, "the light became so intolerably dazzling that none of the party could see before or around them, the very atmosphere vibrated." The whole party were compelled to cover their eyes and advance almost at random—this on a totally unknown snow-slope was not devoid of danger. It is not surprising that under these circumstances the track was lost and was not recovered till some drops of blood upon the white surface told them that the coolies had passed that

way. They struggled on almost totally blind. The bearers would no longer carry the lady. They placed her upon the ground, all of them utterly unable to find their way. Fortunately, after a period of the most painful suspense, the mist which had intensely aggravated the effect of the sun, cleared away, and the sky appeared which gave the eyes comparatively a rest; and the party pursued their way to an immense rock, under the shadow of which they were enabled to recover themselves.

On a subsequent occasion this same party were nearly lost. They had taken their bearings and were moving up towards Yang-poong as they fancied, when the guide at length confessed he was at fault, and had no idea in what direction he was going. In deep snow, in a totally unknown district miles away from shelter, and no prospect of obtaining any more food than what they actually had with them, the situation was extremely grave. No wonder despair seized upon them. We must recollect that in India travellers in the mountains have to take coolies to carry supplies, and sheep are by no means uncommon accompaniments to a march into the interior. Tents, lamps, furniture and all cooking appliances must be carried, and ladies must also be borne in *dhoolies* or *dandies* as already explained. Then, when a guide has lost his way, it is not a mere question of reaching a Hotel as in the Alps. In the Himâlaya assistance is unobtainable; you must depend upon yourself; for all the attendants look to their employer in times of danger, and he is responsible for them. The spirit of insubordination is very likely to arise amongst the escort, if you possess a guard, or amongst the coolies. In the case of the party which we have referred to, further progress was of course impossible and a return was agreed upon.

But this was no easy task. They could only return upon their own wandering footsteps. The waste of dazzling snow, bounded by the mist, lay in every direction as far as one could see. A retreat was decided upon, but in what direction! Some of the attendants started off on their own

account and endeavoured to find the track, but these deserters had to be brought back, and as the day was far spent it was found necessary to encamp in the frozen solitudes.

A sheep was accordingly slain, and then only two sheep remained for the whole party—about seventy people all told. When the muster was called one man was missing. Fancy the feelings of the Europeans—the man had wandered as any of them might have wandered and had lost all trace of the party. Immense fires were lighted and every precaution taken to arrest his attention. Messengers were sent to the Soubah (or ruler) demanding supplies. Next morning early the wanderer came in. He had fortunately come down upon the great rock under which they all had been resting the previous day, and thence had followed the track back: he was actually lying down in despair—alone upon that awful snow-field—when the glimmer of the distant camp-fire caught his eye. He crawled on and at last succeeded in reaching his former companions, though more dead than alive.

Slowly and sadly the expedition returned. Everything conspired against the travellers. It seemed as if the giant Kinchinjunga whose territory they had invaded was determined to punish the aggression. Want of food and terrible weather almost overcame them all. No supplies were sent as requested, and as arranged before starting on the route. At length biscuit was the only food remaining. Roots were dug up from beneath the snow which fell fast upon the camp and threatened to bury them in its winding-sheet. Pushing on next day they narrowly escaped falling over a tremendous precipice. Night again fell. No succour. Men dropped behind and straggled in by twos, or singly, utterly exhausted. Next day nothing remained but a little rum and a flask of brandy, and that was distributed in drops to each member of the party. The lady and her husband and friend were reduced almost to despair on account of their poor attendants, whose deaths would lie at their doors. The only

chance was to proceed: the burthens were carried as well as possible and the march was resumed. At length a party was seen approaching them—supplies were coming. Joy re-animates the famished *troupe*, and a quicker advance was made. Before long the expected food was distributed, and after a hurried but, as may be imagined, a hearty meal, all trouble and care were put aside, but not forgotten.

It was a very wonderful escape, and how a lady could endure such privation and not suffer from it we cannot understand. But so far as we can learn, no ill-effects were left upon anyone. The coolies recovered at once after eating, and all reached home in safety after their unprecedented experiences.

We have said very little respecting either the tribes and their habits, or about the lower animals to be found in the Himâlaya, because, although mountaineering cannot be carried out successfully in India without attendants—for guides scarcely enter into the traveller's calculations, as "guides," and coolies carry everything in the higher regions—the description of men and quadrupeds would lead us too far away from our original plan. But we could, were it within our limits, give our young readers many a tale of a tiger or an elephant. It is impossible in these detached papers to give more than a glance at the general features of the Himâlaya, its deep ravines, its luxuriant vegetation, its curious and as we have seen very unpleasant reptiles and insects; its numerous hostile tribes and prejudiced neighbours. We have seen something of the mighty chain, with its everlasting snows, and lofty peaks, amidst which, at various elevations, every description of scenery and numerous specimens of plants and animals can be found.

There is one feature which we have not noticed, and that is the existence of a mountain about 8,000 feet high, in the neighbourhood of Dârjiling, which is there called Mount Ararat. We learn from Dr. Hooker's "Himalayan Journals," that the Lepcha tribe have a curious legend of a man and a woman having saved themselves

from drowning on its summit during a great flood in Sikkim. This is the more remarkable as the legend was known and believed amongst the Lepchas before any contact with Europeans made the name "Ararat" known amongst the tribe.

Amongst the numerous animals in the Himâlaya the yak deserves particular notice as it is most useful and very domestic. It somewhat resembles a bison, and is used as a beast of burthen or as a steed. The milk is much prized; the hair is made into rope, and even into tent-coverings. The flesh is eaten, and when dead its tail makes a "fly-flapper" to human beings, and it probably was found useful in that capacity to the animal when alive, if at the elevation it is usually to be found any fly thinks it worth its while to come. The wild species is described as a terribly fierce animal, a "rasp of his tongue being sufficient to scrape the flesh from the bones" of his human assailant. On reflection, we have concluded that we would rather not get a "licking" from a yak, but this may be only a matter of taste after all!

We will now bid farewell to the Himâlaya; and with a last glance at the rugged heights, topped by the snow-white range that gives its name to the whole chain, we will take a rapid southward flight to the island of Mauritius where we intend to ascend the curious mountain, "Pieter Botte."

CHAPTER XXIII.

PIETER BOTTE IN THE MAURITIUS.

THE Mauritius, or the Isle of France, can be easily found to the east of Madagascar. It was named after the Prince of Orange by Van Neck, a Dutchman, who in 1598 found it neglected, though it had been discovered previously by a Portuguese named Pedro Mascarenhas. The Dutch abandoned it, and then the French took it in 1791. The English then took it from the French, and in our possession this island has continued ever since.

The Mauritius is decidedly volcanic, and is chiefly composed of mountains which

over, which at length was carried across, and a ladder fixed by ropes and guys. The ascent was then soon gained, and the hardy adventurer called for three cheers and named the mountain King William's Peak. This was in 1832.

We will finish the account of this ascent before describing the later one. Determine to do nothing by halves, the tourists made up their minds to sleep on the summit, whereon they made a fire and themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. They dined and smoked and awaited the evening gun from the man-of-war in the bay. Then they sent up a rocket, and burned blue-lights, which must have had a beautiful effect. Then, wrapped in blankets, they passed the night on high, a determined sleep-walker of the party having been for safety's sake tied to his companion's leg. Fortunately he did not somnambulise on that occasion, and the whole party arose safe and sound, very hungry and very cold, at daybreak.

Having carefully fastened a pole upon the summit and attached the Union-jack to the stick, the party descended in safety to the shoulder where they breakfasted. The descent was found long and rather troublesome, but was at length accomplished without accident, and so ended that expedition.

Lieutenant Haig's attempt was likewise successful; but, arrived at the Neck, he and his companions had considerable difficulty in shooting an arrow over the "head." At length, after making a series of vain attempts for two hours and a half, they succeeded in passing a string over. By this a rope was fastened in a slanting direction to the outer-edge of the corner of the head and in such a position that if it slipped when the climber was using it he must inevitably be dashed to pieces. One of the officers tried it nevertheless and almost succeeded in reaching the summit, but was so exhausted, he was obliged to slide down again.

We continue the narrative in Mr. Haig's own words.

"I then tried to scale it, saving my strength as much as possible for the final

struggle. On reaching the edge, my heart seemed to stand still with fear, for it appeared as though the slightest outward pull must cause the rope to slip off the sloping surface altogether, and hurry me into eternity. Other fears coursed through my brain with lightning-like rapidity: I saw that the thin rope was frayed by the edge of the rock, and I knew that its slanting position already took away from its strength. Besides, rain was falling, which of course made the rope shrink and added materially to the strain. I rapidly considered whether it would be better to slip down, or to try and struggle up, and decided immediately on the latter. It took a desperate effort to get my knee on to the edge, and with two fingers squeezed under the rope where it crossed the top, I raised myself a little; for a few seconds I trembled in the balance, and then fell forward helplessly on my face on the top, exhausted by excitement and exertion, but jubilant.

"The first thing to do was to place the rope in a less perilous position. To do this, A—— had to untie my knots; here a new difficulty arose, for not till then did I discover that A—— *did not know how to tie them again.*"

This was a very trying situation, but by shouting directions down to his friend the successful climber was enabled to teach his companion, and, the requisite knots having been tied, his friend A—— ascended and stood beside him on the top, a space about twenty-five feet by fifteen in extent.

The view was splendid, the whole island being visible. The officers erected a cairn on the summit and also a flag, and then descended. The climb had occupied them four hours and a half; the descent by means of the rope was not difficult and was accomplished quickly and in safety.

All's well that ends well—and we have not seen any account of an accident having happened on the Pieter Both; but nevertheless for our own part we would prefer a somewhat less precipitous, even if a more elevated mountain upon which to make our maiden essay.

(To be continued.)

PUZZLES.

Charades.

1.

My *second's* a card, my *first* solemn chagrin ;
But if one takes physic my *whole* is oft seen.

2.

My *first* is a colour, my *second* a tree,
My *whole* on the prairies oft you'll see.

3.

My *first*, thinking now that Home Rule is
right,
Doth indulge in my *second* with all his
might ;
Thinking that, like my *whole*, for his
country he'll fight.

• *Cryptograph.*

4.

Li kul fug kipa zilrakmr rful e ic ypaurf,
Yor falza fuqr rfio rfa pedfr ri desa ka
baurf ?
E uk uq hpaq uq luropa hepqr kuba kul,
Apa rfa yuqa jutq ic qapseroba yadul,
Tfal tejb el tiibq rfa liyqa quenda pul.

Enigma.

5.

At sea, on land, in road, by rail,
In wine, in rum, aye ! and in ale ;
On self, on friend, in beast, in fish,
You'll find my answer if you wish ;
But why should I repeat a score
(As I could twenty thousand more !)
Of articles wherein I'm seen ?
In *almost all* things, high or mean,
I'm surely certain to be found,
Be they in sky or on the ground.
When you your pen take up to write,
If you're not stupid, see this you might.

Decapitation.

6.

My *whole* is winged ; decapitate once
and I am to begrime ; a second time and I
am to let ; decapitate, change head, and
transpose, and I am to wail ; behead again,
I am a dreary creature ; transpose again, I
am shabby ; curtail me, and I am the same
again, though different.

Addendum.

7.

Two of the *same* kind join and see,
That there a *smaller first* will be.

Charade.

9.

A *second* very poor must be,
Who owneth not my *first* ;
My *whole* a trade is, and, if bad,
I'm sure is not the worst.

Complete, I'm a bishop of high degree ;
Beheaded, I mean to recount you'll see ;
Beheaded again, I mean to exalt ;
Again, if you're this you've a serious fault ;
Again, you have eaten, by this you will mean ;
Transpose, if you *this*, you cannot be lean ;
Again, this a drink, and if you're inclined,
Pray take just one cup of this left behind.

10.

Complete, on moor I'm often seen ;
Beheaded, I'm to rove I ween ;
Again, a motion of the feet ;
Transpose, and now a maiden sweet ;
Procure her leave, and her behead,
You'll find a youth is left instead ;
Transpose, and now you'll able be ;
Again, and here a pack you'll see ;
Behead, and now discern a drink ;
Again, an article I think,
In Monsieur's land, in Monsieur's time ;
Again, the end of this my rhyme,
And of its little all bereft,
Behold ! there will be nothing left !

Anagram.

11.

The anagram here in these words you see,
" Is qui venit in sese,"
They're Latin words you know no doubt,
'Twould better be to find them out ;
A quality I hope you don't possess.
And now, pray try this anagram to guess.

Double Acrostic.

12.

(*Two English Poets.*)

A battle field ; a walk ; Norse legends ; a
Dutch state ; a gum ; an island ; a channel.

13.

I am a light ; curtail, and I am an orna-
ment of ancient British chiefs ; curtail, and
I am a hill ; transpose, I am to decay ;
behead and transpose, I am a preposition.

14.

My *first* is a vowel ; my *second* an animal ;
my *third* also an animal. My *whole* is a
short poem.

Buried Gods and Goddesses.

15. The east horizon is quite red.
16. A rest is useful in music.
17. Twice rested each person going up the hill.
18. Then he ran down the slope.

Central Acrostic.

The centrals read upwards or downwards
will frame

A female's well-known palindromical name ;
Read backwards or forwards the words are
the same.

1. An oft triumphant exclamation.
2. Papa's familiar appellation.
3. An Indian coin in circulation.
4. Place ditto in this situation.
5. A baby's soft and milky ration.
6. Though first this takes the final station.

Charade.

20.

Bright Sol—alike for peer or clown—
Shone brightly upon Somer's Town ;
And in my *first* to *last* swung *whole*
Clothes out from every line and pole.

Quotation Acrostic.

21.

"The tear down childhood's cheek that
flows,

Is like the dewdrop on the rose."

The initials of the names of the poems
from which the following lines are taken
will give the author of the above.

"My friends ne'er hoped to see me more,
And wept for me as for the dead."

"The little children flocking came,
And chafed his frozen hands in theirs."

"Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear."

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away."

"As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday."

Word Squares.

22.

Desire ; above ; writes ; once.

23.

Gone by ; a plant ; sighs ; trial.

Double Acrostic.

24.

To surpass ; the main ; wicked ; hateful ;
an animal ; a negative ; a bird.

My initials and finals give two English
towns.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

On pages 391—392.

1. Bellow, Below, Blow, Bow.
2. Bacon, Abana, Cadet, Onega, Natal.
3. Caucas, Aslant, Ultimo, Caiman, Unmade, Stones.
4. Canaan, Alanna, Naiads, Ananas, Andaja, Nassau.
5. Kismet, Intone, Stolen, Molars, Ennerve, Tenses.
6. Hiatus, Intone, Atomic, Tomaso, Unison, Second.

7.

Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd and roll'd ;
Heavy to get, and light to hold ;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold.

8. Is—ah !—gone = Isagon.
9. Conversazione.
10. Meliphagous.
11. Clepsydrya.
12. Archdeaconry.
13. Pedestrianism.

14.

Cowards die many times before their deaths.

15. Ear—nest.

16. In—sat—I—ate.

17. Brough—Clarke.

18. Trollope—Kingsley.

19. Still waters run deep.

20.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in Fairyland,
When fairy birds are singing ;

When the court doth ride by their mo-
narch's side,

With bit and bridle ringing.

21. Never too late to mend.

22. Charles—Tearing.

23. Market.

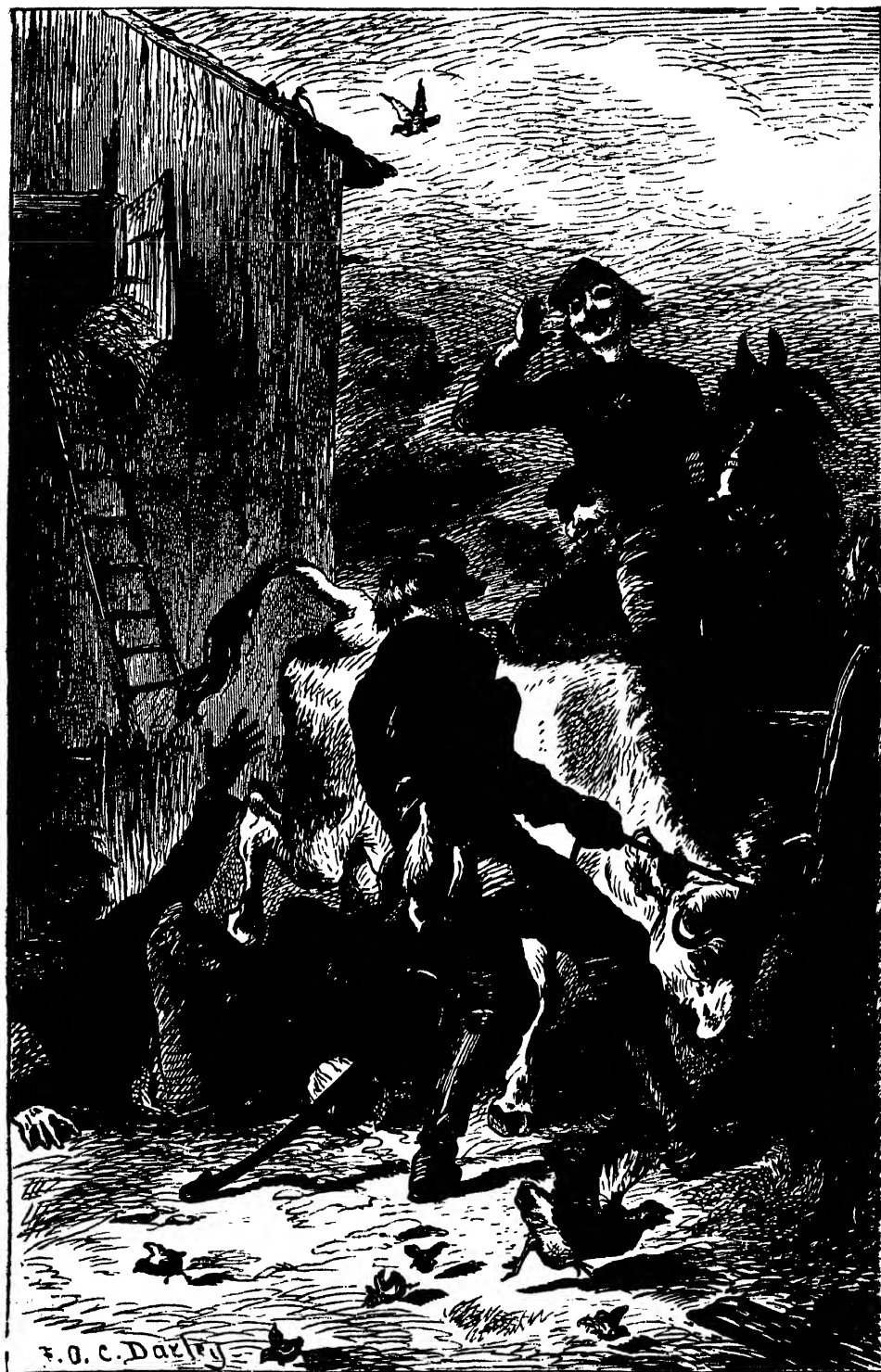
24. Platinum.

25. Split, Prame, Lagan, Image, Tenet.

26. Wrist, Raver, Ivica, Sects, Trash.

27. Etna, Toil, Nile, Alec.

28. Hand, Area, Near, Dart.



INCIDENTS OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF SECESSION.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW (late I.N.).



It is strange so little use has been made by the novelist, of the stirring and dramatic events of such struggles as the American War of Secession, and the Indian Mutiny, and yet it is certain that, to those who are well read in the history of those remarkable and sanguinary chapters in the annals of the human race, numberless episodes occur allowing full scope to the genius of a writer like Walter Scott, who has made the petty border-wars between England and Scotland the medium for giving to the world the most delightful romances known in literature. Perhaps as these events retreat into the domain of history, the men who took part in them, will take their places in the Valhalla of heroes, and the two great English speaking races on either side of the Atlantic will look back with pride upon the deeds of their forefathers. In such an eventuality, doubtless a poet will arise who will descant upon the achievements of Outram, Havelock, Nicholson, and Lawrence; or of Lee, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, with a fire such as we recognise in the lines of Homer, or the Mantuan bard. Poetic talent we have in abundance in our midst, and at least one poet could do justice to these national themes, but his muse is devoted to enduing with life the dry bones of the Arthurian legends. However this may be, the incidents of both the Indian Mutiny and the American War of Secession afford ample materials for the simple story-teller, and we only aspire here to this humble roll.

General John Morgan was one of the most dashing and daring cavalry leaders on

the Confederate side during the war, and though he was not so illustrious a soldier as General J. E. B. Stuart, whose name will live in Secessionist song and story as long as the language exists, yet his name was dreaded in the northern border-states which he harried with his wild half-disciplined horsemen, and carried on more of a guerilla than regular warfare. Morgan used to make raids on a large scale, and, sweeping over hundreds of miles of country, would cut the telegraph wires, or "tap" them, a process by which the movements of the enemy's generals were revealed. Then these horsemen would make a foray into the farm-houses, and carry off the ducks and geese, robbing the hen-roosts on a large scale, and also all the horned cattle and horses they could lay their hands on. It was no unusual thing to see two or three dismounted troopers—being presumably total abstainers and indifferent to the allurements of the farm-brewed ale of which their comrades drank such mighty "potations, pottle deep,"—it was no unusual thing in these forays, to see these "tectotalers" tying up a cow, while one of the number milked the animal; and it was also no uncommon incident of such a scene that the cow, unaccustomed to be handled by such rough fellows, knocked over the can, and also the soldier who was clumsily performing the part of "Betty," to the merriment of his comrades, and his own confusion.

It was in July 1863 that General Morgan, the leader of these raiders, was captured and thrown into Ohio Penitentiary, and the account of his escape from confinement in the following November was one of the incidents of the war that relieved the monotony of the records of bloodshed with which

the papers of the American continent teemed. The following is an abbreviation of the story as told by himself in the columns of a Richmond paper. General Morgan was, with his brother, Captain Morgan, and several other officers, stripped, examined, washed in tubs, their hair cut short like convicts, and then confined in cells, the dimensions of which were (according to Captain Morgan, who after his exchange published an account of his hardships and sufferings) "38 inches in width, 6½ feet in length, and about the same height." General Morgan, and some of his comrades, who must have been confined in a cell sufficiently large to accommodate them, made their escape by cutting with their knives through the granite wall of the prison, 6 feet in thickness, a labour which occupied them 23 days of hard and unremitting toil. The officers who performed this feat were named Taylor, Shelton, Hokersmith, Bennett, McGee, and Hines, General Morgan making the seventh.

The bedsteads in which they slept were small iron stools, fastened to the wall with hinges. They could be hooked up or allowed to stand on the floor; and to prevent any suspicion, for several days before any work was attempted, they made it a habit to let them down and sit at their doors and read. Captain Hines superintended the work, while General Morgan kept watch to divert the attention of the sentinel, whose duty it was to come round during the day, and observe if anything was going on. One day this fellow came in while Hokersmith was down under the floor boring away, and missing him, said, "Where is Hokersmith?"

The general replied, "He is in my room, sick," and immediately pulled a document out of his pocket, and said to him—"Here is a memorial I have drawn up to forward to the Government at Washington; what do you think of it?"

The fellow, who, perhaps, could not read, being highly flattered at the general's condescension, took it and very gravely looked at it for several moments before he vouch-

safed any reply; then handing it back, he expressed himself highly pleased with it. In the meantime, Hokersmith had been signalled, and came up, professing to feel "very unwell." This sentry was the most difficult and dangerous obstacle in their progress, as there was no telling at what time he would enter during the day, and at night he came regularly every two hours to each cell, and inserted a light through the bars of their door to see that they were quietly sleeping; and frequently, after he had completed his rounds, he would slip back in the dark, with a pair of India-rubber shoes on, to listen at their cells if anything was going on. The general said that he almost invariably knew of his presence by a certain magnetic shudder which it produced, but for fear that this acute sensibility might sometimes fail him, he broke up small particles of coal every morning, and sprinkled them before the cell door, which thus always gave notice of his approach.

About the latter part of October, when everything was ready, they began to bore.

All were busy, one making a rope-ladder by tearing and twisting up strips of bed-tick, another making bowie-knives out of case-knives, and another twisting up towels. They laboured perseveringly for several days; and, after boring through nine inches of cement and nine thicknesses of brick placed edgewise, they began to wonder when they should reach the soft earth. Suddenly a brick fell through. What could this mean? what infernal chamber had they reached? It was immediately entered, and to their great astonishment and joy, it proved to be an air-chamber extending the whole length of the row of cells. Here was an unexpected interposition in their favour. Hitherto they had been obliged to conceal their rubbish in their bed-ticks each day, burning a proportionate quantity of straw: now they had room enough for all they could dig. They at once commenced to tunnel at right angles with this air-chamber to get through the foundation; and day after day they bored,

day after day the blocks of granite were removed, and still the work before them seemed interminable. After twenty-three days of unremitting labour, and getting through a granite wall of six feet in thickness, they reached the soil. They tunnelled for some distance, and light began to shine. How welcome to them was the light, which announced the approaching fulfilment of their labours!

This was the morning of the 26th of November, 1863, and they determined on the following night, at twelve o'clock, to make the attempt to effect their escape. Every moment that intervened was filled with dreadful anxiety and suspense, and each time the guard entered increased their apprehensions. General Morgan, in his account of his escape, says he prayed for rain, but the morning of the 27th dawned bright and beautiful. The evening came, and clouds began to gather, which gave them fresh hopes, as, if there was heavy rain, their chances of detection would be greatly lessened. While these thoughts were passing through their minds, the keeper entered with a letter for General Morgan. He opened it, and what was his surprise to find it from a poor Irishwoman of his acquaintance in Kentucky. She began:—"My dear Ginral, I feel certain you are going to try to git out of prison, but for your sake, don't you try it. My dear Ginral, you will only be taken prisoner again, and made to suffer more than you do now." The letter then went on to speak of his kindness to the poor when he lived at Lexington, and concluded by again exhorting him to trust in God and wait his time.

What could this mean? No human being outside had been informed of his intention to escape, and yet, just as all things were ready for him to make the attempt, here comes a letter from Winchester in Kentucky, advising him not to "try it." This letter had passed through the examining office of General Mason, and then through the hands of the lower officials. What if it should excite their suspicion,

and cause them to exercise an increased vigilance? The situation however was desperate. Their fate could not be much worse, and they resolved to make the attempt. Nothing now remained to be done but for General Morgan and Captain Dick Morgan to change cells. At the hour appointed for them to be locked up, they changed coats, and each stood at the other's cell door with his back exposed, and pretended to be engaged in making up his bed. As the turnkey entered, they "turned in" and pulled their doors to.

Six, eight, ten o'clock came, and at length twelve struck. How each pulse throbbed as the sentry made his rounds. After waiting a few moments to see if he intended to slip back, the signal was given. All quietly slipped down into the air chamber, first stuffing their flannel shirts and placing them in bed as they were accustomed to lie. As they moved quietly along through the dark recess to the terminus where they were to emerge from the earth, General Morgan struck a match, the lurid light of which fell upon the countenances of seven desperate men who, armed with bowie-knives, resolved to be free or die in the attempt.

Providentially, the night had suddenly grown dark and rainy, and the dogs had retired to their kennels, and the sentries had taken refuge under shelter. The inner wall, by the aid of the rope ladder, was soon scaled, and now the outer one had to be attempted. Captain Taylor, being a very active man, by the assistance of his comrades, reached the top of the gate, and was enabled to get the rope over the wall. When the top was gained, they found a rope extending all around, which the general immediately cut, as he suspected that it might lead into the warder's room, a surmise which turned out to be correct. They then entered the sentry-box on the wall, and having changed their clothes, lowered themselves down the wall. In sliding down, General Morgan skinned his hand very badly, and all were more or less bruised.

Once down, they separated—Taylor and Shelton going one way, Hokersmith,

Bennett, and McGee another, and General Morgan and Captain Hines proceeding immediately towards the depôt.

The general had, by paying fifteen dollars in gold, succeeded in obtaining a time-bill of the railways. The clock struck one, and he knew by hurrying he could reach the down train for Cincinnati. He got there just as the train was moving off. He at once looked to see if there were any soldiers, and spying an officer, boldly took a seat beside him, remarking that "as the night was damp and chilly, perhaps he would join him in a drink." He did so, and they soon became very friendly. The train, in crossing the Scioto, had to pass within a short distance of the penitentiary, when the officer remarked, "There's the hotel at which Morgan and his officers are spending their leisure."

"Yes," replied the general, "and I sincerely hope he will make up his mind to board there during the balance of the war, for he is a great nuisance."

When the train reached Xenia, it was detained by some accident more than an hour, which caused him great anxiety, as he feared that, when the prison sentry passed his round at two o'clock, their absence might be discovered. The train was due in Cincinnati at six o'clock, which was the hour at which the prisoners were turned out of their cells, and of course their escape would be then discovered, and in a few minutes it would be known all over the country.

The train having been detained at Xenia, ran very rapidly to make up the time, but, on approaching Cincinnati, it was already past six o'clock. The general said to Captain Hines, "It's after six o'clock; if we go to the depôt we are dead men. We must jump off. Now or never." They went to the rear and put on the brakes, when Hines jumped, and fell head over heels in the mud. Another severe turn of the break, and General Morgan jumped: he was more successful, and lighted on his feet. There were some soldiers near, who asked: "What do you mean by jumping off

the cars here?" The general, equal to the occasion, replied, "What is the use of my going into town when I live here; and, besides, what business is it of yours?"

The fugitives made off straight to the river, where they found a skiff, but no oars. Soon a little boy came over, and appeared to be waiting.

"What are you waiting for?" said the general.

"I am waiting for my load."

"What is the price of a load?"

"Two dollars."

"Well, as we are tired and hungry, we will give you the two dollars, and you can put us over."

On arriving at the opposite bank, General Morgan enquired, "Where does Miss — live?"

"Just a short distance from here."

"Will you show me her house?"

"Yes, sir."

The house was reached, a fine breakfast was quickly spread by the Secessionist lady, money and a horse furnished, and off he went. From there, forward through Kentucky, everybody vied with each other as to who should show him the most attention.

General Morgan and his companion remained in Kentucky some days, feeling perfectly safe, and sending into Louisville for many little things he wanted. He then went to Bardstown, and found a Federal regiment had just arrived there, looking for him. Here and in the neighbourhood he remained for three or four days, and then struck out for Dixie; sometimes disguising himself as a cattle contractor, and buying a large lot of Government cattle; at other times, as a quartermaster, until he got to the Tennessee river. Here he found all means of transport destroyed, and the bank strongly guarded; but with the assistance of about thirty others, who had recognised him and joined him in spite of his remonstrances, he succeeded in making a raft, and he and Captain Hines crossed over, his escort refusing to cross until he was safely over. He then hired a negro to get his horse over, paying him twenty dollars for it. The river was

so high that the horse was nearly drowned, and, after more than an hour's struggling with the stream, was pulled out so exhausted as scarcely to be able to stand. General Morgan threw a blanket on him, and commenced to walk him, when suddenly, he says, he was seized with a presentiment that he would be attacked; and, remarking to Captain Hines, "We will be attacked in twenty minutes," commenced saddling his horse. He had hardly tied his girth, when "bang, bang!" went the Minié balls. Mounting his horse, the noble animal appeared to be inspired with new vigour, and bounded off like a deer up the mountain. When he last saw the poor fellows on the opposite side, they were disappearing up the river bank, fired upon by a whole regiment of Yankees. By this time it was dark and also raining. He knew that a perfect cordon of pickets would surround the foot of the mountain, and if he remained there until morning he would be lost; so he determined to run the gauntlet at once, and commenced to descend. As he neared the foot, leading his horse, he came almost in personal contact with a picket. His first impulse was to kill him, but, finding him asleep, he determined to let him sleep on. He made his way to the house of a Union man that he knew lived there, and went up and passed himself off as quartermaster of Hunt's regiment, who was on his way to Athens, Tennessee, to procure supplies of sugar and coffee for the Union people of the country.

The lady, who appeared to be asleep while this interview was taking place with her husband, at the mention of sugar and coffee, jumped out of bed in her night-clothes, and said, "Thank God for that, for we ain't seen any rale coffee up here for God knows how long!" She was so delighted at the prospect, that she made up a fire, and cooked them a good supper. Supper being over, the general remarked that he understood some rebels had tried to cross the river this afternoon.

"Yes," said the woman, "but our men killed sum on 'em, and driv the rest back."

"Now," said the general, "I know that, but didn't some of them get over?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but they are on the mountain, and can't get down without being killed, as every road is stopped up."

He then said to her, "It is very important for me to get to Athens by to-morrow night, or I may lose that sugar and coffee, and I am afraid to go down any of these roads, for fear my own men will kill me."

The fear of losing that sugar and coffee brought her again to an accommodating mode, and she replied, "Why, Paul, can't you show the captain through our farm that road down by the field?" The general says, "Of course, Paul, you can do it; and as the night is very cold, I will give you ten dollars (in gold) to help you along." The gold, and the prospect of sugar and coffee was too much for any poor man's nerves, and he yielded; and getting on a horse, he took them seven miles to the road. From this time forward he had a series of adventures and escapes, all very wonderful, until he got near another river in Tennessee, when he resolved to go up to a house and find the way. Hines went to the house, while the general stood in the road. Hearing a body of cavalry come dashing up behind him, he quietly slipped to one side of the road, and they passed by without observing him. They went after Hines, whom the general saw no more, to his great sorrow, as he said that it was chiefly owing to his enterprise and skill that they made their escape.

When he arrived at the river referred to above, General Morgan tried to get over, intending to stop that night with a Southerner on the other side; but he could not get over, and had to stop at the house of a Union man. The next morning he went to the house that he had sought the night previous, and found the track of the Yankees quite fresh. They had been there all night, expecting that he would come there, and had shot everybody who had attempted to reach the house, without hailing them; thus they had killed three

young men whose bodies were left on the ground.

After he had crossed Okey's river, and got down into Middle Tennessee, General Morgan found it almost impossible to avoid recognition. At one time he passed some poor women, and one of them commenced clapping her hands, and said, "Oh ! I know who that is, I know who that is !" but, catching herself, she stopped short, and passed on with her companions.

Eventually General Morgan arrived in safety at his own home. Considering all the difficulties and dangers he encountered, this escape is one of the most remarkable on record.

There is no doubt that, on the whole, the Federals treated their prisoners and fed them well ; and so did the Confederates, as far as the limited means at their disposal enabled them to do so. But, as provisions grew scarce in the South, so the quantity of the daily rations of the prisoners was lessened, and the quality deteriorated. The following account, from a prisoner of war, gives a description of the sufferings of a Federal soldier in the great Libby Prison at Richmond, and the means by which he escaped :

In December, 1863, some Federal officers confined in that prison conceived the idea of effecting their escape, and after the matter had been seriously discussed by some seven or eight of them, they undertook to dig for a distance towards a sewer running into the basin. This they proposed doing by commencing at a point in the cellar, near a chimney. This cellar was immediately under the hospital, and was the receptacle for refuse straw, thrown from the beds when they were changed, and for other refuse matter. Above the hospital was a room for officers, and above that yet another room. The chimney ran through all these rooms, and the prisoners who were in the secret, improvised a rope, and night after night let working parties down, who successfully prosecuted their excavating operations. The dirt was hidden under the straw, and other refuse matter under the cellar, and it was

trampled down, so as not to present too great a bulk. When the working party had got to a considerable distance underground, it was found difficult to haul the dirt back by hand, and a spittoon, which had been furnished the officers in one of the rooms, was made to serve the purpose of a cart. A string was attached to it, and it was run in the tunnel, and, as soon as filled, was drawn out, and the dirt deposited under the straw. But, after hard work, and digging many feet with finger-nails, knives, and chisels, the working party found themselves stopped by piles, at least a foot in diameter, driven in the ground. But they were not discouraged. Penknives, or any other article that would cut, were brought into use ; and, after chipping for a long time, the piles were severed, and the tunnellers commenced again, and in a few minutes reached the sewer. But here an unexpected obstacle met their further progress. The stench from the sewers and the flow of filthy water was so great, that one of the party fainted, and was dragged out more dead than alive, and the project in that direction had to be abandoned. The failure was communicated to a few others besides those who had first thought of escape ; and then a party of seventeen, after viewing the premises and surroundings, concluded to tunnel under Carey Street. On the opposite side of this street, from the prison, was a sort of carriage-house, used as a receptacle for boxes and goods sent to prisoners from the north, and the project was to dig under the street and emerge from under or near the house. There was a high fence around it, and the guard was outside of this fence. The prisoners then commenced to dig at the other side of the chimney, and, after a few handfuls of dirt had been removed, they found themselves stopped by a stone wall, which proved afterwards to be three feet thick. The party were by no means daunted, and, with pen-knives and pocket-knives, they commenced operations upon the stone and mortar. After nineteen days' and nights' hard work, they again struck the earth beyond the wall, and pushed their

work forward. Here, too (after they had got some distance underground), the friendly spittoon was brought into requisition, and the dirt was hauled out in small quantities. After digging some days, the question arose whether they had not reached the point aimed at ; and in order, if possible, to test the matter, Captain Gallagher, of the Second Ohio Regiment, pretended that he had a box in the carriage-house over the way, and desired to search for it.

Captain Gallagher was granted permission to go there, and as he walked across, under guard, he, as well as he could, paced off the distance, and concluded that the street was about fifty feet wide. On the 6th or 7th of February, 1864, the working party judged they had gone a sufficient distance, and commenced to dig upwards. When near the surface, they heard the rebel guards talking above them, and discovered they were some two or three feet yet outside the fence. The displacing of a stone made considerable noise, and one of the sentinels called to his comrade and asked him what the noise meant. The guards, after listening a few minutes, concluded that nothing was wrong, and returned to their beats. This hole was stopped up by inserting in the crevice a pair of old pantaloons filled with straw, and by bolstering the whole up with boards, which they secured from the floors, &c., of the prison. The tunnel was then continued some six or seven feet more, and when the working party were ready to emerge to daylight, others in the prison were informed that there was a way now open for escape. One hundred and nine of the prisoners decided to make the attempt to get away ; others refused, fearing the consequences if they were re-captured, and others (among whom was General Neal Dow) declined to make the attempt.

About half-past eight o'clock on the evening of the 9th February, the prisoners started, Colonel Rose, of New York, leading the van. Before moving, the prisoners had divided themselves into squads of two, three, and four ; each squad was to

take a different route, and after they were out, were to push for the Union lines as fast as possible. It was the understanding that the working party was to have an hour's start of the other prisoners, and consequently the rope-ladder in the cellar was drawn out. Before the expiration of the hour, however, the other prisoners became impatient, and were let down through the chimney successfully into the cellar. Colonel W. P. Kendrick, of West Tennessee, Captain D. J. Jones, of the First Kentucky Cavalry, and Lieutenant R. Y. Bradford, of the Second West Tennessee, were detailed as a rear-guard, or rather to go out last ; and from a window Colonel Kendrick and his companions could see the fugitives walk out of a gate at the other end of the enclosure of the carriage house, and fearlessly move off. The aperture was so narrow that but one man could get through at a time, and each squad carried with them provisions in a haversack. At midnight, a false alarm was created, and the prisoners made considerable noise in getting to their respective quarters. Providentially, however, the guard suspected nothing wrong, and in a few moments the exodus again commenced. Colonel Kendrick and his companions looked with trepidation upon the movements of the fugitives, as some of them, exercising but little discretion, moved boldly out of the enclosure into the glare of the gaslights. Between one and two o'clock the lamps were extinguished in the streets, and then the exit was more safely accomplished. There were many officers who desired to leave, who were so weak and feeble that they were dragged through the tunnel by main force and carried to places of safety until such time as they would be able to move on their journey. At half-past two o'clock, Captain Jones, Colonel Kendrick, and Lieutenant Bradford passed out, and as Colonel Kendrick emerged from the hole, he heard the guard within a few feet of him sing out, "Post No. 7 : half-past two in the morning, and all's well."

Colonel Kendrick said, he could hardly

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resist the temptation of saying, "Not so well as you think, except for the Yankees." Lieutenant Bradford was intrusted with the provisions for this squad, and in getting through he was obliged to leave his haversack behind him, as he could not get through with it upon him. Once out, they proceeded up the street, keeping in the shade of the buildings, and passing eastwardly through the city. A description of the route pursued by this party, and of the tribulations through which they passed, as detailed by one of them, will give some idea of the rough time they all had of it.

Colonel Kendrick had, before leaving the prison, mapped out his course, and concluded that the best route to take was the one towards Norfolk or Fortress Monroe, as there were fewer rebel pickets in that direction. They, therefore, kept the York River Railroad to the left, and moved towards the Chickahominy river. They passed through Boar Swamp, and crossed the road leading to Bottom Bridge. Sometimes they waded through mud and water almost up to their necks, and kept the Bottom Bridge Road to their left, although at times they could see and hear the cars travelling over the York River road. While passing through the swamp near the Chickahominy, Colonel Kendrick sprained his ankle and fell. Fortunate, too, was that fall for him and his party, for while he was lying there one of them chanced to look up, and saw in a direct line with them a swamp-bridge, and in the dim outline they could perceive that parties with muskets were passing over the bridge. They, therefore, moved some distance to the south, and after passing through more of the swamp, reached the Chickahominy about four miles below Bottom Bridge. Here again was a difficulty, as the river, though only twenty feet wide, was very deep, and the refugees were worn out and fatigued. But chance befriended them in the shape of two trees that had fallen on either side of the river, the branches of which were interlocked. By crawling up one tree, and down the other, the fugitives

reached the east bank of the Chickahominy, and Colonel Kendrick remarked that Providence was on their side, or they would not have met that natural bridge; and certainly the belief of the gallant officer was not unwarranted, for they learned subsequently from a friendly negro, that, had they crossed the bridge they had seen, they would assuredly have been recaptured, as Captain Turner, governor of Libby Prison, had posted guards there, and alarmed the people of the neighbourhood who had formed themselves into a vigilance committee to capture the escaped prisoners.

After crossing the Chickahominy by this natural bridge, the fugitives lay down on the ground and slept till sunrise on the following morning (the 11th), when they continued on their way, keeping eastward as near as they could. Up to this time they had had nothing to eat, and were almost famished. About noon, on the 11th, they met several negroes, who gave them information as to the whereabouts of the enemy's pickets, and furnished them with food. Acting under the advice of these friendly negroes, they remained quietly in the woods until darkness set in, when they were furnished with a comfortable supper by them; and, after dark, proceeded on their way, the negroes having first directed them how to avoid the enemy's pickets. That night they passed a camp of the Confederates, and could plainly see the smoke and fires; and soon after fatigue compelled them to stop and rest, they having marched only five miles that day. They started again at daylight on the 13th, and after moving awhile through the wood, saw a negro woman working in the fields. Calling to her, they received directions as to the road, and learned that the rebel pickets had been about there, looking for the fugitives from Libby. They halted here, and resumed their journey when darkness set in; and, after marching five miles, again halted until the morning of the 14th, when the journey was resumed.

At one point the fugitives met a negro in the field, who told them that her mistress

was a Secessionist, and that she had a son in the Confederate army. As the party were extremely hungry, this emboldened them to proceed to the house and inform the mistress that they were prisoners from Norfolk, who had been driven out by General Butler. The sympathies of the woman were at once aroused, and she gave them abundance of food and started them on their way with directions how to avoid the Yankee soldiers, who occasionally scouted in that vicinity.

When about fifteen miles from Williamsburgh, the party came upon the main road and found the tracks of a large body of cavalry. A piece of paper picked up by Captain Jones satisfied him that they were Union Cavalry; but his companions were suspicious, and avoiding the road, they moved forward, and at the "Burnt Ordinary" (about ten miles from Williamsburgh) waited behind a fence the return of the cavalry,

which had moved up the road. Presently the fugitives saw the flag of the Union supported by a squadron of cavalry, which proved to be a detachment of Colonel Spear's 11th Pennsylvania Regiment, sent out for the purpose of picking up escaped prisoners. The party accompanied the cavalry into Williamsburgh, where they were quartered for the night, and found eleven others of their comrades who had escaped from Richmond. This escape of so many officers through a country swarming with hostile cavalry, was very remarkable, but it could never have been accomplished had there not been sympathizers with the Federal cause in the South; as, on the other hand, General Morgan and his friends could not have escaped to Richmond from the Ohio Penitentiary, had not the Secessionist cause many well-wishers in the North.

SCHOOL-DAYS AT KINGSCOURT.

A TALE OF 1803.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,

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CHAPTER XVII.



E managed that between us," remarked Hewett, as he and Cook lingered behind the others.

"Yes," said Cook. "It was lucky though that his Mentor had gone in, or he might have put a spoke in our wheel after all. Well, I suppose as Wood is to take his turn in the 'Chimney,' on Monday, you mean to make your arrangements to night?"

"Yes, if you'll help me. I'll have the lantern and matches ready at half-past-nine,—as soon as Collins has taken the lights away, you know. It won't take above an

hour, or an hour-and-a-half at most. You'll come, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll come."

At half-past-nine accordingly, they met in the schoolroom. Hewett was first at the rendezvous; and soon afterwards Cook's voice was heard calling to him in carefully subdued tones.

"It's all right," answered Hewett. "I've everything ready. Hold the light while I take the bars out."

Cook complied in silence, and Hewett, pushing up one of the large upright bars which protected the windows, drew the lower end towards him and then pulled it downwards. A space was in this manner

left, through which a boy might easily creep. The two lads climbed out, replaced the bar, and drew the sash down. They then crept along under the playground wall, until the courtyard of Milwood House was reached. Here they skimmed lightly over the wall. Hewett went first, and Cook, after passing up the various implements, followed. They then descended in like fashion, and between them drew up the heavy trap, and jumped down in the hollow place beneath.

Here the difficulties of the undertaking were to begin. Hewett had ascertained the existence of a side-door, but he expected to find the screws, by which it was secured, so rusty, that it would cost him and his accomplice great exertion and difficulty to force it open. They were however agreeably disappointed. No sooner was the screw-driver applied than the screws gave way, and in a few minutes the door stood open.

"We are in luck," said Cook, "I should have thought that, in an underground place like this, the screws would have got so stiff that even a carpenter couldn't turn them. There is no difficulty in getting under the floors here. Why, this is like another room; one can almost stand upright."

The vault was in fact nearly five feet high, and had evidently been used, either as a cellar or a strong room. The floor had been levelled and laid down in cement of some kind, while against the walls were strong cupboards, the doors of which were closed, and seemed to be in good preservation.

"Well, you can stand here and make any noises you fancy," said Cook, laughing. "I wonder how they would sound in the room above."

"That's what I want you to try," said Hewett. "If you'll go up into the room, you'll be able to tell me how it sounds. I've got a sort of trumpet here, which gives out a most horrible sound like groaning, and a whistle, which makes a row like a woman's scream. But I can't tell how they would sound to anyone through the boards."

"Very well, I'll go up and make the trial."

Cook departed accordingly, and presently returned.

"By Jove, Hewett, you'll scare him out of his senses. I never heard anything so frightful in my life. He'll make a bolt for it, you may be sure, before he's been in the room two minutes."

"That will do, then. Well now let us go on, and see if we can get into the room beyond the 'Chimney.'"

"Yes, and explore the rest of the house," said Cook, "I am most curious, after all that I have heard, to see what it can be like."

They moved on accordingly. The partition walls, they found, were composed of solid brick, and of course therefore descended to the foundations; but there was an open doorway giving access from one cellar to another. The vault under the second room was very similar to that under the first, only the cupboards were not fastened up, as the others apparently had been. Some of the doors were standing open, and some old barrels were visible, which apparently had been left in them.

Passing through a similar opening, they came into a long narrow passage, extending further than the light of the lantern would penetrate. On either side were more closets, apparently, with strong iron-bound doors—all firmly secured.

"If old Dobbs had money enough to fill all these strong closets," said Cook, "I don't wonder that he had visitors, who came to enquire after them."

"It's all nonsense about old Dobbs, isn't it?" asked Hewett, a little uneasily—"all old Burn's invention to frighten Monkton?"

"The story he told about old Dobbs walking, and the pistol shot, and the groans—I've no doubt that was all invention," answered Cook. "But I believe it is true that there was such a fellow, and that he was murdered in the room next the 'Chimney.' I've heard that from several people, before Burn said anything about it. But, I say, what's that?" he added suddenly.

"What's what?" asked Hewett nervously.

"It's nothing, I believe," said Cook. "I thought I saw a light out yonder a long way off—down the passage there, I mean.

"And I fancied I heard a footstep," said Hewett, "not just now, but a few minutes ago."

"It was the echo of our own steps, most likely" said Cook. "There are often strange echoes in places like this. And my light probably was nothing but the starlight through a window a long way off. But come, let us try and find the way to the storey above. The air here is not very pleasant."

They rummaged about, and at last came upon a flight of stone steps which were closed at the top by a trap-door, similar to that by which admission had been, in the first instance, obtained to the 'Chimney.' Forcing this up with some difficulty, as its weight was considerable, they emerged into the entrance-hall of the house. This corresponded very nearly with what they had been told respecting it. It was long, narrow and lofty; the walls apparently of great thickness, the windows having stone frames and sills, and the casements being of iron, with a frame-work of lead. Both they and the massive oak door were so firmly secured, that nothing but crow-bars or sledge-hammers could have forced them open. There was no staircase, the house being only one storey high. The front door appeared to be exactly in the centre of the building. To the right, as any one entered, were two rooms, the furthestmost of which could only be approached through the other. This, they could perceive to be the case, because the door of the outermost, stood wide open. On the left appeared a corresponding door, which, they concluded, must be the bedroom of old Dobbs, with the "Chimney" beyond it.

Having taken a hasty survey of the hall, and the chambers to the right, they opened the door to the left, and found that their conjectures were correct. The room they had entered, was nearly about the size and corresponded in appearance with, the "Chimney" itself. In the centre of the wall opposite to them, was seen a door, which, on

examination, was found to have been secured by several solid pieces of timber placed across it, and screwed into the door and the jambs on either side.

"No wonder Monkton couldn't open this," remarked Cook. "Nothing short of a petard would have forced it open. Well, here we are then, Hewett. We have seen all we want, since, I suppose, you have no fancy for exploring those long passages down below."

"No, thank you," said Hewett; "not now, at all events. I think we had better get back again, as fast as we can."

"But you want to know whether your trumpet and whistle can be heard through the wall, as well as it can through the floor, don't you?" asked Cook.

"I did mean that," said Hewett; "but it—it wouldn't take a long time to find that out, wouldn't it?"

"No, not five minutes," returned his companion; "look here, I'll go round into the 'Chimney,' and as soon as I've got there, I'll rap against the wall. Then you try both your dodges, and afterwards come round and join me. Then we'll go back to bed. That will do, won't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Hewett, who could find no pretext for declining, but who was getting extremely uncomfortable, and anxious to be gone. "Only be as quick as possible, please. I find the night air very chill."

"I sha'n't be two minutes," said Cook.

He hurried off, leaving Hewett alone in the chamber. The latter did not like to confess to himself how uneasy he felt. The cold, and the solitude, and the recollection of Monkton's story, combined to disturb him. He had laughed at the latter, when he first heard it, believing it to be a mere invention. But, if what Cook said was true, there really had been a murder committed in that room; and what had sounded amusing, when heard in the noisy companionship of his school-fellows, seemed very different in this silent, lonely spot, and at the dead hour of the night. He was sensible of a strange thrill of horror shooting through his veins. He wished he had not undertaken the enterprise, and grew

more and more anxious to bring it to an end. He cast hurried glances round him—especially at the spot where according to the tale, old Dobbs's bed had stood. He had placed the lantern on the ground near the door, and stood anxiously listening for the sound of Cook's knuckles on the other side of the wall.

A considerable interval passed thus, but no sound was heard. Surely Cook must have had ample time to reach the "Chimney;" could anything have happened to him? Could he have been seized, like himself, with a sudden alarm and hurried back to Kingscourt, leaving his companion to shift for himself?

As these thoughts passed through his mind, he grew every moment more terrified. Suddenly there came,—from the wall between the two rooms he fancied,—a deep hollow groan!

"None of your nonsense, Cook," he exclaimed hastily; "just rap on the wall, will you, or call out? I'm tired of this."

His voice sounded hollow and strange in the echo of the large empty room. The next minute the groan was repeated—from a different quarter, now, close, apparently, to his ear. It could not be Cook this time. As he listened, there came another sound, sharp and clear—horror! it was the ring of a pistol-shot! In an agony of terror he turned to make his escape from the dreadful room, when his steps were arrested by the spectacle of the lantern, slowly moving—of itself apparently—towards the door, through which it disappeared, leaving him in total darkness. Uncertain in his confusion which way to fly, he stood rooted to the floor. Another groan more dismal than the last now issued from the same wall as before—the wall, as his trembling heart reminded him, close to which the miser's bed had stood. Presently at the same spot a pale lambent flame became visible, out of which there seemed to grow—first the face, and then the figure, of an old man, leaning on a stick and clothed in a long white gown of some kind. A strange weird light seemed to surround it, not illuminating the darkness of the room,

but rendering the apparition itself indistinctly visible. It moved slowly towards him, uttering another of the deep hollow groans, which had in the first instance startled him. When it came within a few paces, Hewett's terror became so intense, that he fell insensible to the ground!

How long he lay in that position, he never knew. When he came to his senses again, it was broad morning. The sun streamed through the closed and cobwebbed windows, rendering the room as light as it was capable of becoming. He sat up, and looked round him, unable for a few moments to comprehend where he was, or what had happened to him. Then a new thrill of horror passed through him. He started up and ran headlong from the room, plunging down the ladder, and through the passages, until he reached the outer trap which he found closed, but not bolted. Hastily tearing it open, he escaped into the open air; and, scaling the playground wall with the same nervous haste, found himself at last clear of the hateful house.

He sat down for a few minutes, on one of the benches under the beech trees, to recover himself a little. It was quite early morning. His watch, which had not yet run down, informed him that it was half-past four o'clock. He must have lain in his swoon, therefore, for more than six hours. And Cook—what had become of him? Had he too seen that fearful sight, and had it terrified him in the same manner? Was he lying somewhere in the haunted house, still in a trance of horror? If so, he must go, at any cost, to look for him, or the whole of what had occurred would become known. That would be the very last thing he desired. It would involve exposure and ridicule and the triumph of his enemy, as he considered Wood. But stay—*could* he go back into that house to search for Cook? No, on second thoughts he could not. He would rather go to Dr. Chapman, and tell him everything, though that might necessitate the discovery, not only of his own truancy, but of everything else connected with the "Chimney," its

clandestine use, and the illicit purchase of the tobacco—though it would inevitably draw down upon him the wrath and contempt alike, of his schoolfellows; though it would probably cause his own removal, in disgrace, from Kingscourt, and—what was worse still—the overthrow of his cherished hopes as regarded Northcote and Monkton. “Chapman would be terribly savage,” he thought; “and as for those fellows, they’d declare I



had made it all up, and cut me dead for the future. But I'd rather have even that than go into that place again." "It won't do to leave Cook there either," he reflected presently. "He'd be missed, and looked for: and when he was found, I should get into a worse row than ever, for having held my tongue about it! What in the world am I to do?"

After turning the matter over in his mind, as well as his agitation would allow, he resolved as a last resource, to go up to Cook's room, and ascertain that he was really missing. If such should prove to be

the case, it would be necessary to take further steps, but it would be time to settle that when it was certain that Cook was not to be found. He slipped in through the school-room window, the bar of which he found as he had left it, and creeping noiselessly upstairs, opened the door of Cook's bedroom with the same caution.

To his great relief, Cook's bed was occupied. The well-known face of his companion was plainly visible in the morning light, as he lay buried in profound repose. His coat and trousers bore, plainly enough, the traces of the dust and cobwebs of the passages through which they had passed, and a large rent was visible in one of the sleeves, as though it had caught against a nail somewhere. But neither in body nor mind, did Cook himself appear to have sustained any injury. Rejoiced beyond measure, Hewett retired to his room, and slipping off his clothes, got into bed; where though unable, in his still excited state, to sleep, he remained quiet until the usual hour of rising arrived.

He dressed himself and went down stairs, resolved to say nothing of what had passed—at all events not until he had had an opportunity of questioning Cook as to what he might know of the matter. The breakfast—later on Sundays, than on other days by half-an-hour—passed off. The boys recited the collect for the day, and then went to get ready for church. They mustered in the court before the house, and set forth, two and two—after the approved fashion of schools from immemorial time—for the old battered church, externally buried a yard deep in the accumulated dust of the old parishioners, and internally bristling with square high-shouldered pews, and plastered thick with whitewash, as was the fashion in the days of our great grandfathers. They listened dutifully to the dialogue between Parson Podgett and Amos Scroggins,—

"Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares et respondere parati:"

they took note of the psalms and anthems from the music gallery, where trombone and fiddle, Farmer Dunn and Miller Higgs

strove hard for mastery: they sat out Parson Podgett's fifty-five minutes' sermon on the duty of loyally upholding the institutions of Church and State, and finally returned, greatly edified, to Kingscourt. But at no period of the morning's proceedings did Cook make any attempt to secure five minutes' talk with his comrade of last night's escapade. On the contrary, he seemed anxious to avoid him; and once or twice, when Hewett approached, he turned away, and began a conversation with his school-fellows.

At last when dinner was over, and the boys had repaired to the cricket-field for the usual hour of sauntering about under the shadow of the trees, Hewett was resolved to wait no longer. He went straight up to Cook, and invited him to take a turn in the lower part of the meadow. His schoolfellow did not apparently think it necessary to refuse the invitation. He complied in silence, and when they had reached a distance, at which they were fairly out of the hearing of the other boys, he turned suddenly round on Hewett, and addressed him.

"What made you play that fool's trick off on me last night?"

"Play a trick off on you? What made you play that trick off on *me*, I think?" returned Hewett angrily.

"I played no trick off on you," exclaimed Cook. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, of course, that you promised to go round to the 'Chimney,' and rap to me through the wall, and didn't do so," said Hewett, turning pale again, as the recollection of what had passed after Cook's departure returned upon him.

"You yourself prevented my doing so, as you know quite well," said Cook. "What's the good of looking like that—you know well enough, you followed me down stairs. I heard your step in the passage, and thought you were coming with me——"

"William, I give you my honour I did *not* follow you. I stayed I don't how long, in that room, after you were gone."

"You really mean that?" asked the

other, stopping short and looking strangely at his companion.

"I give you my solemn word of it," exclaimed Hewett. "Tell me, for Heaven's sake, what happened."

"Well, I'll tell you, though I can hardly think but what you are hoaxing me. I left you and went down the stairs, and through the vaults. When I was about half-way to to the trap, I thought I heard a footstep. I stopped and listened, but it was not repeated. I went on again, and was getting through the trap, when I heard it a second time. I was just looking round, when someone from behind shoved me violently through the opening, and then closed and fastened the door behind me. I must say I thought it was you—that you had done it, in fact, for a lark, and I waited in the courtyard outside for some time, expecting you to come out, when I meant to have given you my mind about it. But by and bye I got tired and chilled, and I climbed the wall and went back to bed. But if it was not you who shoved me through the doorway, who could it have been?"

Hewett shuddered, but he made no answer.

"And what became of you, Ralph? I thought you guessed I was waiting outside, and were watching me through one of the windows. But if you weren't doing that, where were you?"

"Never mind where I was, or what I was doing," said Hewett uneasily, "I'd rather not say anything about it."

"Well, there is no need to say much, I suppose," returned Cook. "We found out all that we wanted. You will be able to play your trick off on Wood capitally. Though we didn't try it, I make no doubt that whistle of yours will sound frightful enough from the inner room. I'll stand below with the trumpet, and you——"

"Don't, William, don't," interposed Hewett, the perspiration breaking out on his forehead, "please talk of something else."

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Cook contemplating him curiously, "you haven't all of a moment given up

the scheme you were so hot upon, have you?"

"Yes I have—I have thought the matter over again, and I don't think it is—fair—I don't think it's—right—to attempt that sort of thing. I hadn't considered the thing before. I——"

"I must say you change your mind rather quickly. I don't fancy having had all this trouble for nothing. I declare I've half a mind to try it without you."

"You can do so, if you like, but I advise you not."

"Well, I sha'n't take the trouble to go there by myself. But another time, I must beg that you don't drag me into things of this kind, and then coolly pitch me overboard."

So saying Cook took himself off to the house in a fit of very evident disgust.

Hewett breathed more freely when he was gone. He passed a good hour in making up his mind as to what he would do in the matter of warning Wood.

"He'll be there just at the very same time," he reflected. "It must have been about a quarter past ten, when that pistol-shot was fired. I remember hearing Monkton say that was about the hour; and Wood will be there, the whole time from ten to eleven. Of course he will see and hear all that I did. Oughtn't I to warn him?"

There was a struggle in the boy's mind, but its baser elements prevailed.

"No, I won't," he muttered at last through his shut teeth. "Why is he to escape any more than I? I never was stuck up about my pluck, as he is. He can't complain, if it's brought to the proof. And it is as likely as not, that he'd only sneer at me if I did warn him, and think me a coward, or fancy I was trying to hoax him. No, let him take his chance, let him take his chance!"

On the Monday little was talked about except the election, which was to take place on the following day. Most of the boys would, it was thought, vote as they had done on the first occasion. North, when appealed to, to know how he meant to act—supposing that Cook did not in this

instance vote for himself—answered that he should do as he thought best, an answer generally thought to be unfavourable to Cook's party, though that was by no means certain. Later, however, in the day, two unexpected incidents occurred, which promised a change in the aspect of this exciting and long protracted contest. One of the boys in the second class, a well known partisan of "the Caps," whom everybody believed to have left, unexpectedly presented himself, and having been told what had occurred, went at once to Dr. Chapman and enrolled his name in the corps. In the course of the same afternoon, Andrewes, who was one of Wood's staunchest supporters, was struck on the head by a cricket-ball, and so badly hurt, that the doctor said he would not be fit to leave his bed for several days to come. If the boys now adhered to their former promises, Cook's election was certain.

Hewett would now have given up the attempt to damage Wood, by making him undergo the ordeal of the "Chimney," but it was too late. The lad's spirit was roused. He had distinctly, in the hearing of his schoolfellows, undertaken it; and hardly anything under such circumstances would have induced him to withdraw from it. When the time came, he was accompanied by Holmes, Northcote, Cook, and Monkton to the door of the "Chimney." They lighted the new lantern, which Hewett had been careful to provide, in order to stop all inquiries as to what had become of the old one: the door was fastened, and Wood was left inside. Hewett, who had stayed behind the rest in the playground, urged Cook to remain with him, instead of returning to bed; and as the night was soft and balmy, his schoolfellow was not indisposed to do so. They sat under the beeches, or walked up and down in their shadow—Hewett listening anxiously, as the hours and half-hours were rung out by Milstead Clock, the deep tones of which were distinctly audible in the calm of the summer night. When ten o'clock struck, and the minutes were slowly creeping on to the half-

hour, he stood with his faculties all on the stretch, expecting every moment to hear the crack of the pistol-shot, to be followed by the scream of terror, which the spectacle which would immediately ensue could not fail to extract from the boy who witnessed it. But the time went on peacefully. The half-hour sounded. Then, after another interval of suspense, eleven struck; and half an hour afterwards the boys returned; the door was opened, and Wood released.

He was found sitting quietly on one of the chairs, reading a book he had brought with him. When he saw the door opened, he got up, and left the room, merely remarking as he did so, that "he had performed what he had promised, simply because he *had* promised. But he was sensible that it was a foolish business, and he did not mean again to be led into such folly."

The story took wind, and was the subject of general discussion next day, in spite of Hewett's and Cook's efforts to suppress it. It produced a very great effect among the boys of the lower classes; and when Holmes came to sum up the votes at the close of the election, he found that Wood headed the poll by no less a number than fourteen votes!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Kingscourt lads took to their new trade of soldiering with all the zeal which boys are wont to display, when a new idea takes possession of them. They were punctual to a moment on parade, and vied with one another in their exact performance of the various exercises through which they were put; insomuch that old Sergeant Goldie, who in former times had done little but grumble at the indifference and indolence of the Kingscourt boys, now began to lavish encomiums upon them, and hold them up—as he frequently assured them that he did—to all his other pupils, as patterns of what serviceable recruits ought to be.

"When the day for the Review and the

Rifle-match comes, gentlemen," he remarked one day early in September, "I am sure Colonel Morley, aye and General Erskine too, will be both pleased and surprised when the fourth company—that's ours you know—march by them. Shoulders a little more square, Mr. Harper; chin a trifle higher, Mr. Thorne. Now then quicken time—halt—present—recover carbines. Stand at ease. Very well, very well indeed!"

"What is to be the day of the Review, sergeant?" asked one of the second-class boys, when parade was over, "and who is General Erskine, whom you spoke of?"

"Day of Review, Mr. Fielding? not for another three weeks and more. The fourth of October, the colonel told me. Who is General Erskine? a very distinguished officer. I served under him in India. He is a great friend of Colonel Morley, who has asked him to review the corps."

"The fourth of October, hey? Well, by that time, at all events, it is to be hoped we shall be up to our work," remarked Northcote. "Well now, James, Steve, what are we to do this afternoon? Cricket is pretty well over, and it is too cold to-day for fielding out; and it is too early for football."

"And we're not allowed to go down to the beach," added Monkton; "and it would be too cold for bathing, even if we were. I can't think of anything unless it is a paperchase."

"And what is there better than that?" asked Holmes. "What do you say, Wood?"

"What is there so good? I say," returned Wood; "don't you think so, Bell?"

"Quite," said Bell. "Who are to be the hares? will you be one, George?"

"Certainly," said Wood, "and I daresay Eugène here will be the other."

"Yes, Eugène, Eugène, by all means," cried a dozen of the boys, as the French boy came up from the corner of the cricket-ground, where he had been standing to witness the parade. He was a prime favourite now.

"What is a hare?" asked Eugène.

"A hare? why a four-legged animal, with long ears and brown fur," replied Thorne.

"Ah, I know them," returned Eugène. "I have shot them, and I have eaten them. But how can I be one of them?"

"Wood will shew you," said Bell smiling. "You are neither to be shot, nor eaten, as hares are—only to run like one."

"Run, aye I can do that, if Georges will shew me where. But I do not quite comprehend."

"It is easy enough," replied Bell. "The two fellows who are chosen as hares, start first, each carrying a large bag, full of white paper, which has been torn into small bits. These are called the scent. They are scattered here and there, by the hares as they go along, to shew which way has been taken. The others, who are the hounds and huntsmen, follow. You are a good runner, Eugène, and would make a famous hare."

"I could run, my faith," said Eugène smiling, "but I do not know where to. I do not know the country round about."

"I'll be answerable for that," said Wood, "if you will accompany me, we shall get on famously."

Eugène assented readily, and the requisite amount of scent having been supplied, the two boys started, and were followed, after the usual interval, by the rest of the school.

The runs usually taken on these occasions lay either in the direction of Leddenham or Wroxford. In the instance of the first mentioned, there were stretches of fine heath country, interspersed, here and there, with stone quarries. Through these the track of the hares had to be carefully followed, or the hounds were apt to find themselves plunging up to the middle in deep holes half hidden by gorse, or stopped by masses of sandstone, too high to be surmounted. Towards Wroxford the country was densely wooded, and the hares had to make their way through forest paths, with every now and then a pretty wide brook to be leaped. Both these lines of country were well known to afford two or three excellent runs; and the Kingscourts, when they had reached the great elm, near Pitts's Inn—the point whence the hares always started—expected to find

that Wood had taken one or other of them. But they discovered that he had chosen to lead them in a different, and an almost unknown, direction. He had turned off to the left, along a path, which led across a long series of fields divided by hedges, many of them recently ploughed, towards the village of Nuthurst, some five miles distant. The road was every now and then varied by stretches of common, with here and there a bog over which the track of the hares had to be carefully followed, or the unwary pursuers might find themselves plunging up to the ankle, or even deeper, in a miry swamp.

It was a difficult line for the hounds, but a still more difficult one for the hares, requiring not only considerable activity and powers of endurance, but also a complete knowledge of the country. This however Wood possessed, and he soon found that in all other requisites, his companion was fully his equal. After an hour's sharp running, they found themselves on the top of Nuthurst hill, the highest point of ground in the neighbourhood, commanding a bird's-eye view of the whole line of country they had traversed. But none of the hounds were in sight. They must therefore be at least a mile in the rear, supposing them to have kept the track; but the chances were, that they had missed it somewhere or other, and were wandering about in quest of it.

"We had better wait here a bit, until we see something of them," said Wood. "Sit down, and rest here, Eugène,—here's a comfortable seat among these roots, and we shall be able to catch sight of any of the fellows who may happen to light on the scent."

They sat down accordingly, both of them too much out of breath with their recent exertions to talk, until Eugène all of a sudden laid his hand on his companion's arm, and pointed to two figures which had just emerged from a thicket about a hundred yards off, moving in the direction of the sea-shore.

"Those are not any of our fellows, Eugène," said Wood. "They are grown-up men. One of them is a sailor, I fancy."

"Hush," returned the other. "I know they are not our schoolfellows. I know who they are. Move round to the other side of the tree—quite quietly, please. I don't want them to see us."

Wood complied, a good deal surprised. He was still more puzzled, when his companion, having watched the two men, until they had disappeared down a steep wooded path, called to him in a low tone, to follow them.

"I want to see where they are going to," he said; "I will tell you why presently."

Wood followed his friend's lead in silence. Eugène tracked the men carefully, always keeping fifty or sixty yards in the rear, and concealing himself as much as possible from sight, until they reached a long stretch of road, running between two high banks, which nowhere afforded the slightest cover.

"We must wait here," whispered Eugène, "until they have turned the corner. I want particularly to find out where they are going to."

He waited until the figures had disappeared, and then stepped down into the road, and ran at the top of his speed, until he reached the corner. He then peered cautiously round it, but the men were no longer in sight. It was strange, as the stretch of road now disclosed, was fully as long, as that which the boys had just traversed, and the high bank still ran on either side.

"What can have become of them?" exclaimed the French boy. "They seem to have vanished into the earth. Do you know this place, Georges?"

"Yes," said Wood. "It is called the Dane's Cove, and that flat rock is 'Ebba's Stone.' We can run to the end of the rocks there if you like; but if the men are not in sight then, it will be useless looking."

They hurried on accordingly, and gained the turn of the road, where it ran nearly straight to Milstead. But there were no signs of the strangers, and Eugène agreed to give up the pursuit.

"We had better rest," he said. "It is too early to return to Kingscourt. Where can

those men be? They must have climbed over the rocks."

"They could hardly do that, I think," returned Wood. "But tell me, Eugène, who are these men whom we have been following? and why did you want to know where they were going to? I must say I am a little curious about it."

"As for the men," replied Eugène, "I am only sure that I know one of them. He is a countryman of my own, and was living for some time, I believe, last winter in Milstead. His name is La Croix."

"La Croix, La Croix," repeated Wood. "Didn't I hear of somebody of that name, a few weeks ago? Oh yes, I remember. He was a friend of Des Moulines—our French master, you know, before M. de Normanville came."

"Yes, that is right," answered Eugène. "It was on his account that M. Des Moulines left Kingscourt."

"Did he?" asked Wood. "Why should he do that?"

"Well, it is a long story," said De Normanville. "You see we were acquainted with M. La Croix, when we were living in Switzerland. He is a friend of the Chouans—indeed he is a Chouan himself, and the intimate associate of Georges Cadoudal, of whom you may have heard. M. La Croix came to Chamouni, to try and raise a force among the *émigrés*, who were to make a descent on the coast of Bretagne, and join the Vendéans in a new revolt. My father entertained his proposals, until he discovered that the rising, of which La Croix spoke, was little more than a plot to assassinate General Buonaparte. My father would have nothing to do with that; and, in the end, La Croix was obliged to leave Chamouni, without having succeeded in his object. When we came to England we encountered him again."

"What—in London, I suppose?"

"Yes, in Londres; and there also we met M. Des Moulines, who is my father's old *camarade*. My father warned M. Des Moulines of the true nature of La Croix's schemes, which were not such as it befitted

a man of honour to take part in. But M. Des Moulines told my father, that although in the main he agreed in his views, he thought there were circumstances, where 'extreme measures' might be justified, and besides, he was now so far committed to M. La Croix, that he could not with honour draw back. He further told us that he was about to leave Kingscourt, on account of his connection with La Croix, and offered to recommend my father to Dr. Chapman in his place. That was how we came to Milham."

"And your father, I suppose, keeps this M. La Croix at arm's length—will have nothing to do with him, I mean," added Wood, perceiving that his companion did not quite take in his meaning.

"Ah, yes," replied Eugène. "I told you he would not listen to his proposals in Switzerland. Still less will he do so here in England. M. Des Moulines said something to my father about his giving information to the English government of what he had learned, but my father answered that he should not do that either. He would no more descend to be an informer, than an assassin."

"Quite right too," said George. "And do you suppose that the other fellow—the one to whom La Croix was talking—do you suppose he was one of the Chouans?"

"No, I believe the man of whom you speak, is called Hagan. He is Colonel Morley's keeper of the game."

"Hagan! indeed!" exclaimed George eagerly. "What makes you suppose that?"

"I have seen him in company with La Croix before, and demanded his name. Hagan disguises himself by the help of a beard. I thought I knew it again."

Wood was silent. During the holidays his mother had spoken to him about this man, warning George to avoid him, with an earnestness he could not understand. If he was mixed up with conspirators and assassins, he was, no doubt, a dangerous person; but George could not comprehend, why he should be particularly dangerous to *him*. Then he recalled the man's strange demeanour on the day of the encounter near

Broadwater Lake. He was curious to learn something more about him, though he did not see his way to doing so. While he sat thus absorbed in thought, he was startled by the voice of his companion.

"I am pretty sure the men are on the other side of those rocks. They must have climbed over. There was not time for them—at the pace at which they were walking—to have got to the end of the road, nor any where near it."

"What rocks?" asked Wood looking up. What, the Pinnacles there, do you mean?" he continued following the direction of Eugène's eyes. "You don't think they have climbed them, to be sure?"

"Why not?" said his friend. "They are not difficult to climb."

"I should have said they were impossible," said Wood. "Why they are thirty feet high at least, and as steep as a wall. How could a fellow get up there? I know you are a first-rate climber, Eugène; but I should have thought they were too much even for you to attempt."

"I will attempt them, however," said De Normanville. "I have climbed many a steeper crag than that at Chamouni."

He kicked off his shoes as he spoke, and stripping himself of his coat, gave it to his friend to hold. Then drawing his knife, he cut two or three stout twigs, each a foot long. The first of these he thrust into a crack in the rock, which was some six feet from the ground.

"Now let me rest a moment on your shoulder," he said, "and I will be up directly."

George obeyed. He leaned against the rock at the place indicated, and Eugène, springing lightly up, placed his foot on the stick, and thrust another into a similar crack two or three feet higher. Catching hold of this, he contrived to draw out the first stick and to swing himself up to the second. He was now high enough to take advantage of a slight ledge not above four or five inches wide, and then to catch hold on a sharp projecting crag, some three feet higher. He was now more than half-way up. Taking

advantage of two more cracks in the face of the precipice, he mounted to a height, where a steep slanting gully enabled him to creep up to the very top of the pinnacle, where he composedly sat down to rest himself.

"Well," exclaimed Wood, who had watched the ascent with breathless wonder and alarm; "you have done it, certainly. But if I hadn't seen it, I should have sworn it was utterly impossible. Well, what do you see, now you are up there?"

"Why, I see," answered the other, "that others have climbed up these same rocks before me. I thought so before. Those holes in the cliff come too conveniently, to be merely accidental. See, here is a long rope, carefully coiled and hidden away in a hollow. I'll throw down the end to you, if you have any fancy to come up."

Wood's curiosity was roused.

"All right," he said, "pitch the rope down, and I'll swarm up."

Eugène complied. Twisting one end carefully round the top of the pinnacle, he flung the other to his companion, who skimmed easily up, the rope having knots at regular intervals, which rendered the ascent easy. In two minutes the two friends were standing, side by side, on the summit of the rocks.

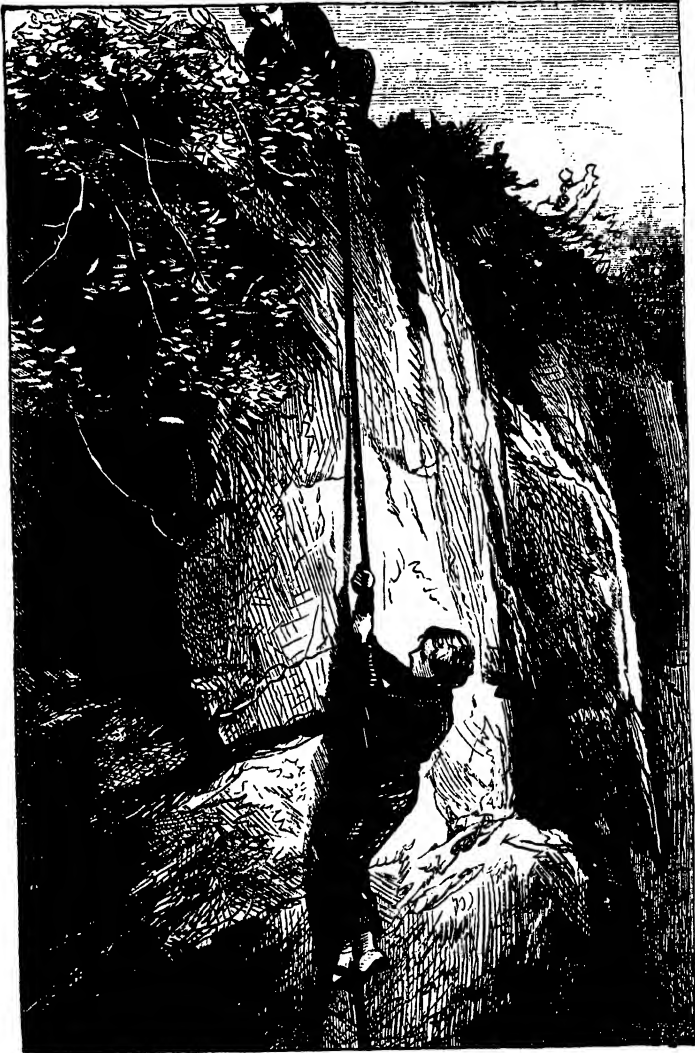
"Look there," said Eugène, pointing to a series of irregular ledges in the rock, forming a kind of rude staircase. "I wonder where that leads to, or who have used it."

"There's no doubt about that," returned Wood. "This must be the place which the Preventives have been trying, ever so long, to find out, where the smugglers land their cargoes. They bring their barrels and kegs up this staircase, and lower them into carts on the other side. I must say I am sorry we have found it out. I suppose we we ought to give notice to the magistrates; but I'd rather not do that, if I can help it. I shouldn't like to get old Burn into trouble."

"Well, it's only your guess," said Eugène; "you don't know that it is so. It isn't as though you had actually seen the smuggling going on."

"That's true," said Wood, "and we had better go away at once, before we see anything more. Stay though," he added, "that's easier said than done. How are we to get down those rocks again? The rope would help us down, no doubt, but then, what are we to do with the rope?"

"I'll hold it while you slip down," said Eugène. "I can get down myself, without it. It is much easier than getting up."



"Are you sure of that, Eugène? I shouldn't like you to run any risks."

"I am quite sure. If you will drive these sticks into the crevices as you go down, I can descend as easily as possible and pull them out after me."

He lowered the rope accordingly, and

saw his companion accomplish the descent in safety. He then drew it up, and, coiling it again, replaced it in the hollow where he had found it. He was just on the point of beginning his own descent, when he stopped, and put the palm of his hand up to his ear. There was the noise

of the dip of oars, low but plainly audible, down below. It sounded first out to sea, and gradually came nearer and nearer.

He crept noiselessly up to the edge of the crag and peeped over, keeping carefully out of sight. Underneath he saw a very narrow inlet, not more than five feet wide, between smooth precipitous walls. The access to this narrow strait lay through a rude archway in the rock, not more than five or six feet high, through which a boat was at that moment entering. While Eugène was looking at this strange sight, lost in wonder how the entrance could have escaped the keen eyes of the coastguard, he noticed that on one side of the archway and secured by strong hinges to the rock, there was a massive wooden door, to the outer face of which a slab of stone was attached, corresponding in appearance to the surrounding cliff. As soon as the boat had passed, this door was shut to and secured on the inside, completely closing up the entrance and doubtless wholly undistinguishable from the rest of the precipice on the outside. The boat came slowly along, the men propelling it by pushing against the rocky wall, until it reached the spot immediately under him. Then two men stepped out on a shelf of rock which lay some two feet below the water, and drew it into a hollow place, similar apparently to that which terminated the strait to seaward; after which it was lost to sight.

Eugène waited no longer. He returned to the spot where he had made his ascent, and scrambled down into the road, where Wood was anxiously expecting him.

"What has kept you?" he asked. "We ought not to stay here. I half fancied I heard a man's voice just now. But I suppose I was mistaken. Come along."

The lads hurried off together, and had scarcely turned the corner of the road when two or three men appeared on the shelf of rock, which Eugène had just quitted. Hagan was foremost. He was evidently a good deal excited.

"I told you so, Dan Corfield," he ex-

claimed; "those young swells at Dr. Chapman's have been talking about the ken to their schoolfellows, and all will be found out, if we don't take care."

"Were they the same that Phil let in that day?" asked Corfield.

"I could only see one of them," answered Hagan, "and he wasn't one of those that Phil let in. I could take my oath of that. But that's just it you see. They've been talking to their mates, and their mates have come spying out for themselves. They'll be dangling about here, until some one gets hold of it, and puts the Preventives up to it."

"That can't be allowed," said Corfield. "Whatever comes of it, we must put a stop to that. I'm not going to be transported for life to please these young sprigs of gentility, I can tell you that."

"Well, that's what will happen, Dan—you may take your oath of it, unless something's done to stop it. Look here. This young chap's coming a prying about here, doesn't any way surprise me. I've been sure, for ever so long, that some one has blown upon us—in some measure, that is. Those Preventives have been to the colonel, and to the old parson too, and charged us, and more particularly me, with hiding away smuggled goods in some place near the cove. Besides that, they've been continually hanging about behind the banks, and shrubs, and stones, and anything that would hide them. What do they do that for, but to try if they can't catch some one of us going in or out of the ken? Now who could have put that into their heads, unless 'twas these young chaps at Dr. Chapman's——"

"I can't believe that they'd ever go and tell the Preventives," interrupted Burn.

"I never said they had," said Hagan, "and for the matter of that they couldn't tell 'em that way into the ken, seeing we've been obliged to close it up with solid stone, and the Preventives might pry about for ever, without finding out the way. But these young chaps have been chattering

about what they saw, and it has spread from one to another till it's got to Roby's ears. And now it will be the same thing, or may be worse, with what they've found out to-day."

"It must be stopped," said Corfield, "unless we mean to give up the ken altogether, it must be stopped."

"Well, but how can you stop it, Dan?" asked Burn. "You wouldn't make these young gentlemen take an oath, or carry 'em out to sea, and threaten to pitch 'em in, if they didn't, would you? We can't try that on with young quality like them!"

"Can't we?" returned Corfield. "I don't see why we can't. As for their being quality, I'm not going to get into trouble to please them, any more than I would to please a poor man. And I don't fancy quality would like being pitched overboard on a dark night, more than other folk would."

"I expect you are about right there," said Hagan, "but you see, Dan, we don't know with any certainty which of 'em it is, that has been chattering. If we did, I should be pretty much of your mind. I should be for getting hold of him by himself, quality or no quality—and make him take our oath. He wouldn't break it, if he once took it—I'll go bail for that."

"How could you get hold of him, Andy?" asked Burn. "You wouldn't go to lay hands upon him in the midst of his mates and carry him off neck and heels, to be sure. These chaps are hardly ever out by themselves, even when they ain't in their playground. There's mostly three or four of them together."

"I could manage that easily enough, Phil," said Hagan. "We'd lay hands on him without anybody knowing anything

about it, if that was all. But the thing is to find out, which of them it is."

"Just so, Andrew," said Corfield, "and I am afraid you'll find that a tough kind of a job."

"I don't say it is an easy one," replied Hagan. "But if you'll leave it to me, I think I can manage it."

"Well, we'll leave it to you," said Corfield. "I am sure I've no objection."

"But remember," added Hagan, "you mustn't interfere with me in any way. If I discover the chap, I'll deal with him in the manner I think best; and you must agree to carry out my orders, whatever they may be. You quite understand that."

"Yes, we understand that," said Corfield. "I'm ready, for my part, to do anything you advise. That's only fair. If you're to have the risk and trouble, you ought to have the management."

The men parted; Hagan and Corfield returning to the Cove, while Burn took his way homewards. As he went, he ruminated uncomfortably on what had just passed between his companions and himself.

"I don't trust Andy about this," he reflected. "I could see plain enough, and I think he must have seen plain enough,—that one of the young gentlemen to-day was Mr. Wood. I know he can't abide him, nor his mother neither; and I'm fearful he is on the look out to do him a mischief. It is more than likely in my judgment that he'll twist this business to his hurt. And Mr. Wood is a nice lad, and Mrs. Wood is a nice spoken lady too, as I ever met with. I'll write her a line and warn her to take care of her boy. That I will, as sure as my name's Phil Burn! He is a hard man, is Andrew Hagan!"

EDWARD I.

By L. M. C. LAMB.

(Continued from page 411.)

HE accounts of this battle vary with the sympathies of the historians, Scotch writers insisting that Edward furnished his troops with ensigns and banners similar to those borne by the Scots, and that, aided by Robert Bruce (the father of King Robert), who was then in his interest, a party of them had craftily obtained admission into the town and represented that a considerable reinforcement was on its way through

Berwick under Baliol. The English soldiers therefore advancing under Scotch banners were mistaken for the promised reinforcement and allowed to pass the defences above referred to. English historians make no mention of any such stratagem, but mostly give the account which on due consideration we have adopted as the most probable. Anyhow, it is certain that Berwick Castle was yielded into the hands of Edward by Sir William Douglas, who had commanded it for Baliol, and that the city was given up to indiscriminate plunder; after which, elate with victory, the king marched to Dunbar, hoping by its conquest to make himself master of one of the most important fortresses of Scotland. The Scots, equally desirous to retain this stronghold in their possession, hastened to the relief of the garrison with the main body of their army, under the command of the Earls of Buchan, Lenox, and Mar. But all to no purpose; for, though much more numerous than the

English, the Scottish soldiers were comparatively undisciplined, and, after a loss of nearly ten thousand men, were totally defeated.

The strong castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Perth now opened their gates and were garrisoned with English troops; and Baliol, who had retired beyond the Tay, hopeless of successfully opposing the victorious invader, sent messengers to implore mercy. The Bishop of Durham communicated Edward's answer, as also the terms he thought fit to impose, which were; an unqualified acknowledgment of his unjust and wicked rebellion; an unconditional surrender of himself and his kingdom; and a formal, solemn, and irrevocable renunciation of his crown into the hands of his master, the King of England! These conditions Baliol accepted; with abject humiliations was despoiled of crown and sceptre; and, "holding a white rod in his hand after the fashion of penitents," he acknowledged the enormity of his offences against his liege lord, the justice of whose sentence upon him he admitted. He then absolved his subjects from their oaths of fealty, signed a deed by which he agreed to renounce all claims to sovereignty, and delivered his eldest son into Edward's hands as a guarantee of his fidelity. Father and son were sent prisoners to England, and remained in a kind of honourable captivity in the Tower until July, 1299, when through the mediation of the pope's legate they were allowed to retire into France, where they remained quietly until the death of John Baliol in 1314. Edward now busied himself with strengthening Berwick against the possible future attacks of the Scots, and to this purpose dug a

ditch through the neck of land between the Tweed and the sea no less than eighty feet broad and forty feet deep. He then held a Parliament, on the 28th of August, 1296, when he received the homage of the Scottish nobility and clergy, who "confirmed the same by their Charter under their hands and seals," and settled the future government of his new dominions with great ability, justice, and moderation. The measure most galling to the Scots was the fact of English troops being left to garrison the various strongholds of the country; but even those least favourable to English rule must have admitted that this was a necessity. In most other matters the existing jurisdictions remained, and those persons who had held office under the ex-king were permitted to retain their positions. Having appointed John Warenne Earl of Surrey, Warden of Scotland, Hugh Cressingham, Treasurer, and William Ormesby, Chief Justiciary ("with commission to take in his name the homages and fealties of all such as held lands of the Scottish crown"), Edward returned in triumph to England, whither he brought "the fatal chair in which the Kings of Scotland used to be inaugurated;" Sir Richard Baker says, or at all events according to other authorities, taking with him the famous oblong block of limestone which legend asserted to have been the pillow of Jacob during his dream of angels, and which was popularly supposed to have this other "secret operation;" that "whithersoever that chair should be removed, the kingdom should be removed with it."

Having thus, as he hoped, settled the affairs of Scotland, and brought that kingdom into a state of permanent subjection, Edward once more turned his attention to his continental possessions, being determined to make Philip *le Bel* re-instate him in the province of Guienne, which, as we have seen, had been wrested from him at the commencement of the Scottish war. He now entered into an alliance with Holland and Flanders against their common enemy, the King of France,

and projected an invasion of the frontiers of that country at the head of this allied force, decided to threaten even the capital if needs be, but certainly not to return to England until he had obtained the restitution of his patrimonial dominions. Before he could start it was imperative to obtain supplies of money from parliament. These were given at once and without dispute; but a like demand made to the clergy being refused, and Edward having several old grudges against them, he took advantage of their contumacy to tell them that since they declined to support his civil government, they should not profit by its benefits, and that he would accordingly put them out of the protection of the laws. The judges were commanded to receive no cause brought before them by the clergy; to help every one against clerical impositions, but to leave the churchmen themselves to fight their own battles unaided.

The result can be imagined; every man's hand was against them; they dare not venture out of their houses for fear of being set upon and robbed of their horses and clothes, while to stay in their convents meant absolute starvation; insults and injuries were showered down on them, and no redress could be obtained. This course had precisely the effect Edward desired; for the miserable ecclesiastics, worn out with manifold indignities, submitted themselves; nay more, now voluntarily offered that monetary aid which a short while since they had so arrogantly refused. At length an army was assembled at Winchelsea, and this the king determined to send into Gascony under the command of Humphrey Bohun Earl of Hereford, the Constable, and Roger Bigod Earl of Norfolk, the Marshal of England; while he in person would start for Flanders, and at the head of the English soldiers he purposed taking with him and the allied Flemish and Dutch armies, would enter France from the north, and so harass Philip in two quarters at once. His first step was to communicate this intention to the two earls on whom he depended for

the prosecution of his Gascon interests; and great was his astonishment and indignation when each refused to execute his commands, and affirmed that he was only obliged by his office to attend the king's person in war, and not to conduct his armies.

A violent altercation was the result of this declaration; and at length Edward, almost beside himself with rage, exclaimed, addressing himself to Lord Hereford: "Sir Earl, by God, you shall either go or hang." "By God, Sir King," replied the constable, "I will neither go nor hang;" and forthwith Hereford and Norfolk, turning their backs upon the astonished sovereign, called their men together and departed. About thirty barons were infected with this example, and deserted the royal standard with their soldiers, so much decreasing the army on which Edward had reckoned for the chastisement of King Philip, that he was compelled to abandon the projected expedition in which they were to have borne a part, and content himself with assembling the forces he intended to lead into Flanders. In this again, the two earls did their best to thwart him by declining to perform the duty of their office in mustering the army. The king—somewhat afraid that he had already strained his prerogative too far, taking into account the positions of his two powerful vassals, and remembering the contentions between sovereign and feudatories which had been the cause of so much trouble in the preceeding reign—thought it advisable to proceed with moderation. So instead of attainting the earls, who possessed their dignities by hereditary right, he contented himself with appointing two noblemen to fulfil the duties they declined. At the same time he made advances towards a reconciliation with the Church; and, assembling a parliament at Westminster, won the hearts of all his people by frankly admitting his shortcomings towards them.

We must now look at what had been going on in France whilst Edward was quarrelling and reconciling himself with his

subjects. Philip *le Bel* had marched against the Flemings; and, in the capture of Ypres, Courtray, Lille, and several of his most important cities, had taken a summary vengeance on Guy of Flanders for his meditated rebellion. This, however, had not been effected without a considerable expenditure of money and loss of men; which made the news of Edward's arrival at the head of 50,000 English soldiers, a most unpleasant piece of intelligence. As for Edward himself, ever-recurring rumours of revolts and rebellions in his northern possessions made his presence in England very desirable, and disposed him to look with favour on any honourable way of terminating a continental warfare which served to divert his army from the more pressing necessity of subduing the turbulent Scots, who under their self-chosen leader, William Wallace, were ready to make any desperate attempt to shake off the English yoke, and had already possessed themselves of the English garrisons of Montrose, Brechin, and Forfar, and utterly routed and defeated the king's army at the battle of Stirling Bridge. Sir Hugh Cressingham was here slain and his body submitted to the most revolting indignities; the town of Berwick had fallen into the hands of the insurgents, and in Langtoft's words:

"The North is nere all brent,
Nocht stands them before, toun, castelle, nor toure."

Cumberland and Allendale, Derwent and Cockermouth, likewise bore traces of their passage; and the peaceful hamlets were reduced to blackened ruins. Wallace, conscious of his power, had also called his followers together, and been by them elected Guardian of all Scotland, "in the name of the illustrious prince, John, king of Scotland, and by consent of the community of the same," which position he took advantage of to inflict a severe retaliation upon his English foes.

The news of one defeat after another reached Edward at Flanders; little by little he heard how Wallace's army grew, and how, by the cruelties the insurgents inflicted

on those who fell into their hands, they spread such a panic that whole towns yielded for very terror of sharing a similar fate. And now came the intelligence that the Scotch adventurer was made governor of his country in the name of the imprisoned king, and that the English possession of Scotland was practically at an end. Under these circumstances, the king's most ardent desire was to return ; and with joy



he agreed to refer the differences between himself and Philip of France to the arbitration of Pope Boniface VIII.

By means of the representative of St. Peter (who was applied to, *not* as pope, but as a private person, under the name of Benedict Cajetan), a reconciliation was effected between the two monarchs ; who likewise agreed to cement their union by a double marriage—that of Edward (whose

loving wife Eleanor had died in 1291, and been sincerely mourned by him) with Philip's sister Margaret, and of the Prince of Wales with the French king's daughter Isabella. The disputed province of Guienne was also to be restored to the English crown, and all was most harmoniously arranged to the satisfaction of the two monarchs, after a sharp dispute, in which each stipulated that his ally (Philip's being

John Baliol of Scotland, and Edward's Guy of Flanders) should be included in the treaty and restored to liberty. This clause, however, neither being willing to accede to, they finally waived, and "Edward agreed to abandon his ally, the Earl of Flanders, on condition that Philip should treat in like manner his ally, the King of Scots."

Edward now hastened back to England, where he assembled an army, in which were large numbers of Welsh and Irish, of eighty thousand combatants; and, marching northwards, entered Scotland and met the Scottish army under the command of Comyn of Badenoch Steward of Scotland, and Wallace (who, finding some of the more powerful barons unwilling to fight under him, had resigned his absolute authority, and retained only the command of such followers as, accustomed to his leadership, declined to take the field under any other chief) near Falkirk on July 27, 1298.

The first division of the English army, under the command of the Earl Marshal of England and the Earls of Hereford and Lincoln, advanced towards the four compact squares into which the Scottish spearmen were drawn up; the second division was headed by the warlike Bishop of Durham; and the third brought up by the king himself, who, "drawing his bowmen to the front, riddled the Scottish ranks with arrows," and hurled his cavalry against the squares of sturdy spearmen, till at length they were thrown into disorder, and the English knights rode in among them, slaying the devoted Scots without mercy. In the very commencement of the battle the Scottish bowmen and cavalry had left the field; and now Wallace, looking upon the disordered state of his own troops and contrasting their weakness with the formidable phalanx of English archers, to say nothing of the Gascon and English horse, ("which," says an ancient monkish historian, "were clothed from head to tail in iron-coverings, or in body-clothes composed of steel rings interwoven with each other,") felt that his only hope of saving the re-

mainder of his army from total destruction was to retreat behind the river Carron and make the best of his way to Callender Wood, where he knew Edward was far too prudent to follow him.

At the very moment when this victory seemed to lay the contested country at his feet, Edward found himself compelled to retreat southwards; for his supplies were entirely exhausted, and the Scots had purposely wasted the country all round him; his fleet also, which he had daily expected to see arrive from Berwick, had been detained by contrary winds, and if he would not see his soldiers dying of famine before his face, there was nothing for it but to leave Scotland as speedily as possible and cross the Tweed. That his personal hardships were as great as those of his soldiers, we may be very sure, when we remember his refusal, thirsty and weary as he was, to taste the "one caske of wine" that had been saved from the Welsh marauders, when in the days of his youth he had gone on a campaign into the principality. "No," exclaimed the unselfish prince; "it is I who have brought you into this strait, and I will take no advantage of you in meat or drink."

Arrived in Carlisle, the king held a parliament in which he bestowed many of the estates of the Scottish nobility upon his followers, and to which he summoned Patrick Earl of March, and his son Patrick of Dunbar, Gilbert de Umfraville, and other Scottish nobles to make their oaths of fealty—"a ceremony without substance, as good as nothing," says our quaint old friend Baker. And this sentiment we re-echo anent the bestowal by the king of Scottish lands on his English subjects; for both he and they knew how little good had been gained by the war; so, as Hemingford naïvely says, "they were grants in hope, not in possession."

Edward remained in the north till after Christmas, and then pursued his road to London, where at a parliament held at Westminster, he was petitioned to confirm the Great Charter and the Charter of

EDWARD I.

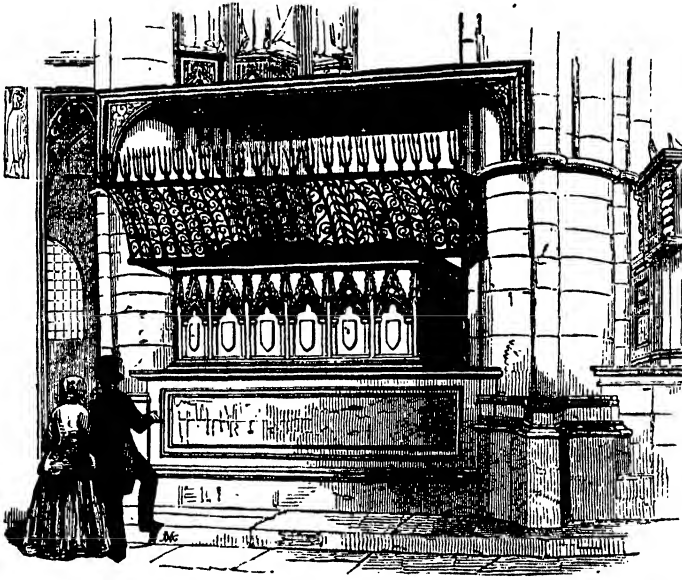
Forests ; the former "after much ado " he granted, but refused to agree to the latter, whereupon the parliament broke up in discontent. We all remember, however, the final settlement of this long dispute ; when the king confirmed both these contracts, and, "face to face with his people in Westminster Hall, with a sudden burst of tears, owned himself frankly in the wrong."

We now come to the second marriage of Edward I., which took place on September

8th, 1299, the youthful Marguerite of France being only in her seventeenth year. The great disparity of age between bride and bridegroom made some sceptical as to the probable happiness of their union ; but, fortunately for the partial historian, all records tend to show the domestic felicity of—

. " Dame Marguerite, .
Good withouten lack."

Shortly after the battle of Falkirk and



Tomb of Queen Eleanor in Westminster Abbey.

the defeat of Wallace, two Scottish nobles, Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, and John Comyn the younger of Badenoch, with William Lamberton, bishop of St. Andrew's, were elected as the heads of a native regency, in the name of Baliol ; and under them the struggle for the independence of Scotland still continued. This being so, Edward had but scant time to devote to his young queen ; and the Wednesday following his marriage we hear of him leaving London for the north, and assembling an army at Berwick. The inclemency of the season and the dangers of a winter campaign, however, forced [him to abandon

the meditated expedition, and he returned southward.

In 1300, a truce, "to endure till Whitsunday, 1301," was concluded between England and the Scots, through the mediation of Philip of France. This same year also raised up another competitor for the Scottish throne in the person of Pope Boniface VIII., who averred that the kingdom had always belonged of right to the Holy See, adduced various strange authorities in support of his pretensions, and ended by requesting Edward to remove his officers from the patrimony of the Church. Both parliament and the king answered the papal

bull, each in their own fashion ; Edward's reply being a very long-winded epistle, in which he enumerated *his* claims to the superiority of Scotland from the days of his "famous predecessor, Brutus, the Trojan," to his own. On the expiration of the truce, Edward once more marched into Scotland, accompanied by his eldest son, the Prince of Wales, and a numerous army. The winter was passed at Linlithgow, where he built a castle, and where a fresh truce, to endure until St. Andrew's Day, 1302, was ratified, after which he returned to London.

On the conclusion of the truce a fresh army was sent into Scotland under the command of John de Segrave ; but this was defeated with great loss at the battle of Roslin, and the English leader, dangerously wounded, forced to fly over the border with the remnant of his forces, leaving an immense booty in the hands of the enemy. The news of this victory spread like wild-fire over Scotland. The Scots, elate with success, and full of a new enthusiasm, soon made themselves masters of the southern fortresses which were garrisoned by the English ; and once again the country of Scotland had eluded Edward's grasp, and it became necessary to renew the conquest of the kingdom.

The ardent king had no idea of allowing this great object of his ambition to escape him ; so with eagerness unusual even for him, he assembled a numerous army and fleet, and entered the Scottish frontiers, determined, as he said, either to subjugate it entirely, or "to raze it utterly with fire and sword, and blot it out from existence in the list of nations." Utterly unable to oppose such a force, the unfortunate Scots had no resource but an unconditional submission. Once more the nobles flung down their arms at his approach ; even Comyn, the regent, being compelled to acknowledge his sovereignty. Castles and fortresses threw open their gates, and the only check this triumphal progress met with was from a veteran commander named Sir Thomas Maule, who refused to surrender Brechin Castle,

and held it stoutly until a stone from one of the English besieging-engines killed him ; when the disheartened garrison, no longer able to resist, yielded themselves to the king, who now retired to Dunfermline ; where he received the formal submission of such nobles as had not previously made their peace with him, and where, having been joined by "hys gracious Quene Margarete," Christmastide was passed in joyful festivity. And well might Edward rejoice, for now the English flag waved triumphantly from every battlement and tower in the land, except one ; and this was Stirling Castle, where Sir William Oliphant still defiantly displayed the royal lion of Scotland, and whence it took three months' obstinate siege to dislodge him.

At last this was effected, and no one disputed Edward's supremacy, except "the knyghte, Sir William Walleys," who, now that his little day of power was past, "had fled with speed into the impassable moors and marshes," whence he made expeditions into the adjacent country with a few daring spirits as reckless as himself, and,

" Lived at thieves' law
And robbed all the ways
But lived upon chance
And robbed aye between."

The only terms Edward would offer him were a full and unconditional surrender ; and the knight, knowing well that his exertions to free his country from the English yoke were not likely to be a passport to the king's clemency, preferred to retreat into his native fastnesses rather than yield to him whom no persuasions or menaces could induce him to regard as his lawful sovereign. The result was that a great reward was offered for his capture ; and that at length, through the treachery of one of his so-called friends, the daring Scottish gentleman was made prisoner at Robroyston, and carried to Dumbarton, where he was cast into a dungeon, and the news of his seizure conveyed to Edward. The execution of Wallace, in its fearful

cruelty, was the one blot on the otherwise invariable clemency of this Plantagenet king's reign. For the details of Edward's vengeance, we refer our readers to the annals of the time, and shall take leave of the unpleasant subject by saying that sentence of death was pronounced against him at Westminster by English judges, and that he "suffered at the Elms at Smithfield" on the 23rd of August, 1305.

If by the death of the champion of their liberties Edward had hoped to make his yoke sit more lightly on the Scots, he was speedily undeceived; for though he made a judicious and indulgent settlement of the affairs of that kingdom at a general council held at Perth, in which he appointed ten Scottish commissioners to guard the interests of their native land, the memory of Wallace had been invested with a kind of romantic halo, and his mantle, so to speak, had fallen on the shoulders of a successor who would spare no pains to chase every Englishman out of Scotland.

Determined to retain possession of the country he had for so many years been occupied in conquering, no sooner did news of a rebellion headed by Robert Bruce reach the king, than he sent

Audemar de Valence to prepare the way, summoned his bearers and vassals to meet him with their followers at Carlisle, and set out for the North attended by the prince of Wales and a large retinue. Before leaving Westminster, he had assembled his household, and adjured his son upon his fealty to promise that, should he die in the forthcoming expedition, he would still pursue the rebellious Scots, and, "carrying his father's bodie about with him unburied," not suffer it to be interred until the country was again reduced to subjection. It seems as though this were done with some prevision of the fate which awaited the gallant old monarch; for, ere he could reach the Scottish border, "the king sickened, and, being at Borough upon the sands, he ended his life," on the 7th of July, 1307.

Good son, tender husband, loving father, Edward I. "stands out as the typical representative of his race;" impetuous, arrogant, tenacious of what he conceived to be his rights, he was conscientious, generous, and willing to admit his faults; "he had in him the two Wisdoms, not often found in any, single,—both together, seldom or never: An ability of judgement in himself, and a readiness to hear the judgement of others."



ADVENTURES IN INDIA.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

Author of "Great African Travellers," "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea," "Digby Heathcote," &c.

CHAPTER III.—(*continued.*)

HE remained encamped, for the benefit of the wounded man, for a couple of days.

When he was sufficiently recovered to mount a horse, he begged that he might be allowed — accompanied by a jamedar — to go to a village, or rather a town, a short distance off, where he could procure a suitable outfit.

"You will trust me," he said: "I will not prove faithless."

The major assured him that we had every confidence in his honesty, and he rode off at a rate which, considering his unhealed wounds, was truly wonderful.

In a couple of days, two horsemen were seen approaching our camp. One of them we recognised as the jamedar, but I certainly should not have known the other to be Ally Khan. He wore a hunting suit of a greenish brown tint, consisting of a shirt fastened round his waist by a belt of sambur leather, with breeches which reached just below his knees, leaving his legs and feet bare. On his head was a small tightly-twisted turban; while at his belt hung a long hunting-knife, a powder horn, and a wallet containing flint and steel, bullets, and other articles. Though already approaching threescore years of age, he was still tall and

upright; the expression of his countenance was pleasant, and his upper lip was adorned by a slight white moustache. He was lean and scraggy, and every part of his body was seamed by scars, some of a size which showed the fearful wounds he must have received.

In his hand he carried a matchlock, which he had obtained, he said, from a relative; but as it appeared to us of a very unserviceable character, we rejoiced his heart by offering to lend him one of our spare guns while he remained with us.

I cannot stop to describe our adventures during our halt, and the game we killed. Once more we were on the road. We had been keeping a bright look-out,—not only for wild beasts, but for the robbers we thought we might encounter.

The country was unusually open; and as the heat of the sun where no shade was to be obtained was almost unbearable, we agreed to cross it during the night.

We had been moving on for a couple of hours, and I was observing to the major the stunted and withered character of some trees a short distance off from the side of us, when Ally rode up.

"Be prepared for enemies," he exclaimed; "they are close to us."

"Where?" asked the major, looking round.

"See you not those seeming trees in the distance?"

"Yes," answered the major, "we just now observed them. They are too small to allow of any human beings hiding behind them."

"They are men," replied Ally Khan.

"They have thrown themselves into those attitudes, expecting that we shall not observe them, so that they may get behind us and cut off any stragglers ; or, if they think that we are too strong for them, make their escape."

"What do you advise ?" asked the major. "Is it possible to capture them ?"

"You must be prepared, saibs, for a long chase, for they are as nimble as antelopes ;

but if the horses and elephants keep together, we may run them down. My advice is that we each single out one of the seeming trees, and send our bullets through them," answered Ally.

"We must not shoot them unless they attack us ; but we will try to capture them, that they may be tried for their crimes, and punished if convicted," said the major.

He then begged me to drop behind, and



to direct our followers to wheel suddenly when he gave the word of command, and to charge down on the robbers.

I did as he desired me, and in another minute horses and elephants were rushing towards the seeming trees. Before, however, we had got a quarter of the way, they vanished into thin air, and not a human being could we discover when we reached the spot where we had seen the clump of gnarled and twisted stems.

CHAPTER IV.

At the end of the last chapter we were in pursuit of the robbers who, it was supposed, had attacked Ally and his party.

NO.

The ground was rugged in the extreme, full of holes and crevices over which it was dangerous to ride. Had our elephants, however, not been loaded they would undoubtedly have made their way across it and probably have discovered the miscreants ; but clouds obscured the sky and it became so dark that we were unable to see many yards ahead. We might have been close upon the robbers. They however took good care to keep out of the way of the elephants, whom they had most cause to dread, and after we had pushed across the country for some distance, narrowly escaping breaking our horses' legs and our own necks, we were compelled to give up the pursuit.

"Had the saibs taken my advice, and shot at those seeming trees, not a few of

the Shitans would have been killed," exclaimed Ally in a reproachful tone. "We might also have captured the wounded and they would, with a little pressure, have enabled us to discover their companions."

Much disconcerted, we made our way back to the road and continued our journey, keeping a look-out, as far as the darkness would allow, for any other band lying in ambush, who might suddenly discharge their arrows among us, and then rushing in carry off any of the horses or servants on whom they could lay hands.

The major took the matter very philosophically. "I have heard of the same trick being played before," he observed. "Once upon a time an officer commanding a party of horse was in chase of some Bheel robbers, but just as he expected to overtake them, he was compelled, owing to the darkness, to halt his men close to what he supposed was a clump of withered trees. Having dismounted, he had actually hung up his sword and shako on a branch, when to his surprise both suddenly disappeared with the greater portion of the seeming withered tree, which proved to be either the leg or arm of one of the very men he was sent to capture. I won't however vouch for the truth of the account."

We rode on until day-light, when we pitched our camp on some slightly elevated ground near the banks of the river. Curry and Rice proposed to take a bath before breakfast, and Rice said that he should carry his fishing-rod, for being an enthusiastic fisherman, he had brought his tackle with him. He told us that he would try and catch some maheer or salmon, both of which grow to a considerable size in many of the rivers of India. My friends invited me to accompany them, but as I had lately sprained my ankle, I declined the walk, though I promised to follow them on horse-back. The major advised them to be careful, should they venture into the water or even near it, lest any lurking crocodiles might take a fancy to their white skins.

"They are probably only ghurrials or fish-eating crocodiles, such as we see in the

Ganges," remarked Rice. "They'll do us no harm, though they're ugly enough to look at."

"Well, be cautious, my dear boy," said the major. "Let two or three of our people beat the water, to keep them at a distance while you are in it, and do not on any account swim off to a distance from the bank. I must confess that I prefer my tub in my tent, as I can keep cool afterwards, whereas you'll get heated by your walk up from the river."

Our companions however had made up their minds to do as they proposed, expecting to return with a basket full of fish before the sun had risen above the tops of the trees.

I followed the major's example, and, having taken a cup of coffee, rode down to the river to see what sport the fishermen were enjoying. Having in vain looked about for them, I dismounted and stood watching a *puntelée* or country boat coming up the stream. She was an unwieldy-looking craft, thirty tons or so in size, and rough in appearance, without a particle of paint about her, such as is used as a conveyance for cotton and other goods, and sometimes employed by the poor people when travelling on the rivers. Suddenly I heard a terrific cry for help and recognized Rice's voice. Picking up a large stone at my feet I threw myself into the saddle and galloped in the direction whence the cry came. Neglecting the major's advice, I had left the camp without my rifle, but I had at the last moment stuck a pistol in my belt ready for instant use. What was my horror to see my friend in the river at some distance from the bank, close to which was a huge crocodile of the nugger or snub-nosed species, which are specially addicted to eating human beings.

I shouted with all my might to frighten away the brute and to summon Curry, who I supposed could not be far off, unless he had been seized by one of the saurians.

On getting near enough I hove the stone at the monster, which had the effect of drawing its attention towards me for a moment, and thus enabling Rice to reach the bank; but, before he could scramble up,

the crocodile turning round seized him by the leg and would have dragged him down had he not held firmly with his hands to the branch of a tree he had just grasped. Throwing myself from my horse, without

stopping to secure him I sprang down the bank, but I dared not use the pistol which I had drawn from my belt, for fear of hitting my friend, until I got within a yard or so of the crocodile's head, as near indeed as I



could find firm ground, when I fired into its eye, seizing Rice by the collar of his coat as I did so.

The monster opened its mouth, and I hauled my friend on shore; while the crocodile, rolling over, sank almost immediately from sight.

As I was dragging him up the bank, Rice fainted from pain and the shock his nerves had received, but I was afraid of

letting him remain near the water lest another crocodile should make an attack upon us. The whole was the work of a few seconds. When I at length stopped, Curry came running up, carrying a large fish in each hand.

We examined Rice's leg, which was less lacerated than we had expected, owing to the blunt state of the crocodile's teeth, but it was fearfully pinched and it seemed a wonder

that the bone was not broken. The saurian, we concluded, was probably advanced in life, or its teeth would have done more damage.

I asked Curry to catch my horse, which he quickly did, and the animal stood still, when Rice having soon come to, we placed him upon it, and conveyed him to camp.

It was some hours before he was himself again and the major, on examining his leg, warned him that he must not expect to make much use of it for many a day to come. He had cause indeed to be thankful that he had not been carried off under the surface, which would, had I not come up, in another instant have been his fate.

The feverish state into which Rice was thrown made it necessary for him to remain in camp. He entreated us to go on, but we assured him that we should find employment in the neighbourhood, though we should not be inclined to go fishing.

His mind was set at rest when Ally told him that some wild elephants had been seen a short distance off, and our old shikaree then inquired whether we should wish to witness their capture.

"Above all things," was the reply. "How are you going to manage it."

"If the saibs will come they will see, but they must be content to be merely spectators for although their guns may kill elephants, even their skill is not equal to taking them alive."

We agreed to put ourselves under old Ally's guidance, and started off after an early breakfast.

A ride of a dozen miles brought us to the village where the elephant-catchers lived. They were about to start, Ally said, and we might follow, but at a cautious distance. Their aim was to capture a saun, or full-grown he-elephant who had been driven out of the herd by another male, only slightly perhaps his superior.

The hunters were provided with two female elephants, called koomkies, which had been trained to act as decoys, and, Ally assured us, took as much pleasure as their masters in capturing sauns. The latter also

are generally known as rogue elephants, and are exceedingly dangerous when met in the forests, as they will attack everybody and everything they come across.

The hunters rode out on their koomkies, supplied with ropes, and other apparatus, for securing their captives. We saw them mount, but presently could distinguish no one on the back of the koomkies, so well had they covered themselves up with some large pieces of dark cloth, exactly the colour of the elephant's skin.

We were provided with another female elephant, and Ally proposed that on reaching the forest we should at once mount the topmost branches of some tall tree, sufficiently stout to resist the attack of the most powerful saun. Both the koomkies and our elephant, as they went along, tore down some large branches of trees which they sagaciously waved with their trunks so as to completely conceal us.

The hunters had ascertained the exact spot where the saun was to be found, and as we approached they made a sign to us to mount to the top of a tree they pointed out.

We immediately did as they advised, and were followed by Ally and the mahout, while the elephant herself remained below, without moving, merely waving the bough about as if to brush off the flies, while she eagerly watched the proceedings of the other two elephants.

The two koomkies went on a short distance uttering some slight trumpeting, when presently we saw the saun approaching. The females then went up to him, one on each side, and began to entwine their trunks in his, to his evident satisfaction, he being under the impression that he had obtained a couple of subservient wives.

The hunters in the mean time slipped off the animals' backs, and carrying the ropes, lay concealed behind some stout trees, towards which the koomkies induced the huge saun to approach, while they were amusing him by whispering soft nonsense into his ear.

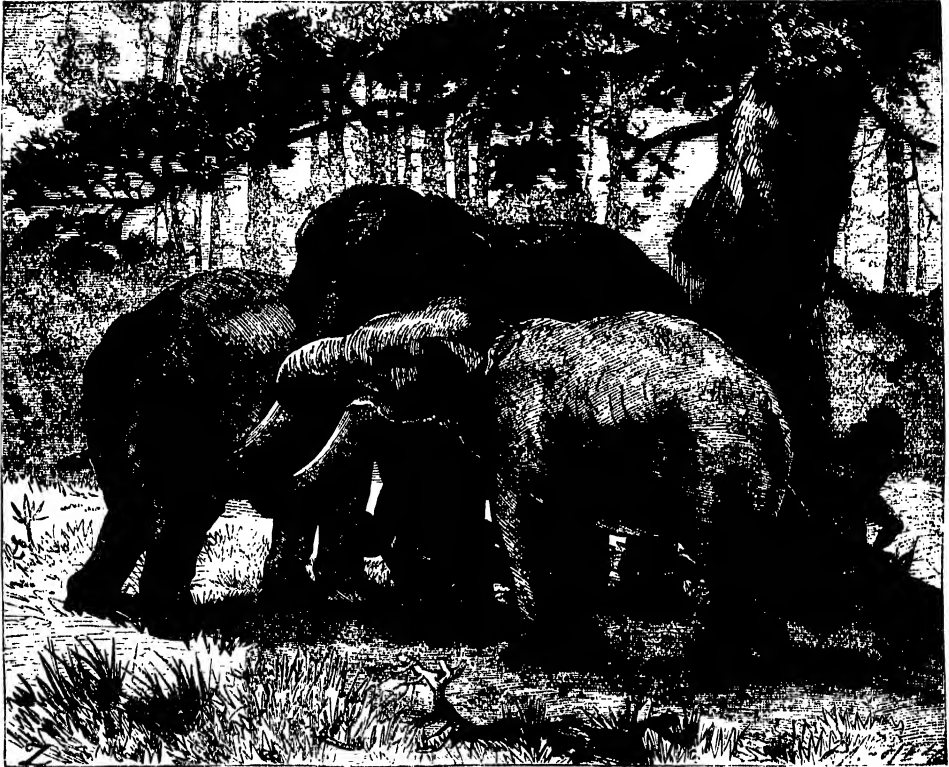
The hunters then creeping boldly under the saun's legs, secured the two front ones

together. It appeared to me the most risky work I had ever seen human beings engaged in, but they went about it with perfect confidence.

Having fastened his front legs, they now secured a pair of strong fetters—the inside studded with sharp, iron spikes—round his hinder ones, these being fastened by ropes to the trunk of the tree.

The hunters, having thus performed their work, crept away, when they were shortly afterwards followed by the treacherous females, who receiving them again on their backs, came up to where we had been spectators of the proceeding.

We now descended to the back of the elephant. When the saun saw the koomkies going off, he endeavoured to follow them ;



but on finding that he was unable to do so, the spikes in the fetters entering his legs, and the ropes hurting him, he literally screamed with rage, and began tearing away with his trunk the branches of the tree, above him ; he then beat the earth, dug up the grass, and threw it around him, and next tried to break the ropes, but his efforts only caused them to become tighter and the spikes to enter his legs.

At first it seemed as if he must break loose, and I felt some apprehension that we should have to fly for our lives, or perhaps be torn

off the backs of our elephants and be trampled to death. However, from the cool way the hunters took the matter, I saw that there was no real danger, and in a short time he stood perfectly quiet only occasionally trumpeting, or screaming to give vent to his rage.

Ally told us that he would be left there until the following day, when the hunters would return and give him some food ; but that a week or more would pass before they would venture to approach with the koomkies, to whom they would fasten him with ropes and then drag him to a suitable place,

where he would undergo a further process of training which would probably occupy three or four months or perhaps even longer.

From the practised way in which the hunters had proceeded, we had no doubt of their success, but, of course, could not remain to see the result.

Next day we had an opportunity, by riding the same distance in an opposite direction, of seeing some Chetahs hunting or catching deer. They were owned by a Rajah, as he called himself, though only the proprietor of a small district. He himself went to the ground on a gaily caparisoned elephant, with a silk awning over the howdah. He offered another elephant for our accommodation, which we were compelled to accept though we should have preferred riding on horseback. We however directed our sycees to bring on our steeds in case we should require them.

Chetahs or hunting leopards, do not greatly differ from the common leopard. These whose exploits we were invited to witness were carried to the ground in small bullock-carts, the heads of the animals being covered with hoods, which could be drawn over their eyes should they become restive.

After proceeding for a couple of miles, we caught sight of a herd of spotted deer in the wide plain before us. The chetah carts were at once brought up, and as we saw their keepers making preparations for letting loose their charges, we mounted our horses ready to follow them.

Instead of bounding away at once, the chetahs slipped quietly off the cart, and then crept along like a cat trying to surprise a bird, taking advantage of every bush and stone by which they could hide their advance; till, getting so near that they could no longer hope to conceal themselves, they began a series of tremendous bounds, each quickly marking out a deer for its prey.

The deer had not before seen their enemies, but now, discovering them, took to flight. The chetahs, however, springing forward like flashes of lightning, were in a moment up to the fugitives, and three fine

stags were seized by the neck, but they still attempted to escape and to shake off the tenacious leopards. We and the other horsemen, lance in hand, rode after them at furious speed. The major and I, each stuck a deer, but not however until their keepers came up, and gave the chetahs a piece of meat, or a ladle of blood drawn from the deers' throats would they relinquish their hold.

We however agreed that it was tame work, and though we of course thanked the Rajah for the sport he had afforded us, we settled that it was not worth while going out of our way again to enjoy it. We were not sorry, however, to obtain two of the deer to supply ourselves and our followers with venison.

We found Rice better, and after another day's rest, we were able to travel on to a region where we expected to find more exciting sport than any we had yet enjoyed.

Rice, however, was still unable to leave the camp, or undertake any unnecessary exertion, he indeed talked of going back to cantonments should he have an opportunity.

Curry good-naturedly insisted on remaining with him, saying that he would take his gun and shoot some wild fowl at a tank in the neighbourhood.

Ally, who was up to the best means of hunting all sorts of game, informed us that there was a herd of mylgair or blue deer feeding about a mile off, and that if we made haste, we might be in time to knock over two or three of them.

Immediately throwing ourselves on the backs of our best horses, and taking our rifles, guided by the old man, we galloped off. The ground was covered with boulders of various sizes, and though here and there were spots capable of bearing crops, the soil was generally arid. The ground was also undulating and slightly raised above the plain.

We had gone the distance we expected, when Ally pointed out the herd at the bottom of a gentle slope.

No time was to be lost. The moment they saw us, they would be off like the

wind. We soon singled out two bulls, the one a large animal, almost black, the other of lighter build and colour.

We pressed hotly after the two deer, which took towards the open country, while the rest of the herd fled in a different direction. The major shouted to me to take the

black, he following the younger and fleetier animal.

After going some distance, the two deer separated, the one I was chasing taking away to the left, and throwing the stones up behind his heels like showers of hail; but I knew if I could press him hard enough that



I should blow him at last, should my horse, as every instant I expected, not come down by treading on the rolling stones. The major was coming up hand over hand with his blue bull when I last caught sight of him.

In spite of the clattering of the horse's hoofs, I at length heard a distant shot, but all my thoughts and energies being required to enable me to carry out the work in hand, I dared not look round to see how it was faring with my friend.

I fancied occasionally that I heard the hoofs of his horse, but it could only have been fancy. On I went at a tremendous

rate for a couple of miles, but the bull was fleetier than I expected, for instead of getting up with it, to my disappointment I at length saw that it was distancing me.

I was still galloping along at headlong speed, when I caught sight of a deep nullah with steep banks. It was too wide to jump, and I guessed that the bull would descend and climb up the other side much faster than my horse could do.

Into the nullah the bull plunged, and I was compelled to pull up rather than run the risk of breaking my horse's legs, and probably getting my own neck

when what was my surprise to see the bull deliberately stop and look round at me. The instant he did so, I fired, scarcely however expecting that my shot would take effect at so great a distance; but, to my delight, over rolled the bull. I could not refrain from uttering a shout of triumph while I looked round to try and discover a way by which I might cross the nullah and put another shot into the animal at nearer quarters; for although he was on the ground, he might, I knew, regain his legs and make off.

I succeeded in finding a spot where I could lead my horse down and up again, and was soon on the opposite side; when, as I rode towards the bull, the bull suddenly rose, and with lowered horns made at me.

I had reloaded before remounting, and as he came thundering on, with horns bent down, I fired. I had barely time to make my horse spring on one side, when he reached the spot where I had stood. It was the bull's last effort—he fell over dead.

I now looked out to ascertain what had become of the major, but he was nowhere to be seen, and I feared that some accident might have happened to him.

Again crossing the nullah, I rode on in the direction I supposed he had taken. I had gone to no great distance, when, to my dismay, I saw his horse galloping along riderless. Without attempting to stop it, I galloped forward towards the spot whence it was coming.

The ground rose to a rocky elevation on one side. Near the foot of it I caught sight of a bull charging an object on the ground. It was the major.

In another instant the bull's horns would be stuck into my friend, or his hoofs might perhaps break his limbs or batter in his head. I prayed that my shot might be as successful as the one I had just before fired at the black bull, and raising my rifle I pulled the trigger. The shot struck the bull, which, however, continued his course; but instead of striking the prostrate man, with a mighty bound he leapt completely

over him, and went on thundering towards the nullah, into which he plunged.

My attention was so occupied with my friend, that I did not see what became of the animal. Throwing myself from my horse, I knelt by his side, dreading the worst, but I could discover no wound. Applying my pocket-flask, which I always carried, to his mouth, to my intense satisfaction I saw, after a few moments, that he was coming to himself; and as soon as he was able to speak, I found that he had been merely stunned by an awkward fall from his horse. In less time than I expected, he was able to get on his feet, when his first impulse was to look round for his steed which had disappeared. To try and discover it, I got on my horse and stood up in my stirrups, but it was nowhere to be seen.

We were, I calculated, not less than ten miles from camp, and the ground was as unpleasant to walk on as to ride over.

"Did you manage to knock over the bull you were in chase of?" he enquired. When I told him of my exploit, he heartily congratulated me. I remarked that I had heard him shoot.

"Yes!" he said. "I hit the brute, but he was up and away again, and I was pressing him hard, when down came my horse, and I know no more. The bull probably went on some distance, before he discovered that he was no longer pursued, and he could only have espied me just before you came up, or my career would have been ended. Come, let us inspect your bull, he cannot be far off."

We walked up to the nullah, I leading my horse; when, as we looked down it, to our satisfaction we saw the bull which had attacked the major, and which I had shot, lying dead at the bottom. Further on I pointed out the first bull on the opposite side of the nullah.

"Well done, Desmond," said my friend. "But, my dear fellow, what is the matter?"

As he spoke I saw that he was reeling, and had I not caught him he would have fallen to the ground. I let him sink down

gently, and supported his head on my knee, from the pallor of his countenance anticipating the worst.

CHAPTER V.

I HAD sat some time by the side of my friend, anxiously hoping that assistance

would come; though as we had not ordered our shikarees to follow us, there seemed but little prospect of their appearing. I examined his head, which had evidently received a severe blow, and must have been fractured, had it not been for the thick turban that he wore round his hat. He was



still utterly unconscious, and therefore unable to sit my horse, even had I possessed the strength to lift him on to it, but that was more than I was able to manage without great risk of letting him fall. I had passed the bridle over my arm, and the animal stood stock still. To have shouted

would have been useless, for there was no human being near to hear me.

I might have galloped off to try and find Ally and the shikarees, but I dared not leave my friend alone, for fear lest a tiger or panther might discover him. I hoped, almost against hope, that he would recover

sufficiently to get on horseback, so that I might lead him back to the camp. But even had he been able to ride, so uneven was the ground, covered as it was with loose boulders, that he would be much shaken in getting over it.

At length, greatly to my relief, he again opened his eyes.

"Has anything happened?" he asked, in a confused tone. "Ah! I remember, where is my horse? I thought we were going towards camp. We had better not delay, or we shall be benighted."

I was indeed thankful to hear him speak, though his remark made me reflect how much of the day had gone by, and that it would not be possible, if we had to proceed on foot, to get back to camp under several hours.

My anxiety had prevented me from feeling hungry, but I thought that probably his faintness had been produced by want of food. I had a small quantity of brandy and water in my flask, and I remembered having put some biscuits into my pocket the previous day. I felt for them, and discovered two. I begged the major to eat them, which he did mechanically, and I then got him to swallow some of the spirits and water, reserving only a mouthful for myself. He appeared somewhat revived, but still showed no wish to set out. It was important, however, to delay no longer.

I now again mounted my horse, to get a wider and more extensive view.

"It is the best thing you can do, Desmond," said the major, as he saw me spring into the saddle: his mind still confused, supposing that I was going to ride away. "Hand me my gun before you leave me, that I may keep my enemies at bay," he added.

"I'm not going to desert you, my dear friend," I replied. "I am only looking out in the hopes of seeing your horse, or Ally coming to our assistance."

As I spoke, I stood up in my stirrups, and looked eagerly in the direction of the camp, but I could distinguish no one. As my eye ranged round, it fell, however, on an

object moving some way down the nullah, on the further side. It seemed to be coming towards us. In a short time, I made it out to be a huge bear.

I at once dismounted, and my gun being loaded, I resolved, should bruin come near, to shoot him. I knew, however, that bears are hard to kill, and that if my shot failed to knock him over, he might be upon us.

It occurred to me to examine the major's rifle; it was unloaded, which showed me that he must have fallen immediately after he had shot at the blue bull. While I was reloading it, I told him that I had seen the bear.

"We shall know how to deal with master bruin," he answered, the information at once, apparently, arousing him. "Hand me my rifle; you fire first when he gets within twenty paces, and I hope to settle him, if you fail to knock him over."

I saw, however, from the way in which he handled his weapon, that he was not as yet entirely himself, and I prayed that I might kill the bear at the first shot. While, however, I was attending to the major, bruin, who seemed in no hurry to come near us, disappeared. I watched anxiously, supposing that while my eye was off him, he had got into the nullah, and fully expecting that he would spring up suddenly upon us. This would be far more dangerous than should he come along the open ground. Evening was approaching; I was still less willing to attempt moving my friend, lest the bear should see us, when he would to a certainty follow on our track. My horse, like many others, had a great dread of bears, and became so restive, that I was afraid he might jerk my arm when I lifted it to fire. I now regretted not having tried before to get the major into the saddle. I dared not mount, myself, to look about, lest, just at the moment, the bear might spring up and seize my well-nigh helpless companion.

To pass the night out in that wild region with the prospect of being attacked by the bear, or probably, by a tiger or panther, was far from pleasant.

I stood ready, with my gun cocked, to fire, should the brute appear, as I expected he would do, above the nullah. Almost as soon as the sun had set, the moon rose, which was a fortunate circumstance, as I should thus be better able to see the bear.

I was looking out in the direction I expected him to appear, when I caught sight

of several dark forms creeping down the rocks towards the spot where I had lost sight of him. They were Hill Indians, their only clothing consisting in the usual waist-cloth, worn by the natives, each man carrying a small, bright axe, glittering in the moonbeams, with a handle about four feet in length.

I concluded that they were in pursuit of



the bear, which, as I was watching them, suddenly sprang up, not thirty paces from me. I called to the major to be on his guard, and levelling my rifle, fired.

The bear, instead of advancing, as I expected, turned round, and rushed up the nullah.

He had not gone far, when the natives I had before seen, springing from their cover, were upon him. Now one attacked him on one side, now one on the other, dealing heavy blows with their small-headed axes, about the head and shoulders, and as he

tried to seize them, they leapt out of his way with the agility of monkeys.

Blow after blow was dealt, until the blood streamed down his body. In vain he endeavoured to catch his assailants, they invariably eluded him, and while he followed one, the rest, running up behind him, dealt him furious blows with their sharp little weapons, which must have been of well-tempered steel, and wielded by powerful arms, judging by the fearful gashes they inflicted. My fear was that, escaping them, he might charge down upon us,

accordingly, during the whole time, stood on the defensive.

To my infinite relief, the bear at length sank down, overcome by loss of blood, when the natives, springing upon him, soon knocked out all the life remaining in his body. They then came towards us, evidently elated with their victory, and showing a wish to be friendly.

The excitement of the scene had contributed to restore the major, and I at once advised him to engage the natives to take us back to camp, offering them, as a recompence, the flesh of the blue bulls we had killed.

I now asked him to mount my horse, but when I got him on his feet, I saw that he was but ill able to ride, I therefore suggested that we should direct the natives to form a litter to carry him, while I rode by his side.

This they willingly undertook to do. In a short time, from some neighbouring bushes, they cut down, with their sharp axes, a number of poles, which they formed into a rough palanquin. He having been placed on it, they took him up, and in spite of the uneven nature of the ground, set off at a rapid pace.

I mounted, but had some difficulty in keeping alongside them, as I could venture neither to make my horse trot nor gallop; at the latter pace I should, of course, soon have got far ahead of the party, while a trot would have brought him down on his nose, and at a walk, he quickly dropped behind. I found, therefore, that the safest mode of proceeding, was to let them get ahead, and then to gallop on till I had passed them.

We had gone some miles, when I caught sight of two horsemen advancing towards us; and greatly to my satisfaction, I found that they were Ally and one of our sycees, who had caught the major's horse, and were in a great state of anxiety, supposing that he had been killed.

It was long past midnight when we got back to camp.

"My dear fellows, what has happened?"

exclaimed Curry, who came out to meet us. "I imagined that you were lost, and have sent people in all directions, to try and find you."

A few words served to explain the events of the day. I inquired for Rice.

"He is still poorly, and I think the sooner he gets back to cantonments the better," he answered.

"I agree with you, and the same must be said of our friend here," I replied, as his bearers carried the major up to the tent. "I do not like his state, he has not spoken since he was placed on the litter."

He had, I found, slept through the whole journey, and as we lifted him into bed he still appeared to be in a state of stupor.

I hoped, however, that a night's rest would restore him. Tired as I was, I felt no inclination to turn in, and after I had had some supper, I sat up talking with Curry. Neither he nor I possessed any medical skill, and were greatly puzzled how to treat our patients.

As we took a turn through the camp to see that the sentries were on the alert, we found old Ally, seated before a fire smoking his hookah. Curry and I sat down to have a talk with him. He accounted for not having before discovered us by saying that he had followed another blue bull, and it was not until his return that he had found the major's horse, when he at once made one of the sycees mount it and start off in search of us.

He had not, since he had been with us, spoken much about himself. I now led him on to describe many of his adventures, and to my surprise I found that he had been a trooper in a body of irregular horse and had taken part in the many of the actions in Afghanistan which brought that valuable province under British rule. He had, however, for reasons which he did not mention, sheathed his sword, and returned to his occupation as a shikaree. He had, during his soldier's career, visited many parts of India.

(To be continued.)

ASCENTS AND ADVENTURES;

A RECORD OF

HARDY MOUNTAINEERING IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

BY HENRY FRITH.

Author of "The Adventures of an Engine Driver," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—COLORADO, AND ITS PEAKS.



FEW weeks ago we were sitting at luncheon in a certain restaurant at Ludgate Hill, when a tall man passing up the room attracted our attention. We knew him directly. He turned, and recognised us at the same instant. We bowed, shook hands, and finally seated ourselves at the same

table, with our coffee, for a chat. I had not seen my friend for four years, and when last I had seen him he told me he was returning to America (he is an American) with the object of mining in Colorado. Colorado! I wanted to know all about Colorado, or as much information as could be condensed into a conversation. I got a good deal. I have, I believe, supplied the missing links from some books, and now with this explanation and acknowledgment to the Hon. H—— A——, I will, in imagination, once again cross to America—the great Land of the West.

How shall we get there? Choose your ship. There are various lines of steamers contending in friendly rivalry for the immense passenger and merchandise traffic between the States and the mother country. A description of one of the floating palaces called "Transatlantic Liners," would, we are sure, prove interesting to boys, who are generally fond of the sea and ships. But

however amusing it might be, and would be, the sea, except in so far as its waves running "mountains high" could be treated of, would scarcely come within the scope of our present papers, and then the Editor—Well, let us proceed.

Suppose we are safely landed in New York. Those who come to see mountains will do well to undertake another little voyage, after they have made acquaintance with the great metropolis and experienced its hospitality—though they will be loth to leave the kind friends they will have made and will not overstay their welcome, which would be difficult: they may visit the White Mountains of New Hampshire. These are dwarf peaks compared with the snow-topped giants we shall meet farther West, but in beauty of scenery they will compare with any range in the world. The names of Portland and Conway, familiar to us in the old country, meet us here in New Hampshire. Everything the tourist can desire is to be found in the regions of the White Mountains; every luxury in hotels, and even in a railroad to carry him up Mount Washington, the highest of the peaks. Though we believe fifteen or sixteen hundred feet is the highest elevation attained by this picturesque range, it has its terrors, as the following abridged narrative will show. The "Willey House" is the standing monument of the disaster.

More than fifty years ago, in June, Farmer Willey, who lived up in the "Notch," or pass of the White Mountains, saw a large

portion of the hill come sliding down, sweeping everything before it like an avalanche. In August rains set in, storms came on—and a White Mountain storm may be described as a “thing to shudder at, not to see.” In this particular storm, tons of rock and earth were tumbled down the mountain; fire ran along in the tracks of the falling boulders, and thunder and lightning dominated the whole. The landslide increased; the Willey family rushed in terror from their threatened home, and were never seen alive again.

Next morning, a traveller, ascending the mountain, perceived the house standing untouched, but surrounded by the *débris* of the landslips. He entered the house, and found traces of hurried flight. A bible lay open on the table as it had been left, but no trace of the late inmates could be found. They were subsequently discovered buried in the *débris* on the mountain side. Mount Washington, too, which is now so easy of access, was formerly regarded as a difficult hill to ascend. Many anecdotes are related of lives lost in the attempt, and one gruesome story is told of a skeleton having been found; in the mouldering pockets of the clothing were a watch and some money, untouched. The traveller had lost his way and sat down—to die.

Mount Washington, as we have said, can be ascended by a railroad on the same principle as the later Rigi railway in Switzerland. A small locomotive, working by a cog-wheel which runs in a central rail, in addition to the usual wheels, *pushes* the train up; and prevents it coming down too fast. Thus the luxurious traveller can ascend Mount Washington seated not on a coach or on a mule, but in a comfortable carriage, and admire the scenery at his leisure. There are other peaks or mounts named after such men as Adams, Monroe, Jefferson, Madison; besides these are Kearsarge, Pleasant, and Liberty. There are few people who will not enjoy the White Mountains, for even reading and hearing about their varied beauties has made us long to visit them ourselves. But we have no

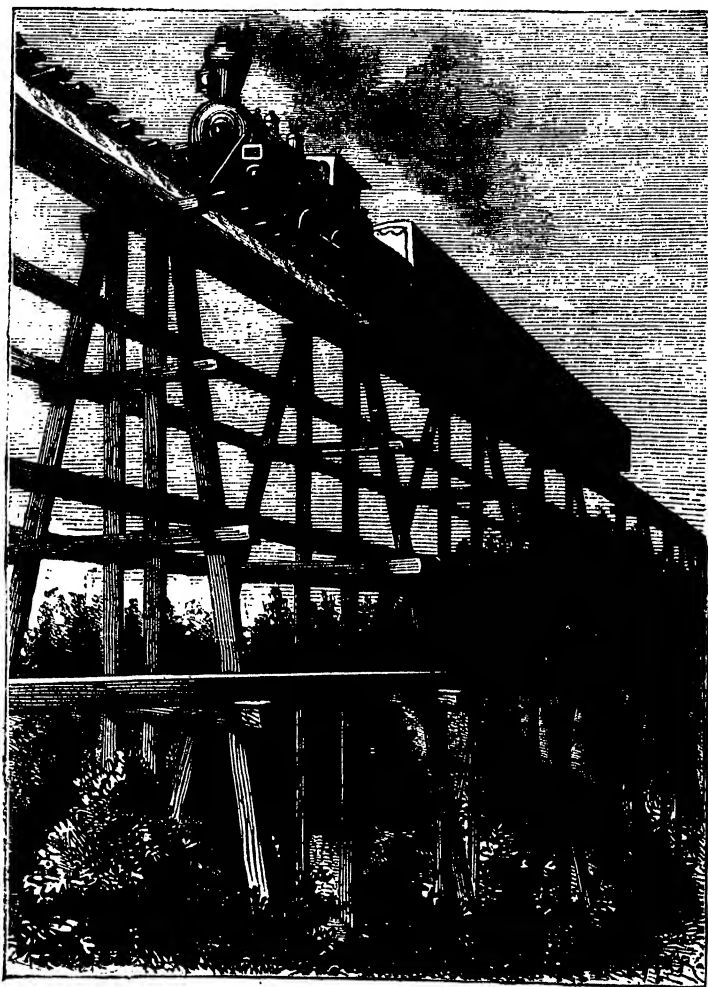
space to describe them in detail. The “Rockies” call us westward; the train waits, and we are bound this time for Omaha. As we proceed we will talk about the Rocky Mountains and tell you a story.

We have only to take our Atlas to see what an enormous extent of territory the Rocky Mountains cover. In the United States, the ranges cover an area of 980,000 square miles. Amongst these mighty hills are some fine peaks, and if they do not attain such an altitude as our Himálayan friends, they form very respectable mountains. The grandeur, and variety of the scenery, however, and the accessibility of the districts, as compared with the great Indian chain, make the Rockies a favourite touring ground, and one from which no true lover of the grandeur and the nobility of nature will ever return disappointed. The Rocky Mountains and the adventures of the bold hunters and trappers, have been the delight of youthful readers for two generations, and will probably interest the future boys of England. Those who wish to learn all about the British Red River Expedition, and the Fur Company, cannot do better than refer to Major Butler’s very interesting works, the “Great Lone Land” and its companion volume.

The true adventures which travellers have met with in the Rocky Mountains and in their approaches would, if quoted, fill volumes, and we can unfortunately only here do little more than refer to them. Captain Palliser and the Baron de Wogan met with many adventures: the latter was actually taken prisoner and bound ready for execution. We will relate his adventure as a specimen.

The baron had encamped one evening, when he was aroused by the growling of a bear—a “grizzly”—which is the most formidable animal in those regions. But daylight came and the bear had not come, so our traveller kept along the river until a party of Indians appeared, and all immediately took to the water. Suddenly the ominous growling was again heard by the baron in

his hiding-place, and the bear leaping into the water gave chase to the swimming squaws. These poor women, carrying children on their backs, could not swim as fast as the men, and the great "grizzly" was close upon the last woman when the baron, unmindful of his own safety, fired at the animal, and wounded it so that it was glad to return to shore. The Indians now managed to regain the bank, and left the



The Railroad.

bear and the baron to "fight it out." They did so, and though the baron was at one time in imminent danger he succeeded in killing his enemy. "He was up and at me again in an instant," writes the traveller. "There was no time to reload my rifle and my revolver had got stuck, so I could not use it."

"But I had all my senses about me, and seizing my hatchet, I gave my assailant a violent cut across the head." This caused the bear to fall to the earth and to "writhe in convulsions of rage." The animal, even though deprived of sight, made a gallant defence, and after a contest of twenty minute's duration he succumbed. The

Indians, full of gratitude (apparently), now arrived, and watched the cutting up of the great bear with much gastronomical interest.

The gratitude of the Indian is not a virtue to be imitated however. The very man whose wife Baron Wogan had saved from a terrible death offered to be his guide, and in the excess of his "gratitude," in a certain spot, concealed himself, and shot poisoned arrows at the baron, having previously robbed him of his little baggage. This was adding insult to injury; and the Frenchman thought so too, for he fired at his opponent and wounded him; but not mortally. The Indian fled, and next night returned on the war-path, with some other choice spirits like himself, who disarmed and bound the traveller, and carried him away.

When the party had joined their tribe, they led their prisoner into the chief's hut, and there he was convicted of having shed blood, and further accused of declaring war. He was sentenced to death, and after two more days of imprisonment, was led out to die. On that day a number of chiefs and their followers arrived, and the victim was led into the midst of the meadow and tied to the war-post. He had been tied thus for some minutes, when a chief advanced and addressed him in English. To this half-European chief M. de Wogan entrusted his last wishes, and the man promised to see them carried out. A locket bearing the prisoner's name suddenly attracted the chief's attention. He enquired if he were a descendant of the soldier named by Sir Walter Scott in *Waverley*; and on learning his identity, the semi-Indian chief, whose name was Lennox, interfered to save the baron's life. He succeeded; and in a few minutes the prisoner was unbound, and festivity reigned supreme.

This adventure, and particularly its ending, reads like romance; but we are assured it is true, even to the fact of an Indian chief having studied the works of Sir W. Scott. The baron reached France in safety, and subsequently became an official in the telegraph bureau.

But all this time we have been supposed to be travelling to Omaha *en route* to the great peaks and valleys which we have to explore in Colorado. Here we are, then, at Omaha, where the Union Pacific Railway commences. This fine town is situated on the Missouri River, and we may perceive, from a map of the Pacific lines, that seven other railways empty their traffic into the Union Pacific at Omaha. The great station or *dépôt*, as it is called, presents a very different appearance to our English termini. The variety of race, costume, and types of character, which can be found in the crowd, make it an amusing and interesting sight for a stranger. Every comfort the traveller can desire will be found here, and the luxurious "cars" make travelling as easy as possible.

Off we go. Its bell ringing furiously, the odd-looking engine makes its way out of the city, and away to Nebraska, green and cultivated. Then come the plains as monotonous as you please, only more so. Numerous stations are passed; every twenty miles or so is a water-station in the prairie. A windmill and a tank between them supply the engine, while any passenger may alight, or watch the emigrant trains as they toil along the dusty track, which in places runs alongside the railway line. We are ascending all this time, and at Hillside station, where we first catch a glimpse of the mountains, we have gained an altitude of 5,600 feet above the sea. We are now close to Cheyenne, and having run between and under some sheds, which tell us that snow lies thick in the winter, we pull up at that city which thirteen years ago consisted of one solitary house.

There is nothing more remarkable in this remarkable continent of America than the wonderful rapidity with which towns rise up, even from their ashes, as Chicago proves. Here we are at Cheyenne, a good-sized town, boasting its thousands of inhabitants, and here we can take the Denver Pacific road to Denver City, between which town and Pueblo we shall find the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

At Denver we are only about twelve miles from the mountains; and anyone who wants a real good time cannot do better than go, nor so well by not going to



Clear Creek Cañon.

Denver. There are some fine peaks in the neighbourhood, and from any one numerous others can be viewed. Mount Lincoln, Long's Peak, and Pike's Peak, where the signal station is, may all be visited. We will quote a native authority as to the grandeur of the prospect: "To the east is seen Pike's Peak, with the continuous ranges which extend northward to Long's Peak. On the west and north-west is a

vast group of high mountains gashed with deep gorges. To the southward can be seen a remarkable range of mountains, the Sawatch, with a wilderness of conical peaks—more than fifty of them rising to an elevation of 13,000 feet and over, and more than two hundred rising to twelve hundred feet and over.”

Mountains, however, we can see in other parts of the world, but a great feature of the “Rockies” is the cañon or deep ravine, which is nowhere more striking than in Colorado. These wonderful fissures are now traversed in places by railroads. We may mention Clear Creek, Boulder, and Platte Cañons, besides the great cañon of the Arkansas. The cañons of the Colorado River are even more stupendous. For miles and miles the river runs between perpendicular masses of rock thousands of feet high. The Gunnison River also has enormous cañons. We are surprised in Switzerland when we first enter the gorge of the Tamina or of Ffäfers at Ragatz, but what should we say to a gorge bound by rocky walls three hundred feet wide, and in places, nearly three thousand feet high? These lofty walls are level, and on them again rise other towering rocks and lofty bastions, such as can be seen nowhere else in such perfection. Far beneath rushes the river, which, during these long ages, has forced its way through the fissure, grinding and levelling the everlasting rocks into fantastic forms of castles and buttresses.

But the grand Cañon of the Arkansas is perhaps the most wonderful of all. We learn from a Denver paper that the first train passed through the cañon on 7 May, 1879. The scene is described as awful. Imagine, says the writer, two almost perfectly perpendicular walls, rising up to two thousand feet, with jagged masses overhanging the railroad, thousands of tons weight, apparently ready to fall. There is no room to step from the train except into the river. The traveller “is imprisoned in a crack thirty feet wide and partially under one mountain wall.” The walls of rock recede up to nearly a thousand feet, and

then they again approach each other, till, at that altitude they again close and come to within thirty-five feet, at an altitude of two thousand feet above the spectator.

Let us then in a fresh chapter look into the wonderful Cañons of the Colorado, and relate some adventures connected with them.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CAÑONS OF THE COLORADO RIVER.

THE Colorado River, starting upon the true *lucus à non lucendo* principle, is not in the State of Colorado at all. We have before us a very excellent map; and tracing the Colorado backwards to its origin we find that its parent is the Green River, which, united with the Grand (not the Rio Grande), and supplemented by the San Juan River, issues as the Colorado between Arizona and California. Grand River rises in the Rocky Mountains, near Long’s Peak, and Green River starts away in the “Wind River” Mountains, by Fremont’s Peak, still farther north. The general appearance of a cañon we have already mentioned, so we will proceed to describe the Colorado, which is one of the wonders of the world.

Very little was known about this most wonderful river till lately. All kinds of tales were current respecting it; and the river was by some supposed to disappear and flow underground for hundreds of miles; no one had ever penetrated those wonderful gorges; and until the Colorado River explorers set out in 1869, this big and romantic river was closed to nearly all travellers. For the main facts of the following account we are indebted to Major Powell’s narrative of his experiences.

The exploring party left the Green River city in the month of May; and amid the hearty good wishes, and, it may be added, with the forebodings of the lookers-on, the boats started, four in number. Rations had been laid in for a ten-months’ journey, and all scientific and useful instruments and utensils and tools were provided.

At first the river was comparatively plain

sailing. The current carried the boats merrily along, and if the water occasionally "lapped" over, it was quickly baled out again. But ere long the rapids, or cascades rather, necessitated a portage, and the boats were carried and re-launched. One day, however, when all was apparently going well, one of the boats got caught in a cascade, and before any assistance could be rendered, over it went. The first fall was not great; but, just beyond, the stream fell about forty feet and broke into whirlpools. The boat dashed down, and, striking a rock, the occupants were thrown into the water. Fortunately they all managed to clamber upon an island of rock in the centre of the stream, from which unpleasant position they were fortunately rescued. But this was not the only peril to which the adventurous party was exposed. Water they could to a certain extent provide against; but fire was an unexpected enemy, and so more dangerous. On one occasion they had camped, when a sudden gust of wind scattered the fire amongst the dry bushes and underwood. In a few moments all were in flames. Every one rushed to the boats, and it was as much as each could do to save himself. The cook grasped the mess-kit, and leaped into the boat; but, stumbling, he fell, and nearly all the knives, forks and spoons went down into the river. The party, once let go from the bank, were carried down, and at length landed not without some difficulty.

And so on for days. Cañon after cañon was passed, the rocks piled up in the most fantastic and yet in the grandest shapes imaginable; vast domes, tall pinnacles, towers, cathedrals, and bastions, all of solid rock, chiselled, scooped and carved by the irresistible power of the river. Such a scene can be viewed nowhere else, and those who have ever seen such will not soon forget it. To follow our adventurers step by step is impossible: the journey is a record of hair-breadth escapes and plucky endurance. Now caught in a whirlpool, now carried helplessly along, dashed against a rock, and escaping death almost by a series of miracles. Hurlled

from rock to rock by the angry current, the boat nearly swamped, the hardy explorers still continued their way. Sometimes carried helplessly down a roaring rapid, sometimes gliding between perpendicular cliffs two thousand feet high, the clear still water revealing immense depths as the boats passed over the pools, our friends proceeded to gain the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Now came the supreme test. The party had carried on, notwithstanding all obstacles; but now they reached a strange and awful gorge. The walls are "more than a mile in height," says our historian. "A thousand feet of this is up through granite slabs, then slopes and perpendicular cliffs rise one above the other to the summit." Through these awful depths the boats glided amid the roar of waters, the men listening for the still greater roar of the rapid and the cataract. In these the boats became unmanageable, and were tossed to and fro like chips. Then the great heavy clouds came down, and rested upon the upper walls of this great cañon. A black roof, granite walls, and a roaring rushing stream below, was not a cheering prospect. Then came rain. Rain there means a small deluge, for in a few minutes every rill becomes a brook, and every brook a river. Torrents fall from the steep cliffs, and the side gullies become swollen streams, raising the main river many feet.

On the 27th of August, just three months after their departure, the determined explorers came to a very "nasty" place indeed. After some observations were taken, it was concluded that forty-five miles still remained to be explored in a direct line—probably ninety by the river, and to this task the leader now addressed himself. Two of the party left the boats here, for they could not reconcile themselves to the descent of the cañon. So the passage of the last important section was made short-handed.

The parting was, as may be imagined, a solemn one. Entreated not to venture, the sturdy explorers still bravely persevered, and decided to try conclusions with the river,

which flowed through an entirely unknown chasm, from which escape backwards was impossible, and where failure meant death. Each party thought the other reckless; and it was impossible to foretell what fate had in store for either. The three who preferred to proceed by land stood watching the remainder of the party as the turbid river carried them away. And so they parted.

For awhile the river party proceeded all right, but at length they came to a "bad" place. A fall in front was not to be lightly encountered, and a halt was called to inspect it. There was no chance of a portage, but while the leader was absent, the men began to let the boats down with ropes. One man remained in the foremost boat, which was fastened to a rock, while another rope was fetched. The occupant, thinking it better to run the fall than to wait to be dashed again and again against the rocks, and so die by inches, was about to cut the line, when the boat broke adrift, and away she went dipping clean under and out of sight, although the spectators were standing a hundred feet above the river. Boat and occupant were gone, and a great fear rendered the others speechless.

But at last the brave fellow reappeared, and still sticking to his boat, piloted her safe through the rapids. The others forgetting the danger got into the other boat and followed. In a moment, the second boat was rolled over and over, but the occupants were at last rescued by their companion. The voyage continued until night, and next day at twelve o'clock, the explorers emerged in safety from the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Of the men who deserted the expedition and their adventures, we have seen no record, but we believe it has been written by Major Powell.

* * * *

In following the Colorado we have been somewhat hurried out of our way. We can now return for a brief breathing space before ascending into the Sierra Nevada. So we will fancy ourselves back at Cheyenne once again, and take the Union and Central

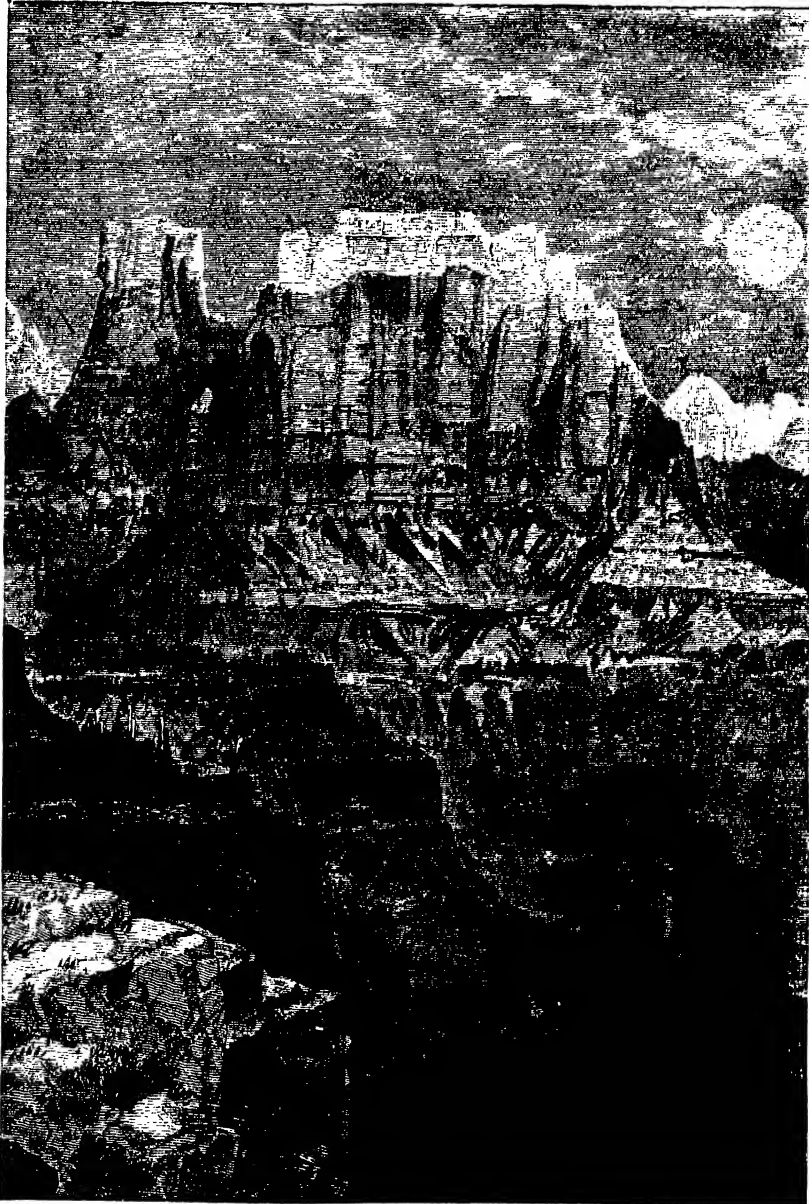
Pacific roads past Salt Lake, and down to Sacramento for a peep at Mount Shasta.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM CHEYENNE TO SACRAMENTO.—THE SIERRA NEVADA.

As we steam out of Cheyenne, we perceive, when we look back, that the track is on a rising gradient, but it is not an obtrusive rise. We are, however, reminded of the elevation at which we are travelling by the numerous sheds and fences erected to keep off the snow as on some European mountain roads (the Mont Cenis for example). We read, or mayhap hear, of whole flocks frozen in a night in places along this high-level line; and we think we would rather not travel across this continent in winter. Some of the stations at which the train stops are more than eight thousand feet above the sea-level, and dispute for the chief seat in the altitude of stations. Still we proceed over the Black Hills, down into the Laramie Plains, and then we face the range of the Medicine Bow, a wild sharp set of peaks, and here the traveller will find Mount Agassiz, Sheep Mountain, and Elk Mountain, hillocks compared with what we have passed. As we proceed, we cross Green River and the curious Giant's Butte, a fortress of rock. But on we speed past numerous stations, until we quit Wyoming State for Utah, and now we may expect to behold something very grand indeed; and the traveller who is disappointed with Weber and Echo Cañons will indeed be hard to please in this particular kind of scenery. But the train will not wait for you to examine it. At the summit of the grade the steam is shut off and strong brakes are applied, but away speeds the train, turning corners in places where any farther progress to those looking ahead appears impossible. The engine is rushing to certain destruction over a precipice, or against a mighty mass of rock dating from some remote period anterior to the Flood. You shut your eyes and hope you will fall soft (not

that it will matter *how* you fall if you do is passed, and the colour returns to your fall), and with a grinding swerve the danger check. You breathe again for a minute



The Cañon of the Colorado.

and then the precipice again looks ugly. The formations that meet the eye in all sorts of fantastic shapes would, even in isolated cases, be celebrated in England. So on we steam, now in a stupendous cañon, and now running through a beautiful valley, until the town of Ogden is reached. Ogden Cañon opens into the Valley of

Salt Lake, and at Ogden the Union Pacific railroad comes to an end, more than one thousand miles from Omaha. This is a busy place, and here we must change carriages. The luggage is transferred and registered, and during the hour and a half that is occupied in transferring goods and baggage the traveller may peep at the city. From here the journey may be made to Salt Lake City, the Mormon capital, and much that is interesting might be written about the locality, but we forbear to add more than a few lines.

Great Salt Lake is no tiny patch of water for skaters. It is a "crisp," and sometimes rough piece of water, seventy-five miles long, and nearly half as wide, and contains six "respectable" islands in its friendly grasp. One of these is about sixteen miles long, and has a mountain three thousand feet high as its crest. The density of water is nearly the same as the Dead Sea. The city is situated close under the mountains, and divided into immense squares by handsome streets, one hundred and thirty-two feet wide.

From Ogden the railway enters Nevada, the "Desert State," and a dreadfully dusty and dreary desert it is. In every direction this Sahara extends, though now and then an oasis like Humboldt pleases the eye. But the desert must have its day, and it has it. Next morning, however, we are welcomed by the "pine-clad Sierras," and the welcome coldness and variety of the Alpine landscape. We have entered California; Nevada is passed, and we are in the heart of the glorious Sierras, respecting which we may occasionally refer to a constituted authority, Mr. Clarence King.

Mr. King says that "the ancient history of the Sierras goes back to a period when the Atlantic and Pacific were one ocean." Professor Whitney first explored these mountains, and he has published his experiences. We wish we had space to follow Mr. King in his interesting account of the formation of this beautiful range. From beneath the mighty ocean the Sierras were gradually built up. Then came a great upheaval, when the ocean flowed back, and a deluge

of melted rock poured out, and the rent mountains glowed with molten stone. Rivers and lakes were evaporated in steam and mist. Mighty volcanoes poured out their fires, and, at length exhausted, died out, and then the cold hands of winter, frost and snow and glacier, bound the mountains. The rocks were rent and chiselled by the mighty wear and tear of ice, and then they were checked by warmth again, and forbidden to descend to lower earth. So, driven to keep their court in the grand summits, the glaciers and the snow drifts live to bear testimony to the past. For four hundred miles these mountains stretch in a wave-like outline. The pines upon these fine mountains are most wonderful, growing sometimes more than one hundred feet high. We will return to these mountains immediately, but we must first get to Sacramento, and through the country so celebrated by Mr. Bret Harte, the famous author of "Roaring Camp."

The rail winds down the Western slopes, and the prospect is magnificent, and from the station of Summit the descent into Sacramento valley is made. By mountain, lake, and river the railway continues its course, and through miles of snow-sheds, past Emigrant's Gap, and on and on by the Great Giant's Gap, the great American River, by all the mining district, and so by the sensational "Cape Horn" into the midst of fertile California. About seven days from New York, Sacramento is reached, and thence the traveller can easily get to San Francisco.

Thus the journey ends; a most wonderful trip, which no pen can do adequate justice to, and, which once undertaken, will never be forgotten, though it has its drawbacks and is at times monotonous. We have endeavoured to give a short description of it, and trust that some of our young readers may be tempted to study the grandeur of Nature's handwriting, and to learn the lessons, well worth remembering, taught and vouched for by the testimony of the rocks.

(To be continued.)

PUZZLES.

Double Acrostics.

1.

A Scripture chief ; a goddess ; a Scotch river ; an island ; a tree ; a title. My initials give a brave Englishman and a gallant Frenchman.

2.

A sound ; a large river ; an idol ; a man's name ; a woman's name ; a German river ; an English river. My initials and finals give a celebrated French poet and a famous French comedian.

3.

A wind ; to judge ; a reception ; a direction ; a king ; a Saxon name ; an English river. My initials and finals name a great French artist and a famous French preacher.

4.

Outside ; young ; an animal ; sharp ; a negative ; a title. My initials and finals name two famous revolutionists.

5.

I am a fish ; behead me and I am well ; change my head and a valley will appear ; change my head again and I am a storm ; behead I am a beverage ; transpose and I am a meadow.

6.

"There — our — sullen —,
Gathering — brows — gathering —,
Nursing — wrath — keep — warm."

Fill in the blanks and name the author.

Mesostich.

7.

A waterfall ; wherefore ; the earth ; tone ; a passage in a church ; to praise ; an ugly face ; one who dreams ; to try.

Cryptograph.

8.

Odqv dq vpj odvda quhfka oaxjq
Xb dyhq vpj pevq dbg pdhajvq yxqj

Oykh ixbgxbm majb oykh eradbg fykib
Vpju rkeyjg jdwj pdygu vjbdbv gkib
Bky qadwnjg vpj hjqqjbmbby pxq rdwj
Pj qpkijg vpj qxmb pj bdhjjg vpj vadwj
Dbg ryjqxqbm okyidyg ixvp vpj ixbg
Ajoy wadhkeg dbg qeyryxqj fjpxbg.

Decapitation.

9.

In *first's* most boys will always be,
As long as they draw breath ;
My *next* I hope you'll seldom see,
The symbol 'tis of death.
My *third's* a rather common seed,
Just name it if you can ;
My *fourth's* a beast, yet some indeed
Assert that it's a man.

*Arithmorems.**(Novelists.)*

10.

7001 + reel shanks.

11.

2001 + on

12.

253 + kew son.

13.

1001 + than nose.

14.

1601 + hey ben bragger.

15.

2302 + rake away, keep a hat.

16.

1104 + thrown on war harass.

Charade.

17.

My *first* means smart, saucy, or bold ;
My *second* means in, or so I was told ;
My *third* is a vowel ; *fourth* a large town ;
My *whole* means obstinacy I'm sure you'll
own.

Word Squares.

18.

Acclamation ; breach of the law ; where
goods are sunk attached to a buoy ; to
accumulate ; rigid.

19.

A mineral ; a girl's name ; to sum up ; a moment ; consumed.

Logogriph.

20.

Whole I am cooked ; behead me and I am smeared ; behead and curtail and I am an ear of corn ; transpose and I am a deception ; delete me and I am an article ; behead me and I am a vowel.

Cryptograph.

21.

Tfur qrpildap ypauqrmjura rful u faupr olruelrab ?

Rfpeza eq fa upk'b rfuf furf feg nouppaj goqr

Ulb fa yor luhab rfiodf jizh'b om el graaj

Tfiqa zilqzealza terf elgoqreza eq zippomrab.

Diamond Puzzles.

22.

Consonant ; part of to be ; spring ; essential ; animal ; trusts ; province ; metal ; vowel.

23.

Consonant ; open ; ruin ; firemen ; ointment ; holy ; country ; age ; consonant.

Transposed Proverbs.

24.

c d eee ff hh iiiiii nnn oooo ppp rr sssss tt uu.

25.

aaaaaa c eeeee gg hh i k ll mm nnn oo sss ttttt w yy.

26.

aaa b cc d eeeee g hh iii nnnn ooo p rrr s

27.

aaaaa c eee iii ll mm nn o p r ss t v y.

28.

aaa c dd eeeeeee f hhh ii l nnn p r sssss tttt v w x y.

29.

aaaa b d eeeee ff h iii l m nnn o rrr sss ttt w y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

On pages 447—448.

1. Grimace.

2. Buffalo(e)e.

9. Prelate.

3. Patriot.

10. Bramble.

4.

No man has more contempt than I of breath,

But whence hast thou the right to give me death ?

I am as free as nature first made man,

Ere the base laws of servitude began,

When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

11. Inquisitiveness.

12. Spenser—Chaucer.

13. Torch.

14. Epigram.

15. Thor.

16. Ares.

17. Ceres.

18. Hera.

19. Hannah.

20. Sun—dry.

21. Scott.

5. Colour.

6. Swallow, Wallow, Allow, Howl, Owl, Low, Lo !

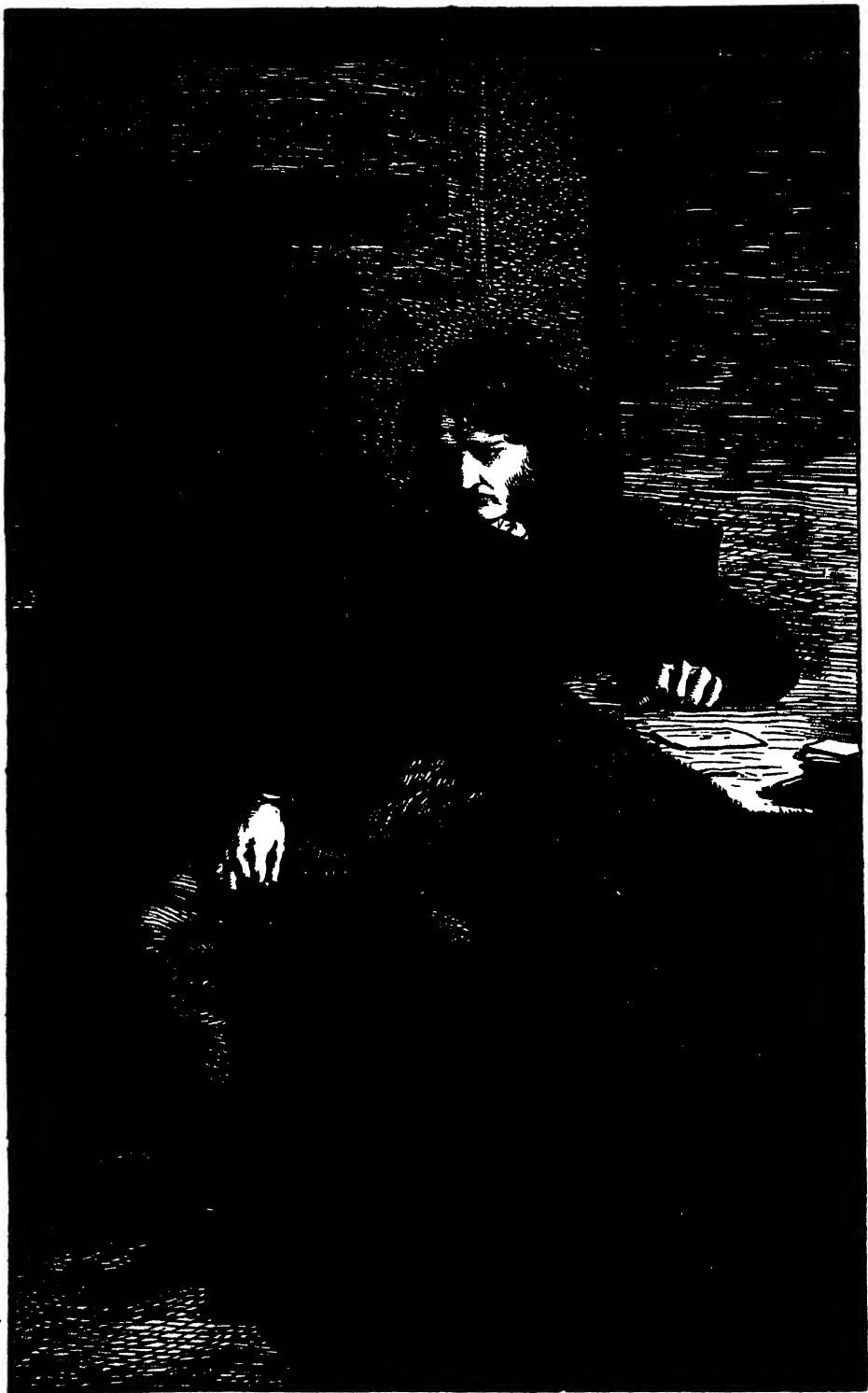
22. Hope, Over, Pens, Erst.

7. Trout—Ling = Troutling.

23. Past, Aloe, Sobs, Test.

8. Watch—Man = Watchman.

24. Osborne—Padstow.



HONOUR AND TRUTH; OR, STRAINING A POINT.

By W. W. FENN.



IT wanted but three days to the Christmas holidays,—and the Reverend John Wrenton, Rector of Chillings-Tey, a parish on the border of the Essex marshes, was looking eagerly forward to the return of his only boy from his first experience of school-life. For young Edgar was the apple of his father's eye, and justly, for there never lived a better, brighter, and more high-spirited lad. Deprived in his babyhood of a mother's loving care, his allegiance was naturally undivided, and by the time he was old enough

to appreciate the situation, there had grown up a familiar intimacy and friendship between father and son, not always existing. Hence the approach of the holidays was hailed with as much joy perhaps by the former as by the latter; therefore we may be sure it must have been very bad news indeed which so suddenly clouded the clergyman's face and manner after reading a letter from the Head Master, which arrived the morning on which my story opens. You would have said with Portia, when she sees Bassanio reading Antonio's letter:—

“There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek.
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution of any constant

was announced, though, truly, the tidings were sufficiently grave. The fatal words had been read and re-read many times, until at last they appeared to produce a sort of stupor, and Mr. Wrenton remained for some time sitting alone in his study—the letter pushed a little from him on the table, his head bent, and his eyes cast upon the floor, a sad picture of despondency. As at length he again peruses the “shrewd contents in yon same paper,” we will take leave to peep over his shoulder, and this is what we see:—

“Wynne-Cliffe Grammar School,
Dec. 12th,

“DEAR SIR,

“It is with the deepest sorrow and commiseration that I have to acquaint you with a most distressing circumstance connected with your son. As however he has confessed his fault (I had almost written crime), he has, for the time being, made all the atonement in his power, and were it not for the disastrous results of his disobedience, the matter might have been allowed, after he had received punishment, to pass into oblivion with the rest of a schoolboy's venial offences. Unhappily he has been the cause of the maiming of a fellow-pupil for life. Briefly I give an account of what has happened. One of the lads brought with him at the beginning of this term, a most dangerous toy—in the shape of a large cannon, dignified by the fascinating title of the “Woolwich Infant.” It is worked by a very powerful india-rubber spring, somewhat resembling that of the toy catapult—a thing which I have always forbidden in this school, and by means of which, a sharp-pointed, feathered dart is projected with great force to a considerable distance. Immediately I discovered its nature, I took

It was not however Edgar's death that
NO. LXX.

it away from the boys, and locked it up in a cupboard.

"It appears that the other day your son and his friend, young Bernhardt Paston, managed to abstract it, and the two with another boy named Charles Amyot, took it down to a disused shed in the rear of the playground, and began practising with it at a target which they had made. Of course I cannot get any very accurate account of how the accident occurred; but it seems a dispute arose as to who was to fire next, and as far as I can tell, a struggle ensued between Edgar and young Paston, during which the trigger was pulled, and the projectile struck little Amyot on the face just above the cheek-bone, and within a hair's breadth of the eye-ball, penetrating pretty nearly to the depth of an inch.

"The screams of the lad of course soon brought assistance, and I regret to say that he has lost his eye.

"I immediately telegraphed for the best surgical aid, and within a few hours, Mr. —, the eminent oculist, was with us, and he pronounced it necessary to remove the eye at once, or the inflammation would extend to the other—and the poor boy be rendered blind for life.

"For a long while neither Edgar nor Paston would confess who had, in the first place, taken the key of the cupboard and abstracted the toy, or in the second, which of them it was who had fired the fatal shot. Both preserved an obstinate silence, but determining to get at the truth and that honour should be the touchstone, I adopted a plan of my own. I do not consider it well to induce boys to tell tales of one another, and never encourage king's evidence. I somewhat reverse the order of procedure, and use all means in my power to make offenders themselves confess their misdeeds. Thus I promised in this case that, if the chief culprit would make a clean breast of it, I would make the punishment light for the one who did not actually pull the trigger. Short of this I should punish them both equally severely—so making the ringleader feel that he, by simply speaking the truth

might save a comparatively innocent boy from a flogging. On many occasions I have found this system answer completely, and when it does you will see it is most satisfactory as it sets up the very highest standard of honour possible. I further let it be understood that honour, and the sense of having acted honorably, will be the only reward; for by way of strengthening the position I take up, I make it quite clear that there will be no abatement in the punishment for the offence merely because it has been confessed—the confession being thus constituted a very tangible atonement, since it carries chastisement along with it. When I put it in this way and made my reasoning clear, your son, with the candour which I am bound to say always distinguishes him, admitted that the fault lay with him entirely, that he had purloined the key of the cupboard, had persuaded Paston to join him in the escapade, and that his hand it was that pulled the trigger in the struggle because, as he said, Paston wanted to fire out of his turn, and Edgar was determined he should not.

"I hardly know how to express my very deep sympathy with you, or to say how I grieve over this most disastrous and sorrowful termination to your son's first term at a school where he promises to distinguish himself by his assiduity and general good conduct—the which should weigh with you as it does with me, in the general estimate of the offence. It is one of those sad occurrences which do sometimes happen in spite of the most vigilant master. But I am sorry that in justice I must add that, beyond the grief which we all feel for the terrible calamity which has befallen Amyot, I do not discern any evidence of that extreme contrition in Edgar, which, under such circumstances, I should have expected and wished to see from so right-minded a boy. He took his punishment too with a dogged and stolid indifference which I cannot quite understand. The one redeeming point in his conduct however has of course been the perfectly honourable way in which he admitted his guilt. Your influence perhaps may lead him to regard his disobedience and its result in a

different light from what he appears to do at present.

"With every assurance of my sincere regard,

"Believe me, Faithfully yours,
"H. H. RUSSELL."

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Edgar Wrenton was about to depart for the Grammar School at Wynne-Cliffe at the beginning of the term which ended with the fearful disaster just recorded, in addition to much affectionate admonition and parental advice, his father thus spoke to him :

"At Wynne-Cliffe, my boy," said he, "you will find a lad named Bernhardt Paston. He is about a year younger than you, and is the son of my very oldest and dearest friend—the friend to whom I owe more for my success in life than any one in the whole world. He is dead now,—and I want you to take Bernhardt under your especial care ; like you, it is the first time he has ever been to school, and I want you to cultivate his friendship and treat him as you would if he were your younger brother ; so that, as you grow up to be men, you may carry on as it were the affectionate friendship which existed between your parents ; and if he be at all like his father in disposition, you will find reason to bless the day when you won his regard. Protect him, help him, and do all that lies in your power to show that you, like your father, can never be too grateful for all that his father did for yours.

"Some day you shall hear all about this ; for the present, you must take my word for it, that there is nothing you could do for him—hardly any sacrifice that you could make—which would be too great to show how deep are the obligations which you and I are under to all who bear his name. He may perhaps stand more in need than most boys you will meet of some such help, for his mother is a foreigner—a German lady—and he has lived abroad a great deal,

and may not be up to all the manly ways and customs of our English schools. He will speak, perhaps, a little broken English, and you must not laugh at him and chaff him for this, nor allow others to do so more than you can help. His mother lives abroad still, and, as it would be a long way in the winter for him to travel to Germany alone, I mean him to spend his holidays here at the Rectory. I have never seen him since he was a baby, but it will be very jolly for you to have a companion—and I shall be very glad to make his juvenile acquaintance."

Then young Edgar Wrenton went away to school, and from time to time such letters came from him and the head-master, as gave the greatest satisfaction, until that fatal one which, as we have seen, reached Mr. Wrenton only three days before the holidays.

It is not necessary to dwell on the miserable state of mind into which it threw him, but as the two boys would, according to the plan arranged, reach the Rectory now so soon, he determined to make no move in the matter until he had come face to face with them both. There was, however, yet further distress in store. The following morning he received another letter from Mr. Russell, informing him now that Bernhardt Paston was missing. He had disappeared from the school the previous forenoon, and, in spite of the most untiring search, no clue had been found to his whereabouts ; he had evidently run away, and although it seemed very unlikely, the head-master wished to know (so that no stone might be left unturned) whether by any chance the lad had found his way to Chillings-Tey Rectory. Perplexity was now added to distress, and the whole affair began to assume an air of mystery. Still, Mr. Wrenton could do nothing, after instituting enquiries in the neighbourhood, but await Edgar's arrival. This at length happened in due course, and father and son met ; but the joy of the meeting, it is needless to say, was much dashed by the nature of the surrounding circumstances.

It was late in the evening when the boy reached home, and little was said that night ; but the next morning they had a long talk.

"And so nothing had been heard of Paston, up to the time you left school yesterday, eh, Edgar?"

The boy shook his head.

"Come, now, tell me all and everything you know about this unhappy affair," continued the father. "You were great friends, as I wished you to be ; according to what you said in your letters he used to tell you many of his troubles. Are you quite sure he gave you no hint of his intention to run away? What were you doing when you last saw him, and what were his last words to you, as far as you can remember?"

"Oh ! I don't know," was the answer. "I think we were in the playground, and I don't remember that he said anything to me in particular—ever since that day with the cannon, he's been very miserable, I've been very miserable, we've all been very miserable, but I don't think he thought of running away until—until——"

"Well ! until when?" enquired Mr. Wrenton.

"Well ! until three nights ago, and then he said he wished he could go to his mother for the holidays ; he did not seem to like the thought of coming home with me ; in fact he has never liked me since that day with the cannon, and you know he's rather a muff and shy, and funks things, he's a regular funker," continued Edgar slowly as he made furtive attempts to twist his right leg round his left.

"What morally ? or physically ?" asked his father, "I mean is he afraid of hard knocks ? or does he fear speaking the truth when he has done wrong?"

"Both" was the sudden and abrupt reply.

"And poor Amyot—how was he yesterday when you left?"

"Oh ! shut up in the dark, but he said he had not much pain now, poor chap,"—and Edgar's ruddy young face blanched and his eyes moistened as Mr. Wrenton's

question brought before his mind a picture of his suffering playmate as he had seen him hurried away into the house, screaming with agony. "We are all awfully sorry for him."

"Of course, of course" said the rector. "It is too terrible to think of ; and I am awfully sorry for you my dear boy—I am afraid you will never be able to forget it !"

"Oh, I don't know about me—I shall never be able to forget him, and the look of him,"—and Edgar now walked straight away to the window, as if to hide his emotion from the scrutinizing gaze of his father.

Mr. Wrenton remained for some minutes in thought, evidently deeply penetrated by the picture he too conjured up of the sufferer, and the remembrance that his son had been the cause of all.

Presently he said :—

"I must write to Amyot's father, Edgar, and I think you ought to do so."

"Oh ! I have seen Mr. Amyot," answered Edgar ; "he came to the school yesterday morning."

"What did you say to him?"

"I don't know. I said I was very sorry and that I would look after Charlie all my life ; but you know Amyot's father is a very rich man, and Charlie won't have to do anything for his living."

"No of course, but that's not the question ; how you are ever to make atonement is the point. It is a dreadful business, but as you have seen Mr. Amyot, I won't go farther into it for the present. I must drive over and see him too some day. Now the first thing to be done is to find young Paston. You say he wanted to go to his mother ; then, depend upon it, he has tried to make his way to the coast. He came to England by way of Harwich ; and it is to that port probably that he has gone—or is going :—had he any money, do you know?"

"Oh ! very little. Everybody is hard up at the end of a term," Edgar answered, still looking from the window at the snow-clad landscape which it commanded.

"Then you and I must go off to Harwich,"

said Mr. Wrenton, "and that at once. I shall order the dog-cart round : so get ready. We will drive to the station, and catch some train or other, it is a long way, but we can get there to-night, I think, if we are fortunate. Tell Jackson to repack your portmanteau ; we may be away some days," and with this the clergyman left the room.

CHAPTER III.

THE snow, threatened by the heavy canopy of murky cloud in which the whole of the eastern coast had been enveloped for several days, was falling thickly. The country lying between Manningtree Junction and Harwich was wearing a peculiarly desolate appearance on the evening of the third day after Bernhardt Paston had disappeared from Wynne-Cliffe.

Just before the last gleam of sickly daylight had faded from the sky, the train in which Edgar and his father were travelling was speeding along about ten miles short of its destination, which was the port of Harwich. The two were sitting face to face next the carriage door, Edgar with his back to the engine, his eyes turned upon the gloomy landscape.

Suddenly he rose with a cry of astonishment, and exclaimed, as he let down the window, "There—there he is! There *is* Paston! See, see!"

Mr. Wrenton turned to look ; but ere his eyes could follow the direction towards which Edgar was eagerly pointing back, the train had swept past the dip in the embankment and trees by the side of the railway whence a near peep of the lonely high-road was visible, and had plunged into a deep cutting.

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. I know the colour of his comforter and his top coat, and I saw him quite plainly, though his head was bent down ; the snow was beating straight into his face, and he seemed to be limping. I know it was he. You were right, father ; you see he is going to Harwich. But is

there no station at which we can stop before the train gets there?—we may miss him if we can't get out."

But there was no station nearer than Dovercourt, and the train continued its rapid and relentless flight for fully another twenty minutes, until it reached that place, by which time it was nearly dark.

Highly anxious and excited, father and son sprang on to the platform, and, giving their portmanteaux in charge of a porter, inquired for a conveyance to drive them back along the road towards Manningtree. Yes, it was possible to get a fly, but it would take some time to send for, etc.

So, bribing an official and borrowing a lantern, Mr. Wrenton determined to set out and walk. Giving some brief explanations and directions for the fly to follow them, and having been put on the right way, they started, and for the first mile found the walking fairly easy.

As, however, they got further into the country, night had fairly set in, and the snow in places lay much thicker. It was no easy or pleasant expedition. The weird "white darkness" (if the term may be used) and the intense solitude struck Edgar with a feeling of awe, and he wondered how his little nervous, timid schoolfellow, who was always "funking" things as he had said, was feeling whilst he was trudging along that dreary highway all alone.

"He must have some pluck in him, after all," he said to his father ; "I wonder if we shall meet him soon?"

"Not for several miles yet, according to my calculation," was the answer ; "but we must go on, not a moment is to be lost ; remember he has no lantern, he does not know his way, he may be fearfully wet, cold, and tired, and he may fall from sheer exhaustion upon the road at any minute—the snow is increasing."

Then nothing more was said for a long while. Once or twice the travellers halted to listen if they could hear the fly following ; but the snow muffled all sounds save the dreary moaning of the wind amongst the bare branches of the trees. Not until they

had walked for more than an hour, did they get any relief from their ever-increasing anxiety ; but at the end of that time they heard in the distance far behind them, a faint cry : they stopped to listen.

"It is the driver shouting," said Mr. Wrenton ; and he shouted in reply,

"Come on, come on, all right !" and after a while the lumbering vehicle, with its lamps, came in sight, and slowly overtook them.

"You know what we are looking for ?" said the rector.

"Yes, sir," answered the man ; "the porter up at the station said as it was a young gentleman as you see'd on the road when you was a-coming along in the train. Jump inside, I'll keep a look out ; sure he was coming this way, be ye ?"

"Quite."

Then slowly the fly proceeded for about another mile ; and just as the driver was calling out that he thought he "couldn't go no farther, 'twas such heavy work for the horse," he added suddenly, as he pulled up—

"What's that there over agin the hedge ? take your lantern, sir."

Father and son alighted eagerly. There was a wide stretch of open road just here, and they had to tramp through a heavy drift of snow to reach the spot under the hedge to which the driver was pointing.

"Further up to y'r right, sir, to y'r right, —there ! there !—that there's summat like a heap of clothes ; more to y'r right !"

One of the carriage lamps had gone out, but the other shed a feeble ray of light upon the side of the road, and by the aid of it and the lantern he carried, Mr. Wrenton shortly came upon—yes, it was a heap of clothes, fast disappearing beneath the still falling snow !

Edgar rushed forward with a cry ; they stooped down, and in an instant saw they had found what they were seeking. To raise the senseless form of the boy and to hurry with him to the carriage was but the work of a minute.

"Now, now, back, back, with all the

haste you can make to the nearest doctor's—quick, man, alive !" cried the rector, whilst he and his son with their burthen re-entered the fly. Edgar holding the lantern, Mr. Wrenton put some spirit from his flask to the lips of poor little Bernhardt, chafed his icy fingers, and endeavoured to restore animation. Not for a long while, and not until the slow-going horse had turned round, and had been slipping and plunging through the heavy snow for more than a mile on the way back, did any sign of life become evident in the outstretched limbs or pallid face ; but presently, amidst the confused ejaculations of anxiety and despair which continued to break from the two Wrentons, a slight shiver shot through Bernhardt's frame, and a faint sigh escaped him.

"God be praised !" cried the rector, reverently. "For this above all Thy mercies give us grateful hearts !"

Their renewed efforts to restore circulation were not thrown away, and by the time the fly stopped in front of a door over which a red lamp was burning, Bernhardt Paston, though still half unconscious, was breathing freely if faintly.

The good doctor, seeing the nature of the case and hearing the story, had insisted on the boy being immediately put to bed in his own house, and four days later, medical skill and unremitted care had restored the young runaway to convalescence. Mr. Wrenton and Edgar, who had taken up their quarters at the nearest hotel, hardly ever left Bernhardt's bedside, and now that the patient was hourly gaining strength, the rector thought he might venture on a few questions.

"You must see, my dear boy," he said, one evening, "that had it not pleased God to guide me and Edgar in our search for you, you must have perished miserably there in the snow by the roadside. But for God's mercy you would never have awoken from the sleep which you say suddenly overpowered you after you had slipped down exhausted through fatigue, hunger, and cold. As a mark of your gratitude, no less than

as your duty, you really must tell me what induced you so rashly to run away from school."

The pale face upon the pillow flushed. The eyes evaded those of the interlocutor, and filled with tears, whilst a little hand crept from beneath the coverlet and caught that of Edgar, who was standing on the other side of the bed.

"All right, old chap," said that young gentleman; "all right,—tell us now; what was it? Pluck up! don't funk; tell us all about it. My father is going to write to your mother, and he wants to give her a full, true, and particular account of how you are, and how you feel, and he can't do that if you don't tell us what donkeyfied notion it was that made you cut away."

"No, no, please don't let him tell her that. Please don't, Mr. Wrenton, please," cried the invalid, turning over towards Edgar, and burying his face in the pillow. "I'll—I'll—tell—tell—you—if—if you won't tell mother."

"Very well," said Edgar, "perhaps we won't tell her if you tell us. Now then, out with it! Be a man!"

For several minutes nothing was audible but a succession of broken sobs. Then suddenly Paston sat upright in bed, brushed away his tears, and, as if inspired by Edgar's words and his father's appeal, he said,—

"I think you can guess, Edgar."

"I—I guess? how should I be able to guess? I'm not a conjurer," said young Wrenton quickly and with a certain degree of anxiety in his manner.

"Well, it's very good of you, and kind, and I don't deserve it, for I am sure you *could* guess, and you have guessed all along I know, and I——" Paston paused.

"Mr. Wrenton," he went on presently, "Edgar knows, sir,—he knows it was because I couldn't bear to go and stay with him and you after what had happened—after—after—he had taken the punishment for what he never did, the punishment that I ought to have had; because it was I who did the mischief—who shot young Amyot in the eye. I got out the cannon and persuaded

Amyot to come and fire it with me. And Edgar came down and found us playing with it and said, 'You young beggars! what do you mean by this? I'll lick you both,' and scolded us, and rowed us, and tried to take the cannon away from us. And then—and then I tried to prevent him, and then, just as I tried to push him away, I accidentally touched the spring and Amyot was in front of it; and, and so it was all my fault, but I didn't mean to do it. Then I was afraid to say so, and when Mr. Russell said what he would do, Edgar said to me, 'All right! I don't mind a licking,—my father told me to take your side always, so you hold your tongue and I'll say I did it,' and that's the truth."

As Paston jerked out rather than uttered the last words of his confession, he once more buried his face in the pillow.

When he looked up again, Mr. Wrenton had crossed to Edgar's side, and placed his hand affectionately on his son's shoulder, but all poor Paston could see was that they both smiled kindly and pityingly at him.

"Well, Bernhardt," said the rector, "the truth is out now and we shall be all the happier. For the present you must rest, and we will go away. To-morrow, if the doctor says 'Yes,' we will return to the Rectory: it is time we were all in bed now. Good night, my poor boy."

"Good night," added Edgar.

"Stop a minute," said Bernhardt drawing his friend's ear down to his lips: "do you forgive me? can you be my friend still?"

"Yes, yes, old boy, all right; don't be afraid!"

When Edgar and his father were alone, the rector, though thankful that his son had neither failed in obedience nor unselfishness, was careful to explain to him that he had strained the point of honour unwisely; that truth still was the highest virtue of all, and that even to save Bernhardt it was not right to tell a lie. Had he persuaded Paston boldly to tell the truth to his master, and then had entreated him to spare Bernhardt, Mr. Russell would, in all probability, have remitted the punishment with a

serious warning. As it was, the burden of an unconfessed fault had led to Bernhardt's running away and nearly cost him his life.

By the evening of the following day the three were safely housed in the snug rectory at Chillings-Tey. But, for the rest of their holidays, the two boys, young as they were, did not seem disposed for much merriment.

The fate of poor young Amyot saddened them both; and as his home was within a drive, the rector lost no opportunity of sending the boys to make enquiries after him; and when he could bear to receive visitors, Edgar and Bernhardt would spend hours with him, reading to him, and doing their best to amuse him.

I may here say in conclusion, that the warm friendship begun in that darkened room bids fair to last throughout the lives of the three school-fellows. Sad as the experience was which brought it about, no closer tie can exist than that which keeps Edgar and Bernhardt brothers in heart if not in fact.

We may be sure that the good rector took the earliest opportunity of letting Mr. Russell know the true state of the case, and that he, as a sensible man, understanding boy nature well, does his best to make his whole young community feel that the truthful heart never fails to be a brave heart.

ADVENTURES IN INDIA.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

Author of "Great African Travellers," "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea," "Digby Heathcote," &c.

CHAPTER V.—(continued.)



T struck me while he was talking that he might be able to assist me in searching for young Norman Dunmore.

I asked him if he had ever heard of the way in which Captain and Mrs. Dunmore had been murdered. He replied that he had not, as he had been in another part of country at the time of the occurrence.

I then told him all that was known about the circumstance and that it was supposed the ayah and the child had escaped. I added that, hoping they had done so, I was very anxious to discover them.

"I should be rejoiced to help you, saib," he answered after he had for some time been leaning forward, gazing in the fire as if lost in thought. Suddenly looking up he said, "I remember an event which may throw some light upon the subject. I had gone to a village to dispose of the flesh of some deer I had killed, when I found a family

residing there in a state of great agitation. One poor woman especially whose dress showed me that she had been an ayah in an English family was weeping frantically. On enquiring, I found that a child which I supposed was hers had been carried off by a wolf and that they had been in vain searching for it. I at once undertook to go and discover its fate, and if alive, which I thought not at all likely, to bring it back. The woman told me that it was wrapped up more warmly than usual and that its clothes might have preserved it from being bitten. I had often heard of young children being carried off by wolves, and even nursed by the she-wolf with her cubs, though I had never known an instance myself of a child having escaped with its life. There was no time to be lost should the child be still alive, so I hurried off immediately to search the spots where the wolves would most likely be found. I had been searching all day, disregarding several deer and other animals

which I might have shot, for fear of frightening those I was looking for, when I caught sight of a large he-wolf, carrying in his mouth a young fawn, its piteous cries showing that it was still alive. The little animal was too much injured to live, but I might avenge its death, and directing my matchlock, which I held resting against a tree, at the wolf, I fired and killed it. As I had observed the direction the wolf was taking, I immediately followed it up, knowing that it would lead me to the she-wolf and her cubs, although I could scarcely have supposed that the wolf I had shot was the one which had carried off the child.

"I stole cautiously on carrying the fawn, which still now and then uttered a plaintive cry, until I concluded that I had got near enough to the wolf's lair; when, placing the fawn against a tree, from whence it had not strength enough to move, I retired to some bushes a short distance off, where I concealed myself, and waited until the she-wolf should appear, as I was sure she would before long. Presently I caught sight of a single cub coming out of the rocky side of the hill; a she-wolf followed. The latter ran quickly towards the fawn, not suspecting danger; but before she reached it, I shot her through the head. Notwithstanding her death, the cub was greedily running towards the fawn, when springing out, I knocked it over with the butt of my gun. I followed the track of the she-wolf. After making my way through some thick bushes, I came upon a cave, in which I saw an object lying on the ground. It was a child, and though its clothes were torn and its face begrimed with dirt, to my great joy I found that it was still alive, and it had, I had no doubt, been suckled by the she-wolf, which had taken it under her care, instead of one of her cubs which she had lost.

"Lifting it up, I hastened to the village, scarcely hoping, however, to arrive with it alive. The ayah poured out her thanks to me, while she, stripping off the clothes, carefully washed the child; when I saw, to my surprise, from its perfectly white skin, that it must be the child of Europeans. I

remained that day in the village, and the next morning, before I took my departure, was pleased to hear that the child was doing well and that the ayah fully believed that it would recover."

"Have you never since visited the village to learn what became of the child?" I enquired.

"I did three years afterwards, but many of the people were dead, and the ayah and her young charge, I was told, had gone away, no one could tell where, as none of her own family remained in the place."

Though as I listened to Ally's wonderful account my hopes were at first raised to the highest pitch, I was much disappointed at hearing its termination. It seemed to me more than possible that the child he had so wonderfully rescued was the one I was searching for, yet I was no nearer discovering him than I was before.

Ally however assured me that he should know the ayah again, though he had not even learned her name; but it did not appear to me very likely that he would fall in with her.

"Do not despair, saib," he said. "If it is the will of heaven, the child will be discovered, and I promise to do all I can to assist you in finding him."

I thanked the old shikaree and returned to the tent, satisfied that I had obtained a valuable assistant. Had I been able to leave my friends I should at once have set off with him to the village where he had seen the ayah and the child, so that I might possibly trace them from thence. Under the present circumstances, this I could not do.

We had to remain two days in camp, before the major and Rice were in a fit state to move. We then began to retrace our steps to the cantonments, striking as soon as possible into the high road, which was smoother than the by-paths through which we had come.

We were passing the tomb of a reputed saint of no great elegance,—a walled enclosure, containing a small square building with a dome on the summit, surrounded by a few trees.

"What are those fellows about?" asked Curry pointing to two almost naked figures outside the walls, one of whom was working himself along on his back; while the other stood up every minute, then throwing himself down on his face, he marked the spot where his head lay, when once more rising he again prostrated himself as before.

"They are fakirs," observed the major, "performing penance, fancying they are accomplishing some meritorious act."

"The fellow on his back has the worst of it," remarked Curry; "he is I suppose the greater sinner, or maybe saint of the two and appears to be racing the other."

"Poor wretches! their gross ignorance is lamentable," observed the major. "Yet the tortures they are inflicting on themselves are mild compared to what many other fakirs undergo.—Look at that fellow at the end of the wall there, standing upright with his arms extended, exposed to the sun. There



he spends the day and perhaps the night, unless he thinks the day's performance is sufficient to obtain for him the required amount of sanctity, and when no one is near he slips down inside the wall to eat his supper."

The two men appeared to have finished their penance just as we passed the tomb, when Ally turning back spoke to the fellow who had performed the prostrations. He appeared to be holding a long conversation with the fakir, and we had got almost out of sight of the place before he joined us.

"What had the fellow got to say to you?" inquired the major.

"I had got much to ask him," answered

Ally; "he was once a trooper in my regiment and I knew him immediately. We had a talk of old times."

Ally, I thought, did not seem inclined to be communicative. It was not until he had gone some distance that he again spoke. He then suddenly told us that the fakirs had advised him to quit our service, as it would be dangerous for him to remain.

The major inquired how that possibly could be the case. "He declared that all the people remaining with the English are to be killed," was the answer.

"And what are to become of the English?" asked the major.

"Saib, he says they are to be killed too."

"Very likely indeed—the rascals dare not

lift a finger against us," said Curry who had come up laughing at the notion.

"And are you going to follow his advice?" inquired the major.

"No, saib, far from that, you preserved my life when I was dying; I have eaten your salt; and I would remain even if I thought the danger greater than it is, but I will learn more about the matter from others."

"I was sure such would be your answer," said the major.

"Did you gain any information, Ally, which might assist me in my search for the lost boy?" I asked. "Those men know more of what is going forward than most people."

"I did not fail to make the inquiry," answered Ally; "and I think before long I shall get on the right track."

"And remember that a handsome reward will be paid to the person who discovers the boy," I observed.

"The satisfaction of showing my gratitude is all I require," answered Ally, but his eyes twinkled at the thought of fingering the rupees, though at the same time I felt sure that gratitude would prompt him to do his best to serve me.

Though I tried hard, I could not elicit any further information on either of the subjects he had mentioned. We naturally talked a great deal, when seated in our tents, on both topics. The major did not believe it possible that the natives would ever dare to injure their English masters. The regiments on the whole were staunch; and, although here and there a mutinous spirit had been exhibited, it had always been quelled without difficulty.

Curry agreed with him, although Rice was not altogether so sanguine.

I advised our friends to send notice to head quarters of the warning we had received.

"It would not be believed," answered the major. "The authorities are convinced that we have too firm a hold on the country to run any risk of such an event. I congratulate you however on the possibility of succeeding in your object; for it is but a

possibility, as old Ally may after all only have discovered a mare's nest."

We were encamped in a district where we had before killed several tigers, and we had hardly pitched our tents, when two natives from a neighbouring village arrived entreating us to go out and destroy another man-eater which had lately appeared and carried off several persons. Neither the major nor Rice were however, as yet, able to undergo the fatigue of a hunt, but Ally at once volunteered to undertake the task; so Curry and I agreed to accompany him.

The two natives, expressing their thanks and having given us all requisite information as to the place frequented by the tiger, set off to return to their home, being anxious to get back, they said, before dark, lest the tiger should waylay them. Having no doubt that such was their real object, we did not detain them. Immediately getting ready for the proposed undertaking, we followed, making our way towards a wood with a nullah in front of it, which the tiger would have to cross before reaching the village. The natives had told us that he came every night, and that, unless he could pick up some unfortunate person who had been out, he would continue roaring through the street until daylight, trying to find an entrance into one of the huts. We had not gone far, when we saw one of the natives come running back with a look of dismay on his countenance.

His companion had been seized when half-way to the village, he himself narrowly escaping having his skull fractured, as the tiger sprang by to seize his friend. We might be in time, he said, if we hurried on, to shoot the animal before it had carried the body away.

Ally inquired as we hurried on, the nature of the ground where the catastrophe had occurred, and desired the villager to lead us to a spot where we could conceal ourselves. The man understood what was required of him, and making a slight circuit brought us to some thick bushes.

As we approached them, we heard a roar. Creeping on, we caught sight of a monstrous

tiger, his jaws all bloody, and his paws on the body of his victim which he was tearing to pieces.

Ally made a sign to Curry and me not to fire until we were sure of our aim. I observed, from the way he was holding his rifle, that he intended to give us an opportunity of showing our skill. I was afraid however, as it was getting dusk, that if we did

not kill the brute at once we might miss our aim and that it might get off with the body. Presently the monster looked up and I think must have seen us. Its position was as favourable as we could desire. We both fired, but, though our two bullets took effect, the creature, leaving its prey, came bounding towards us. In another instant it would have been up to the bush behind which we



lay, when Ally, lifting his weapon, fired as it rose to make its final spring, and over it fell backwards, shot through the heart.

CHAPTER VI.

"I CONGRATULATE you on your performance," said the major when we returned to camp. "Depend upon it, the villagers whom you have benefited, will be grateful. There is no fear that they, at all events, will ever turn against the English."

The native, I should have said, after expressing his thanks, had hurried on to the village, that he might obtain assistance to bury the dead body of his friend; and he promised, the next morning, to bring into camp the head and skin of the tiger.

True to his word, he appeared with several others, bringing presents of honey, butter and fruit. I told Ally to make inquiries about the ayah and boy.

"Rest assured I never fail to do that," he answered. "The reward you offer, independent of other considerations, is a sufficient incentive." Of course, Ally did not use these words, but he said as much in his own language.

At length, we got back to cantonments, where, under the careful treatment of the medical officer in charge, the major and Rice speedily recovered. I also felt myself much the better for a little quiet. I employed the time, assisted by my friends, in engaging several persons, besides Ally, to try to discover the lost boy and his nurse.

Ten days had passed since we reached the cantonments, spent much in the usual fashion, and my two friends had completely recovered, when Major O'Halloran called on me to say, that he was ordered off to take command at Arungapoore, and that Curry was going with him.

Soon afterwards Rice came in, he having

been directed to proceed to the same station; and I, therefore, begged leave to accompany them. The troops consisted of two native infantry regiments, and a small body of cavalry.

The first halt we made was at some little

distance outside a town in which the Rajah, under British protection, resided. Soon after we arrived, we were invited to witness one of those barbarous spectacles in which the natives take special delight,—a fight between wild beasts. We entered a large



court, surrounded by seats placed at a sufficient elevation to be safe, from whence we could look down into the arena destined for the scene of the conflict.

Two tigers were pitted against each other, then a tiger engaged an elephant, and another, a bear and wild boar. The combat which caused most excitement was that between a man, armed only with a sword, and a large Bengal tiger. The man, on

entering the arena, bowed to the Rajah and other spectators, and then stood calmly waiting the onslaught of his ferocious foe. The tiger, on being let out of its cage, bounded forward, but on seeing the man, slunk away in spite of the prongs it received from behind, to urge it forward. At times it seemed as if about to spring upon the man, but at last took refuge in its cage. It was then driven out by crackers and other

fireworks, and at length, worked up into fury, it rushed forward. It sprang towards the man, and received from his sharp tulwar, as he leapt on one side, a blow which almost severed one of its feet. Again and again it attempted to seize the man, but he always avoided it; and finally, with a sweep of his tulwar, almost severed its head from its body, and it fell lifeless to the ground.

Two elephants now entered from opposite directions, with their mahouts on their necks, and rushed at each other, their heads meeting with a crash which seemed calculated to batter in their skulls; then twining their trunks round each other's legs, like two wrestlers, one endeavouring to throw the other to the ground; but, strange to say, without attempting to injure their mahouts. It appeared to be rather a trial of strength than a battle *à outrance*, as the ends of their tusks were sawn off.

So great was the dust they kicked up, that they were almost concealed from sight. At length, one of the elephants managed to trip up his opponent; the mahout, who had been watching for the event, as a sailor does when he expects the ship to go over, nimbly slipping off to the opposite side.

I mention the circumstance, because I was much struck at the time, by the overstrained courteous manner in which the Rajah received us. For our part we were heartily glad when the exhibition was over; though, as the major observed, it was less cruel than the bull-fights in so-called Christian Spain, where the hapless bulls are barbarously tormented and killed, and horses and men often gored to death.

A few days after this, I was told that a native wished to see me, and, to my surprise, I found it was our old shikaree, Ally. I was in hopes, that he had brought me news of the matter in which I was so deeply interested; his manner was mysterious. He believed, he said, that he had got on the right track, but it would be some time before he could follow it up, and he begged to know if I, and the other saibs, were inclined to pass the period in making another

expedition; that we should find plenty of shooting, a short distance to the north, or pig-sticking if we preferred it.

I promised to speak to my friends, but, as I expected, neither the major nor Curry could go even for a day, while Rice had a great deal of office work, which would keep him at his desk a considerable time. Ally seemed much disappointed when I told him.

"Would I then go alone?" he asked.

He complimented me, by saying, that he had never met an English saib whom he would more gladly accompany; for, although I might not equal the major in pig-sticking, I was always cool, and ready to follow good advice. He might, he added, be able to forward my object, as in one of the villages he proposed visiting, there resided a person related to the boy's ayah, and who had been making inquiries to ascertain whether she was still alive.

Had Ally been more open in his manner I should have had no hesitation about going, but I took it into my head that his chief object was to obtain the additional pay when acting as my shikaree, and that he might after all, not have obtained any information of importance.

Still, as I was anxious not to let an opportunity pass by, I agreed to start in a day or two, when I had received some letters for which I was waiting. I was struck by Ally's manner when I raised this objection.

"The saib will be wise to start forthwith; who can tell what a day may bring forth?" he said.

I repeated his words to Major O'Halloran.

"He has heard perhaps that a few disaffected people have been going about the country distributing chupatties or small cakes, with some sinister object in view, though what it is, I cannot say. The information has only just reached me. Possibly there may be a mutinous spirit among the troops in some places, but I am very sure that my own men will remain faithful. Had we not had ample evidence that Ally himself is to be trusted, I might

have supposed that he wants to get you away for the purpose of robbing you."

I of course laughed at this notion as I was sure of Ally's fidelity.

In the evening a party of jugglers came to the door of the mess-room, an airy building in the centre of the compound, and asked leave to perform before us.

Dinner being over, they were admitted, when we assembled round to witness their tricks. Their apparatus was very simple, consisting only of a few baskets and two or three earthen vessels such as are used to contain water.

The tables being moved aside, we assembled with most of the English and a few natives round the room, among others was Dr. McTabb, the surgeon of the station, who declared that he should certainly be able to discover how the tricks were played.

I have not space to describe all that was done. One man first brought out an earthen jar with a large mouth. It was filled with water, and on turning it upside down, all the water flowed out, but to our surprise on its being placed with the mouth up, it immediately became full. It was then emptied, when, once more being filled the conjurer having reversed it, not a drop of water was seen to flow out, but on being again turned it was found to be empty. Though I examined the jar carefully, I could not discover how the trick was played.

After this a large basket was produced, when a lean and hungry-looking dog was placed under it, and in about a minute afterwards, on the basket being removed, the animal appeared with a litter of pups. These were again covered, and a pig appeared; the basket being placed over the pig, after the lapse of another minute, it was removed, when poor piggy appeared with its throat cut and apparently dying. On once more being covered up it was however restored to its former vigour.

Several other tricks were played with balls, which, being thrown into the air, disappeared for a minute or more, and then suddenly fell down one by one into the juggler's hands.

Another man now offered to swallow a snake, and, opening a box, produced a *cobra da capello*. He certainly retired to some little distance from the spectators; then taking the snake, he put its tail into his mouth and gradually lowered it down his throat, when giving a sudden gulp the reptile vanished within his lips.

A few seconds having elapsed, he opened his mouth and drew the snake out, allowing it to spring into the air, when it fell not far from the feet of the doctor, who had pressed forward as near as the juggler would allow him. He sprang back quickly enough, and the juggler caught the snake and replaced it in his box.

After this, a third swallowed a sword; and a fourth, placing a ladder on the ground, wound himself in and out through the rounds until he arrived at the top, and then descended in the same manner keeping the ladder, which had no support, in a perpendicular position.

I saw Ally talking afterwards to the jugglers. He told me that, as they were constantly moving about from place to place, he had given them particulars which would enable them to send him any information should they obtain it.

About this time unsatisfactory news came in from various quarters as to the feeling exhibited by several Sepoy Regiments. Two or three had mutinied and had been disbanded. Bungalows here and there had been burned down, and the authorities in several places had been set at defiance. The troops, it was reported, had refused to use cartridges served out to them, under the mistaken belief that they were greased with bullocks' fat.

Still my friends asserted confidently that the mutiny would extend no further, which I devoutly hoped would be the case, for as we had no English troops at the station, we should be completely in the power of the natives were our own men to prove faithless. Things however remained very quiet. The Rajah, whenever we saw him, was exceedingly polite. I now and then wished myself back in Calcutta, but I did not express

my fears, and as the rest of the party appeared so perfectly contented. I at length got over them.

"I say, I have been working very hard lately, and deserve a holiday," exclaimed Rice one evening to me as we met at the mess-table. "Old Ally has just come in, and tells me we can have some good sport within a morning's ride of this. If you are inclined, we will start at daylight, and we shall not, I suspect, be disappointed."

I agreed, and at once set about making the necessary arrangements. The military men were unable to go as they were strictly forbidden to leave cantonments.

The only other person willing to accompany us was Dr. McTabb, who consented to come provided we should return that evening.

Having started as proposed, we reached at an early hour a village near an old tank bordered by a fine grove of mango trees and frequented by numerous water-fowl, among which were purple coots, remarkably handsome birds, grebes and others whose names I forget, while beautiful bronze-winged jacanas were seen stepping over the broad leaves of the water-lilies which covered the surface.

Here we camped for breakfast. While thus occupied, a villager came in to tell us that a tiger, having killed two of his cattle, had got into an enclosure close to the village, and that he and his neighbours were afraid to attack it.

We of course undertook to kill the intruder if possible. The doctor and Rice preferred taking their seats on the elephant's back, while Ally and I mounted to the roof of a hut which overlooked the enclosure, whence we hoped to obtain a good shot at the savage brute. The elephant was then taken by the mahout to the entrance for the purpose of rousing up the tiger, which it was supposed was concealed among the dense vegetation which covers a tropical garden.

We had taken our seats and the elephant had reached the gate, when I saw an animal moving among the bushes.

Taking a good aim I fired at it, and the next instant an enormous tiger, with a savage roar, leapt up to the roof of the hut. Our

position was far from satisfactory, but while it hung on with its teeth and claws, the thatch gave way and over it rolled. At first the tiger, picking itself up, made a dash at the elephant; but the doctor, firing, turned it, and the animal darted through an open door into the hut, and passing under where we sat, rushed out on the opposite side, when, seeing a number of the villagers who had collected in the street, it made chase after them.

In vain they fled. I had reloaded, but dared not fire for fear of hitting some of them. The next instant the tiger, springing on a man who was endeavouring to take shelter within a house, with a blow of its formidable paw brought him to the ground, when seizing him by the back of the neck, and shaking him as a cat does a mouse, it bounded on, and to our horror seized another unfortunate victim whom it killed in the same way it had the first.

In the mean time the elephant had been brought round to the other side of the village and was made to proceed up the street, when the tiger was most fortunately met with. Rice and the doctor both fired, but though they hit the brute it was not killed, and it came rushing back to the hut at the top of which Ally and I were seated. To our surprise in it rushed through the very door by which it had made its exit. The difficulty was now to turn it out. Ally suggested that we should make a hole in the roof and fire down upon it. This I did with my pistol, when, finding the place too hot, it bolted out, and old Ally, watching for its appearance, shot the brute through the head the instant it emerged into the street.

We left the poor villagers, though grateful to us, in grief at the loss of their two friends destroyed by the tiger.

We had in the afternoon, some more satisfactory sport, and having killed three spotted deer, besides a number of water-fowl and other birds, we got back to cantonments at nightfall.

I was calling the next day on Major O'Halloran, who was in his office, when a long-robed Nazir or clerk entered and

saluting, rather in a military than civilian fashion, said that he had a matter of importance to communicate and begged that he might speak to the saib alone.



"My friend here can be trusted, go on and let me hear the news!" said the major in an indifferent tone.

"Hear me then, saib," said the Nazir. "The

English are living in fancied security, regardless of the warnings they have received; but let me assure them that they are seated over a powder magazine which a spark at any

moment may ignite. I have for some time been a Christian, and I love all those who have the same faith, and desire to save them from impending destruction."

"What proof can you afford me of the truth of what you say?" asked the major.

"The saib has heard of the chupatties being distributed. Wherever these have gone the people have received them and are ready to rise and destroy all the English. Already, as you know, several regiments have mutinied; and others are prepared at any moment to massacre their officers, even those who are supposed to be most liked by them. You may, before many days are over, find yourself deserted by your own men, even if they do not kill you. There are many bad ones among them who are ready to do so, for the sake of compelling the better disposed to side with them. Their belief is that in a few weeks the whole country will be once more under their rule, though Heaven forbid that such should be the case."

"Amen!" answered the major, who however listened to what had been said with a wonderfully unconcerned air. "I am obliged to you for the information, and though I am satisfied that you believe the truth of what you tell me, I am in no way alarmed. My own men are staunch to the back-bone, and I am of opinion that should the Rajah's troops show any hostility, they would quickly bring them to reason."

The native sighed and shook his head. Some further conversation ensued, but all the time the major would not confess that he was under any apprehensions at what might occur.

When his visitor had gone, however, he remarked to me—

"We must look after those fellows, for though the Rajah himself may find it to his interest to be faithful to the British, his followers may take it into their heads that it would be pleasant to loot the cantonment if we could be got rid of."

Of course I did not mention the stranger's visit to my other friends. I found them quite

as regardless as the major of the many warnings we had received.

Whether or not danger was to be apprehended, we were not more likely to be exposed to it when making excursions through the country, than when living in cantonments, as the villagers were invariably friendly and grateful to English sportsmen for assisting to rid them of the wild beasts their native rulers had allowed so alarmingly to increase; I therefore gladly agreed with the doctor and Rice to take another trip. We proposed confining our sport to deer, peacocks, and other birds. We had not ridden far when we met a horseman, who coming up to us proved to be Ally.

"All right!" exclaimed Rice, "he has been looking out for good ground, we are sure to have sport."

Ally however quickly ranged up. "There can be no sport for the saibs if they desire to save their lives," he said gravely. "I bring bad news. The sepoys have mutinied at Cawnpore, Seetapore, Durriabad, and many other places. I fear that the major and saib Curry, and all those at the cantonments are in great danger. If the saibs will stay here, I will give them warning, though should the men suspect me I shall be killed."

"We cannot let you do that!" exclaimed the doctor, Rice, and I at the same moment. "We will go back and induce our friends to take precautions. We must share their fate, whatever that may be."

Ally endeavoured to dissuade us from going back, but we were firm in our determination, and turning our horses' heads, galloped on as fast as they could lay hoof to the ground.

As we approached the cantonment, the sound of firing reached our ears. Ally entreated us to stop, saying that it would be madness to enter the cantonment, where we should probably find all the English killed and should speedily share the same fate.

I was, I confess, much inclined to agree with him, but the doctor declared that it

was his duty to go where wounded men were to be found, and that the fact of the firing continuing proved that the English and those remaining faithful were still defending themselves.

We met no one, though a spent bullet

reached us from the opposite side of the cantonment. The doctor, followed by Rice, rode towards his own bungalow. Ally and I, however, accompanied by two sycees, dismounted as we entered the compound ; and giving our horses into charge of the latter, I



ordered them to remain on the spot, whilst we made our way towards the bungalow. As we approached we caught sight of several servants endeavouring to hide themselves in the bushes.

The shouts which rose from the other side of the building, warned us that the mutineers were assembled there in considerable numbers, but a thick hedge which ran across that part of the compound prevented

them from getting to the back of the house.

I dashed forward, rifle in hand, hoping that I might still be in time to rescue my gallant friend. Having made my way in at the back door, I reached the large hall opening towards the front, where the first object I caught sight of was the major standing with a sword in one hand and a revolver in the other, while crowding before

him were a large number of howling natives two of whom had mounted on a table but were kept in check by his pistol. Others were creeping forwards on hands and knees, endeavouring to get near enough to spring upon him, not daring to lift their muskets, lest he should, with his deadly weapon, shoot down those nearest to him.

Far beyond rose the smoke of several buildings which the mutineers had set on fire. The flames had already communicated to the bungalow itself, and volumes of smoke were circling round our heads. In a few seconds the whole would have been burning, and the major's fate must have been sealed.

I took the whole scene in at a glance and called out to let him know that I had come to his assistance.

As I was speaking my eye fell on a sepoy whose musket was levelled at his head. I lifted my rifle, and before the man observed me I fired and he fell over, my second bullet brought down another. Ally, though keeping in the background, made good use of his rifle and knocked over two men. The rest, on this, began to retreat; and Ally and I seizing the major's arm, dragged him through the door by which we had entered, closing it after us, and made our way out of the burning house.

CHAPTER VII.

ON escaping from Major O'Halloran's bungalow, we endeavoured to reach the other officers' quarters, and as we were approaching them we saw the doctor and Rice running towards us. Soon afterwards Curry appeared, pale as death, with the blood streaming from a wound in his side. With him came three ladies, two little girls, and a boy, in defending whom, as he assisted them to escape, he had received his hurt. We at once gathered round them.

"Where are the others?" cried the major rushing back.

"Shot down, every man of them," was the answer. "You'll share the same fate if you return."

We were joined by two subahdars, who entreated us to make our escape, announcing that the men who had at first appeared faithful had joined the mutineers, and that, although they and a few other native officers were ready to try and protect us, they feared that they should be unable to do so.

We were all of us armed, and agreed if followed to stand and defend the ladies and children to the last. On one side the country was open, on the other there was jungle with the river intervening. If we could cross the stream, we might hide ourselves in the jungle into which the mutineers would not dare to follow. There was a light bamboo foot-bridge over the river, but it was some distance off. I feared, however, that Curry could not swim; so supporting him, with the aid of Ally, we made towards the bridge accompanied by two ladies, a mother and her daughter, and one of the little girls. The rest of the party attempted to wade or swim across the stream, but before we reached the bridge we saw a number of the rebels running in that direction, hoping to get there before us. We however gained it first, when the miscreants began firing at us; but we made our way so rapidly that providentially none of the party were hit. Ally, with an axe he carried in his belt, the moment we were over began desperately cutting away at the supports, and shouting to us to hurry on and just as the rebels stepped on it the whole structure fell with a crash into the water. His work accomplished the brave Ally sprang after us, while the enemy, to revenge themselves, commenced firing at him. By this time we had got to some distance from the spot, and having dragged the ladies behind some trees we escaped the shower of bullets. Ally soon joined us unhurt. We now, as we hurried on, looked anxiously for the rest of our party; and were thankful, when making our way along a road through the jungle, to fall in with them coming by another path which led up from the ford.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL-DAYS AT KINGSCOURT.

A TALE OF 1803.

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CHAPTER XIX.



fourth of October, the occasion so long looked forward to by the Kingscourt boys, arrived in due season, and happily proved a fine autumnal day. The burning heat of summer had departed, but not its genial glow; the air was bracing, but not chill. Milstead Common, a long stretch of heathery turf, lying between the London and Leddenham roads, had been chosen as the fittest spot for the various events of the day.

Of these there were enough to occupy the attention of the good people of Milstead, from ten in the morning, when the proceedings were to commence, to six in the evening, when they were to conclude—after the genuine English fashion—with a grand dinner in the Town Hall at Milstead. The Review, which stood first in the programme, was to be something more than the full-dress parade, which, in the present day at all events, is called by that name. Two foot regiments, and two squadrons of horse were to take part in it; and these would not only be drawn up in line, and after inspection, break into column, and march past the Flagstaff of the Reviewing general, but would exhibit various military manœuvres. When these were concluded, (which, it was reckoned, they would be by one o'clock) the colours were to be presented to the "Milstead Rifles," by Lady Northcote, the wife of the county member. Then, after a brief interval, the contest for the prize rifle, offered by Mr. Monkton of Cheselden for the best shot in the Milstead Corps, would take place. At the banquet which followed,

Colonel Morley was to take the chair; most of the leading gentry of the neighbourhood would be present; and covers were to be reserved for all the commissioned officers of the various regiments.

It is probable that the privileges, which would appertain to these latter, had not been foreseen by the Kingscourt boys at the time of the election, or the "Caps" would not have allowed Wood to carry the day without making a more vigorous effort to secure the ensigncy for their own candidate. Holmes and Northcote, and even Monkton, had taken very little trouble about the matter, while Cook and Hewett, who really had exerted themselves, were unpopular boys. But if it had been known that the commissioned officers, and they only, would be presented to General Erskine, and receive tickets for the dinner, the affair would have been regarded in a very different light. It was too late, however, now. Wood had been appointed, and had moreover obtained very general approval, from both the officers and privates of the corps. They were obliged to acquiesce in his elevation over their heads; but their amiability was not improved by the fact. Hewett and Cook in particular, chafed inwardly at every fresh mark of approbation bestowed on their adversary—the latter giving free vent to his dissatisfaction, the former concealing it as well as he was able, but continually on the look-out to do Wood a mischief. He had for some time nourished a forlorn hope that Wood would be unable to afford the expense of the uniform, and resign his commission, until he heard casually, that the Chapmans had laid the matter before

Colonel Morley, who had ordered the cost to be defrayed from the general fund; after which he was obliged to abandon all hope of attaining his object.

It was with a very bad grace that the two malcontents donned their uniforms on the morning of the fourth, and proceeded to the cricket pavilion—the place at which the members of the corps had been ordered to muster.

“How many of our fellows are to compete for the prize, have you heard, Holmes?” inquired Harper, as the privates stood awaiting the arrival of the officers, before setting out for the common.

“Three,” answered Holmes. “It was settled only this morning. I believe. Every company is to send its six best shots; and Longshanks and Wool have agreed that the Parnassians and ourselves are each to send three.”

“And who are to be our three?” inquired Cook.

“Longshanks, Monkton, and Wood, so I was told.”

“Wood!” exclaimed Cook, “you don’t mean that to be sure! Longshanks no doubt shoots very well, and besides he is captain of the company, and Monkton is well known as a crack shot. But Wood—why I don’t suppose he ever took a rifle in hand until last August, only a few weeks ago.”

“And he is put before Northcote, who is almost as good a shot as Monkton,” added Hewett. “I know, when I was at Wavelsbourne, Everard’s shooting was praised by fellows who knew what good shooting really was. He has had practice with his uncle’s keepers for I don’t know how many seasons past; and yet a raw hand like Wood, who can’t have shot twenty times, is preferred to him.”

“You are under a mistake,” said Shute. “Wood was practising all last summer holidays under Eugène’s teaching; who is a better shot than any fellow in our corps, as old Goldie has two or three times declared. Wood’s shooting took everyone by surprise, as he hadn’t said anything about his rifle practice during the holidays.

But I know Collins and Longshanks think him the best man of our lot, and the only one who runs any chance of winning.”

“Who do they think will win?” inquired Bell, “I haven’t heard anyone say much about it.”

“There are several very good shots in the corps, I am told,” answered Shute. “There is one of the young Drewes in the Broadleigh company, who is said to be a first rate, and old Pritchard is a crack hand at it, though he’s a little bit out of practice. Captain Lawford of the first Milsteads is a tip-topper too they say. But the fellow generally expected to win, is an old Highland deer-stalker, who is Ellis the gunsmith’s foreman. He is a corporal in the second Milsteads, and it is thought that no one will have any chance with him. But here comes Longshanks at last, and the others with him. A good job too. I’m dead tired of waiting.”

As he spoke the three commissioned officers, accompanied by the sergeants and corporals, as well as by a good many of the privates, who had stayed behind to the last moment, made their appearance, and the company fell in. Captain Chapman, as he ran his eye down the line, could not repress an exclamation of satisfaction, at the appearance they presented. Almost all were well-grown healthy-looking English lads, more nearly of a height and size than could have been expected. Their uniforms of dark green, edged and braided with black, and their picturesque caps set them off to advantage, and the bright flush on every cheek, and the sparkle in every eye, formed as pleasant a sight as anyone need wish to look on. Wood in particular attracted general attention. The handsome dress suited well his active and well-proportioned figure. He carried himself well and soldierly, and as he marched with drawn sword on the reverse flank of his company, his appearance drew repeated encomiums from the throng which had assembled outside the cricket-ground.

Presently the common was reached, on which a large crowd had gathered listening

to the music of the Leddenham military band, or watching with admiration the movements of the regiments, which had already arrived on the ground. There were the Leddenham Fencibles with their scarlet jackets and white facings; the Wroxford Light Infantry, all buff and crimson; the Wavelsbourne and Cheselden Horse, with their plumed shakos and dark blue jackets braided with gold, as well as several of the companies of the Milsteads already drawn up in line. These latter were less conspicuous than the others by reason of the sober colour of their regimentals, but in soldierly appearance no whit behind them.

Colonel Morley, attended by his staff, rode up to welcome Captain Chapman, whom he presented to Sir Hugh Northcote, Colonels Woodford and Monkton. He then shook hands with the other officers.

"You had better get your fellows into order, Chapman," he said; "it is getting near ten o'clock, and Erskine is a punctual man. How well those lads show, Woodford," he said aside to his friend. "I declare they are the smartest company in my regiment."

"Yes," said Colonel Woodford, "they look like business, I allow. I can't think the country is in very great danger when fellows of sixty, like old Watson yonder, and schoolboys of sixteen and seventeen, like your young friends here, are ready to turn out in her defence."

"No," replied Morley, "if Buonaparte does come over, he'll find he has plenty of work cut out for him. But I expect nothing less than to see the French uniform on this side of the Channel."

"You think he doesn't mean it, Morley? I can't agree with you there."

"No, I think he does *mean* it, but he'll find he can't *do* it. He may build boats, and mass troops, and make speeches, and dig up old battle-axes. But speeches won't blow his ships across the Channel, and old battle-axes won't drive Nelson out of it."

"No," said Woodford, laughing, "nor new ones either! Nelson is an awkward

customer for him. Did you hear of his standing close into shore while a review of the French troops was going on, and firing his guns at the Staff, by way of practice?"

"Yes, I heard of that," replied Morley. "So long as he and his tars keep the Channel, the question is not so much whether the French boats are to come over here, as whether they can lie in safety under the protection of their own batteries! Buonaparte may get together a fleet which will be strong enough to drive ours out, but I greatly doubt it. I almost wish he may, and lead his armies over here, terrible as the havoc and loss of life would be."

"You think he would come by the worst of it, eh?" asked Woodford.

"I think he would experience so complete and disastrous an overthrow, that it would put a stop to such attempts for ever after. I do not believe one single Frenchman who landed on these shores would ever go back to France—unless as a prisoner of war, who had been released. But here comes Erskine, I suppose," he added, as a shout was raised on the outskirts of the crowd, "yes, here he is."

General Erskine was a fine-looking veteran, who had won great distinction in America and India, and had recently been appointed to the command of the district. He saluted the colonels, who advanced to meet him, and then rode along the ranks, the troops presenting arms and saluting him as he passed. Taking up his station at the flag-staff, which had been pitched on a slight eminence, he desired that the troops might be put through their evolutions, as arranged. The two infantry regiments were accordingly formed in square to receive the charge of cavalry; while the riflemen, breaking into small knots, advanced as skirmishers, taking advantage of every cover that presented itself to fire and reload. After two hours or so thus employed, the general gave order for the regiments to break into column, and march by the flag-staff, where he still retained his position.

This done, he rode forward and addressed

the troops, expressing his satisfaction at the manner in which the manœuvres had been performed, "which," he declared, "would have done no discredit to regiments of the line; and which, considering how short a time they had been embodied, deserved high praise. He did not doubt that if the foreign invader should carry out his threat, the volunteers of Wroxford and Milstead and Leddenham, as well as those of Wavelsbourne and Cheselden, would be among the foremost among the defenders of the land, of which all were the devoted sons. Now," he added, when the cheers which followed his speech had somewhat subsided, "the next feature in the proceedings of the day is the presentation to the Milstead Rifles of the colours, which have been worked, I am informed, by the hands of our fair countrywomen, who are never behindhand in the cause of loyalty and patriotism. This office has been kindly undertaken by Lady Northcote, the wife of our county member. Let the ensigns now come forward to receive the colours at her hands."

Ensigns Wood and Morison, the two who had been specially selected for this service, advanced to the elevated chair on which Lady Northcote was seated, and received from her hand the splendid colours, embroidered with the proud motto, *Pro rege and patriâ*, worked upon them. Her ladyship made a suitable address as she presented them, after which Parson Podgett offered the prayer usual on such occasions, and Colonel Morley returned thanks to Lady Northcote and General Erskine in the name of the regiment.

"Who was that lad?" asked the general, when the ceremony was over, and the regiments had marched off the ground, "the lad, I mean, who received the colours."

"Which of the lads?" asked Morley, "the light or the dark-haired one?"

"The dark-haired," answered the other. "He is the very living image of a man I knew many years ago in Canada, when I was in command of one of the forts on the northern frontier. He had bought land in

the neighbourhood a few years previously, and used to join our hunting parties."

"The dark-haired lad is called Wood—George Wood," answered the colonel. "He is one of Dr. Chapman's pupils at Kingscourt here."

"Wood. That was my friend's name," returned General Erskine, "and now I think of it, his son was called George. I remember the boy was brought over to the fort to be christened by the chaplain there, and I asked him why he hadn't called him by his own name, which was 'David.' I wonder whether it can be the same."

"I cannot inform you. I don't know anything of Mrs. Wood's history, except that her husband has been dead some eight or nine years, and that she is in very poor circumstances."

"Eight or nine years, that too, corresponds. I was in England, on leave, in 1794, and poor Wood was killed in a hunting expedition during my absence. When I came back, I found that he had been dead six months, and his widow had left the country. I was very sorry, for I had a great regard for poor Wood. I believe I owed my life to him on one occasion, and I should have liked to have done something for his wife and child. Do you know where this lad's mother lives? I should like to make some further inquiries."

"Mrs. Wood lives in a small cottage only a few miles from this. But you would have no time to make inquiries to-day. It is nearly half-past-two now, and the rifle shooting is to begin at three. Besides, I ought to tell you this lady lives in very strict retirement and will receive no visitors. I was anxious myself to do something for this boy, but I learned that she deprecated my intrusion on her privacy so earnestly, that I could not persist. But yours is a different case."

"Quite so, Morley. I only wish to ascertain whether she is my old friend's widow. If she is, I am quite sure she would be glad to see me. When I return this way to London, which will be in the course of another fortnight—"

"Aye, that will do well enough," said Colonel Morley. "Who is that?" he added sharply, as he caught sight of a man standing half hidden by Lady Northcote's Chair, but nevertheless almost close to them, "Who is that? Oh, Hagan! is it? What do you want, sergeant?"

"Major Broughton's compliments," said Hagan, saluting. "He wishes to know in what order you wish the shooting to take



place. Are they to shoot in the order of their regimental rank; or those of one company first, and then those of another; or are they to draw lots?"

"Tell the major, I think he had better determine the matter as he himself thinks best. It is not of any great consequence.

Oh, by the way, Hagan—you know Mrs. Wood, I think—the mother of Ensign Wood, Dr. Chapman's pupil. I fancy I heard you say so."

"Yes, I know her," returned Hagan, briefly.

"General Erskine is inquiring about her. He thinks he may have known her

husband. Do you know if she ever lived in Canada?"

"She never will tell any one where she has lived," replied Hagan.

"What is she like?" asked the general. "Can you describe her personal appearance?"

"She is very much like other women," said Hagan gruffly. "There's nothing particular about her that I know of."

"Do not answer in that way, sir, and remember you are speaking of a lady," said the colonel, sharply. "I can answer your question, general. I saw her accidentally one day, when I was driving through Patcham. She is slight and fair, with blue eyes and auburn ringlets—a very sweet-looking person. Years ago, before her troubles began, she must have been very lovely."

"That was just the Mrs. Wood I knew. Really I should be glad to learn more of this. Well, when I return this way, as I said just now, I will venture to call, notwithstanding her interdict. But it is time we go up to the Rifle Ground, Morley. It won't want above five minutes to three when we reach the ground, and we must begin punctually." They rejoined the staff accordingly, which had been waiting outside the enclosure, and mounting their horses, rode to Broadleigh. Here they found an immense concourse of spectators, who were with difficulty kept within the prescribed bounds by a line of soldiers on either side. The rifle contest was in truth *the* feature in the events of the day which excited the greatest interest. Twelve champions had been chosen to compete, three from each company, and, considering that nearly all these twelve had relations and friends among the throng, and that the issue of the trial had turned all heads for the last month at least, the general excitement was not to be wondered at.

Major Broughton had determined that the competitors should shoot in the order of their regimental rank. Accordingly Major Lawford of the 1st Milsteads and Major Wool of the Parnassians were to

lead off. They were to be followed by Captain Bye of the 2nd Milsteads and Captain Chapman of the Kingscourts. Then came Lieutenant Drewe of the Broadleigh company, Ensigns Morison and Wood, Sergeant Pritchard, Corporal McKinnon, and Privates Green, Monkton, and Wilkes. Precisely at three, the word was given by Sergeant-Major Goldie, who had been appointed umpire, and Major Lawford stepping forward, delivered his shot.

It had been arranged that each of the champions was to fire six times; after which the score so far, was to be made up, and the four who stood highest were to commence a second contest at twice the original distance. There was a good deal of anxiety displayed when the last shot had been fired, and Sergeant Goldie withdrawing to the adjoining marquee proceeded to sum up the hits. After an absence of a quarter of an hour he returned and gave out the result. The first three on the list were equal in respect of numbers. Ensign Wood, Sergeant Pritchard, and Corporal M'Kinnon had each scored twenty-three. The first two named had made two bull's-eyes apiece and three hits, each making one miss. Corporal M'Kinnon had marked three bull's-eyes with his first three shots, but had missed altogether with the other three. Private Monkton came fourth with one bull's-eye and four hits. Major Wool was one behind him. Lieutenant Drewe, Captains Bye and Chapman, and Ensign Morison had attained the same number, two less than that of Lieutenant Drewe; and Major Lawford, Private Wilkes and Private Green brought up the rear.

An interval of a quarter of an hour was now allowed, during which the interest of the spectators, as well as their numbers, seemed to be continually on the increase. The Kingscourts were radiant with triumph. The honours of the day were, so far, certainly with them. Out of the four successful marksmen, two belonged to their company; and their best man, Wood, had shown himself to be the equal even of the far-famed Highlander M'Kinnon, whose

performances with the rifle had been the theme of ever-increasing wonder during the last few weeks, until they had transcended the feats of the admirable Crichton himself. It had been the general belief that no one on the ground—certainly no one in the Kingscourt company—would be able to compete with him at all. Their delight was in proportion to their anticipated failure, and the rumour now circulated that there had been something the matter with the lock of M'Kinnon's rifle, which had been the cause of the failure of his last three shots, was unhesitatingly rejected.

"Bravo, George," said Bell, shaking hands with his friend, "you did that well! We shall see the prize rifle in your hands before the day is out."

"I am afraid not, Austen," responded Wood. "I shot a great deal better than I expected—better indeed than I ever did before in my life. But both these two fellows are ever so much better than I am. Old Pritchard, between ourselves, has had a glass of ale too much, or he wouldn't have missed that last shot; and as for M'Kinnon, I can't think what has happened to him. He covered the bull's-eye the first three times as true as a die; but somehow his fourth shot went quite wrong, and so did the other two. He is going to change his rifle for Captain Bye's, I hear, which is one of the best on the ground, and I guess he'll make short work of me then."

"No, he won't, Georges," said Eugène, "you generally shoot better, comparatively speaking, at the long distance than the short. Keep as steady as you have done so far, and you'll beat them both."

"Well, I'll try, Eugène, if it's only to do credit to your teaching," said Wood, laughing.

"Why, James," said Holmes, at a different part of the ground, "how is this? You are a better shot than Wood, to be sure, any day."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Monkton, sulkily. "I never can shoot my best on these occasions. It is enough to put any

fellow's back up, to see the fuss that's made with Wood. A born snob, whom nobody knows, and whose very uniform has to be paid for by charity! I declare I've half a mind to say I won't shoot the match out."

"He has the luck of old Nick," growled Cook. "None of us had any idea what would come of his being made ensign, or it should never have been done."

"No," assented Monkton. "Everard and I would have taken care of that; and then, to think of that practising with Eugène de Normanville all the holidays! He wouldn't have been among the twenty best of our company, if it hadn't been for that. I hadn't a notion of it. I'm quite mad with myself for having persuaded my father to give the prize." He walked sullenly off to join Northcote, who was talking to some of the Parnassians a short way off.

"It is very provoking for James, certainly," remarked Hewett to Cook, when they were left alone. "But he makes more of it than there is any need for. When this match is over, people will think very little about Wood, I expect."

"Oh, will they?" returned Cook. "I heard Sir Hugh speaking to Everard about him, and telling him he'd better invite Wood to pass the Christmas holidays at Wavelsbourne. 'I told you to ask a friend,' he said, 'and I should think you would like it to be this young Wood.'"

"Yes," said Holmes, "and I heard old Monkton tell Chapman he thought Wood would make a first-rate Indian officer. He wanted to know whether he'd like a cadetship given him."

"You heard that yourselves, did you?" asked Hewett, addressing Cook and Holmes.

"I heard what Sir Hugh Northcote was saying plain enough," said Cook, "I was standing close to him. What is more—I heard Everard answer that he would invite Wood with great pleasure, and that he liked him very much."

"And I heard Mr. Monkton too, as distinctly as any one can hear anything," added Holmes.

Hewett was about to make some further

remark, when, fortunately for himself, he was checked by the sound of the bugle, which was the notice that the second batch of shooting was about to commence. The boys hurried up, just in time to see Wood, who, as the highest in regimental rank of the four, shot first. He levelled very steadily, and his shot struck the target, but some inches from the bull's-eye. Pritchard followed, and also scored a hit. Corporal M'Kinnon, the third on the list, now advanced. He was a long wiry-built fellow, with hard, weather-beaten features, and a small piercing eye. He took his stand and aim with much deliberation, and then drew the trigger. A loud shout followed, as the scorer registered a bull's-eye. Monkton came last, but his shot was not successful.

Wood again took his place, and the others followed as before, but it soon became evident that the issue of the contest was already determined. Wood and Pritchard both shot well, the former scoring one bull's-eye and two hits, the other four hits; but M'Kinnon, who was not possessed of a first-rate weapon, was incapable. He scored four bull's-eyes and two hits, and was pronounced the winner of an easy victory. Wood came next, one mark above Pritchard, and Monkton last, the latter indeed had retired from the contest after three misses.

"Never mind, my lad," said Colonel Morley, shaking Wood by the hand. "It's no shame to be beaten by an old hand like that. You have upheld the credit of your company gallantly. Lads," he continued, turning to the Kingscourts, who were thronging round, brimful of excitement and delight, "you must give your schoolfellow three cheers for the honour he has won for Kingscourt!"

The boys gave them heartily; and then taking leave of the colonel, returned under Doctor Chapman's escort to their own home: while the principal personages of the day, together with the officers belonging to the various regiments, betook themselves to the Inn to partake of the grand dinner, with which the doings of the great day were to conclude.

CHAPTER XX.

DINNER had been provided for the men belonging to the Broadleigh company in the Fishing Temple; and thither they proceeded as soon as the review was over. Sergeant Pritchard, as senior non-commissioned officer, was appointed to take the chair, and Sergeant Hagan, who ranked next to him, ought to have acted as vice-chairman. But he did not put in an appearance. Some enquiries were made, and a few conjectures hazarded. But his strange unsocial habits were well-known, and the company were not inclined to defer their enjoyment on his account. Corporal Attwood was appointed to fill his place, dinner was served, and in a few minutes his companions had forgotten all about him.

Hagan in truth had been too much disturbed by the conversation which had passed between the two officers and himself, and by the subsequent incidents of the rifle contest, to allow of his taking part in the festivities which followed. He hurried homeward by a short cut through the Park to his cottage, anxious only at the moment to be rid of his companions. But half-way through the wood, he paused and sat down on the root of a tree to collect his ideas.

"This business must be settled one way or another, now," he reflected. It had been put off, and put off, in the hope that Lucy would relent. But months had passed, and she had shewn no sign of relenting, and now it could not be put off any longer. That is, it could not be put off, unless he was prepared to give the game up. If the colonel was to be allowed to find out everything: if Lucy was to be lifted into a position far out of his reach, where he couldn't afterwards presume even to speak to her: if this boy—the son of the man he still hated with unabated bitterness—if he was to be acknowledged as the heir of Broadleigh Park, and he was to stand by and see it all done—then, no doubt, all would be simple and easy enough. That was what would inevitably happen, if he took no step to prevent it. This General Erskine

—an old and trusted friend of her husband's—if she came to speech with him, it was a hundred to one that all would come out. She would confide to him the particulars of her husband's history, and the general knew enough of Frank Atherley's career, to be able at once to identify him with the colonel's lost brother. Was he prepared to let that take place? "No," he muttered to himself, with a bitter oath, as the thought passed through his mind. "I'll pitch this lad off the deck of the lugger into the sea—I'll send a bullet out of this rifle through her brain, before I'll suffer it."

"But I'll give her one more trial—one more trial. Women go on for ever so long, holding out, and then, all of a sudden, when no one expects it, they give in. Maybe she'll do so now. But there isn't any time to lose. If this boy's to be carried off, it must be done at once. These Frenchmen will be in with the tide to-morrow evening, and they'll carry him off willingly enough. But what will they do with him, when they've got him? I don't wish him so much harm as to be thrown overboard, as so much lumber, or because they'll be afraid of his telling tales; and yet that ain't unlikely to happen either, and is pretty sure to happen, if he turns restive. Well, it can't be helped," he added, after a few minutes more; "and it is no use fretting about it. If Lucy changes her mind it needn't happen. Well, I'll see her—see her at once. She was on the ground to-day, looking on at her boy in his fine clothes. Luckily the colonel didn't notice her, but I did. She'll be at home by this time, and alone, most likely, for the servant girl will be looking on at the fireworks. I'll set off at once."

Three hours afterwards he re-entered his cottage, which was empty, his housekeeper being still absent at the festivities. Anybody that knew him would have perceived that his passions were greatly roused. There was a stern look in his eyes, and a red flush on his forehead, which boded ill to anyone who might cross his path at that moment.

"She will have it," he muttered, "and she

shall have it. It is all up now." He took a key from his pocket, and was on the point of unlocking his door, when a man, wrapped in a cloak, came out from under the shade of the neighbouring trees, and tapped him on the shoulder, exclaiming in a foreign accent, "Aha, M. Hagan."

Hagan threw the hand off, and turned angrily on its owner. "What, you are here again!" he cried. "I told you yesterday, once and for all, that I would have nothing to do with you and your plottings."

"You have told me so, without doubt," answered the foreigner, "but you will think better of it, my friend, or there will be a trouble, a *désordre*—what you call a row."

"Who is to make it?" asked Hagan.

"Who? Paul Drouet and Jules Haye and their employers, whom it is no need to name. Listen, my friend. Jean le Grand was to have come over to-morrow with his usual crew, and he, like yourself, does not concern himself with anything but his trade. But it is all changed now. We have had notice that Jean and Pierre will not come this time, but Paul Drouet and his Bretons. There are thirty or so of them, and they are well armed, and will fight, like M. Georges himself. They have charge of the cargo, and will deliver it like men of honour. But they will not be crossed in this matter. They do not care for your smuggling. They care for their country, and will insist on our accompanying them back to France. It will be bad for you if you resist them. They would shoot anyone who attempted to prevent it like a dog, or, maybe, carry them over to France, and deliver them up to the government."

"Deliver them up to the French government!" exclaimed Hagan, in astonishment. "No, no, that won't go down. It's not very likely that they would have any dealings with the French government."

"Ah, you do not understand the state of things in France," said La Croix. "We have means of doing things in a round-about way there—we have what you call friends at court. If an Englishman is troublesome, and we do not like to cut his

throat, we can deliver him up as an English prisoner. My faith, we have done so more than once already, and the government keep him close shut up. They ask no questions."

Hagan was silent. He saw in this suggestion of the foreigner's, the solution of the difficulty which had been perplexing him. In spite of the bitterness of his feelings toward both Lucy and George, he was unwilling to shed the boy's blood. That step, too, would of course cut him off from all possibility of future connexion with her. But if George could be carried across to France, and consigned to a prison, that would exactly suit his purpose. He would be able to prevent the lad's advancement, which he grudged him so bitterly, and at the same time obtain a more powerful hold over his mother. If George should disappear, and he alone knew where he was, and had the power of restoring him to her, he must carry the day after all.

"Well, mounseer," he said at last, "I suppose it's of no use trying to cross you—you will have your way, and you must. I know these Bretons of yours—they'd agree to be hung six days in every week, if there was a chance of getting a shot at Bonyparty on the seventh. Well, then, we'll take you in at the cove, and put you aboard the *Esperance*, as they call her. I'll only ask you to do me one favour in return."

"A favour? Ah! what is it, my friend? I shall doubtless be charmed to do it."

"I only want you to take a young fellow on board, who we think has been telling tales about us, and whose mouth we want to stop."

"Bah! that is easily done. Hand him over to us, and he will talk no more, believe me."

"But we don't want him shot or drowned, you understand, only kept from mischief. Suppose you pass him over to one of the French prisons as you were speaking about just now."

"Ah! I understand; you do not desire to kill him, but only put out of the way. Well, it shall be done. He shall go on

board the *Esperance* in my company, and the commandant at Brest shall make his acquaintance when he arrives. Well, *bon soir*, my friend; to-morrow, in the afternoon, we will come to the cove."

He took himself off, humming a lively French air, no more disturbed apparently, by the dangers he was about to encounter, or the deed he was meditating, than if he had been getting ready for a ball and supper at the Palais National. Hagan looked after his retreating figure with a mingled feeling of admiration and dislike.

"He don't want for nerve, that fellow," he muttered; "and he'd blow out his own father's brains, I expect, and think nothing of it ten minutes afterwards. I don't suppose young Wood will try it on with him. If he does, 'twill be his own fault. Well, now, how am I to get this boy into my hands? If I send him a message, asking him to meet me, he wouldn't come; and he'd suspect something, if the note was written in the colonel's name or the parson's. I have it," he exclaimed, after a few minutes' thought. "I haven't kept that note, after all, for nothing. I believe it is the only one she ever wrote me."

He unlocked a desk, took out a letter in a woman's handwriting, and after carefully examining it, and making one or two slight alterations in it, placed it in his pocket-book. The return of his housekeeper from witnessing the fireworks, now warned him that the night was considerably advanced; and after hastily partaking of his evening meal, he lay down to rest.

There was but little work done in the schoolroom, at Kingscourt, on the morning after the review. The boys lounged through their work, their thoughts being only too evidently elsewhere; and both Dr. Chapman and his brother were obliged to exert all their self-command to prevent their own attention from going astray. Every one was glad when morning school was over, and the boys poured out into the cricket ground. The seniors broke into knots, eagerly discussing the events of the great day, which was still full of interest for them.

Hewett contrived to draw Cook on one side, telling him there was a favour which he was particularly anxious he should do for him, but which he would rather ask of him in private.

"Oh, very well," said Cook, in reply, "come to the 'Chimney,' then—we shall be quite private there."

"Won't Monkton, or Northcote, or some of them, be coming in there?" asked Hewett, who had no fancy for the "Chimney," even in broad day.

"Monkton, Northcote, and Steve, have gone to lunch with some of the officers of the Wavelsbourne troop, who are still staying in Milstead. Chapman gave them leave. Thorne has been kept in all playtime by Longshanks. There is not the least chance of any one coming near the 'Chimney,' this morning, but ourselves."

"Very well, then, I'll come," said Hewett, reluctantly following his companion.

"Well, now, William," he began, when they were seated, "what I have to say mainly concerns Wood——"

"Wood be hanged!" burst out Cook, impatiently. "I'm tired to death of the sound of his name. I wish he was anywhere but at Kingscourt. The fuss that is made with him is not to be borne."

"I am entirely of your mind," said Hewett. "But I can't help thinking there must be some mistake as to what Sir Hugh Northcote and Mr. Monkton said about him."

"There isn't any mistake," retorted Cook; "I heard it plain enough. I think it's monstrous, but it's true, nevertheless."

"If it is true, I think it ought to be stopped," remarked Hewett.

"I should like to see it stopped," rejoined Cook, "but how is that to be done? A low fellow like that, that nobody knows anything about—whose mother is ashamed to show herself,—to be asked to great people's houses, and be put over our heads! It disgusts me!"

"Just so; but if Sir Hugh and Mr. Monkton were told that he was what you truly say he is, they wouldn't continue to

make this fuss with him. They'd drop him at once, I have no doubt."

"You think so?" returned Cook, looking curiously at his companion, "Why don't you tell them so, then? Everybody knows you want to be asked again to Wavelsbourne and Cheselden yourself——"

"I don't know that any one has a right to say that," interrupted Hewett.

"Pooh! every one says it, and every one knows it," said Cook; "and I don't see where's the harm if you do wish it."

"Well, to be candid, I do wish it," rejoined Hewett; "and I have reasons for wishing it, which I am sure you would approve, if you knew them. But don't you see, that the very fact of its being known that I wished to be asked, and should have been asked if it hadn't been for Wood,—that very fact, I say, prevents *me* from saying anything about him. Now, you have no wish, I believe, to go to Wavelsbourne and Cheselden——"

"Not I!" exclaimed Cook; "I'd rather pass my holidays in my own home. I suppose you mean that I had better suggest to James and Everard that Wood is a snob, and all that, eh?"

"If you have no objection to do so, I should certainly think that no one could do it with so much propriety."

"But suppose I *have* an objection," said Cook, "what then? It is no business of mine, you see. It would do me no good, and might get me into a row."

"It couldn't do that," returned Hewett; "and as for its doing you no good, you mistake there. I would gladly do anything to requite anyone, who would render me such a service."

"You would, hey? what would you do now for me, if I prevented Everard and James from inviting Wood this Christmas and left the field open to you?"

"I would do any thing I was asked to do."

"Really? Suppose I asked you to give me a jolly good watch and seals. I haven't got a watch, and am not likely to have one—for a year or two to come at all events."

"You know I haven't the money, Cook, or I would give it you with all my heart."

"Thank you. Suppose then, I asked you to go down to the Cove, and insist on Burn and the others bringing us some more tobacco. You have no particular reason for being afraid of them—"

"Reason for being afraid of them!" exclaimed Hewett hastily, and turning as pale as death. "No, of course not, why should I?"

"I don't know, I am sure," replied Cook, looking at his schoolfellow with some surprise. "But as you have no reason for avoiding them, you can ask them for the tobacco, if you like it."

"I have no reason for avoiding them, different from what all the fellows have—not the least reason," said Hewett. "But any of us, who went on such an errand, would not only get no tobacco, but a volley of abuse, and very likely a rope's end laid over his shoulders. They've declared they will have nothing more to do with us, and have taken no notice of the letter sent them. You mustn't ask me to do that, glad as I should be to oblige you, if I possibly could."

"You are very kind, I am sure. And I too should be most happy to do what you ask me—if I possibly could. But really I can't. And now it is time to be off. It doesn't want long to dinner."

He got up evidently anxious to cut short the interview, and made his way out by the trap. Hewett got up to follow. He had no fancy for loitering behind in the Haunted House; and he was slowly and sullenly ascending the steps to the ash-pit, when he heard a voice close behind him.

"Beg pardon, sir, I should like to say a word or two to you, if you can spare the time."

Hewett turned sharp round, and stared at the speaker with such a look of mingled astonishment and dismay, that Hagan, (for he was the newcomer) could not forbear a smile.

"I don't mean any harm, young gentleman," he said, "quite the contrary. I

happened to hear what you were saying to the other young gentleman, and I think I can do what you want done. If you'll just come this way for five minutes, I'll explain."

"No, thank you," exclaimed Hewett, recoiling as the man held open the well remembered door leading under the floors of the rooms—"I'd—I'd rather not go there. You can come up here, if you want to speak to me. No one will interrupt us there."

"Are you sure of that, sir? I've been told that sometimes there's as many as half-a-dozen or more of you, all talking together in this room. Mayn't one of 'em come in?"

"No, not to-day. They're all engaged elsewhere. Why, it is Mr. Hagan, isn't it?"

"That is my name, sir. I think I've seen you before—down at the Cove one day last spring, and at the Review yesterday. 'Mr. Hewett' the other gentleman 'called you."

"Yes, my name is Hewett. What is it you have to say to me?"

"Well, sir, there are some things—some thing rather, which you wanted done—"

"Oh yes, the gentleman with whom I was talking wanted me to get some tobacco from you. He wanted me to go down to the Cove to get it"—

"And you said, you shouldn't like to do it. I heard that. You were wise, sir. The Cove is a place you'd all of you do well to keep away from. But as for the tobacco, the young gent who wrote, said he wanted it left at Mrs. White's, or brought here. Now Mrs. White has got frightened, and won't allow any of us to go to her house. But I don't mind bringing it, or what's the same thing—sending it to you, here."

"Why, you said—that is to say Burn said—that he durstn't come near this house—"

"Ah, that was at night, sir," said Hagan, looking very grave, "best say nothing about that. But if you'll give me the money for it, I, or one of my mates, will bring the bacca here in an hour or so. You can pay for it when it is brought, if you like that better."

"That will do very well," said Hewett. "I'll be sure and tell Cook—tell them I mean, and they'll have the money ready."

"Mr. Cook—ah, he's the young gentleman whom you were talking to about young Mr. Wood, wasn't he?"

"Young Mr. Wood," repeated Hewett, aghast at discovering that his schemes against his schoolfellow had been overheard by a stranger.

"Aye, young Mr. Wood—Mr. George Wood, who was cutting such a splash yesterday in his officer's uniform, as though he was one of the tip-top quality! You don't like him, Mr. Hewett, it seems."

"He—he hasn't been friendly—we don't—don't get on together," stammered Hewett. "But I don't know——"

"Don't know what business that is of mine," suggested Hagan. "Well, but I think I heard you say you didn't want him to be asked to Sir Hugh Northcote's house this winter. You wanted to be asked yourself, and you wouldn't be, if he went. That is what the other young gentleman said he couldn't manage. I don't suppose he could manage it, but I could. I could, and I would too——"

"How could *you* manage it?" exclaimed Hewett, forgetting in his astonishment to deny the accuracy of Hagan's statements.

"Never mind that for the present. Now I'll tell you a bit of my mind, sir. I don't want this young Wood—those may call him 'Mr.' that like—I don't want him to be asked to Wavelsbourne. *Why* I don't want it, is neither here nor there; but I'm as much set on preventing it, as you are."

"Of course I don't want to enquire into your motives or feelings, Mr. Hagan," said Hewett. "I daresay you have a very good reason, but it doesn't concern me."

"No, sir, nor does your reason concern me. That is quite true, but as we both want the same thing, I don't see why we shouldn't help one another to get it. And if you'll do something I want you to do—it is quite easy, and can't get you into trouble of any kind—I'll engage that George Wood won't see the inside of Wavelsbourne Abbey

or Cheselden Park either, this winter—no nor next winter either!"

"Do something for you," repeated Hewett, uneasily. "I should like to hear first what it is."

"It is only to get him to walk down with you to Whicheley End this afternoon——"

"Whicheley End? What! that bit of ground down on the shore, about a mile and a half from here, with a lot of sand-pits and shrubs and gorse——"

"That's the place, sir. There's a cottage there, where a man named Brown used to live, but he has left, and it's empty now. If you will persuade him to walk down there this afternoon, say about five o'clock, that's all I ask."

"He wouldn't come if I were to ask him; he'd think it odd, as we're not very good friends," suggested Hewett. "I don't know what I could say that would induce him."

"That is easily managed, Mr. Hewett. If you'll give him this note, he'll be sure to come with you. But it isn't necessary for you to do more than just walk with him till he is clear of the premises, and take care no one goes with you, or finds out where he is going to."

"But you're not going to—to—to," stammered Hewett, turning very white at the ideas which presented themselves to his imagination.

"I am not going to do what?" asked Hagan calmly.

"Oh! I don't know, I'm sure. Only you know all sorts of stories are told about what smugglers do to people who—not that I know that you're a smuggler, Mr. Hagan. I didn't mean——"

"Never mind about smugglers, Mr. Hewett. That's a matter it's safer not to talk about. I don't know what people may suppose; but I've no intention of cutting Mr. Wood's throat, or blowing out his brains either, if that's what you mean."

"You're sure you're not going to——"

"I am not going to hurt him at all. I may take him away with me, perhaps, but I'm not going to hurt him."

"Well, if no harm is going to be done to

him, I don't see what objection there can be to simply delivering a letter, or taking a walk with him as far as the end of Milham Lane. I suppose that would be far enough, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, that would be far enough. Here is the letter then, and I will wish you good evening."

"Good evening," repeated Hewett, by no means sorry to put an end to the interview.

"I wonder what he means to do with Wood," he thought, as he crossed the playground. "Hand him over to a pressgang perhaps, or the East India Company's service, or something of that kind. I've heard of such things. Well, I've nothing to do with that. I simply deliver a letter I'm asked to deliver, knowing nothing at all as to what might be its contents. I don't see how anybody could discover that it was I who gave him the letter. But even if they did, they couldn't prove I knew anything as to what it was about. In fact *I don't* know. So that is quite safe. I can give it to Wood after four o'clock,—when school is up."

Meanwhile Hagan re-entered the house through the underground door, by which he had invited Hewett to enter the house, and passing through the long range of cellars emerged at last into a sort of shed or summer-house in Dan Corfield's garden. Here he found the old smuggler sitting in front of his cottage, nominally engaged in mending a net, but in reality on the lookout for certain signals out at sea, which he had been expecting all the morning.

"So Paul and his Bretons are to make their appearance to-night, Dan," he said, "instead of Jean and Pierre, are they?"

"So I've received notice," said Corfield. "I don't know the exact hour yet, and sha'n't know it, till I gets the signal. The *Esperance* is to stand in an hour or two before midnight—that's certain; but whether it will be seven, or eight, or nine, or ten, I ain't sure yet."

"They're to put in at the Cove, aren't they?" asked Hagan.

"Yes, at the Cove. We've contrived to make Roby believe that the landing is to be in Lindley Bay—Jem Lawler managed that well. Roby has ordered all his men there, and he won't hear anything about it, I expect, till the cargo's safe landed, and the boats are off again—not that it would matter to Paul, whether he fell in with them or not. He's that daring, that he'd rather prefer a tussle with the Preventives, to having things quite smooth and straight."

"I daresay; but it matters to us, and matters a good deal," returned Hagan. "By-the-bye, Dan, you remember what was said at the Cove a little while ago—on that day, you know, when we saw one of Dr. Chapman's schoolboys poking about the Cove, and suspected one of his school-fellows had blown upon us?"

"I remember it well enough," said Corfield, "you were to find out which of 'em it was, and if you did—something or other was to be done to him—something baddish, but I forget what. I think it was to be left to you."

"You're right. That's exactly what we agreed, and you promised to help me in carrying out anything I proposed."

"All right, so I will, and so will Jem Lawler and Spurrell."

"Well, Dan, I've found the lad out, and I'm going to hand him over to Paul to be carried over to France, out of our way. He must be seized and gagged, and taken in the boat to the Cove before seven this evening. I want you to help me grab him."

"I'll help. But how are we to lay hands on him?"

"I've contrived to send him a letter which will be safe to bring him to Whicheley End this afternoon—to Brown's old cottage, you know."

"I know. Well, that's not a bad place for nabbing a fellow, I must say. He may holler loud enough without any one hearing him there. Very well, we'll join you there before five o'clock."

ASCENTS AND ADVENTURES;

A RECORD OF

HARDY MOUNTAINEERING IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE

BY HENRY FRITH.

Author of "The Adventures of an Engine Driver," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SIERRAS.—MOUNT TYNDALL AND ITS PERILS.—MOUNT SHASTA.



IN our last chapter we referred to the wonderful upheaval of the Sierra Nevada, and spoke of it generally. We will now endeavour to make an ascent of a mountain or two in that beautiful range. But it would be highly injudicious to attempt to scale any such heights without assistance. In such expeditions as these an experienced guide is necessary, so let us take Professor Whitney and his friend Mr. Clarence King, whose very pleasant volume, "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," will afford much entertainment to any boy who may be desirous to learn something about those western ranges.

So with this experienced leadership we will venture to look at the great mountain range whose eastern slope trends rapidly to the plain. The long line of sharply pointed and snow clad peaks is visible from afar, and extends from lat. 35° to $39^{\circ} 30'$, and for certainly four hundred miles the Sierra Nevada constitutes a ridge across the continent, and divides the fertile soil and warm climate of California from the almost desert strip of land on the eastern side. Mr. King and his companion set off in May, 1866, mounted upon mules, which exhibited a peculiar antipathy for each other, so one rider was always about a quarter of a mile in advance of the other. The journey was not very pleasant. Water, we read, was only found at intervals of sixty or seventy miles, and when found was

not nice. This was the beginning of a series of adventures in the Sierra Nevada, including an ascent of Mount Tyndall, which we fancy would please our British "Alpine" Clubmen to accomplish.

The undertaking appeared impossible. The prospect was not pleasant. From the point the explorers had gained it appeared that the Sierras made two "summit ranges," and they (the travellers) were standing upon the westernmost of the ridges. Beneath was a gulf several thousand feet deep; a deep cliff ending in a snow field, and opposite rose a magnificent mountain wall, the grandest in America. The undertaking the expedition had to accomplish was to climb that wall.

We cannot, of course, follow the explorers step by step up this mountain. Those who wish to do so must read the book; but we may give a few indications of the perils of the ascent. The party bivouacked high up the slope on a granite shelf, and at four o'clock, A.M., when the explorers woke, the thermometer marked 2° above zero, and everything was frozen as hard as possible. They started up the snow slope, and the snow and the slope became more difficult. No ice-axe was handy to cut the necessary steps. Any advance in that manner was made by means of a bowie-

a useful weapon, but scarcely suited for step-cutting. The prospect in front was not encouraging. "To look back when we stopped," says Mr. King, "was to realize our danger, that smooth swift slope of ice,

carrying the eye down a thousand feet to the margin of a frozen mirror, ribs and needles of rock piercing upwards through the snow, so closely grouped that had we fallen a miracle only might save us from being dashed to pieces."

No foothold above and an impossible descent, would appear to ordinary mortals something like a "fix," but Messrs. King and Cotter did not look upon it at all in that light. They, like Englishmen, did not know when they were beaten. But they had reached a place where there was no possible advance by any ordinary means. The only thing to do was to use the lasso, and after repeated attempts they succeeded in throwing the rope over a pinnacle of rock and up this they hauled themselves hand over hand. Mr. King pulled himself up the sheer vertical face of the precipice, swinging like a pendulum over an abyss some thousands of feet in depth. The instruments were hauled up. Mr. Cotter followed and the ridge was gained.

Now the question arose as to the method of proceeding. To climb to the great white peak, the goal of the expedition, a descent must be made down a steep precipice. This undertaking reads like a romance, and were it not that the expedition was for the purposes of science we should think it foolhardy. Looking down this wall of rock a tiny ledge was discovered, just sufficient space for the men to stand on, but no room for the knapsacks. King was lowered by his friend; then the knapsacks were let down and hung on a neighbouring pinnacle. Then Mr. Cotter came swinging down and the noose was cast off. There they were, no possibility of return, standing upon a shelf of granite two feet wide and no point to fasten a rope to. How to proceed was now a question simply of life and death—that was all.

Such a position as this for a real professional climber would be almost unattainable bliss. No person worthy of the name of climber or cragsman would care to ascend a mountain in which he could not feel he was hourly risking his neck. But

Mr. King and friend had an excuse, they were bent upon survey duty and accordingly determined to try the climb. By a series of gymnastics which it would require the volume to tell or a Leotard to explain, one of the men let himself go—only supported by the rope from above—but the rock overhangs the next shelf and the cheerful sensation of dangling over the brink of eternity was the predominant feeling. There was only a chance—and here we will quote the narrator for a sentence—"I loosened my hold and slid quickly down. My shoulder struck against the rock and threw me out of balance: for an instant I reeled over upon the verge in danger of falling, but in the excitement I thrust out my hand and seized a small alpine gooseberry-bush. Its roots were so firmly fixed in the crevice that it held my weight and saved me."

So far so good, but worse remained behind. We mean no reflection upon the gentleman left above. The luggage-knapsacks came down bumping, and were hauled in safely. Then came Mr. Cotter's turn. In a few minutes his boots appeared hanging over the pent-house ledge in front. Mr. King gathered in all the rope and told his friend to drop. He naturally hesitated. With great presence of mind, Mr. King lay in wait, and when his companion let go, he was caught by the shoulder and thrown back upon the granite shelf, three feet wide—safe and sound.

But there was much more to be done, and foot by foot the precipice was conquered, and a bivouac was gained. Night came on and still the great mountain was unvanquished. At half-past three A.M. the travellers were again afoot, and a tremendous snow-slope had to be encountered. We question whether the terrible, or rather lately terrible Matterhorn has anything to compare with the summit of Mount Tyndall. The melting of the ice in the morning sunlight liberated immense blocks. These tons of granite flew past, and the determined climbers scrambled up apart for fear of killing each other by dislodging a block or two. Still the men went on, and reached

a point where to fall into a crevice on one side meant being "wedged to death between rock and ice;" a slip on the other meant a

shoot of five hundred feet and a precipice. The mountain summit was guarded by a seemingly inaccessible granite wall all round



The Sierra.

the peak. Except in one spot it was absolutely blank. Here no general description will do justice to the situation, and we must quote the end. It is enough to make one shiver to read.

"Quite near us the snow bridged across the crevice and rose in a long point to the summit of the wall—a great ice-column—its base ten feet wide narrowing to two feet at the top!"

This must have been a sort of *aiguille* of ice, and up this it was necessary to cut steps. At first the snow gave pretty firm footing, but the upper portion was pure ice. "It was so vertical, and so thin that," says Mr. King, "*we did not dare to cut footsteps deep enough to make them absolutely safe.*"

There was a fear that this ice pinnacle would suddenly snap like an icicle, and at last the spire of ice became so thin that it was embraced by both arms, the climber, as on a tree, cutting mere toe-holes and clasping the ice closely. By this method the top of the granite wall was reached—an easy slope to the summit was followed up rapidly, and the grand peak was named Mount Tyndall.

So this tremendous mountain was won. That there are higher ranges we admit, and perhaps the dangers may appear greater to the reader than they did to the travellers. But we cannot remember ever realizing the danger of climbing so much as when perusing this narrative, and we wish we could have reproduced it more fully—it is well worth reading.

The descent was accomplished in safety. The dangerous places were neither few nor far between, and those who wish to know how boot-soles came off and the tremendous precipices were slid down barefoot, can refer to the book. But if the ascent had been difficult and perilous the descent called forth such courage and real self-denial as any one ever possessed.

This praise may be thought extravagant. Well then, boys, you who admire courage or pluck, read what follows and tell us then what *you* think.—The friends had to climb a wall of rock; about two feet above King's hands was a crack which, if his arms could have reached, would have brought him to the top, as he judged. Beneath was a sheer ice slope, and Mr. King, finding the reach above too long, made way for Mr. Cotter whose longer arms might reach and grasp the crack. Now mark the sequel.

He (Cotter) reached the farthest point to which his companion had got without difficulty, and "made a bold spring for the

crack, reaching it without an inch to spare, and holding on wholly by his fingers. He thus worked himself along the crack towards the top, and at last getting his arms over the brink, gradually drew his body out of sight. . . He said he was "All right," and said to his friend, "Don't be afraid to bear your weight." But the other determined to do the work unaided as his friend had done it, so when he had gained his former position, he gathered up all his strength and made a spring, "just getting the tips of his fingers in the crack." The narrator says—

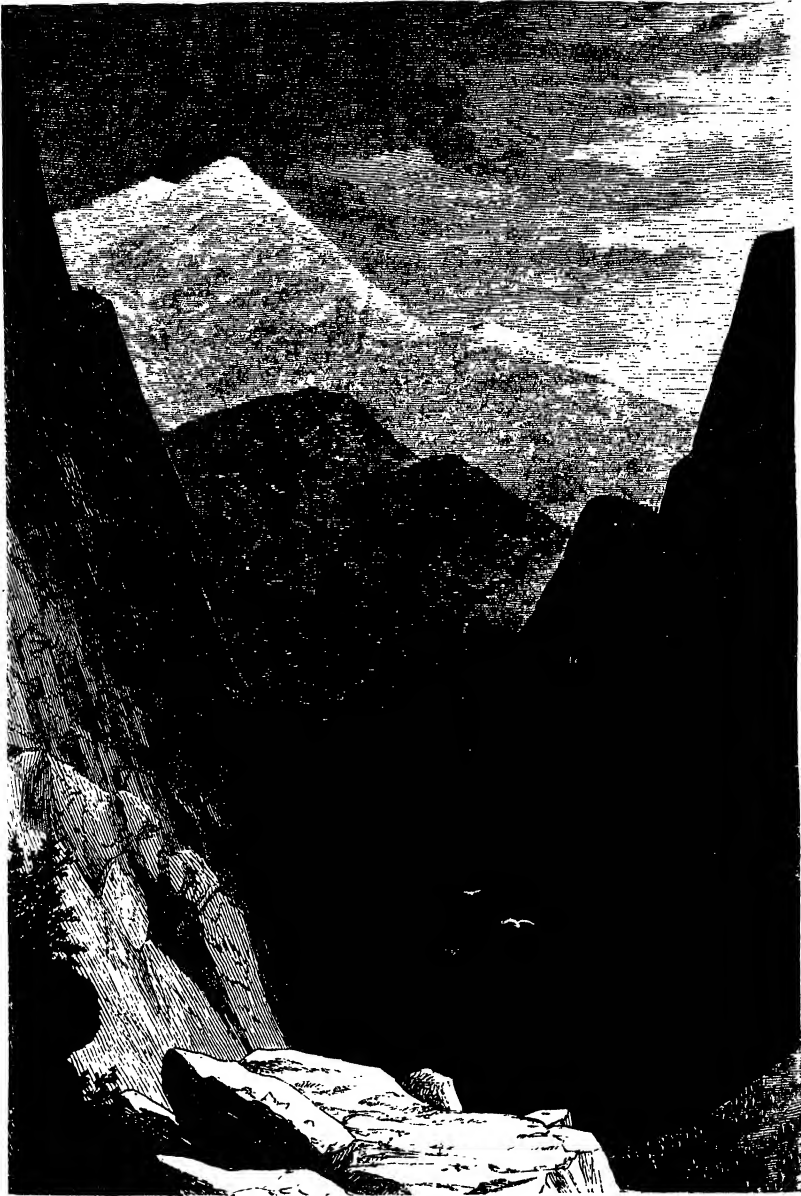
"I felt the sinews of my hands relax a little, but the picture of the slope of ice and the blue lake affected me so strongly, that I redoubled my grip and climbed slowly along till I got one arm over the edge, as Cotter had done." Looking up, Mr. King saw that his friend was sitting upon a smooth slope—no brace for his feet nor hold for his hands; "the rope was tied round his breast, he knowing that my only safety lay in my being able to make the climb unaided, certain that the least waver in his tone would have disheartened me."

Now that was real courage: to sit as he did to give confidence to his companion; knowing that the least pull would have dragged him into eternity, and yet he was willing to encounter the risk for his friend, "seated at the door of death, and silently listening for the fatal summons."

We cannot follow these adventurous climbers farther. We have said enough to show that the grim yet beautiful Sierra Nevada of the American continent possesses features which in point of grandeur and danger are at least the equal of the formidable Alpine peaks. We very much doubt whether these mountains will ever become the "playground of climbers," that the Alps have now been for some years, even if the facilities of modern travel should render them as accessible; but we would advise any person with health, money, and leisure, to pause and consider before he decided to turn his back upon the majestic Sierra Nevada.

We cannot quit the Californian Alps with-

out a reference to the magnificent peak which rises at its northern extremity—Mount Shasta, clad in perpetual snow it cannot be mistaken. It is a curious fact that Mount Whitney though more lofty loses its white crown during the summer months. Shasta



A Monarch of the Range.

is nearly 14,500 feet high, Mount Whitney is really an extinct volcano, and for any one is nearly 15,000. In the valley of the Sacramento river, the traveller will obtain very difficult climb, across the lava and up the snow slopes. The usual manner of

ascent we believe is to go up from the Strawberry Valley for about ten miles to where the line of timber-growth ends. There, by rising early next day and pushing on, the mountain may be scaled and the return to camp successfully accomplished.

Sometimes, however, the venture may be made and result in danger. The clouds may and do come up suddenly, and *cumuli* in that neighbourhood being interpreted mean "snow," and snow on Shasta, is no joke. For those who wish to read about Shasta, and the scenes that took place, the work of Mr. Miller will supply all details. "Life among the Modocs" will give the reader some insight into the surroundings of this mighty mountain. To be caught in a snow-storm upon this mountain-side is an experience we would rather not undergo. On one side the thickly falling flakes, upon the other the hissing and boiling orifices or "fumaroles" which indicate the hidden fires beneath. Hot mud and gravel underneath, and cold white shroud above. The experiences of a party of gentlemen who were caught in such a storm in the year 1875 may prove interesting.

They ascended upon a beautiful day and had no fear of snow till the clouds opened on them. They tried to descend but were obliged to camp out. The development of the storm is reported as gentle, and in the early stages of the night the party tried to be cheerful. They lay in the snow upon their backs, and having got into that comfortable position some of the party at least did not rise up again for seventeen hours! At first it seems it was rather amusing than otherwise to watch the snow-flakes filling up the creases in their clothing; but for our own part we imagine that there are other occupations even more interesting, not to say profitable, under the circumstances. The tourists were resting upon a hot bed of lava which after a time made the under-side of their bodies unpleasantly warm while the upper portion was half frozen. By degrees the crust of lava began to give way, new vents for heat and vapour were opened in the mountain. The tendency of the

gases thus set free was to produce sleep and probably death; and any yielding to this influence might have had a fatal termination.

We can picture the long hours of that night. All around a winding sheet of snow, and underneath a volcano smouldering and hissing. No food procurable, the whole party weakened by cold, and fatigue, and hunger, calling to each other at intervals in the hope of keeping each other awake, and in hourly expectation of getting no reply from one or the other of one's companions. "The weary hours wore on like a mass of unnumbered and unforgotten years."

And so on throughout the night. The stars were brilliant, and almost took away the sense of suffering when apparent in all their beauty. But though, in a half-dreamy state, imagination would clothe the surroundings with a strange beauty, nothing could alter the terrible truth that the men were slowly and surely freezing to death, and if morning and sunlight did not soon come, there would be no one left to tell the story.

In about thirteen hours from the first darkness, day began to dawn. The snow had commenced to fall so thickly on the previous evening, that night had apparently come early, and about two feet of snow had accumulated in a very short space of time. At last the morning broke, grey and frosty, no sun as yet had reached the men. The pale light stole down the mountain along the smooth snow, but no sunshine. It was the 1st of May. At last, about 8 A.M., the tourists rose and struggled to descend. They were almost frozen. The warm mud, upon which they had lain so long, alone had kept them alive. After a feeble descent of three thousand feet, the power of the sun was felt, and strength returned. The guide who had come up to seek them, though without any anxiety, soon met them, and they were saved.

The appearance of the mountain from below had not indicated anything unusual. A cloud was noticed, but the fall of snow at a lower level was very slight, and the

absence of the travellers had caused little anxiety in the camp. No ill effects were ever encountered, and the memory of the terrible night upon Shasta "now appears like a dream."*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE YOSEMITE AND THE YELLOWSTONE. —WONDERLAND.

BEFORE we leave North America and its wonders, there are two localities which we should like to visit if space will permit. These are the Yosemite Valley and the Yellowstone, though the latter district comes more directly under the heading of the Rocky Mountains. We in crossing the continent did not go so far north, preferring to devote a separate chapter to the wonders of the Yosemite and Yellowstone in which actual mountain adventure is not necessary to a thorough enjoyment of the extraordinary scenes so bountifully spread out for us. We will therefore proceed to explore these districts in as complete a manner as is consistent with our object. Let us commence with the Yosemite.

The term Yosemite is an Indian one and means "Grisly Bear," but we believe the Indian tribes have long ago dropped this title and content themselves with the name Ahwahnee. This charming valley is situated, as we presume most of our young readers are aware, in California, some 150 miles south-east of San Francisco. A fine river, the Merced, runs through it; and the Yosemite Valley in consequence of the beauty and grandeur of its surroundings and the peculiar loveliness of its waterfalls, is a favourite tourists' resort. It is midway between the eastern and western bases of the Sierra Nevada, about one mile in width and nearly six miles long. It is very considerably lower than the surrounding regions. There are plenty of hotels, and the Valley is preserved for public use and recreation for all times. No speculative builder can divert the falls, or partition off this valley, charging

so much a-head for viewing the handiwork of nature. The Valley is managed by commissioners for the State of California under an Act of Congress.

Some people visit the Yo-Semite from Mariposa and have a look at the mammoth trees. The Valley can also be reached from Merced and Milton. Let us glance at the great Mariposa grove, and the proportions of some of those trees will astonish visitors a little. To begin with, some trees have fallen on the ground; if you doubt the size of those standing you can ride through the trunk of one of these fallen giants. One we know of admitted a horseman for one hundred and fifty feet. About a hundred and twenty feet round is fair measurement for tree trunk, which we may estimate gave a height to the living tree of about four hundred feet. This is pretty "tall" measurement, but we do not think it is in any way exaggerated. "Up a tree" in Mariposa would be no figure of speech. Even Colonel Crockett's celebrated coon would have fancied itself quite safe in that giant grove, and would have declined to descend though bidden by that redoubtable marksman.

Leaving the trees and climbing for fourteen miles in the direction of peaks, the tourist will reach the top of the precipices guarding the Yosemite Valley, and at length the visitor will reach a point where he can view the valley from elevation of three thousand feet.

Opposite this granite wall is another as stupendous; perpendicular, and, apparently, as smooth as chisel can make it. High above these grand precipices rises the Sentinel Dome and the magnificent block of El Capitan. The group of rocks called the Three Brothers is associated with the true Yosemite Fall—or Cho-looke. This is stated to be 2,800 feet high; the beautiful Bridal Veil Fall is the first at the entrance to the valley; but it is the former waterfall that our illustration seeks to depict. The Indian name for the Bridal Veil is "Pohono," or Night-Wind, and they are said to avoid it; no inducement will persuade them to sleep near it, for several

* This adventure appeared in "Harper's Magazine."

Indians have perished in the waters and they can hear the voices of the dead calling to them to shun the spot.

But the voices of the Indian ghosts do not deter English or Americans from camping in this lovely valley. No description can do any justice to the varied beauties of the Yosemite. The varied light and shade, the grand cliffs, the sound of many waters, and the lovely rainbow hues above the falls, make up a combination which no amount of writing can do justice to. We will not attempt it. The valley has been so often described in guide books, cyclopædias and magazine articles, that this common-place record must appear tame to a degree. We will not rush in to describe what better men have feared to touch upon. Had we time to follow Mr. Muir in his tracks over the Sierra Passes up from Yosemite we should have more to tell of Alpine (Californian) heights and storms and precipices. The Mons Pass is more travelled than the others, but none of the passes of the Sierras is less than eight thousand feet above the sea-level. But before taking our leave of these magnificent mountains—and it is with real regret that we do so—we must mention a curious phenomenon known as the “snow-banners.” This peculiar appearance is due to the dusty and meally snow being carried along by the wind. The appearance of the snow-banners is rare and the north-wind is the only air-current that is advantageous to the display. Looking from the ridge over the Yosemite Valley towards the snow-clad Merced Range, the scene is described as most magnificent. Picture to yourself the dark mountain peaks—“rising sharply into the azure sky, their bases set in solid white, their sides streaked with snow like an ocean rock with foam—and from every summit all free and unconfused, a streaming banner from two thousand to six thousand feet in length, slender at the point of attachment,” until it widens out, as it is gradually extended from the peak, to a width of a thousand or fifteen hundred feet.

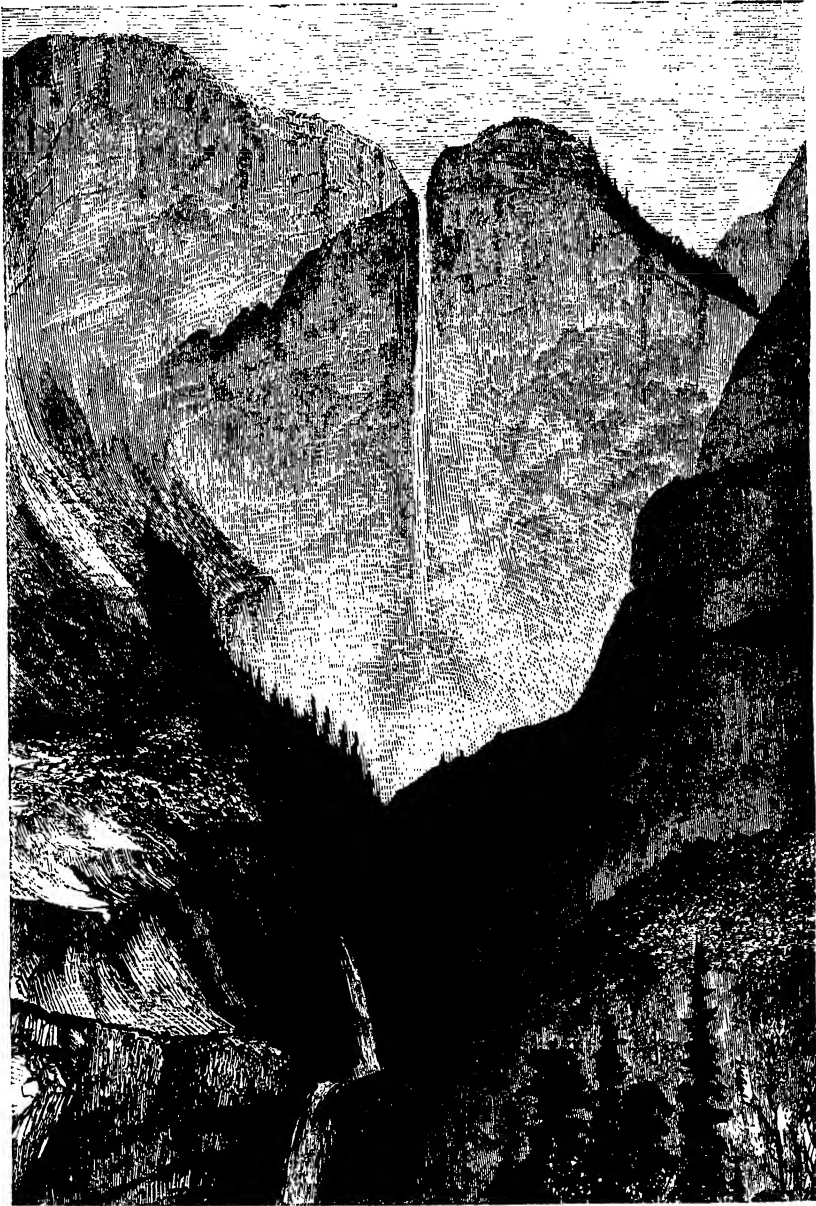
The extraordinary appearance of these snow-banners must bear some resemblance

to a series of volcanoes, or to a lime-light suddenly opened from each summit. The “texture” is like that of fine silk. Some of these banners stream out a long distance above others, while some cross each other and even overlap the intervening peaks. The cause, as explained by a writer in “Harper’s Magazine,” is attributable to the favourable direction and great force of the wind, the abundance of snow-dust, and the peculiar conformation of the peaks. He says it is essential that the wind move with great velocity to supply a sufficient stream of dust, and the wind must come from the north.

We will now pass eastward to the wonderful region of the Yellowstone, which we can only touch upon briefly, to describe all its peculiarities would require a volume. The Yellowstone National Park is in Wyoming territory which is north of Colorado and Utah. We have already in imagination touched at some of its towns, such as Cheyenne and others on the U. P. railroad. The Rocky Mountains cross it, but the great portion of the territory lies N.E. of the great “divide.” But on the north-western corner of Wyoming territory lies the great “Wonderland;” and the “National Park,” like the Yosemite, was set aside for a recreation ground for the people. The mountains surrounding it are nearly twelve thousand feet high and the whole region is in an extraordinary state of volcanic activity. The geysers and hot springs it contains “whip creation,” and put Iceland completely in the shade. The number of springs and geysers is enormous, and the latter throw water two hundred feet into the air.

We must pass over the history of the fine Wind-river range which extends laterally from the Rocky Mountains, and for reasons we must also ignore the Astor expedition under Captain Hunt, and Captain Bonner-ville’s expedition in 1833. This gentleman was lost in the range and only escaped by scaling its gigantic peaks. So late as 1860 Captain Reynolds had great difficulties to encounter in his exploration and government survey. But the most extraordinary

and terrible adventures of all befell Mr. Truman C. Everts (not the Secretary of State) who for thirty-seven days, wandered in that terrible wilderness. Mr. A. P. Langford wrote a very interesting account of the expedition. They started to scale a lofty



The Yosemite Fall.

mountain, and after four hours' incessant toil they reached the summit, 11,350 feet above the level of the sea. The mountain embraced a most extended view. Jets of geysers, volcanoes of mud, ranges of mountains and countless peaks gave them an unrivalled prospect. At length observations were completed,

and they descended the mountain, but the darkness overtook them, they missed the track and had to make a blind cast for the camp. They reached it, and two days after when searching for a pack animal, as well as for a route by which to proceed, one of the party was missed. Though this at first gave no uneasiness, his continued absence at length caused great anxiety. After a long delay, as provisions were rapidly diminishing, only three of the company were left to continue the search, and the remainder traversed the region of Wonderland which we cannot now describe.

Fact is stranger than fiction, "which nobody can deny," and any reader who will peruse the following extracts from or rather *résumé* of Mr. Everts' experiences, will coincide with that remark. Mr. Everts found himself separated from his companions, but at first felt no alarm. At length, seeing that he could not rejoin them that evening and feeling quite sure that he would find his friends next morning, he set about making a camp, built a fire and went to sleep. Next day, in searching for the trail, Mr. Everts became rather confused, and while examining the ground something frightened his horse, which bolted off and carried away matches, fishing-tackle, blankets, fire-arms, everything except two knives and a small opera-glass. Nothing daunted, Mr. Everts' search for the camp continued; he posted up notices and struck out in a vain endeavour to recover his horse. But even when convinced of the impossibility of ever regaining it, the idea of being really out of the way of his companions did not occur to him. It was an adventure—nothing more. Night fell and the searcher was no nearer camp than before. It became evident that a night must be spent in the forest—a night rendered hideous by wolves, night-birds and coyotes. Next morning the traveller found his notices which he had posted upon the trees at a distance—quite unnoticed, and then he realized the fact—he was lost!

No food, no fire, no means of procuring either; one hundred and fifty miles distant from human habitation, and no means of

transport, and surrounded by wild beasts. This was the situation, and it was sufficiently alarming. In addition to these terrors the fears of meeting Indians, for the first two days, gave Mr. Everts much anxiety, but after that time he would have welcomed gladly any of the tribes, for food and safety could have been purchased by promise of reward. At length a sail became visible upon the lake which now opened before him. Safety and help at last are at hand. Hurrying forward he sought it—and as he approached it turned to meet him. Bitter was the disappointment—the supposed canoe was but a pelican, which flapped its long wings and flew slowly across the sheet of water. This was terrible. Completely unmanned, Mr. Everts, now began to feel all the realities of his position, and starvation stared him in the face. Night was again approaching, he had no food and no fire, when fortunately he noticed some thistles. He tasted the root—it was palatable and nutritious, and his "first meal for four days was made on thistle-roots." This was a great joy to him as now he need not absolutely starve in the wilderness.

Somewhat re-assured Mr. Everts lay down to rest but was awakened by a horrible screaming. It was the screech of a mountain lion, and as quickly as possible Mr. Everts mounted into the tree close at hand. Round and round the tree the savage monster prowled, howling with rage, while in his terror, unable to encounter it through weakness, Mr. Everts broke off branches of the tree and tried to keep the animal at bay. After a time it sat quite still, and Mr. Everts fancied it was preparing for attack, when suddenly it dashed off into the thicket and appeared no more. Incredible as it may appear, the hero descended from the tree, and, completely overcome with fatigue and with the sense of over-powering weakness, he lay down to sleep in his former position and did not wake till a change of temperature and a pitiless storm driven by an east wind had chilled the sleeper and aroused him to a sense of his terrible position.

(To be continued.)

ROBERT BRUCE.

BY L. M. C. LAMB.



IN the death of the Maid of Norway, and the consequent abandonment of all hopes built upon her marriage with the heir to the English throne, we have seen that numerous competitors for the succession to the royal dignities of Scotland came forward, and that when their various claims were thoroughly sifted, the absolute right of inheritance

was declared to rest between John Baliol, lord of Galloway, and Robert Bruce, lord of Annandale. Hopeless of procuring a reversal of the decision which disqualified them for royal honours, the other claimants and the nobles of Scotland seem to have allied themselves to one of two great factions, whose rallying words were Bruce and Baliol. After the decision which awarded the crown to the latter, all the Scottish barons were summoned to do him homage for their possessions; but Bruce, who considered himself much aggrieved at not occupying the throne on his own account, declined stoutly to swear fealty to one whom he called "the usurper."

"I am Baliol's sovereign, not he mine!" he answered to the demand, "and I will render no homage to him, but rather resign my lands in Annandale to my son the Earl of Carrick."

The son, when appealed to, reiterated his father's determination, and likewise volunteered to dispossess himself of the Annandale estates in favour of his son Robert,

then a youth of eighteen, and "a young man in King Edward's chamber." So, after being tossed about like a shuttle-cock between old Bruce and his descendants, the property was accepted by our hero, who thus became Earl of Carrick, and made no difficulty about yielding the required homage.

In 1296, when Baliol found the rôle Edward expected him to play not at all to his taste and asserted his independent sovereignty, young Bruce and his father maintained their allegiance to the English monarch, and thereby lost the lordship of Annandale which was declared forfeited and bestowed by Baliol upon John Comyn, Earl of Buchan, who took immediate possession of it, and brought upon himself the wrath and hatred of the young Earl of Carrick, who, as we shall see, was the owner of a most tenacious memory in the matter of revenge. At the battle of Dunbar, both the Bruces served in the English army, after which the elder returned to England, and rarely mixed again in public affairs; and his son, or as we will for the present call him, the Earl of Carrick, remained on the other side of the Tweed, with authority to receive the homage of his own and his father's vassals in the name of King Edward; later on, he joined the king at Berwick and made obeisance for his possessions.

The vast property and influence owned by the Bruce family, whose territories reached from the Frith of Clyde to the Solway, made their adherence or defection a matter of importance to Edward; and when half the country was excited by the deeds and aspirations of Wallace, we find the Bishop of Carlisle summoning the earl to a council, to repeat his oath "to be faithful and vigilant in the service of his sovereign lord the king."

and to swear the same by the sacred host and the sword of St. Thomas. This oath the earl evinced no difficulty about taking ; and to prove his sincerity, immediately made an inroad upon the lands of one of Wallace's partisans, Sir William Douglas, and after burning and destroying everything he could lay hands on, carried off the knight's wife and children as prisoners. We do not hear what became of the captives, but may conclude that they were sent back in all honour to their own castle, since Bruce, whose repentance quickly followed his fresh oath of allegiance, having assembled the Annandale vassals together, announced his intention of joining the Scottish army and putting himself under the leadership of Wallace. Seeing surprise depicted on every countenance, he continued, "Your astonishment is doubtless occasioned by the remembrance of my oath of allegiance recently taken to King Edward ; that was a foolish declaration, made by my body, not my mind, and for which I trust shortly to receive absolution from the Holy Father. I beseech you now all to adopt my resolution to fight in defence of the liberty of our country, and to follow me to the Scottish army."

The vassals, having no great opinion of Bruce's stability of purpose, begged to defer their reply till the morrow ; and taking advantage of the darkness of night, dispersed in different directions, leaving their feudal lord to storm and rave as much as he pleased when he discovered their flight. But if they thought their defection was likely to cause the earl to abandon his project, they soon found themselves mistaken ; for he called together the vassals of his own earldom of Carrick, entered into an alliance with the Bishop of Glasgow and the Steward of Scotland, and forthwith set out to join the rebels. He had not long been opposed to Edward before he discovered that he had quitted the king's standard, to say the least, prematurely ; for Wallace was a staunch partisan of John Baliol, whose restoration he tried most valiantly to effect ; and since Bruce himself

desired to fill the throne of Scotland, allying himself with Baliol's adherents and fighting in his cause was neither pleasant nor profitable. In a lukewarm spirit, therefore, he remained with the Scots until the capitulation of Irvine, when he made his peace with Edward, (as did also the Steward, his brother Sir Alexander Lindsay, and Sir William Douglas,) and agreed to deliver his daughter Marjory as hostage for his future fidelity. In the fatal campaign of 1298 we find the earl, with that instability of purpose so leniently mentioned by Sir Walter Scott as "versatility," siding ostensibly with neither English nor Scots, but shutting himself up in Ayr Castle, and waiting to see the result of the struggle. His father meanwhile served Edward loyally, and with Anthony Beck, the bishop of Durham, obliged Wallace to betake himself, for a while at least, to the security of almost impenetrable forests. The English monarch was not at all disposed to take Bruce's vacillating conduct in good part, and marched through Selkirk Forest meaning to attack Ayr castle ; but the earl, hearing of his intention, razed the fortress to the ground, and retired precipitately into Carrick, leaving Edward to find only the smoke-blackened ruins of the former stronghold. Instead of the dire chastisement this action merited, at the intercession of the elder Bruce we find Edward contenting himself with inflicting no more severe punishment than taking the earl's fortified castle of Lochmaben into temporary possession ; which very lenient course was the subject of unbounded rage to our hero, who forthwith joined himself with the Bishop of St. Andrews and his hated enemy John Comyn in a Scottish commission of Regency. The impossibility of acting in concert for any length of time with this foe (whom Bruce detested not only for having once been in possession of part of his patrimonial estates, but also for having equal claims with himself to the sovereignty of Scotland), was soon apparent ; and the coldness in the national cause and want of vigour in thwarting the

designs of the English king, of which his coadjutors accused him, ended as might have been foreseen, in a fresh change of sentiment in 1302, when we find Bruce again taken into favour with Edward and restored to his inheritance, while Comyn was subjected to a heavy fine and excluded from all benefits.

In 1304 Bruce (who by the death of his father found himself in possession of the vast estates of his family, both in England and Scotland), though outwardly maintaining every semblance of loyalty to the English sovereign, entered into a secret treaty with William Lamberton, the primate of Scotland, by which each agreed to aid the other "against all persons, and not to undertake any business of importance, but by mutual consent;" by which most politic alliance Bruce secured the countenance and assistance of the Church; a measure on which, as we shall see, he had reason later to congratulate himself. Up to this period it is evident that, if Bruce contemplated obtaining possession of the Scottish throne, he hoped to obtain his end through the instrumentality of Edward; now, however, we find him casting aside this most improbable chimera, and looking mainly to himself for the success of his project, making and strengthening alliances, and seeking in every way to extend his interests both in England and Scotland. In accordance with this plan he even reconciled himself with his arch-enemy John Comyn, and by bespeaking at least his neutrality in the meditated struggle, removed one formidable enemy from his path. The moment for action was not yet arrived, and in 1305, after the execution of the patriotic Wallace, Bruce was in London in attendance upon Edward, who, though most gracious and friendly to the Scottish earl, evidently thought it advisable to keep an eye on his proceedings by detaining him in his immediate vicinity; so our hero found himself compelled to leave the entire management of the conspiracy to Comyn and Lamberton, and to be content with

such meagre atoms of information as the vigilance of the English court allowed him to receive. Matters were at length brought to a crisis by the treachery of Comyn, whose jealousy and hatred of Bruce had been incessantly stimulated by observing the favour and regard which Edward bestowed upon him. To be revenged, he now determined to betray the conspiracy to the English king, and, by carefully concealing his share in it and exaggerating Bruce's shortcomings, to reinstate himself once more in the monarch's esteem. He accordingly despatched a messenger, with convincing proofs of the earl's guilt to the English court, and there is little doubt that our hero's plans of self-advancement would have been procrastinated indefinitely had it not been for the friendly warning of his kinsman, the Earl of Gloucester, who, hearing of Comyn's betrayal, sent a pair of spurs and a purse of gold by his servant, and trusted to Bruce's wit to find out the meaning of his present. Those were times when few dared to speak plainly, and when men's intellects were sharpened by the necessity of using them; so we hear that Bruce did not require any repetition of this oddly given advice, but mounting on a fleet horse, whose shoes he had inverted lest the hoof-prints in the snow should betray him, accompanied only by one attendant, made the best haste he could to the border.

Bruce knew he must have been betrayed, still up to this moment (though very probably a suspicion of Comyn's fidelity may have crossed his mind), he had no absolute proof that his former associate was the author of the treachery for which he was now leaving England. His doubts were soon converted into certainties when, near the Solway sands, he fell in with Comyn's emissary, who seemed, on being recognised, to have an unaccountable desire to avoid him. Without further ado, Bruce seized the unlucky messenger; and, finding on him letters which urged the king "to an immediate imprisonment of the Earl of Carrick, or his death," in his rage

beheaded him, and then pressed on to his own castle of Lochmaben, where, in conjunction with his brother Edward, who was residing there, he formed plans for the immediate future. Determined to discover how far Comyn had proceeded with his treachery, Bruce decided to repair to Dumfries, where his presence would occasion no astonishment, as the English justiciary was about to hold a court at



which both he and Comyn (who also possessed property in Galloway) were bound to attend. Bruce sent a messenger to Comyn, requesting an interview in the church of the Grey Friars. What passed in this fatal meeting has been differently related, but the catastrophe remains undisputed, that in a fit of ungovernable rage Bruce drew his dagger and, unmindful of the sacred character of the place in which he stood, in a frenzy of fury

stabbed his treacherous foe. Comyn fell on the steps leading to the high altar, and, as his blood gushed forth and stained the ground around him, Bruce awoke to the comprehension of what he had done. In an agony of remorse he rushed from the sanctuary he had violated, to the friends (Sir Christopher Seton, Sir James Lindesay and Gilpatrick of Kirkpatrick) he had left outside only a few moments before, and with pallid face, and traces of blood on his hands and clothes, pre-

sented himself to their astonished eyes. Eagerly they pressed round him with enquiries. "I doubt I have slain the Red Comyn," was the only sentence Bruce could find. "Do you leave such a matter in doubt?" returned Kirkpatrick, "I will make certain," and, without another word, he and Lindesay rushed into the church, and, drawing their daggers, despatched the wounded man and his uncle Sir Robert Comyn, who, seeing Bruce leave the *rendezvous* in such disorder and fearing a disaster, had hastened to his nephew's side. To have slain the head of a party, and one so powerful as that of Comyn, and to have done the deed in the sacred precincts of a church, made hesitation impossible for Bruce: he had gone too far to recede, for, added to the fury of Edward, he must now fear the vengeance of Comyn's followers, and the wrath of Pope Clement V. With these two crimes of murder and sacrilege on his soul, with the enmity of Edward of England and the vassals of his late rival before his eyes, one alternative only was open to our hero—an ignominious flight and a life of studied obscurity, or a resolute and probably a protracted struggle for the crown of Scotland. The conspiracy on which he had built so many hopes was prematurely discovered; so he had to make the best of a very unpromising situation, and almost without funds, with very few friends and very powerful enemies, assert his right to the throne, and take possession of it by having himself crowned king as soon as possible. Messengers were accordingly despatched on all sides, detailing the "Comyn catastrophe," and imploring assistance; to Lamberton, Bruce wrote specially, deploring the headlong passion which had led him to the rash deed, expressing his penitence, and craving the bishop's good offices at Rome to avert the sentence of excommunication which in all likelihood would be pronounced against him. Nearly two months passed before it was possible for Bruce to repair to Scone, where the ceremony of his coronation was

to take place; but during this time there was much to be done, and we may be sure that when the 27th of March, 1306, dawned, the future king had at least no past hours of idleness to reproach himself with.

Scant state attended the ceremony which inaugurated Bruce's accession to regal dignity; for, ten years previously, Edward I. had caused the coronation chair, the hereditary crown, and the other symbols of Scottish sovereignty, to be carried into England; so, many unusual details occurred, not the least strange of which was the fact that Bruce first received the homage of his new subjects under a banner on which were emblazoned the arms and cognizance of Baliol. From remote antiquity the hereditary privilege of first placing the crown on the head of the King of Scots had belonged to the earldom of Fife; but the head of that house being now in the English interest, the "simple coronal of gold," (which, by the way, was made by one Godfrey de Coigners, an English subject, who, but for the good offices of gentle Queen Marguerite, would have got into serious trouble with Edward about this specimen of goldsmith's work), was "set on" Bruce's head by the bishop of St. Andrews. Though the Earl of Fife did not choose to avail himself of his hereditary privilege, his sister, the Countess of Buchan, had no intention that the right of "king-crowning" should lapse in her family, and being besides fired with a romantic enthusiasm for Bruce, she secretly left her husband and home, repaired to Scone, and insisted upon a repetition of the coronation ceremony, which the king agreeing to, again took place two days later, the fair hands of the countess this time placing the crown on his head—an act of chivalrous devotion she had afterwards to pay dearly for. Bruce now set out for Perth, which was strongly garrisoned, and in the occupation of Pembroke the English guardian. In accordance with the chivalrous custom of the age, on nearing the town, the king sent a challenge defying the English earl to

to battle in the open field. Pembroke returned for answer that the day was too far advanced to fight, but that he would meet Bruce on the morrow; and the unsuspicious Scots, put off their guard by this reply, retired into the wood of Methven (June 24th), where they encamped and lay down for the night. This was precisely what Pembroke had foreseen, and when his scouts reported the careless security of



Bruce and his followers, he collected his men, silently and with infinite caution approached the camp unobserved, and fell upon the Scots with such sudden impetuosity that in a short time they were totally routed; many of the king's most staunch supporters were taken prisoners, and he himself obliged to make a precipitate retreat with the little band of followers, who, on seeing the victory of the English, did not (like his nephew Sir Thomas Randolph) desert the weaker side. After this misfortune King Robert was reduced to great straits; and now commenced that adventurous existence which gave rise to so many legendary exploits and romantic tales. With his wife (Mary, daughter of the Earl of Ulster), the Countess of Buchan, Edward Bruce (the very embodiment of reckless daring), Sir

James Douglas (his trusted and loyal friend till death), the Earls of Athole and Errol, Nigel Bruce, and Niel Campbell, the king penetrated into the mountainous country of Athole, where, concealed in rocky caverns, they led a life of keen excitement and adventure certainly, but of precarious security and meagre comfort, while awaiting better days. Half starved out of some districts and compelled to quit others by the opposition of the inhabitants, Bruce at length found himself on the borders of a country most inimical to him belonging to the Lord of Lorn, a near relative of John Comyn's. Too desperate to retreat, he did not seek to avoid an encounter with the kinsman of his murdered enemy, and weakened by famine and misery, his little handful of followers had to deplore another defeat at a place called Dalry "besyde the holy well of St. Fillan." With wonderful skill and bravery, the king guarded the retreat of his men, even compelling the admiration of John of Lorn, who, turning to the laird of Macnaughton, said: "Look at him; he guards his men from us as Gaul, the son of Morni, protected his followers from the fury of Fingal." Affairs were now worse than ever with the unfortunate king; Douglas, and Sir Gilbert de la Haye were both cruelly wounded; the chilly autumn days were already come, and the dark, cold winter would soon be upon them with its attendant train of want and misery. Murmurs began to be heard amongst the little band; finally the earl of Athole and his followers craved permission to depart; and Bruce, foreseeing how impossible it would be to let his queen and her ladies share the innumerable privations which were now so close at hand, decided to take advantage of the earl's withdrawal and send them under his escort and that of his brother Nigel to Kildrummie Castle, while he with the Douglas and those whom no ill-fortune could detach from his cause, would force a passage into Kintyre and thence pass over into the north of Ireland, where he had both lands and some powerful connections through his marriage with the

Earl of Ulster's daughter. After crossing Lochlomond in a crazy boat which threatened every moment to submerge, the royalists reached the domains of one of Bruce's most trusty adherents, the Earl of Lennox. After many days' waiting and watching, the king and his party heard shouts and cries, the baying of hounds and the clatter of horses' feet; the country was full of Comyn's followers as well as the retainers of the Earl; so it was difficult to know whether a betrayal of their presence would bring upon them a horde of enemies or a host of staunch friends.

"Nothing venture, nothing have," quoth Robert; and with that he put his hunting horn to his lips, and blew a blast so loud and true, that Lennox at once recognised the sound, and knowing it could be none other than the king, ran up to him with eager haste and expressions of warm welcome. Grateful as the exchange from a half famished and forlorn condition, to comfort and plenty must have been, the dangers attendant on a lengthened residence in the country of Lennox were too great to be risked; accordingly we find Bruce after a short rest leaving the Earl to collect as many of his vassals as he could trust and to advance the royal interests as much as possible, while he himself and his little company of two hundred men embarked on some small vessels and made for Kintyre, where they received a warm welcome from Angus of Isla. The little party halted here a few days, and then, with many expressions of thanks and mutual goodwill, took their leave and passed over to the small island of Rachrin. In this wild spot Bruce determined to pass the winter; and now, leaving him there with his handful of loyal companions, we will take a glance at King Edward, and the impression made upon him by the intelligence of Bruce's elevation to the Scottish throne.

In anticipating the jealousy with which the English sovereign would guard the much disputed kingdom of Scotland; and the indignation with which he would resent any attempt to wrest it from him, Bruce

showed his intimate knowledge of the character of the fiery old monarch under whose eye he had learnt his first lessons in the art of war. In the preceding memoir we have seen how he assembled his forces and sent them north under the command of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke (who was appointed Governor of Yorkshire, Northumberland, and of Scotland as far as Dumfries), Robert de Clifford and Henry Percy. On their arrival in Scotland they were immediately reinforced by the partisans of Comyn, who embraced with eagerness such an opportunity of revenging themselves on the murderer of their chief, and perhaps helping to frustrate his ambitious projects. We have mentioned the defeats of Bruce and his adherents at Methven and Dalry, and the subsequent retreat of the queen with Robert's sisters and the Countess of Buchan to the Castle of Kildrummie. On the approach of Edward's emissaries the frightened women quitted their first refuge and fled to the sanctuary of St. Duthac, at Tain in Ross-shire. But even here the English King's vengeance pursued them, and we read that "This same zeire, lykwayes, William, Earle of Ros, tooke K. Robert's wyffe prisoner, and delivered her to the tyrant of England, quher she remained a prisoner till the batell of Banock-burne."

Though well guarded, we must in justice to Edward state that Bruce's queen suffered no ill-usage in her retirement; on the contrary the strictest orders were given that she should be well treated, or, in the king's own words, "*qu'ele gisse en la plus belc maison du manoir a sa volunte.*"

As for the Countess of Buchan, her contumacy in absolutely crowning Robert King of Scotland was too great to pass over lightly; consequently we find that the order relating to her puts forth that she shall be "shut up in an iron and wooden cage shaped like a crown (probably as a continual reminder of the cause of her incarceration!), in one of the towers of Berwick castle," in which she was allowed the attendance of one or two English women, no Scottish persons being suffered to approach her. Nigel

Bruce, Christopher Seton, the Earl of Athole, Sir Simon Fraser, and many other barons, lost their lives for their fidelity to their chosen king; and the bishops of St. Andrews, Glasgow and Scone, "clad in the armour they were taken with," were sent to different castles in the south of England, and "secured by iron fetters." Pope Clement V. added his quota to the chastisement of the rebellious Robert by giving authority to the bishops of York and Carlisle to excommunicate him and his adherents. This sentence was strengthened in the following spring (1307) by the pope's legate joining the ceremony of the English bishops, with all the paraphernalia of bell, book and candle.

But the infirmities of old age and illness were fast coming upon the English monarch, and "at Borough upon the Sandes" in Cumberland he died; not however before he had called the Prince of Wales to his side and earnestly entreated him to strive by all fair means to win back the bonnie kingdom of Scotland from the usurper Bruce.

Never were two people more dissimilar than Edward I. and his only surviving son, in whose weak, dissolute character one searches in vain for one trait of the father's generous, noble nature. In the words of an old historian: "He seemed to think that he himself could not be king unless he contemned and counteracted the will" of the late sovereign; and in corroboration of this most just criticism we have only to look at Edward II.'s conduct when he first assumed the reins of government. Instead of pursuing his father's advantages and prosecuting the Scottish war, we find him anxious for nothing so much as to get out of the country as quickly as possible after receiving the homage of such Scots as were disaffected to Bruce; then to disband his army; to recall his banished favourite, Piers Gaveston, and, leaving the kingdom under his guardianship (with more unlimited power than had ever been possessed by regent), betake himself to France and solemnize his marriage with Isabella, the daughter of Philip le Bel.

Bruce was not long in discovering the

immense advantage his cause derived from the death of the late sovereign ; and indeed is reported to have declared that he was more afraid of the dead bones of Edward I. than of his living son ; and that it was far more difficult to get half a foot of land from him, than a whole kingdom from his successor.

With this conviction to stimulate him to fresh efforts, Bruce determined to send his brothers, Thomas and Alexander, into Ireland and the Western Isles to collect forces and supplies ; to despatch Douglas immediately into the Isle of Arran with a small company, and to follow with the remainder of his men as soon as he could procure means of transport.

Ten days after the departure of his faithful comrade, a little fleet of thirty-three galleys cast anchor off the coast of Arran ; and when Bruce landed on the island he was greeted with good news by Douglas, who had succeeded in surprising a party of English soldiers conveying provisions to Sir John Hastings in Brodick Castle ; had captured all the supplies, and slain forty of the enemy.

Even such a small advantage as this was sufficient to rekindle the ardour of Bruce's men ; and, eager for further victory, they urged the king to attempt the invasion of his own country of Carrick, which had been bestowed by the English sovereign upon Henry Percy. Bruce did not need much persuading to a step so agreeable both to his ambition and his desire for revenge ; taught however by bitter experience to proceed with caution, he determined to send a trusty servant named Cuthbert to ascertain the disposition of his former vassals, the strength of the English garrison in Turnberry Castle, and the possibility of taking them at a disadvantage. If an opportunity seemed favourable, Cuthbert had instructions to kindle a fire upon an eminence known as "Turnberry Sneuk," when the king and his followers would immediately put off, and try to regain possession of his maternal inheritance.

"*Les absents out toujours tort ;*" and so it seemed in this instance ; for the faithful

Cuthbert found to his dismay, the old vassals of his master forgetful, dispirited or indifferent when not absolutely won over to the English interest and openly hostile to Bruce's cause. Under these circumstances, the trusty emissary knowing the utter uselessness of summoning Robert to almost certain defeat, determined to go back to Arran and report the unpromising state of affairs. Meanwhile the king had anxiously scanned the opposite coast, and was beginning to despair of seeing the hoped-for beacon, when a small flickering flame, whose very existence seemed at first so doubtful that he feared it must be only conjured up by his ardent desire, showed itself at the exact spot where by agreement Cuthbert was to have lighted his signal. The fire slowly grew, until even the most sceptical of Bruce's followers could not deny that they saw it. After waiting until the gathering darkness of night should partially conceal their approach from the English garrison, the king and his comrades put to sea. Led by the red flare of the beacon, they had no difficulty in directing their course, and presently landed on the rocky coast beneath the castle, where they were met by Cuthbert, who, unable to apprise the king otherwise of the enemy's discovery of the concerted signal, and dreading precisely what had happened, had waited his arrival in unspeakable anxiety. He rushed up now to the spot where Bruce stood, and breathless with grief and terror told him of the snare he had fallen into. Beside himself with rage, the king barely listened to his story ; but exclaimed, "Traitor ! was it to lure us hither and deliver us to our foes that thou didst light yon beacon ?" "I lighted no beacon," answered Cuthbert ; "I know not even who who did so ; but the moment I saw the light I feared this fatal mistake, and waited your arrival to pray you to retire with all speed." But Bruce and his impetuous brother Edward were not so easily daunted. "Let others do as they will," quoth they, "we will remain in our native land now that we have once more touched its shores." Not a voice was raised in dissent, and favoured by the darkness, the royalists

advanced toward the town where in fancied security the English soldiers slept. Attacked when least prepared for defence, the result was as Bruce had calculated ; and when morning dawned, its first grey light shewed the upturned faces of Percy's men as they lay dead upon the ground.

Intelligence of the king's landing had meanwhile arrived at Ayr, and caused the immediate despatch of a thousand men under the command of Roger St. John to the relief of the garrison at Turnberry. Unable to contend on anything like equal terms with a force which so terribly outnumbered his own, Bruce retired in haste to the mountainous district of Carrick to await the Irish reinforcement he hoped every day to see arrive under the leadership of his brothers, Thomas and Alexander. When at length in February the expected levies came, fresh misfortune overtook Bruce's cause ; for they were set upon by Duncan MacDougal, a powerful baron in the English interest, and literally cut to pieces, the king's two brothers made prisoners and sent to Carlisle where they were immediately executed. This total defeat and loss threw Bruce into a state of utter desperation, his little handful of men was reduced to sixty souls, and a spy brought him notice that he might every moment expect an attack from another body of MacDougal's followers. Under these circumstances, though somewhat despondent of overcoming a formidable enemy, the king determined to await their approach, and give them as much trouble as possible before they congratulated themselves on their probable victory. So he stationed his comrades in a position guarded on one side by a morass, and on the other by a deep and swiftly flowing river across which there was but one ford where the enemy could pass ; and, accompanied only by one attendant, betook himself to the water's edge and listened intently for some sign which should betray the adversary's approach. Presently the baying of a hound caught

their ears, a few minutes later they could plainly hear the tramp of horses' feet and see the glitter of armour as the light of the moon fell on the forms of the advancing company.

Despatching his attendant to summon the little band of friends, the king resolved to defend the narrow ford (where only one horseman could pass at a time) until they came up, or, at the very least, to sell his life dearly.

Arrived at the opposite bank, and seeing only a solitary individual to dispute the passage, the foremost rider advanced fearlessly ; waiting till he was just about to gain the bank, Bruce made a thrust at him with his spear, and with so true an aim that he fell lifeless from the saddle ; a second thrust stabbed the steed which, gallantly contending with the strong current, was doing its utmost to obtain a footing on the bank. Unintimidated by the fate of his comrade, a second horseman advanced ; again Bruce wielded his weapon, with the same result as before. Ashamed to give way before a solitary foe, another and another came up—only to meet their death at the hands of their invincible antagonist ; until at length a rampart of dead and dying was formed before the king. With a yell of fury the Galloway men, forgetful of the swiftly flowing current, heeding nothing but the desire for vengeance, plunged their spurs into their horses' sides and drove them into the river, calling out the war-cry of their chief.

An answering shout rang clear and sharp from the other side, as the king's followers with Gilbert de la Haye at their head advanced at a quick trot ; and the faint-hearted Gallovidians, either mistrusting their own strength or dreading the king's reinforcement by a body of stout warriors like himself, thought "prudence the better part of valour," and retreated, leaving the bodies of fourteen of their comrades to bear witness to Bruce's prowess.

(To be continued.)

PUZZLES.

Charades.

1.

My *first* is never out, but in ;
 My *second* is a tree ;
 My *third*, if you but read aright,
 An English queen you'll see ;
 My *whole* a lodging house will name,
 Where rest the blind, the halt, the lame.

2.

My *whole* an outline may be called ;
 My *first* would be instead ;
 My *last* for many a purpose serves—
 • Cuts iron, wood, or lead.

3.

My *first* is small, but still it's useful —
 • Much assistance to our talk ;
 My *second* may be great or little,
 Eaten, though, without a fork ;
 By the maypole swiftly whirring,
 See my *third* is going round,
 Boys and maidens, lightly tripping
 O'er the green and grassy ground ;
 See, my *whole* is on the table,
 Everything that's good to eat,
 Cakes and custards, fruits and tartlets,
 Fish and sauces, game and meat.

Double Acrostic.

4.

O ! sailor, keep this well in sight,
 Whene'er it is a stormy night.
 About a merry face 'tis mostly seen.
 A bluish colour is the next I ween.
 In Africa this animal is bred.
 The dark and gloomy regions of the dead.
 Rising and falling am I for ever.
 Now guess me, O ye riddlers clever.

Triple Acrostics.

5.

When women e'er my primals do,
 Centrals and finals are requisites too.
 In *first* a German town is seen.
 Within this line's the *next* I ween.
 And now what is to come between.
 We *fourth* whene'er a walk we go.
 A fortress strong my *next* will show.
 And lastly here a thicket grow.

6.

1. Warranted. 2. That which invigorates.
 3. A name. 4. Yawned. 5. Heedless.
 6. A London freeman. Initials, centrals,
 and finals name three poets.

Buried Proverb.

7.

The cook declared that someone stole
 The good things from her larder ;
 She had no proof, but as to that,
 It made her case still harder.

For some of those who knew her not,
 Might think she was the sinner—
 Might half believe she stole the things
 For her own Sunday dinner.

A piece of beef had disappeared,
 Some pudding, and a custard ;
 And what is stranger still, some salt,
 And two large tins of mustard.

'Twas clear the cat was not to blame,
 Of mustard cats are shy :
 The master watched, and lo ! beheld
 Cook eating on the sly.

A curious tale ! and you'll agree,
 The end thereof is thrilling ;
 He made the cook depart at once,
 And gave her not a shilling.

Transpositions.

8.

A pil cure.

9.

Tear a dice.

10.

O, tie ! bond !

11.

No lamp come, C ?

12.

Every tin goes.

13.

Hay birnt, L ?

14.

Quite robs.

Diamond Puzzles.

15.

A kingdom of Eastern Africa ; a town in
 Spain ; a town in Italy ; a kind of leather.

16.

An African river ; a village of Abyssinia ;
 a Scandinavian deity ; a Spanish town.

A Persian coin; an Italian town; an American quadruped; to cheat.

18.

A Roman game of chance; a town of Belgium; a town of Turkey; a kind of gum.

Cryptograph.

19.

2v 86f 4w5z 535k
6c8h lt3 g4lqt d5kk nf8hkw,

4dd

F8g5 kt4dd c5f2kt—nf2l5 lt4l n8fz
lt5 yd88z

Cf52kt, t8c5d5kk, 4hz 4yy8ffz,
55c 2h fc2h 4k 2h w62dl.

Central and Diagonal Square.

20.

Deliverer; respected; helps; cessation
seizing; decree; to comprise.

Cryptograph.

21.

Htuv pk cujhtyhg nqpug hk xya,
Hk nkjj kcx qug;
Ypph tyh cucq gt bkgh ya,
Hunlgh y mxhtum'v pqug.

Double Arithmorem.

1. 154 + run to one route.
2. 751 + see pane.
3. 1100 + few oo.
4. 1101 + on oppon.
5. 1001 + so quot.
6. 1150 + rote teree.
7. 1052 + S. T. Tooth.

A town in Ireland, and one in England.

Double Mesostich.

23.

Part of you; an ornament; a philosopher;
an entrance; to cleanse; a Turkish chief
to witness; an ensign; a net.

My centrals make two English towns.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

On pages 503—504.

1. Outram—Bayard. 2. Boileau—Molière.
3. Poussin—Fenelon.
4. Roland—Danton. 5. Whale.
- 6.
- “There sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.”
- BURNS.
- 7.
- cas Cade
w H y
ea R th
vo I ce
ai S le
ex T ol
gri M ace
dre A mer
es S ay
- 8.
- Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They poured, each hardy tenant, down.
Nor slack'd the messenger his pace,
He showed the sign, he named the place;
And pressing forward with the wind,
Left clamour and surprise behind.
9. Scrape, Crape, Rape, Ape.
10. Charles Dickens. 11. Miss Braddon.
12. Wilkie Collins. 13. Annie Thomas.
14. Bracebridge Hemyng.
15. William Makepeace Thackeray.
16. William Harrison Ainsworth.
17. Pert—in—a—city = Pertinacity.
18. Eclat, Crime, Ligan, Amass, Tense.
19. Slate, Laura, Audit, Trice, Eaten.
20. Boiled.

21.

What stronger breastplate than a heart un-
tainted?

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is cor-
rupted.

22. Dromedary. 23. Spikenard.

24.

Suspicion is the poison of true friendship.

25.

It's not always the gay coat makes the gen-
tleman.

26.

Certain good is better than uncertain hope.

27.

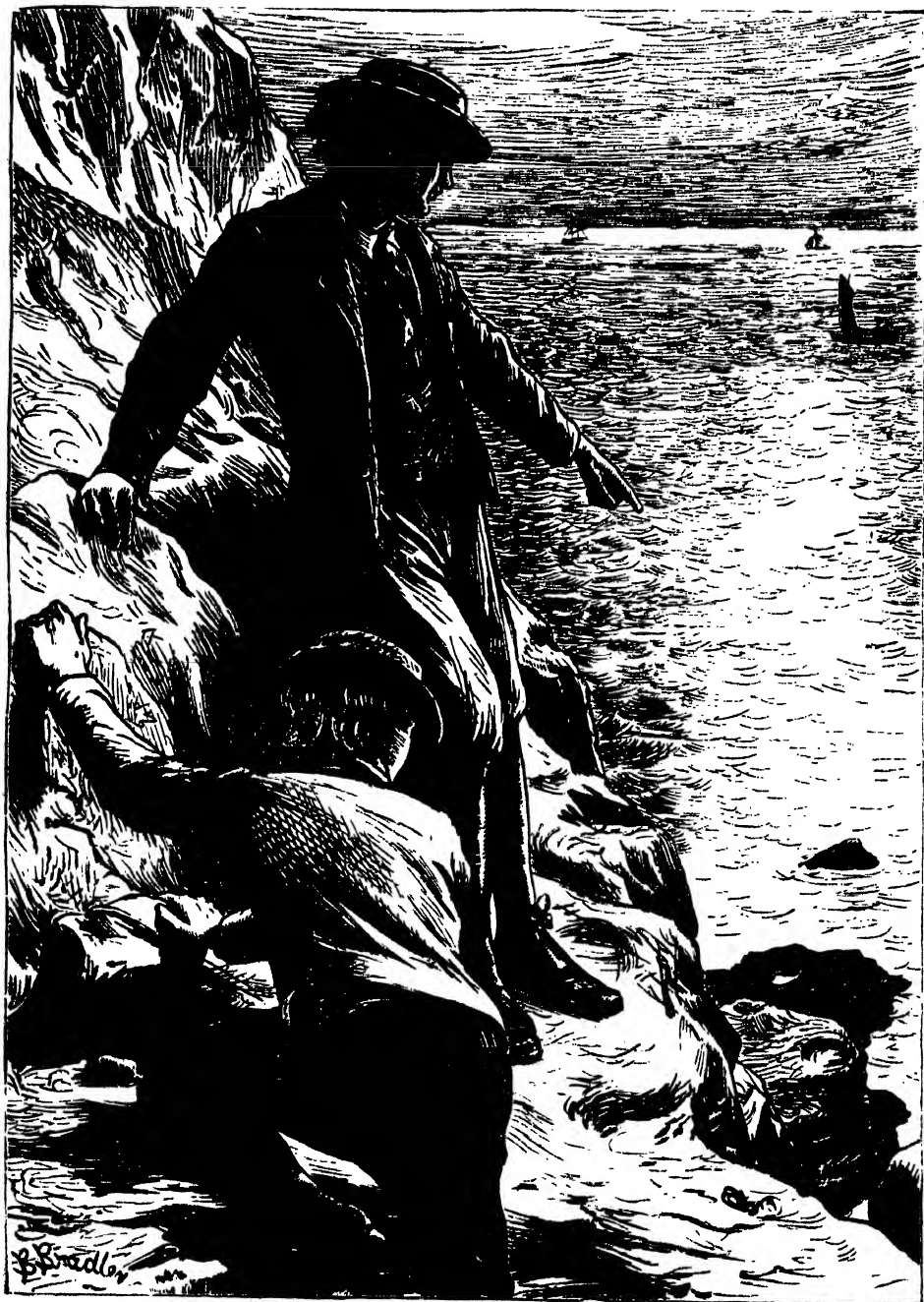
Every man is a pilot in a calm sea.

28.

Excess and envy waste the flesh and the
spirit.

29.

A false friend is worse than a bitter enemy.



WAS IT A DREAM?

By WALTER HALSTED.



FOULNESS POINT lay beneath our feet, the rocks showing their seaweed-covered heads for nigh half a mile from land; the cliff rose behind us, its hard face seared and scarred by many a falling rock; the channel stretched away on either hand, dotted here and there with ships—such was the scene before Jack Charlton and myself,

viewed from the point where we stood, halfway up the cliff.

I say *we* stood, and yet I cannot say how I was there, for my being must have been reflected in another. I am conscious that there are two forms standing on the ledge, but I seem to know and feel the ideas of both and watch their movements with anxious interest. Everything that happened is before me in real and startling vividness, but I do not seem able to recognize my form, which appears to have its identity merged in one whose awkward appearance closely resembles another schoolfellow, James Stokes by name.

We had been bathing, I think, or at any rate had been rambling on the rocks, hunting for tiny fish for our aquariums, which however I fear were not so successful as some larger institutions of the same character have since become. And here let me say that at our school we were most unfortunate in this particular. Either we put fish in a large glass globe (that did duty as a prison for our prizes) which did not agree, but preyed on their brethren to an alarming extent; or our anemones died off suddenly and mys-

teriously, thereby rendering the water unfit for habitation; or some careless visitor or servant upset our treasures at one fell swoop. Under these circumstances there is not much wonderment to be felt, if our efforts were not crowned with brilliant and permanent success. But to return to my story. On this particular afternoon, whatever may have been our amusements or occupation on the rocks, at the time of which I am writing we were ascending the cliff together, that is to say—I—in the outward semblance of Jim Stokes—and my friend and companion Charlton. We had advanced a considerable part of the way, struggling upwards; for somehow we had avoided the path, and preferred a scramble up the face of the cliff, when I paused, partly from want of breath, partly to admire the scene. How plainly I can recall it even now—the broad placid ocean at my feet, with here and there the snowy sunlit sails of the passing ships, like white-winged gulls upon the water. The glorious sun in the calm blue sky above—shaded only by a thin veil of fleecy cloud—shining in warm sympathy, the light wind softly fanning our cheeks, the earth around singing with insect life,—all seeming to speak of hope and gladness.

High up on the cliff we stood: I with my back to the cliff steadying myself with one hand against a rock, with the other pointing to some passing vessel in full sail; Charlton supporting himself on one knee with his hand grasping the rocks above, lost in wonder, and drinking in the scene with silent pleasure. But even while I looked, something gave way, a small crack, a little dust, a dark object bounding from rock to rock, and I was alone!

I gasp for breath, and struggle to shake myself into action, but in vain. The sus-

pense is terrible. I writhe and struggle hard but cannot move. Could I but do so or cry out, I am conscious help would come, so my struggles are redoubled. If I could only crawl down, perhaps I might still find my friend—oh would that he were safe!—perhaps he is only a little hurt. Hush, I hear his cry for help, wafted from beneath; no, all is again quiet—can he be dead? The terrible stillness is not broken, I must go to the rescue; this hard restraining influence shall no longer hold me back; I will break away: help! help! help! ah, at last I am free!

* * * *

I find myself in bed in my dormitory at school, the cold perspiration standing on my brow, as I tremble in every limb, while a sense of fear presses hard upon me. What is it? I raise my head fearfully and look around. There are the beds ranged round the room, and through the window comes the faint glimmer of the young moon, a soft pale weird light. All is still, oppressively so; not a sound can be heard except the sonorous trumpeting of Briggs *Major's* nasal organ—which he will use vigorously, in spite of mysterious punishments many a time and oft administered. I should like to call out, but my voice fails; and as I sit up in bed a chilliness steals over me, which penetrates to my very marrow. So I recline back on my bed, my head resting on the ironwork, my shoulders on the pillow, and wait—for what? I dare not think.

I had half dozed again when I was startled by a noise which seemed close to me, and yet was not within the room. I own my heart beat wildly; for my late fright, dream, or whatever it was, had quite unnerved me, and I lay helpless. Turning my eyes towards the window, from whence I now perceived the noise came, I beheld a sight which, for a time at least, paralyzed action of any kind. First a head appeared, or rather the outline of one; then a figure clothed in white gradually rose, and as I watched, the space between it and me seemed to vanish, the window-frame itself became as nothing between us, as the figure

advanced into the room. There was no sound of falling glass; the figure sank lightly on the floor, and advanced steadily to the nearest bed. A cold feeling of dread filled me anew, for in that bed my chum Charlton slept, and for the second time I saw him in danger and could not assist him. As I saw the figure advance I crouched down, thoroughly frightened, and plunged my head beneath the clothes; and while in that position I distinctly felt something or somebody pass over my bed, though I was not actually trodden upon.

After what to me was an age of time, I ventured to look up again, but nothing was to be seen. Growing bolder I sat up—still nothing. I strained my eyes towards Charlton's bed. There he lay, and I could hear his deep if somewhat irregular breathing. How thankful I felt that he was safe, especially after my dream. My dream! *Was it a dream?* I shuddered, for it flashed across my mind that the walking figure bore a strong resemblance to Charlton. How could I explain it? Had I seen a supernatural appearance? I could not tell; but thinking thereon I grew calmer, for I knew even if spirits were permitted to appear, they would not be allowed to do harm; so, praying heartily to the Great Ruler of spirits for His protection, I turned upon my pillow and sank into a deep and peaceful sleep.

When I awoke next morning I was at first inclined to treat the whole matter as a dream or as some silly imagination, and after the bell summoning us to rise had ceased ringing, I still lay in bed thinking over what had occurred. Making up my mind not to say a word to anybody on the subject, as I had almost persuaded myself that all was fancy, I prepared to jump out of bed, when one of our fellows cried out—

"I say, do somebody shut that window. Charlton, you are nearest, do you hear?"

I jumped up. Yes, there was the window open through which I had seen the figure enter in the night.

"I'll shut it," I exclaimed; but before closing it I looked out. Immediately below

were two large tanks, divided by a narrow strip of brick-work, terminating on the playground wall. In the act of closing the window I noticed a button, evidently torn from a night-shirt, lying on the window ledge, the centre of which had been pulled away by some violent wrench. An idea struck me, and seeing Charlton still asleep, I approached, and woke him by pulling off the bed clothes; and then discovered that the remains of the button was visible on one of his sleeves. All was now explained—evidently Charlton had been walking in his sleep, and had got out of the window. The air from the open window accounted for the chilly feelings I had experienced, and also for my not hearing any breaking of glass as he entered, in doing which the button had been torn out with his struggle.

I determined not to say anything to my schoolfellows, but after breakfast I asked to speak to our head-master, Dr. Portland, to whom I narrated the facts so far as related to the somnambulist; but of my dream I said not a word.

"You have not mentioned this occurrence to anyone, I hope," said the Doctor.

I replied in the negative.

"You have shown a wise discretion, Waters," replied the principal; "I think it better that nothing should be said; I have noticed Charlton has not been looking at all well lately,"—here he paused in thought for a moment, and then added—"I think it will be best to place him with one of the masters at night, and will give the necessary instructions; and in the meantime, Waters, you had better not talk about the matter to anyone."

I promised compliance and withdrew.

The events of which I have spoken happened just before the end of the half-year, and they quickly passed from my thoughts, for I was busily engaged in preparing for the examination for the *Britannia*, and hoped ere another half-year commenced to be a full-blown naval cadet. I left the school a few days before its breaking-up, to undergo my ordeal at Portsmouth, and in due time received official notice of success,

with instructions to report myself on board H.M.S. *Britannia* upon a specified day. There was, of course, much to do in the way of obtaining uniform, saying farewell to friends, etc., and the time over which my leave extended, passed only too quickly. In truth, ambitious as I was to tread the deck of H.M.S. *Britannia*, I deeply felt parting with my parents and friends, and already began in anticipation to experience the loneliness of starting life on one's own account. I found some comfort, however, in the thought that I might visit my former schoolfellows *en route* to my ship, and was not ill-pleased that they should have an opportunity of seeing me in uniform.

At length the day came when I was to leave home, and make my start in the world, and I set out full of life and hope; yet not without a certain misgiving, as I kissed my dear mother for the last time, that I was not the brave, light-hearted youngster I appeared; which feeling I knew to be true when, shortly afterwards, in the recess of the carriage, far removed from curious eyes, I lifted up my handkerchief and wept copiously. As, however, it would never do to appear downhearted before my late schoolfellows, I dried my eyes and fell to wondering what they would say about me. Charlton, I was certain, would be glad to see me, though I rather wondered why he had not answered the letter I had written two days previously, acquainting him of my intended visit.

Arriving at the station nearest the school—how well I remembered it!—I obtained my luggage and left it in the cloak-room until I should return in the afternoon on my way to the *Britannia*, then threw myself into a fly, and in the most graciously commanding tones I could assume (and which I thought all naval officers used) ordered the man to drive to the school.

The man looked hard at me as if he half recognised me, then touched his hat and replied, "Yes, sir." There was an implied admiration, I thought, in the gesture which pleased me greatly, and I leant back in the open fly drawing mental pictures of storms,

smuggling expeditions, battles, cruises, in which I was to take a part with great profit to myself, and invariable destruction of the enemy. My reverie was disturbed by the coachman, who appeared to be of a communicative nature, and not disinclined to enter into conversation. After one or two casual remarks he exclaimed—

"A terrible accident, that, sir, yonder," pointing with his whip in the direction of the coast.

"What, a wreck?" I asked, trying to look professional.

"No, sir, worse than that; one of the young gentlemen at the school hurt himself."

"Good gracious, how?"

"Well, sir, I can't tell the rights of the story; but, from what I hear from the coast-guard, two young gents as had been on the beach takes a short cut home, and 'stead of keeping to the path, tries a short cut up Foulness Cliff, just above the point. When they gets middling high up, one on 'em stumbles, or shies, or slips, or somewhat, and falls right down the cliff. They picks him up unconscious, so the coastguard says, and carries him to the school, and if he be'n't dead, he's nigh to it."

"Do you know his name?" I asked, trembling with suppressed excitement.

"Yes, sir, they say 'tis Charlton, or some like name, and the boy as was with him was young Master Stokes, as I knows well from driving him to the station at holiday time. Beg pardon, sir, but I've seen you here before."

I was too much shocked at the man's news to notice his recognition, and fell into a deep reverie, during which we reached the school.

Here I soon saw Dr. Portland, who told

me the whole of the sad story. The two boys had been on the beach, and hurrying back to tea, had clambered up the cliff at Foulness, hoping to save time. About half-way up Stokes stopped to rest, and to give Charlton, who was behind him, time to come up. When he did so, he was evidently out of breath with the climb, and fatigued with his exertion. He placed one knee on a rock to support himself, when it suddenly gave way and he was precipitated to the bottom, where he was found by the coastguard, attracted to the spot by the screams for help which Stokes uttered. From the first the doctor gave up all hope, for not only was the poor fellow fearfully mangled outwardly, but had also sustained terrible internal injuries, from which it was impossible to recover.

I could not help crying bitterly, in spite of my new uniform, and at last said, "Then my dream came true after all."

"What dream?" asked Dr. Portland.

I narrated the circumstances already described.

"Well," he said, when I had finished, "it certainly is a very extraordinary coincidence, but I don't think we can say more than that."

That afternoon I continued my journey to join the *Britannia* with very depressed feelings, for I could not forget the sight of my poor unconscious friend. He died the day following, and though I have tried not to regret it, since he was taken away from much evil to come, yet at the time I felt it deeply.

One thing, however, has always been a great puzzle to me—my nightmare, as I call it: was it, as Dr. Portland said, only an extraordinary coincidence; was it a vision of things to come; or, *Was it a dream?*



SCHOOL-DAYS AT KINGSCOURT.

A TALE OF 1803.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,

VICAR OF OLD SHOREHAM, SUSSEX.

Author of "Schoolboy Honour," "Wroxby College," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXI.



"GOOD afternoon, Podgett," said Colonel Morley, as the parson was ushered into his library, on the afternoon of the day following the Review. "I was just on the point of walking up to the parsonage.

I want to have some talk with you. Erskine has just left me. I wanted him to stay and come with me, but he was obliged to go. He told me a good deal—which he had learned at head-quarters in London—which makes it difficult for us to act on any emergency that may arise."

"What! are the French really coming then?"

"The French coming? No. There is very little chance of that. The First Consul has other tow on his distaff, as the saying is. The difficulty is with the Preventives. You see Roby is continually complaining of the increase of smuggling along the coast, and wanting us to take stronger measures against the offenders. But what he believes to be simple smuggling, is in truth a very different matter. I am not sure the government would by any means thank us for interfering* with these fellows."

"I don't understand you, Morley, I confess."

"I don't wonder at that. I'll explain a little. You have heard I suppose of the disaffection of Generals Dumouriez and Pichegru, towards the existing government of France; also of Georges Cadoudal and his doings?"

"I know General Pichegru and the others have fled from France, and that

Pichegru, it is supposed, took refuge in London. I know Cadoudal's name as that of a notorious Breton leader, but that is all."

"You are right so far. But not Pichegru only, but Cadoudal also, were a long time in London, hatching a conspiracy against Buonaparte, with some of the Bourbon Princes."

"A conspiracy, Morley! Do you call an attempt made by Louis Eighteenth's loyal subjects to regain for him his rightful throne, a conspiracy?" exclaimed the parson in surprise. "I should not have thought you would have so designated it. I should call it a 'rising.'"

"Ah, but this *is* a conspiracy, and not a rising. There is no idea of raising an army to meet Napoleon in the field. It is believed that another insurrection could not be incited in France. In this matter not more than a hundred armed men are to be employed. They are to meet the First Consul, when he is returning, with only his usual escort, from Vincennes or St. Cloud to Paris, overpower his guards and kill him."

"Kill him! That is assassination, Morley."

"It is very like it at all events; but the Bourbons call it making war on Buonaparte, as he will be armed and may defend himself. At all events this attempt has been organised, and the persons engaged in it have been continually passing to and fro between the French coasts and ours. Our government do not, at all events, want to stop them."

"You don't mean our government would sanction such a plot?"

"Not exactly. They are not parties to it. But they regard Pichegru and Cadoudal as the possible instruments of a revolution in France, which will divert the danger of invasion from our shores, and they do not feel bound to criticise their proceedings."

"I see, and these conspirators are the supposed smugglers?"

"Just so. Pichegru and Cadoudal and a great many others went, late in August, to Brittany, and similar parties have been going and coming since. Roby wants us to prevent their making the passage to and fro—being, as I have said, under a mistake as to their purpose. Erskine gave me a hint not to meddle with them."

"You must pass the hint on to Roby, I suppose."

"Erskine said, no. The government want the thing kept as quiet as possible. It is only for a short time, you see. No. I think we shall have to put Roby off, as well as we can, for the present."

"What does he want you to do?"

"He says his force—though he did get it increased some few months ago, before the plot was concocted—he says his force is not sufficient to cope with the large numbers of foreigners who come over, and who are desperate characters, armed to the teeth. He wants me to call out the Militia—one company, at all events, and keep them in readiness to help in case of an emergency."

"The Militia? not the Volunteers?"

"No. The Volunteers are only engaged to serve in event of an invasion. Regular troops ought to be employed. But there are none anywhere in the neighbourhood, and the government, of course, would decline to send us any from London."

"What do you think of doing then?"

"I have not quite made up my mind, and wanted to ask the advice of my brother magistrates—or rather, I should say *your* advice. The fewer trusted with a secret of this kind, the better; and, between ourselves, I have no very great opinion of the discretion of Sir Hugh Northcote or Mr. Monkton, while Woodford unluckily is in the North. You see, if I refuse Roby alto-

gether the help he asks, he will make great complaints. Probably he will write up to London. Anyway he will make a talk—the thing we want most to avoid."

"You are right there certainly, Morley. Roby is not the man to take a refusal of that kind quietly."

"On the other hand, if I call out a company of the Militia, and station half of it at Lcddenham, and half at Milstead, as he requires, placing them under his orders—he may at any time bring about an armed collision with these foreigners, in which there would be probably a considerable loss of life, and—what would be worse—the purpose which they had in view in passing between the French and English shores, would probably come to light."

"What have you done then?"

"Well, I have ordered the Nuthurst company to be called out, and to take up its quarters for the present in Milstead. The men are there already, I believe, or will be at four o'clock. But they are to be under my immediate orders. Roby will have to apply to me before he can employ them. Do you think I have acted for the best?"

"Yes. It is what I was going to recommend. Does Roby then expect any party of foreigners immediately?"

"To-night, I believe. He assured me, yesterday morning, he had trustworthy information that a large force—thirty or forty, he said—would arrive this evening, but he was not yet sure, where the landing was to be made. As soon as he had learned that, he was to communicate with me again."

"I think you could not do better than you have done. But is it not strange that he cannot discover who are the accomplices of these smugglers, or where they land their goods? There are half-a-dozen, he tells me, on whom he has had his eye ever so long, and he has watched and tracked them over and over again, but he has never been able to bring it home to any one of them."

"It is strange. Roby is a zealous fellow, and sharp enough, one would think:

and Hawkins and M'Nab are two of the keenest fellows I ever came across."

At this moment the door was opened, and Pritchard announced Mr. Edward Chapman.

"Glad to find you here, Mr. Podgett," said the latter, when the first civilities had been interchanged. "I called at the Vicarage, as I came up. I was anxious to speak to you as well as to Colonel Morley, respecting his keeper, Andrew Hagan."

"Have you learned anything more respecting his supposed connection with the smugglers?" asked the colonel.

"I have learned what seems to me to amount to a clear proof of his being one of them," replied Mr. Chapman. "Mrs. Wood has just been to me, my brother being out. She was in a state of so much agitation, in consequence of a visit paid to her by Hagan last night, that I have been obliged to ask Madame de Normanville, whose rooms are in the same house as my own, to take charge of her, while I came to speak with you."

"He has been to her house again, do you say?" inquired the colonel. "If that is the case, after the intimation given him through Pritchard, I shall certainly discharge him from my service."

"He went there last night, Mrs. Wood tells me," said Mr. Chapman, "an hour or two after the Review. Mrs. Wood was alone, her servant having been allowed to go out for the evening. He forced his way into her house, and would not leave it, when she desired him to do so."

"Did she tell you what his object was in thrusting himself upon her?" asked the parson. "Perhaps as yesterday was a general holiday, Hagan may have taken too much beer, and hardly knew what he was doing."

"No, it was not that," said Mr. Chapman. "I believe Hagan never takes too much. Certainly he hadn't on this occasion. He spoke rationally enough, though he was outrageously insolent and violent. He asked her whether she had

reconsidered the proposal he had made her. She had had nearly six months, he said, and ought to have come to her senses by this time. When she told him she had done so, and was in the same mind as before, he broke out into angry threats, like those he had used on the former occasion, only more virulent. He told her that as she had chosen to defy him, she might thank herself, and herself only, for anything that might befall her or her son. 'I warned you before,' he said, 'that if you refused to listen to me, it would be the worse for him, and you paid no heed to me, thinking I suppose that I didn't mean what I said. Now you'll see whether I meant it or not. The next time we meet I expect you'll have changed your tune altogether.' Then he went off and left her. Her servant came in an hour afterwards, and found her in such a state that she fetched Dr. Bell to see her."

"How is she to-day?" asked the colonel, when Mr. Chapman paused.

"Bell gave her something to quiet her nerves, but she is still in a very hysterical state. She cannot go on living in that cottage, if she is to be liable to outrages like this."

"It must of course be put a stop to," said Mr. Podgett. "I have no doubt the colonel will take effectual steps to prevent its recurrence. But in the meantime I must express my opinion that it is all rodомontade after all. He has two or three times used very nearly the same language, and nothing has come of it. If we can keep him from intruding himself on Mrs. Wood, that in my judgment will be all that is necessary. I do not believe he has the power, or even the will, to injure George Wood."

"I might have thought so, Mr. Podgett," replied Edward Chapman, "if it had not been for this letter, which Mrs. Wood found awaiting her, when she returned from the Review. It was lying on the table in her parlour, having evidently been left by somebody, who had watched his opportunity of entering the cottage, while it was empty.

It was a fortunate circumstance that she did not notice the letter, until after Hagan's departure, or her alarm during her interview with him would have been much greater. She was too much agitated last night to pay heed to anything. But this morning she discovered it, and after reading it came straight to Kingscourt."

"Read it out loud, Edward," said the parson. "Both the colonel and myself had better hear its contents."

Mr. Chapman complied. "It is the production of an illiterate person," he said, "but I think it is genuine."

"October 4th, 1803.

"Honorred Maddam. This leter is from a tru frend. Keap yor son Gorge at hoam all to-day, and tummorow. In pertickler doant let him go neer the Cove. Theres they thare as meens him no good. But after tummorow it woant be so bad for him. Best say nutthing about this leter to no wun. Yor humbel servunt. Nevver mind hoo."

"You think that is not Hagan's composition?" asked Mr. Podgett after a few moments' silence.

"I cannot for a moment believe that it is. I have had letters from Hagan about the use of the boat. He knows how to spell and how to express himself grammatically. The writer of this note evidently can do neither the one nor the other."

"No doubt it seems so, but the bad spelling and grammar may have been assumed as a disguise."

"Of course, but it is not Hagan's handwriting. It does not, in fact, at all resemble it."

"Let me look at it, Podgett," said Colonel Morley. "No, you are right, Mr. Chapman. I know Hagan's writing quite familiarly, and this, as you say, bears no resemblance to it. Who then can be the writer, and what can be his object?"

"My conjecture, sir, is that it is written by one of Hagan's companions, who knows that he has some evil intention towards

young Wood, and wishes to save the lad. There is, to my mind, no reasonable doubt that Hagan is connected with the smugglers. He is a resolute and domineering character. And it is quite likely that some of the others would be unwilling that any injury should be done to young Wood, and yet not venture to oppose Hagan openly."

"I think what you say likely enough," rejoined the colonel. "Hagan always bore that character, and shewed it when he had an opportunity, though he always punctiliously obeyed orders. Well, assuming that to be the correct explanation of the letter, the first thing to be done, is to keep this lad, George Wood, safe within the precincts of Kingscourt, for the next twenty-four hours."

"Just so, sir," returned Mr. Chapman. "I sent young De Normanville to fetch him, as soon as I had heard his mother's story and read the anonymous letter. Eugène must have arrived at Kingscourt before I reached Broadleigh. George is, no doubt, safe with his mother now, and she will not let him out of her sight you may depend on it."

"That is well so far, then," said Mr. Podgett. "But whom have we here now?" he added as the door-bell rang sharply. "Oh here is Lieutenant Roby back again, colonel. He looks as if he had obtained further information. Well, lieutenant, what have you learned?"

"Nearly all we require to know, sir," answered Roby, as he entered the room, followed by his two subordinate officers, Hawkins and M'Nab. The cargo is to be run this evening at eight o'clock, or soon after. It is dark you know before six now, and there is no moon. The night too promises to be cloudy. I expect it will be pretty nearly pitch dark at seven."

"Have you ascertained the place also?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, Colonel Morley,—Lindley Bay. That lies about half way between Leddenham and Milstead. It is just the place for them to choose for the purpose. There is a flat sandy beach with a few

rocks just high enough to hide the boats, and inland, there is a wide piece of waste land with large patches of gorse and sandstone caves, where they could hide away any number of bales and barrels."

"I know the place," said the colonel. "I rode over there one day when we surveyed the coast from Milstead to Leddenham. It would suit you, I should think, better than it would suit the smugglers. You could hide your men easily enough in the stone quarries and caves, and they would see where the smugglers had stowed the cargo. As soon as the boats were gone, you might come out and pounce upon it."

"We might seize the goods in that way, sir," observed Lieutenant Roby, "but we should be letting the men escape."

"What do you suppose the strength of the smugglers will be?"

"If I have been correctly informed, sir," said the lieutenant, "there won't be fewer than thirty of these Bretons. I don't know how many accomplices they may have in Milstead and Leddenham."

"Thirty! really. And they are desperate fellows to fight! There would probably be heavy loss of life. Really, Mr. Roby, if I were in your place, I should content myself with securing the cargo, and allow these French desperados to take themselves off again, without meddling with them. We shall be well rid of them. They will suffer pretty heavily in the loss they will sustain, and will probably make no similar attempts in future."

"Indeed, Colonel Morley! is that your opinion?" returned the lieutenant in a tone of annoyance. "Well, sir, of course, the Militia are under your orders, and if you do not give me their help—"

"I did not say, or imply, that I would not," interposed Colonel Morley. "I was only advising. I do not wish to screen these smugglers—only to prevent needless and, as it seems to me, useless, loss of life."

"Very well, sir. Perhaps it will be better to arrange it in this way then. You will allow me the help of, say, some twenty or

thirty men, who will be quite sufficient to overpower without resistance any of the smugglers who may be left in charge of the cargo after it is landed, and prevent their escape. They may be hidden, as you suggested just now, in the old quarries and pits round the spot. As soon as the boats have put off after landing their goods, the Militia may come out from their hiding-places and surround the smugglers."

"There can be no objection to that," said the colonel. "I will give orders to Captain Edwards to take thirty men to Lindley Bay without loss of time. You will, I suppose, take the command yourself."

"No, Colonel Morley, I shall leave the party under Captain Edwards's command, if you will be good enough to give him your instructions. I propose myself to take the *Rodney*, which is now lying in Leddenham Harbour, round to Lindley Bay. She can lie in the cove there among the rocks, and on a dark night, such as we are likely to have, won't be seen at all from the sea. We've hands enough to man her, and work her guns. As soon as the smugglers' boats have put off again, we'll come out, and, I'll be bound, will either take every one of these fellows prisoners, or send them to the bottom."

The colonel bit his lip with vexation; but he felt that he could raise no further objection without provoking suspicions, which might do serious mischief.

"No doubt you will have them that way," he said. "They will in all likelihood surrender, as they will be directly under the fire of your guns. I had better give you a note to convey immediately to Captain Edwards. Is there anything else you desire?"

"I intended to have searched the old house lying behind Corfield's cottage this morning," said Roby. "I have received information that a quantity of contraband goods is believed to be lying there. No time ought to be lost in making the search, as the goods will probably be removed. I mean to leave M'Nab here to see to it. But we can spare no more hands, as we have only just enough to make a crew for the *Rodney*."

If you could give him the help of some of your men—I see there are half-a-dozen or so down-stairs—in making the search, you will do us a service.”

“I will undertake that,” said the colonel. “In fact, we were on the point of going down to Kingscourt—which is close to Milwood House, when you arrived. The men were to have attended me to Leddenham. But you can take my orders to Captain Edwards, as well as I myself could give them. Very well, then, you had better set off for Leddenham at once, and we will accompany corporal M’Nab to Milwood.”

The lieutenant accordingly took his departure, somewhat mollified by the colonel’s courtesy. Colonel Morley himself, accompanied by Mr. Edward Chapman, Corporal M’Nab, Hawkins, Pritchard and the militia men, set out for Milwood, which they soon reached, and repaired first to Corfield’s cottage. Dan himself was absent somewhere, but old Phil Burn had been left in charge, and was sitting on the beach outside the front door, nominally engaged in smoking his pipe, but in reality keeping a watchful eye on the quarter, whence the French boats might be expected to arrive. He was seized and pinioned, before he was aware of the proximity of his captors, and questioned by Colonel Morley and M’Nab, but no information could be obtained from him. He did not know where Daniel Corfield was, or what he was doing; had never heard of any cellars belonging to Corfield’s cottage, or in any way connected with it; he knew there was an old house, close by, which had been shut up for a long time and folks said it was haunted: and he supposed that the high wall at the end of Dan’s garden might be the wall of the house in question, but he wasn’t sure.

Finding it useless to interrogate him any further, the colonel gave him into the charge of Hawkins and Pritchard, while the others proceeded to make a close examination of the premises. After half-an-hour’s search, a trap-door, most ingeniously concealed, was discovered in the floor of a shed behind the cottage, which had been half filled with

old nets and coils of rope. The trap being raised, a flight of steps was disclosed, leading to a vault or cellar of some kind. A lantern was now obtained, and the corporal, followed by Colonel Morley and three or four of the men, descended into it. After further examination, a door in the wall was forced open, and the party entered a long subterranean passage, dimly lighted by a grating here and there, and containing rows of brick closets on either side; these being opened were found to be filled with casks, and boxes and hampers, containing silk stuffs, French brandy, and tobacco.

Passing along this tunnelled way, the explorers presently reached another door in the wall, which apparently was the end of the vault. This too being broken in, the basement story of Milwood House was disclosed, of this the reader has already had a description. The corporal, followed by the others, ascended the steps which led to the entrance hall, and proceeded to examine the rooms leading out of it. These however were quite empty.

“Whatever have we been about all this time,” muttered M’Nab half aloud, half to himself, “not to ferret this out?”

“Rather, I should ask, how have you found it out now?” observed the colonel. “That trap in the floor of the outhouse would have puzzled a Hindoo, and they have the sharpest eyes I have ever known. You see that was the only entrance to the house. The door here is nailed and screwed up and has evidently never been entered for years.”

“No, sir, it is plain enough no one could have got in here that way. Well now, sir, I should advise your examining Phil Burn again. I should think he’d make no bother now about telling you all he knows. He’ll see that you must find it all out, and he may as tell you as any one else.”

“That is true, M’Nab. Bring Burn up here, and I will question him again.”

Two of the party departed on the errand; and the colonel and Mr. Chapman, entering the large empty room to their left, sat down in one of the window seats to rest themselves. Presently the men were heard re-

turning through the passage, and Colonel Morley was on the point of rising to join them, when Edward Chapman laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Hush, colonel, don't you hear a noise?"

The colonel put his hand to his ear and listened intently.

"Yes," he said presently, "I do. I hear voices, though very indistinctly; they seem to come from the other side of that wall, where the closed-up door is, out yonder."

M'Nab stepped up to the door and applied his ear to the keyhole.

"You're right, sir," he said presently.

"There are several persons in there a-talking and smoking. They'll be some of the chaps we're looking after, I judge. If so, we has 'em safe in a trap. If you'll order the rest of the men up, colonel, we'll blow that door in with a charge of powder in a jiffey, and then we have 'em. If they show fight, a musket shot or two will bring 'em to their senses pretty quick."

"There can be no need for any such violent measures as those," remarked Mr. Chapman; "they must surrender, if they are challenged. Come, Burn, you must see it is of no use keeping up this farce any longer. You and your accomplices are discovered, and you had better persuade them to give themselves up without making bad worse."

"I'll try and persuade 'em if I can, Mr. Chapman," said old Burn, who had been brought up between two of the militia. "But," he added with a half-suppressed grin, "they are very daring and desperate chaps, and armed too. There won't be no need to blow the lock in, corporal. If you'll just come this way, I'll soon put your inside that room. But you'll promise to spare their lives—now, wont you, colonel?"

"I dont understand what you mean, sir," returned the colonel angrily. "If your companions surrender, of course no violence will be used towards them. But you and they will find this no laughing matter, I can tell you!"

"Very good, sir. You had better come this way," said the old smuggler. He stepped up to the wall at the corner furthest

from the door, and pressed some spring apparently, for one of the panels instantly flew open, disclosing a narrow passage.

"Now follow me, quite quietly," he whispered "but have your pistols and swords ready, in case of their attempting to break out!" Advancing three or four steps, he pressed another spring, when a second door flew open, and the old man entering the chamber beyond exclaimed in a loud voice—

"Throw down your arms and surrender—all of you! You are the King's prisoners!"

CHAPTER XXII.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. Monkton, Holmes, and Northcote had returned from their *déjeuner* with the officers, and Thorne had been released from his bondage. The "Caps" had met in the "Chimney," for the double purpose of talking once more over the stirring incidents of the last two days, and discussing the new batch of tobacco; which, agreeably to promise, old Burn had brought down, an hour or so before. All the smokers were present, excepting Hewett, who had not yet arrived, and all five were enjoying themselves to the utmost. Old Burn had been induced, by the urgent entreaties of his customers, to contribute still further to their festivity, by fetching a couple of quarts of Pitts's best ale. For this service he had been rewarded by a liberal potation of the ale after its arrival—a circumstance which possibly accounted for the drowsy condition in which his captors had found him.

The internal arrangements of the "Chimney," it should be mentioned, were of a highly original, not to say eccentric, character. In one corner stood a rude kind of cupboard, consisting of two large boxes, placed upright side by side, and nailed together, with shelves inside. In the middle of the room stood a barrel set on end to serve as a table, on which on the present occasion were placed the beer and mugs. Round it were grouped the six seats assigned to the smokers.

Those of Cook, Holmes, and Hewett were old rush-bottomed chairs, one lacking a front, one a hind, and the third, both a front and a hind leg. All these deficiencies were supplied by the same remedy—a square box, of nearly the same height from the ground as the seat of the chair, to which the aforesaid rush-bottomed seat was nailed. Monkton and Northcote occupied two large garden seats, which they had converted into sofas, by the help of two more boxes, and some matting stuffed with hay. Thorne's *couchette* was still more luxurious. It consisted of an old hammock, which he had purchased cheap at a marine stores and slung up on staples to the remains of the old projecting gallery. At a quarter past five o'clock or thereabouts the enjoyment of the company might be said to be at its height.

The principal topic, it may well be believed, was the rifle-match of the previous day, and the comments which the boys had heard made upon it by the officers at their lunch that day.

"They praised our shooting immensely," said Northcote. "They thought Monkton's almost as good, if not quite, as Wood's—quite as good, any way, at the shorter distance."

"I should like to have a match with Wood for a heavy sum," remarked Monkton—"a match, when one could shoot in quiet, without all that noise and bother, which throws a fellow out. I never have shot so badly for months as I did yesterday."

"Nor Wood ever so well," put in Cook. "I never saw a fellow who is so lucky as Wood. It was just the same at the cricket match. No one ever knew him play, as he did that day, on any other occasion. Any body who saw him play only on that day, would think he was a match for Everard at bowling, and James at batting; whereas we all know that he is not fit to hold a candle to either of them."

At this moment Hewett entered through the trap-door, looking a good deal heated, and apparently disturbed by something.

"Why, Ralph," said Northcote, "what is the matter, man? what's up now?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing" answered Hewett hastily, "what did I hear you saying, William, about Everard and James?"

"Only that they can bowl and bat a precious sight better than Wood," answered Cook.

"I should think they could too," said Hewett, "and shoot quite as well too, to say the least of it. There's some talk of a rifle-match being got up between us and the Parnassians by the way—have you heard of it?"

"Not I," said Holmes, to whom the question seemed more immediately addressed. "Who is going to get it up, I wonder?"

"I overheard Mr. Wool talking to Longshanks about it while the shooting was going on. Wool thought Morison and Green very nearly equal to James and Wood, and he himself is rather better than Longshanks, so he thought the match would be a pretty even one. It wouldn't though. Wood I suppose is Morison's equal, and James here would beat Green's head off, and then there's Everard who is almost as good—if not quite as good as James."

"And I suppose if the match was between the schools, we should be allowed to have Eugène de Normanville," said Holmes. "They say he is as good a shot, if not better, than M'Kinnon himself. He has been used to bringing down the chamois you see, and they are more difficult to tackle, than the red deer. Besides Eugène has had more practice of late years. I wish he'd take me in hand."

"Aye, as he did Wood," said Cook. "All Wood's shooting is owing to him. They were at it, I'm told, almost every day last holidays."

"I don't think the Parnassians would allow Eugène to shoot," observed Northcote, "but I agree with Ralph we should be more than a match for them without him. Holmes is very nearly as good as I am, and Ralph here very little behind. A few weeks' practice would make them quite as good."

"I wish I had the opportunity of practising," said Hewett, "but at Milnthorpe there is no chance of that."

"No," assented Holmes. "We've no ground, and my father wouldn't like the row, even if we had."

"I wish I could ask you to Wavelsbourne, Ralph," said Northcote. "I had quite meant to do so. But I am allowed to ask only one, and my uncle is set on having Wood."

"My father has taken the same fancy," said Monkton. "It is a great nuisance, but I can't help it. Have you asked Wood yet, Everard?"

"No," said Northcote. "I haven't seen Wood to-day, except in school. But I suppose I must ask him to-morrow."

"He may refuse perhaps," observed Thorne.

"Catch him doing that," said Cook.

"I don't agree with you about that," observed Holmes. "I think it not unlikely that he will decline. If he thinks Everard and James prefer Hewett, he certainly will."

"Very well, if he does refuse, it is understood that you will come, Ralph?" said Monkton. "You mean that too, do you not, Everard?"

"Yes," answered Northcote. "I shouldn't like to give Wood any hint that I wanted any one else, but if he doesn't come, Ralph here of course will take his place."

"I am sure I am greatly obliged," said Hewett. "Wood of course is free to do as he pleases—hallo what is that?"

The whole party sprang up in mingled astonishment and consternation, as one of the panels in the wall suddenly opened inwards, and a man in the dress of a sailor, whom all recognised as old Burn, presented himself at the opening. He was closely followed by Mr. Edward Chapman, Colonel Morley and Mr. Podgett; while in the background appeared M'Nab the Coastguardsman, and one or two soldiers in uniform.

It was hard to say whether the occupants of the room, or the new comers, appeared the more confounded at this rencontre. The scene was, in truth, not more embarrassing than ludicrous. We have already described the extremely original furniture of the apart-

ment. It may be added that the costume of the boys was in keeping with it. All had scrupulously laid aside their coats, waistcoats and neckcloths, which would have imbibed the smell of smoke, and so probably have led to detection. These were all deposited in the large cupboard before mentioned, and in lieu of them the boys appeared in a fancy costume, which was more grotesque than becoming. Monkton and Northcote were arrayed in dressing gowns of gorgeous patterns with each a Turkish fez on his head. Hewett wore an old green velvet shooting-jacket and a hunting-cap, with which Northcote had presented him when he was at Wavelsbourne. Cook's attire was a plaid cloak of the Stuart tartan, to which sleeves of a different pattern had been appended; while Holmes was encased in a rusty black robe bearing a suspicious likeness to a discarded cassock of his father's and on his head was an ancient velvet skull-cap, which likewise appeared to have been exhumed from the cupboard in the vestry. Not to be behind his companions in eccentricity of appearance, Thorne had donned a smock-frock and white night-cap, purchased, in default of any available habiliments, at Mother White's.

There was a dead silence for a minute or two. Mr. Edward Chapman's indignation was for the moment overpowered by astonishment, while the sense of the ridiculous was uppermost with the others. The parson stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth in a vain attempt to stifle a laugh. A smile in spite of all efforts at decorum gathered on the colonel's lips. Corporal M'Nab and old Burn burst into an irrepressible guffaw, in which the boys were too much alarmed to join.

Presently Mr. Chapman so far recovered himself as to be able to put some questions to Holmes, the senior boy present.

"Holmes," he said, "you will of course see the necessity of giving an explanation of this, so far as any explanation is possible. How did you obtain admission to this house?"

"Through the trap-door there, sir,"

answered Holmes. "One of the boys was looking after a ball which had fallen into the ashpit, and he accidentally discovered the way into the room."

"Indeed, and when was this discovery made?"

The boys looked uncomfortably at one another.

"You had better tell me the whole truth at once," said Mr. Chapman. "Do not make bad worse, by any attempt at concealment."

"We discovered the way into the room last April, sir," said Northcote.

"Last April—nearly six months ago! and you have been using this room to smoke in ever since? Is that so?"

"Yes, sir," said Holmes.

"I remember now that it was in April—near the end of it too—that my brother gave the order prohibiting smoking. His orders then have been persistently broken from almost the day when they were given."

No one replied.

"I cannot tell you how surprised and grieved I am. Am I to understand that the whole of the school have taken part in this, or only a few?"

"We six are the only offenders, sir," said Holmes.

"The other first-class boys refused to join us," said Northcote.

"The other first-class boys," repeated Mr. Chapman. "Wood, that is, Bell, and Shute—they refused, did they?"

"Yes, sir," said Northcote.

"I am glad to hear that, at all events, Northcote. How did you get the tobacco?"

"There's no need to ask that, Mr. Chapman," said M'Nab stepping forward and picking up a case from the floor. "I know where this came from, and so do you, Phil Burn," he added, turning short on the old smuggler. "You won't deny, I suppose, that this here tobacco was supplied by you."

"I never knew any good come of answering questions, Corporal M'Nab," answered the old man doggedly.

"I suppose you young gentlemen, any-

how, won't deny as you got your 'bacco from Burn and his mates," continued M'Nab, turning to the boys.

"I don't suppose it matters much where we got it from," said Monkton. "It was no more harm to get it from one person, than it was to get it from another."

"You are quite mistaken there, Monkton," said the usher. "It makes a very considerable difference. If you had bought it at a shop, that would have been a simple breach of the Doctor's orders. If you had resorted here to smoke it, after you had bought it, that would no doubt have been a further offence—in that you were going out of the permitted bounds, every time you entered this house. But these offences would not have been nearly as great as those of leaguering yourselves with men who are notorious criminals, and with whom you know quite well your parents would not allow you to have any intercourse. I find you here—in a house; which, it is quite plain, has for a long time past been turned into a receptacle for contraband goods, and has, moreover, been continually used by the smugglers as a place where they met to concert their plans. That is so, is it not, M'Nab?"

"Yes, Mr. Chapman, we've had our eyes upon 'em for some weeks past; and they've been seen going in and out of Dan Corfield's shed half-a-dozen times a day. We couldn't make out what they went in there for, until last night; when one of our mates saw, through the window of the shed, Andy Hagan coming up through the floor. There ain't no manner of doubt that these chaps have made this old house their head-quarters for months past."

"Just so. I am afraid, therefore, it is only too plain that you, boys, have been mixing yourselves up with these men. I cannot help fearing that it was no accidental discovery, as Holmes represents it, but it was by their help and connivance that you have occupied this room——"

"I beg pardon, Mr. Chapman," said old Burn, thrusting himself forward. "But you's wrong now—you is indeed. We

never knew how the young gentlemen got in here, and we'd have got 'em out, if we could. We stopped up the door there, to prevent them getting any further into the house; and they never have been further—at least only two of them has been any further," added the old man, with a grin on his face, "and they warn't disposed to try it a second time."

"I don't understand what you are talking about, Burn," said Mr. Chapman, impatiently. "We saw that the door there was fastened up on the other side. But what does that signify, when there's another way between the two rooms?"

"Ah, but they knew nothing of that," rejoined Burn. "That was the way old Dobbs used to go, you know," added he with a wink at Hewett and Cook, who were shrinking back out of sight. "But come, sir, I'll tell you the truth and you may trust me. I met some of these young gentlemen in a shop one day, and asked 'em to buy some tobacco, and when they wanted some more, I brought it 'em. And that's all they've had to do with me, or I with them. They speak the truth about finding their way into this house. None of us ever showed it 'em, and we'd have got 'em out of it again, as I said just now, if we could. Don't you blame them for what they don't deserve."

"Come, that's honest any way," said Mr. Podgett. "May not Colonel Morley and myself intercede for these lads, Mr. Chapman? There is no excusing them, no doubt; but their fault is not so great as it appeared at first, and they have been open and straightforward about it."

"And I have no doubt will give their promise, not to use this room or purchase tobacco without leave again," added Colonel Morley. "You will do so, will you not, my lads?" continued he, turning to the boys.

"Yes, sir, we will," was the general response. "I know we have been to blame, but not so much as Mr. Chapman thinks. Burn has told the exact truth," added Northcote.

"I am glad to hear you speak so, Northcote," said Mr. Chapman, "but I can't take upon myself to say this business will be overlooked. It is a very serious matter, and my brother must deal with it, as he sees fit. But I will tell him that Colonel Morley and Mr. Podgett have interceded in your behalf. Or rather, it would be better if the colonel and the vicar could come and speak to him themselves, now they are here. You had better put on your proper clothes, boys, and come round with me to Kingscourt."

The boys obeyed. They resumed their coats and waistcoats, and all present were just on the point of leaving the "Chimney," when a noise was heard outside, and Eugène de Normanville rushed into the room, followed by Hawkins and Pritchard.

"M. Edouart," he exclaimed, his foreign accent rendered more conspicuous by the excitement under which he was labouring. "M. Edouart, M. le Colonel, come instantly—render succour. Georges, Georges Wood! He has been seized, carried off, he will be killed. Come quickly!"

"George Wood," exclaimed Mr. Chapman. "He is with his mother, is he not? He was sent to her two hours ago and more."

"Ah, no! You sent the message by me, M. Edouart. I went down to look for him, but I could not find him. He was nowhere in the house nor in the cricket-field. At last I was told he was gone out walking with one of the boys—Hewett, I think, but I know not what has become of him either!"

"Hewett," interposed Mr. Chapman, "why, he is here; there must be some mistake. Do you know anything of Wood, Hewett?" he proceeded, turning to the boy named. "Why, what is this? What makes you look like that, Hewett?"

"Nothing, nothing," stammered Hewett; "only I was afraid——"

"Afraid that some injury has befallen your schoolfellow," interposed Colonel Morley kindly. "Tell us exactly what you know, and you will be of service to him."

"Why don't you speak," said Mr. Chapman after a minute's silence. "Did you walk out with Wood, as Eugène says?"

"I walked—a little way," replied Hewett.

"In which direction?" asked Colonel Morley.

"Out—out—towards Leddenham, I believe."

"Towards Leddenham," repeated Mr. Chapman. "What should George go there for?"

"I—I don't know."

"The boys told me," said Eugène, "that a note was given him just before he started."

"A note? Do you know anything of that, Hewett?"

"I gave him a note—a man asked me to give it to him."

"Who was the man? There is something strange here! Why didn't you say this before?"

"It took me so by surprise. I don't know what the note was about—not in the least."

"And who was the man?"

"I don't know who he was."

"What kind of looking person was he?"

"An ordinary sort of man; nothing remarkable, that I saw. He was dressed, I think, like a sailor."

"Well, you gave the note, and what did Wood say?"

"He only said he would go. And we walked out together."

"How far did you walk?"

"Oh, only a short distance. Then I got tired, and came back."

"Did Wood say where he was going to?"

"I didn't hear him, if he did."

"Why did you say nothing about this, when you heard Wood was missing?"

"I didn't think of it."

"That is very odd. Well, Eugène, you had better go on with what you know of the matter."

"I went out on the road they showed me; but I could see no one. I ran as fast as I could for half an hour. Then I got

on to the top of a hill—I know not its name."

"Whicheley Hill," said Mr. Podgett. "That's about three or four miles from this. You would about reach it in half an hour's sharp running. Well, what then?"

"When I got to the top of the hill," pursued Eugène, "I perceived Georges. He was about a quarter of a mile off, walking fast. I called to him, but he could not hear, and I went on running. I saw him go up to the door of a cottage, standing by itself on the skirt of the wood——"

"That must be Brown's cottage," observed the parson; "but Brown has left it. It is empty."

"Just when I was a hundred yards off," continued De Normanville. "I saw a man come out from the cottage, and speak to Georges. They talked to one another for a minute or so. While they were conversing, I saw two or three others creeping up from behind, and they seized Georges on a sudden. He struggled, but they tied his hands and his legs, and thrust a *museau* into his mouth. Then they dragged him away——"

"Tied him hand and foot, and dragged him away," exclaimed Mr. Chapman. "This is a serious business indeed! Did you see where they took him to?"

"Yes, down to the seaside, where there was a large boat, lying off the point. I crept closer among the bushes near enough to see, but alone and unarmed I could not aid him. They put him on board, and got into the boat themselves, and pushed her off."

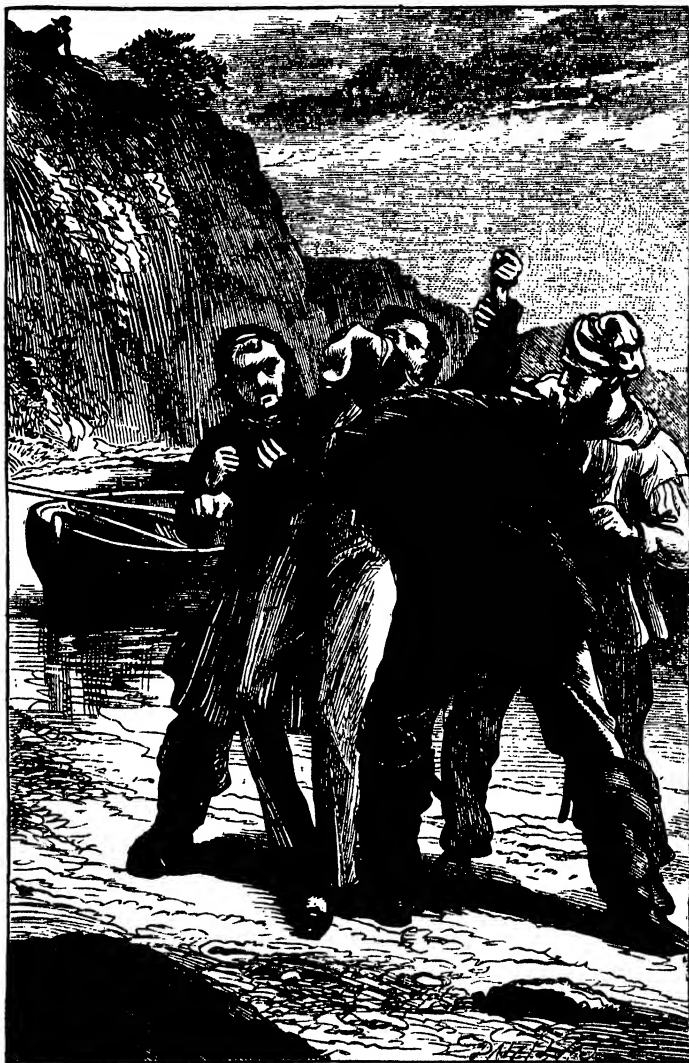
"Which way did the boat go—towards Leddenham or Milstead?" asked M'Nab.

"Milstead; but she went some way out to sea. I do not think they wanted to be seen from the shore."

"We must lose no time in trying to rescue him," said Colonel Morley. "The first thing is to place this man Burn in safe keeping. Take him in charge, Hawkins. The warrant shall be signed as soon as we have leisure. Had not the boys better go

back without you, Mr. Chapman? We shall want your help." to ask a question. He is the same who walked out, it seems, with Mr. Wood."

"I beg your pardon, Colonel Morley," said M'Nab, "but there is one among these young gentlemen of whom I should like All eyes were again turned on Hewett, who had shrunk back behind his schoolfellows. "I think you are the person,—are you



not, sir?—who gave us the information last summer about the smuggler's cave at the Dane's Cove." heard that there was a reward offered to anyone who would give information?"

Hewett was still silent.

Hewett made no answer. "I suppose you know, Mr. Monkton?" resumed M'Nab, "whether he was at Cheselden last summer, when the lieutenant called?"

"There is no doubt that he was there," answered Monkton briefly.

"I thought so. Well he called the next day at the station, and told us he knew of a cave at the Dane's Cove, where the smugglers kept their goods, and wanted to be paid the reward. The lieutenant requested him to go with him and point it out, as he could not understand his account of it. But Mr. Hewett—that it appears is his name, for he would not tell it to us—Mr. Hewett refused to do so. He went away, and we never saw him again till to-day. I should not have spoken now, but if Mr. Wood has been carried in the direction of Milstead, as this French gentleman says, they must have taken him to this cave in the Dane's Cove, of which Mr. Hewett told us—if so be there is any such cave."

"Why do you add that, M'Nab?" asked the vicar.

"Because, your reverence, we've been on the look-out for ever so long. We've climbed up the cliff where he says there's an entrance, but the rock is quite solid everywhere there. The lieutenant thought at last that this young gentleman had been playing off a joke upon us, only we had other reasons for thinking that cargoes was landed there. But if the smugglers have a ken there, Mr. Wood's been taken to it—I'll take my davy of that. So p'raps, colonel and gentlemen, you'll make Mr. Hewett tell you the truth about it."

"Of course," said Mr. Chapman, "we must know. I insist on your speaking, Hewett. Have you been amusing yourself with a stupid joke, or do you really know

of such a resort of the smugglers as you described?"

"There is such a cave," said Hewett, reluctantly, "but I don't know—I couldn't find the way into it."

"Why not? It appears that you described it to M'Nab and others."

"Yes, but I discovered, a long time ago, that the way by which we entered, had been built up inside with solid stone."

"And you didn't think proper to tell us that, sir," said M'Nab.

Hewett was again silent.

"If the cave exists, as it seems that it does," said Colonel Morley, "that must be the place in which we must search for young Wood. You remember the anonymous letter warned him not to go near the Cove. There must be another entrance to it of course, if the old one has been closed."

"So there must, colonel," said M'Nab, "and we've tried to find it, but the rocks at Ebba's Stone, are quite solid everywhere, and those Pinnacles, as they call 'em, are as steep as a wall——"

"The Pinnacles!" exclaimed Eugène, starting forward, "ah, I see, I know, now! I can find you the way into that cave, if you will come with me. I did not know that was the place. Georges and I found the way into it two or three weeks ago!"

He was hurrying off in his excitement, but Colonel Morley called him back, "Come with me and these gentlemen into the next room," he said. "I must have your story more at length, and we will then decide what is to be done. Hawkins, take Burn to the lock-up, and then return."

(To be continued.)



ROBERT BRUCE.

By L. M. C. LAMB.

(Continued from page 558.)

HOUGH the hardships of our hero's life were by no means over, the proverbial "silver lining" was beginning to show through the dark clouds which had obscured the dawn of his career as King of Scots, and now we hear of frequent victories : of his success over Donald of the Isles near the river Dee in June, 1308 ; of another encounter with the men of Lorn in August, when he took their castle of Dunstaff-

nage, pillaged the whole country-side, and drew to his cause many Scots who had hitherto swelled the ranks of his adversaries. Ably assisted by the military genius and courage of such men as his brother Edward and the faithful Douglas, we hear how the various fortresses of Galloway fell one by one into his hands ; how the English garrisons were expelled ; and how, village by village, and town by town, the territory which owned him as king, became by degrees more extended.

In 1309, we hear that Philip of France endeavoured to promote a reconciliation, or, at all events, a truce between Edward of England and King Robert ; and the names of the French emissaries are handed down to us with the account of their proceedings. We will not, however, enter into the details of this negotiation, since it has no direct bearing upon the narrative of our hero's life, and in the following spring the two antagonists were as ill-disposed as ever towards one another : Edward summoning

his unwilling barons to muster at Berwick for an expedition into Scotland, and Bruce combining measures for cutting off their provisions, harassing their marches, and making raids across the border to extort money and plunder from the English on his own account. We now come to the taking of the Castle of Linlithgow, for the possession of which important fortress Bruce was indebted to the stratagem of a peasant named Binnock, who, having orders from the English governor to carry forage into the castle, gave notice of the favourable opportunity to a large party of friends in the royalist interest. A considerable number posted themselves in a spot concealed from the observation of the garrison ; eight more, armed to the teeth, lay down in the waggon and were covered with hay by the enterprising countryman, and off started the team of oxen, with Binnock walking alongside unconcernedly.

Arrived before the castle he requested admittance, and a few moments later the heavy wain rumbled under the archway. At this instant, when the presence of the waggon prevented the gates from shutting or the portcullis from being let down, Binnock cut the ropes which harnessed the oxen, and running round to the back of his cart began unloading the hay lustily ; when out leaped the eight prisoners, and with scant warning, fell upon the unprepared sentinels, and calling to their comrades, who by this time had also emerged from their hiding-place, the whole party laid about them so valiantly that ere long the English garrison was completely overcome, and the worthy Binnock had the satisfaction of offering their deserted fortress to Bruce, who, to prevent its further occupation

by the enemy, ordered it to be pulled down.

Having by this time established his authority in Scotland, our hero made an expedition into Durham, whence he returned laden with spoil and eager to undertake the siege of Perth, now held against him by William Oliphant and a strong body of troops. With this object in view he levied a fresh army (a very different and much easier task than when he took the field against Aymer de Valence at Methven in 1306), and sitting down before the "Fair City," amused himself by sending messages summoning Oliphant to surrender the town on terms which he knew very well the English governor could not accept. Perth, at this date, was certainly one of the most important of Edward's strongholds; and—with fortifications of unusual strength, an abundance of provisions and military stores, and a numerous garrison—capable of holding out for a considerable time against any open force. Here Bruce stayed for six weeks, and then finding all the means he had tried for reducing the town of no avail, determined to apparently abandon his designs upon it, and thus lull its defenders into the carelessness of fancied security. Accordingly, with much bustle and fuss, the Scottish camp was broken up, and the royalist army might have been seen wending its way in a despondent manner northwards. A week passed, and the English garrison, seeing nothing of Robert or his men, imagined he had abandoned his designs; and were vastly astonished when, in the small hours of a bitter January morning, they were roused from their slumbers by the clattering of spears, swords, and dirks, and found the town literally swarming with the royalists; who, under cover of the dark night, had forded the ditch which surrounded the town, placed scaling ladders against the walls, and made their entry in this unexpected fashion. Utterly unprepared for defence, the English soldiers made but a faint resistance. By the king's command, quarter was given to all who

laid down their arms, and in pursuance of his usual policy, the town was burnt, and the fortifications levelled with the ground.

Among the prisoners made by Douglas in one of his many successes in the south of Scotland, was Bruce's nephew, Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray (afterwards Regent of Scotland), who as we have seen deserted our hero's cause after the ill-fated battle of Methven, and had since adhered to the English interest. Brought back now as a captive, he speedily repented the impulse which had urged him to ally himself with Edward of England; and with many promises of future loyalty, once more took service in the Scottish army, where by his zealous and courageous conduct he soon effaced the memory of his abandonment from Robert's mind. In 1312 we find Randolph before the Castle of Edinburgh, blockading it so closely as to cut off any communication with the surrounding country; and in fact taking every possible measure to compel Sir Piers Leland, the commander of the English troops, to capitulate. At length a communication between the Earl and Leland was opened, but the garrison for some unexplained reason, suspecting the fidelity of their governor, dispossessed him of his authority, thrust him into a dungeon, and chose another commander in his stead. Day after day Randolph surveyed the gloomy castle, and each time more hopelessly than the last; the English, thoroughly persuaded of the impregnability of their fortress, hurled insults and defiance at him and his from their battlements and dared the Scots to approach.

Unwilling to relinquish his enterprise, but half vexed with himself for thus persisting in what appeared so hopeless a task, he paced up and down in front of his tent, trying with all his might to combine some effectual scheme for getting the best of his obstinate foes, and glancing now and again angrily at the precipitous rocks which divided him from them. At this moment William Francis, one of his soldiers, came up, and, divining the bent of his master's thoughts, said: "Methinks you would rejoice, my lord,

could any one show you a means of getting yon castle into your possession." "You say truly," answered Randolph, "could such a man be found, neither my uncle nor I would grudge him an ample reward for his service."

"I will help you," rejoined Francis, "but for the love of country, and not the greed of gain. You have exhausted your instruments of war with no success; if you follow the plan I will suggest, you will need but the aid of a rope ladder."

The man then went on to explain, how in the days of his youth, his father had been the keeper of Edinburgh Castle, and how he, hating the strict seclusion of the sombre fortress, and not daring to brave his father's anger by an open avowal of his sentiments, had constructed a ladder of ropes, and a secret passage, down which when the old warder was safely in bed and asleep, his wild young son made nightly excursions into the town below, taking care to remount his fragile staircase before the first break of dawn. "If you care to try this plan," continued he, "I will guide you safely, for I know every crevice in the rocks and every little step which can hold a man's foot." Enchanted at the prospect of thus easily attaining what all his stratagems and ruses had been powerless to effect, Randolph eagerly embraced this proposal, and on the night of the 14th of March, scaling ladders were fixed against the rocks, and, one by one and step by step up the steep and dangerous crags, the earl with Sir Andrew Grey and a little company of picked men groped their way in silence. Half-way up the rocks a sort of shelf was reached, and thankful for the rest, breathless from excitement and fatigue, the party halted. At this moment a voice was heard at the top of the cliff, crying, "Away, away, I see you well," and stone after stone came tumbling down the rocks, and, bounding off a projecting crag, flew over the heads of the adventurers into the darkness. Scarcely daring to breathe, they cowered down, waiting for what should happen next; and great was their relief when they heard the sentinels going on their rounds, as far as they could make out, with

no suspicion of the close quarters of the adversary. Listening till the noise of footsteps had died away, and every sound had again sunk into the stillness of night, the little company resumed its progress, the guide first, Sir Andrew Grey second, and Randolph third. Almost before they could make good their footing on the plateau, the cry of "Treason, Treason!" rang through the night air; the garrison flew to arms, the new governor hurried out to know the cause of the outcry, and a desperate hand to hand combat ensued. This lasted but a few minutes, and the swords of Randolph and his men ran red with blood; when at length the body of the governor fell lifeless on the ground and the disheartened soldiers surrendered themselves. To liberate Sir Piers Leland from his dungeon, was one of the earl's first cares; and soon Edinburgh Castle shared the fate of Linlithgow, and was totally dismantled, while its late governor entering the ranks of Bruce's adherents, strove to forget the insults and degradation he had suffered at the hands of the English soldiers.

The fortresses of Rutherglen, Dundee, and many others, now yielded to the king, and we are approaching with giant strides that memorable Monday, June 24th, 1314, when, the few Scottish barons who still held to the English interest having been by various means brought over to Bruce's side, the last fortress, that of Stirling, was taken, and the battle of Bannockburn, which secured the independence of Scotland and seated King Robert firmly on the throne, was fought.

In the preceding year, Edward Bruce had blockaded Stirling Castle, and finally concluded a treaty with the governor, Sir Philip Mowbray, by which the latter engaged to surrender the fortress to the Scots on the festival of St. John the Baptist (June 24th) if it were not previously succoured by King Edward.

When Robert heard of this engagement he was greatly incensed, and pointed out to his headstrong brother the folly of thus giving the English King time to assemble his forces, and advance, as he undoubtedly

would, at the head of a large army to the relief of a place of so much importance as Stirling. "Nevertheless," he continued, after this exordium, "what you have promised, I must fulfil." "Let all England come; we will fight them," retorted Edward Bruce. "Ay; but shall we win?" was the king's rejoinder as, turning away, he ended the conversation. On the appointed day, King Edward and an enormous host, composed of English, Welsh, French, and Irish, were seen advancing:—

"There rode each knight of noble name,
There England's hardy archers came,
The land they trode seemed all on flame
With banner, blade and shield.
And not famed England's powers alone,
Renowned in arms, the summons own;
For Neustria's knights obeyed,
Gascoyne hath lent her horsemen good,
And Cambria, but of late subdued,
Sent forth her mountain multitude;
And Connaught poured from waste and wood
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
Dark Eth O'Connor swayed."

Some historians assert that the army led by King Edward numbered 300,000 men, but we prefer the more probable "100,000 souls," who, from every province where the English sovereign held lands, came to swell the multitude with which he hoped once for all to crush his formable antagonist.

Between Falkirk and Stirling Bruce mustered his forces, which amounted to something over 30,000 combatants and about half that number of individuals of all ages who in those days habitually followed an army in the hope of sharing any plunder which the soldiers obtained.

"His royal summons warn'd the land,
That all who own'd their King's command
Should instant take the spear and brand,
To combat at his side.
O who may tell the sons of fame
That at King Robert's bidding came
To battle for the right!
From Cheviot to the shores of Ross,
From Solway Sands to Marshal's Moss,
All bound them for the fight."

The banners of Stewart, Mackay, MacDonald, Macpherson, Cameron, Drummond, Menzies, Campbell, Sinclair, Mac-

lean, Grant, Fraser, Robertson, Macfarlane, Ross, Monro, Mackenzie, Macquarrie and Macgregor fluttered in the morning breeze, as Bruce, in company with his brother Edward, Earl Randolph, the young Steward of Scotland, and the gallant Douglas rode down the ranks, greeting each chief with a cheery word of welcome.

The spot selected for the battle lies between the little river Bannock and Stirling; and here Bruce determined to wait the arrival of the English army, having previously caused those quarters accessible to their cavalry (which he particularly dreaded) to be dug into a network of small pits, each containing pointed stakes, and the whole covered over so carefully with gorse and turf, as to be invisible in the excitement of a charge. The Scottish force was formed into four divisions, three of which occupied a front line, the fourth being stationed as a reserve. The right wing was entrusted to the command of Edward Bruce and Sir Robert Keith, who with a large body of cavalry had instructions to attack and if possible throw into disorder the English archers. The left wing was led by the Earl of Moray, and the centre division took up its position under the orders of the Douglas and the Steward of Scotland. The reserve was commanded by the king himself, and consisted almost exclusively of his Carrick vassals, the men of the Isles, and the Argyleshire highlanders. The camp followers were placed on an eminence since called the "Gillie's Hill;" the Royal Standard fluttered from "the Bore Stone;" and all being thus ordered, Bruce awaited the advance of the English, resolved to conquer, or to lose his life in what he felt would be the decisive encounter of his struggle for the independence of his country.

A strong spirit of exultation animated the Scottish ranks, for on the previous evening King Robert had wielded his battle-axe to such good purpose, that Sir Henry de Bohun, an English knight, who seeing him poorly mounted and alone had attacked him, had bitten the dust; his helmet

"cracked like hazel-nut" by one stroke from the weapon of the gallant monarch, whose only remark when congratulated by his friends on his fortunate escape, was—"Ay ; but I have broke my good axe ! "

This incident, small as perhaps it sounds,

had roused the enthusiasm of all his men for a leader of such prowess ; and now, with foot firmly planted, and resolute face, they awaited the onset of the English men-at-arms, who, with the Earls of Hereford and Gloucester as leaders, galloped on to charge



their right wing. Some dispute between the two commanders caused them to bring up their troops "with more emulation than discretion;" and, breathless and disordered, the men-at-arms missed the effect of their manoeuvre, and were utterly unable to force the compact square of spearmen which opposed their approach: they urged their horses on in desperation, but the iron wall

wounded some, killed others, and the riders were either left at the mercy of the foe, or carried back to their own ranks to create disorder and confusion. The battle had by this time become general; the formidable host of English archers had advanced, and their well directed shafts poured like blinding hail upon the Scottish spearmen. Bruce had foreseen and prepared for

this encounter, and now a chosen band of 400 cavalry was detached from the reserve, and after making a circuit, reached the English bowmen, and charged their flank with such impetuosity that they were cut down almost without resistance, those who fled adding to the dire confusion already existing in the English army. The annihilation of this portion of Edward's combatants, filled the Scots with new courage and ardour; for, trained from childhood to the use of the bow, Edward's "yeoman archers," were in comparison with the ill-taught Scottish bowmen, of an almost invincible superiority. Bruce with the rest of his reserve now joined the battle; the fury of both English and Scots was at its height; spear, sword, axe, and lance were dyed with crimson blood; ghastly heaps of dead and wounded strewed the field; when an unforeseen occurrence decided the fortune of the day, by throwing the already discouraged followers of Edward into a panic. We have already referred to the disorderly horde of camp-followers which attended on the Scottish army, and which was now disposed on the "Gillie's Hill." Eager for plunder, or, as charitably disposed historians say, anxious to "share in the honour of the action," this host of fifteen thousand persons now poured down upon the English, armed with whatever weapons chance had given them, some mounted on baggage horses, some on foot, all uttering "hideous yells." Their apparition in the distance filled the English with terror. Panic stricken, some sought safety in flight, only to perish cruelly at the hands of the advancing rabble, who fell upon all fugitives with fury; some were driven into the Forth and were drowned miserably in its deep waters; the little burn

of Bannock was choked with dead bodies, and an unutterable confusion had replaced the last remnant of union and discipline, when laying his hand on the bridle of King Edward's steed, Aymer de Valence forced the English monarch to leave a field where the best and bravest of his army had fallen.

No sooner did the Douglas hear of Edward's flight, than he hastened after him with sixty horsemen, and a hot pursuit commenced; the king, however, was well guarded by a strong body of men-at-arms and nobles, who had rallied round him, and the gallant Douglas was therefore compelled to abandon all ideas of securing him personally, and to content himself with harassing the retreat as far as Tranent.

The discomfited Plantagenet at length reached the Castle of Dunbar, where he was hospitably received by the Earl of March, and whence he escaped almost unattended, to Berwick, in a fishing-skiff.

Amongst those who had also sought safety in flight, was the Earl of Hereford, and he, with the troops who accompanied him had retreated into the Castle of Bothwell, where he was immediately pursued and besieged by Edward Bruce, and on his surrender, was taken prisoner; the terms on which King Robert delivered him to the English sovereign being the release of the Scottish queen, her daughter Marjory, Robert's sister the widow of Christopher Seton, the Bishop of Glasgow, and the young Earl of Mar.

Determined to allow the English no time to recover from their disastrous rout, Douglas and Edward Bruce now crossed the Tweed, and entering Northumberland again, laid waste the country which had already suffered so severely at their hands.

(To be continued.)



THE HIDDEN TREASURE; AND OTHER TALES.

BY LIEUT. C. R. LOW, (late) I.N.



WE often read in old books stories of the finding of hidden treasure, and, to this day, there lingers about several places in the Old and New World a tradition that money or jewellery of untold value lies buried adjacent. This is, doubtless, true of many places in the former possessions of Spain in America and the Portuguese in the Indies, such as Ormuz, which they held between the years 1622, when the East India Company's ships, assisted by an army of the Shah of Persia, drove them out, but did not derive half the spoil they expected. Similarly, about one century and a half ago, the Eastern seas were frequented by a race of daring pirates, who captured many valuable ships of all nations. These pirates settled in the island of Perim, in the Straits of Babelmandeb, and also at St. John's, on the coast of Madagascar, and it is possible that treasure may be buried at one of these resorts. Some of these sea-rovers, as the famous Captain Kidd, who also carried on his depredations in the West Indies, managed to escape with their booty, and died in peaceable enjoyment of their ill-gotten gains in Europe; but others, including, if we remember right, the noted Captain Avory, were caught and hanged.

And now for a yarn on this subject of hidden treasure, which has such a charm for boys, and for men too, when there is a prospect of discovery, though it is not given to every seeker after wealth to come upon such a glorious "find" as that which has recently set agog the world of antiquarians; we refer, of course, to Mr. Schliemann's well-earned success at Mycenæ, where he brought to light the buried treasures of

nearly 3000 years, and also the heroes and heroines of Homer, whose narrative of their deeds cost us, when schoolboys, many a sound caning or imposition.

In the early part of this century the *Six Sisters*, a three-masted schooner sailed from Mahé, in the Seychelles Islands, for Mauritius, then in the possession of the French, having on board a box of treasure which was placed under the charge of the captain, and of the existence of which only that gentleman and the purser were cognizant. The crew of the *Six Sisters* consisted of Captain Hodoul, his son, two mates, four passengers, and twenty-eight Lascars. All went well till the 1st of August, when, at half-past eight A.M., a lascar, being in the hold, gave the alarm of fire. Immediately all hands were called up and set to work supplying water to extinguish the flames, which were found to have broken out between several bales of cotton lying near the step of the mainmast. Near this spot was stored a quantity of coir, or rope manufactured from the sea cocoa-nut, and also the spare sails. It was, above all, necessary that this should not ignite, as in that event nothing could save the ship, but immediately on throwing the first pail of water on the fire, the flames burst forth and caught the store of coir and spare sails. There happened to be several casks of fresh water lying near the fire, which were instantly stove and their contents thrown on the flames, as also from some tubs which were standing filled close at hand.

The fire, however, continued to increase as well as the smoke, and in a few minutes the crew found themselves under the necessity of quitting the hold. On gaining the deck the men were employed in battening

down the hatches and other apertures by which the air might enter the vessel; but, unfortunately, the windows of the cabin down below, which they were obliged to vacate at the same time as they left the saloon, were open, and supplied sufficient air to feed the flames, which made the most rapid progress. The captain having cut away the boats' lashings, some of the crew set about preparing the tackles by which they were hoisted to the davits, which, as is usual in these ill-found merchantmen, were in bad condition. There were two boats, one about eighteen feet by five and twenty-six inches deep, and the other a very small jolly-boat, scarcely water-tight.

The Lascars, like people of their nationality who are all fatalists, soon gave up hope of saving the ship, and many, indeed, appeared disinclined to exert themselves to avert the "horrible death" which appeared so imminent. Scarcely had the boats been launched than the flames started through the deck by the mainmast and the cabin windows. Mr. Lesage, the chief mate, having consulted with the captain, it was determined that he should take charge of the boat, and that none but the women and children should be received into it except at the last moment. Captain Hodoul, however, made an exception in favour of the treasure, though with some reluctance, owing to its great weight. He accordingly arranged with the purser to place it in the boat, the box having been brought up on deck by that officer, who retained it under his charge. Scarcely had this been settled than a spar, falling from aloft, killed the captain. The purser, no doubt, had, hitherto, acted in good faith, but now the thought occurred to him that, as no person knew the contents of this box, he would try to possess himself of them. But the question was, how could this be done without exciting the suspicion of his ship-mates? While he was cogitating his scheme the Lascars, driven frantic by fear, jumped into the boat and almost caused it to founder. Mr. Lesage obliged them, by using force as well as persuasion, to return

to the vessel, and having received the women and children, caused the passengers to hand in the boat's sail, compass, sextant, a tarpaulin, and seven oars, which were on deck, also a boiler, two kettles, and a pail containing about two bottlesful of water.

During this time the fire had made such progress that the flames reached from the starboard to the port side of the vessel where the boat lay. Seeing, therefore, that it was impossible any longer to defer embarking, and fearful of the crew jumping in, when the boat would be swamped alongside, Mr. Lesage called out to the officers and passengers to embark immediately, as he was about to push off. He called the purser by name, but got no response, and, as the remainder of the Europeans and some Lascars filled the boat to its utmost capacity, he shoved off, calling to the native syrang to look for the purser, and if he was alive to go in the jolly boat with him and as many people as it would hold. This was just what the purser proposed to himself to do, and after he had given time for the boat to push off, he rushed to the side, and, assuming the appearance of great agitation, begged to be taken in. A return was impossible, and Mr. Lesage directed him to make use of the jolly boat, to which he assented. Meantime the syrang and two other men had dropped this boat under the stern, and called to the purser, who, lowering the box into it, followed with an agility he had never before displayed, and pushed off. He then informed the men that this box contained the ship's papers, which satisfied them; though they doubtless put him down as an enthusiast to duty, as not a drop of water or an ounce of food had he brought with him.

The large boat, whose fortunes we will first follow, was so over-crowded as to have her gunwale within two inches of the water, and several natives who had jumped overboard to escape the more terrible death by fire, laid hold of her, and made attempts to get on board, by which she shipped some water. Seeing the danger and the impossibility of saving even those already in the

boat, Mr. Lesage first forced those hanging on to quit their hold; and then, after a short consultation with the six European passengers and second mate, directed a portion of the natives on board, whom he named, to quit the boat. It was a hard determination, but one absolutely necessary if all were not to die; and the poor wretches, seeing the necessity of the measure, plunged into the sea and swam back to the ship, which was now wrapt in flame from stem to stern; some few refused to leave and were precipitated into the water, where they were drowned before the eyes of their shipmates. There remained in the boat now thirty-eight souls, for whose sustenance there were only two bottles of water, two young pigs, two kids, and two turtles which happened to be in the boat when it was launched. With this freight it was scarcely four inches above the water, and though the sea was smooth, occasionally the water came over the gunwale, while the land was distant one hundred and fifty miles.

The boat had not long left the vessel, when, one after another, the masts fell over the side. The survivors now busied themselves in fitting the oars as masts and yards, and this being done by about ten o'clock, they rigged sails, and steered a course W.S.W., lying as near the wind as possible. On the following morning all hands began to feel the effects of thirst, and a council was held, when it was unanimously agreed that, as the quantity of water was so very small, none should be served out until the fourth day. At noon an observation was taken, when their position was found to be $2^{\circ} 5' S.$ lat. The wind at this time was still S.S.E., very light, but late in the afternoon, it rose considerably and the sea grew high and every instant threatened to overwhelm them although they baled continuously. At noon on the following day (the 3rd of August) the wind shifted to the south, so that they could lie no higher than W.S.W. At eight o'clock slight showers of rain fell when both the sails were spread to catch it, and the main-sail being a tarpaulin they succeeded in

collecting about three bottlesful, but the mizzen being of ordinary canvas, and the rainfall very slight they could squeeze nothing out of it. The whole of this meagre supply of the precious liquid was reserved with that in the pail, no one being permitted to taste a drop. The same weather continued all the following day, and all hands were much fatigued owing to their efforts to keep the boat free from water. At midnight the wind abated, and at one when it became calm, the masts were unshipped, and they commenced rowing, steering S.W. with the object of gaining latitude. At five a breeze sprang up from the S.W., on which they set up the masts and made two yards of the boat's thwarts, by which they had the use of two more oars; trimming sail they steered S.E. by S. keeping close to the wind with the assistance of the oars. During this time and for the next twenty-four hours the weather continued variable with light breezes and calm. At twelve o'clock on the 5th a dram of water was distributed to each person. One of the kids being dead, several tried to eat the flesh or to suck the blood, and as the other kid was at the point of death, it was killed and the flesh distributed. At noon of the 6th of August a little more water was served out, but all their endeavours to procure fire were ineffectual. The third sheep being about to die it was killed, and the flesh distributed to such as desired it. Owing to the light airs, a little progress was made, as before, with the assistance of the oars. At noon on the 7th a dram of water was served out to each, and at length they succeeded in procuring fire, which enabled them to broil the remainder of the mutton killed on the preceding day. On the following morning at three o'clock the first death occurred, a young negress dying from exhaustion. At this time they were tantalised by seeing showers of rain falling near them while not a drop reached them. The boat was steered in the direction of these showers, and at four in the afternoon they succeeded in collecting about four bottlesful by unbend-

ing the sails from the yards and spreading them out. The wind now blew fresh from the East, and they steered S.W. by W. until noon of the 8th of August, when they served out a dram of water and killed and broiled a pig. In the next twenty-four hours the weather was rainy, with strong winds and heavy sea. They steered W.S.W. until half-past ten of the morning of the 11th, when they sighted land which they found to be the *Isle la Digne*; the whole of the remaining water was now distributed, giving two drams to each person. At 4.40 p.m. the boat arrived at the *Isle of Digne*, one of the Seychelles group, where every assistance was afforded by the inhabitants to the shipwrecked crew, many of whom were so weak and cramped that they had to be lifted on shore. That day a native died, and on the following morning an infant belonging to a negress; but, wonderful to relate, with these exceptions, the remainder of the people, after being exposed in an open boat for eleven days and nights to the extremities of hunger and thirst, all survived and recovered their health.

After recruiting their strength for a few days, all embarked in a roomy pinnace for the purpose of proceeding to Mahé the principal island of the Seychelles group, and the seat of government; but a gale coming on suddenly, they put in for shelter at a small islet, when an event occurred which will be best explained by following the fortunes of the jolly boat containing the purser and the box of treasure.

For a long time the blazing hull of the *Six Sisters* remained in sight, but the syrang, who was a capital practical seaman, having rigged a sail, the little, frail craft made very fair way, though she also took in much water, which severely taxed the exertions of the crew to keep under. The syrang had taken the precaution to lower a keg of water and some biscuits into the boat, and the number of the sharers being small, they were far better off in respect of these necessaries than their poor shipmates elsewhere. The only other articles in the

boat were some tools which were always kept in the jolly boat for handiness.

The purser happened to have in his possession a pocket compass, and this was now of essential service in enabling them to steer for the Seychelles. But how to land and secrete the treasure—this was the point that occupied the attention of this dishonest officer, who thought he saw in the present opportunity a chance of becoming rich such as he could never hope to have again. At length the tools put an idea into his head, and he resolved, on sighting the Seychelles group, to make for one of the uninhabited islets, with the position of which he was intimate from being a native of Mahé, and there burying the treasure on a convenient opportunity. He was troubled, however, with the difficulty of satisfactorily explaining to his fellow-passengers his object in landing on a desolate island, when others were equally accessible; but an unexpected circumstance came to his aid. On the 11th of August, a few hours after he sighted one of the Seychelles group, so strong a breeze sprang up that he declared his intention to run for a small island where he said shelter could be had until the storm had expended itself. His companions at first objected, but he insisted, and the jolly boat was run ashore in a little sandy cove; as chance would have it, on the same islet as that at which Mr. Lesage and his charge had landed a few hours before, but on the opposite side of it. The purser speedily landed with his treasure, which he resolved to bury, intending then to re-ship the box, with stones in it, to lull the suspicion of the natives; at a later period he proposed to return to the island, dig up the treasure, and enjoy his ill-gotten wealth. The box he would destroy, as no one knew that the treasure had been embarked in the *Six Sisters* but the captain who was dead, and the government would conclude that it had been lost in the ill-fated vessel. But the best laid plots often fail at the very link which appears the strongest, and so it was in this case. The purser, when he had landed with his treasure, and despatched the natives

to look for shell-fish and water, found the coast clear to hide the contents of the box, but he little dreamt that the uninhabited island which he had often visited as a youth was peopled temporarily, and that too by his own shipmates ! Carrying the box and a shovel which was among the tools, he made his way into a part of the wood lying in a direction opposite to that taken by the Lascars ; and, having soon dug



a hole, deposited the treasure, box and all, as on second thoughts he considered that would be a safer plan, for any excuse would do to put off the Lascars.

But our hero did not know that prying eyes had seen all his movements. Two of his shipmates under Mr. Lesage's orders, a man and a boy, wandering away from their companions to explore the small island, suddenly espied the apparition of the purser, who, all thought, must have perished in the jolly boat. His movements being hurried and suspicious, they watched him deposit the box in the ground, and then

rejoined Mr. Lesage, to whom the wonderful story of each, had it not been corroborated by the other, appeared to denote aberration of intellect. However, Mr. Lesage accompanied them to the spot, which, being newly dug, confirmed their statement. Search was then made for the purser and his party, who were quickly found; and upon his being taxed, he at first denied all knowledge, then prevaricated, and only when the box was exhumed under his eyes and its contents displayed did he acknowledge his guilt. On the storm abating, the whole party on the following morning proceeded to Mahé, where they arrived the same evening. As for the purser, he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

The love for jewels which is so universal in European countries, attains a passion among the people of India, who commit the most atrocious crimes to possess themselves of trinkets; and it is well known that frequently in India little children are murdered for the silver bangles and ornaments with which their parents, according to the singular fashion of the country, bedeck their arms and legs. Two curious cases of crime in connection with jewellery, which happened many years ago in Bengal, present themselves to my memory, in the first of which the culprit was brought before the Supreme Court of Calcutta, and convicted of an offence of which we have had instances recently nearer home.

A fire was discovered in the cabin of a country vessel trading from Singapore, which was happily extinguished, but upon examination, it was proved beyond doubt that the utmost pains had been taken by the occupant of the cabin to procure the destruction of the ship. The whole of the floor had been excavated, and apertures made into the places below, in which gunpowder and other combustibles had been deposited. The train or fuse showed that the party who constructed it must have been an adept in the art; but the best laid plans sometimes fail, and an accident prevented the success of one which had been

devised with no ordinary degree of skill. The passenger who had thus endeavoured to destroy the vessel was a jewel merchant. He had brought what he represented to be an exceedingly valuable cargo on board, consisting, however, of false stones, which he had shown very ostentatiously to the people with whom he associated, and which he had insured to a very large amount. The discovery of the imposition which he had practised, respecting these jewels, left little doubt of his guilt, and it afterwards appeared that this was not the first time in which he had attempted to enrich himself by similar means. People recollected that the vessels in which this accomplished incendiary had sailed, had been destroyed by fire soon after their arrival in port; but as the scheme had been carried into effect in different places, and no suspicious circumstances had attached themselves to him at the time, he had escaped all imputation, until the failure of the above attempt attracted attention to his previous history.

Though the facts were clearly proved, he escaped with transportation — a sentence which, about the same time, was passed upon a young officer, who had, entirely through ignorance of the existing law, set fire to some building in his own compound, which could not by any chance communicate to others, and which, being his own property, he imagined he had a right to destroy in any manner which pleased him best. This latter case was esteemed a very hard one; but, the judge proving inexorable, the convict was compelled to serve the specified term of seven years, in New South Wales, but afterwards returned and lived in great credit in India. The circumstances of the case were taken into consideration by the authorities in Australia, and the gentleman suffered little more than the disgrace and inconvenience attached to a sentence which compelled him to relinquish his pursuits, and to reside in a distant country for so long a period.

The pretended jewel merchant in the preceding case was an European, and as his scheme involved the lives as well as the

property of his fellow creatures, the degree of his guilt was much greater than that of a native, who, about the same period, contrived to possess himself of the treasure accumulated by a person whom he called his friend.

My second story is also a true one, and was related by a gallant old seaman, the late Commodore Sir John Hayes, of the Indian Navy, who died in the year 1831, much and deservedly respected at Calcutta where he held the appointment of Master Attendant.

A well-known dealer in pearls had proceeded to distant countries for the purpose of collecting the finest gems of the kind which were to be procured in any part of the East ; his object was well-known, and it tempted a cunning, unprincipled man, to devise the means by which he might be deprived of the whole of his treasure. This man attached himself to the seeker of pearls, following him on various pretences, from place to place, until they both embarked on the same vessel for Calcutta. During the voyage he had often seen the bag which contained the pearls, which the merchant always kept about his own person. Upon the arrival of the ship in the river Hooghly, our adventurer entreated his friend to entrust him with the care of this precious bag, if it were only for a single instant. The merchant, suspecting no wrong, or imagining that no robbery could be committed in the presence of so many witnesses, in an evil moment complied. The knave held the bag in his hand, pretending to weigh its contents, and then, as if by a sudden jerk of his body, let it fall into the water. His consternation and terror at such an accident appeared to be excessive ; he beat his breast, tore his hair, and appeared to be inconsolable for the mischief which he had unwittingly caused. Meantime, the merchant was somewhat consoled by the assurance that there were such expert divers in the service of the Master Attendant, that he ran every chance of recovering his property. Application was immediately made to that excellent man, who was at all times ready

to assist any person in distress, and he immediately gave orders for a proper search to be made in that part of the river where the bag had been seen to fall.

The efforts of the divers proved successful, the bag was found exactly in the same condition in which it had fallen into the water, and it was conveyed to the Bankshall, the residence of Sir John Hayes, to be opened in his presence, and that of his family. The pearl merchant, a fine, venerable looking old man, with a long beard, and an eye full of intelligence, gratefully declared, that in return for this piece of service he would present the lady of the mansion with a necklace of the finest pearls which the bag contained. Every eye was directed to the depository of the treasure ; but, to the surprise and dismay of all present, and to the deep affliction of the unfortunate merchant, when it was opened its contents proved to be utterly worthless. The villain, who had in so cold-blooded a manner devised the means of robbing his unsuspecting companion, had constructed another bag of the same material and dimensions with that which had held the pearls, which he dexterously substituted on the proper occasion ; and, securing the one which contained the valuables, cast the other into the river, thus concealing the fact of the robbery, and enabling himself to escape with the prize. The deluded pearl merchant retired in great distress of mind, lamenting over the utter failure of years of industry and travel, and quitted Calcutta in the vain endeavour to seek the perfidious wretch who had deprived him of the fruits of all his toils.

And now for our third story, which deals with a famous pirate called Roberton, who met a tragic end in the year 1827. Some of the Calcutta and Penang papers of the latter year, give particulars of the history of this man and of the act of piracy which brought about his death.

Andrew Gordon Roberton, the individual referred to, was born near Kelso, in Roxburghshire, Scotland. In the year 1812, he joined the *Elizabeth*, seventy-four guns, as midshipman ; he remained in her

time, and was from her transferred to another ship. Being on the India Station, he was insulted by a brother officer, for which he challenged him, and a duel ensued, in which Roberton was very severely wounded. On his arrival in England, he remained some time in the navy, but having little prospect of speedy promotion, and being of an active and enterprising disposition, he left his ship and joined the armed brig *Galvarina* as third officer, which at this time was employed as a vessel of war. This vessel was fitted out by Captain Guise, and was destined for the Spanish patriot service; in her he went to Buenos Ayres, and thence to Valparaiso, in Chili. Here Captain Guise obtained the command of the *Lotharo* frigate, belonging to the republic of Chili, and having been highly pleased with the conduct of Roberton during their passage out, he made him his first-lieutenant. Shortly after, Lord Cochrane arrived on the coast, and the government of Chili conferred on him the command of the squadron. He transferred his flag on board of the frigate *O'Higgins*, and took Mr. Roberton out of the *Lotharo*, and made him first-lieutenant of the *O'Higgins*. The squadron then proceeded to Callao, at that time in the hands of the Spaniards, which port he blockaded for some time; and during the daring enterprize of Lord Cochrane—the cutting out of Callao the Spanish frigate *Esmeralda*—Mr. Roberton distinguished himself greatly by his bravery, insomuch that the Chili Government Gazette, on the publication of the despatch, mentioned among others the name of Mr. Roberton, as deserving of high praise for his behaviour in this action.

The squadron soon after sailed for Valparaiso, and at the latter place he was sent by Lord Cochrane on board the sloop of war *Chacabuco* as Lieutenant-Commander, and despatched on a cruize to the southward, where some small piratical vessels had committed great depredations on the coast. Roberton succeeded in destroying these vessels, and then returned to Valparaiso, where he obtained the command of the

Galvarina brig of eighteen guns, and was sent to blockade the port of San Carlos, in the island of Chiloe, where he remained for some months. On his return to Chili he made a demand for the wages due to him by the government, and which by this time amounted to a considerable sum. The finances of the republic being then in a very distressed state, Roberton's demand could not be satisfied; but to indemnify him for his wages, and also to reward his services, they gave him a grant of the large and fertile island of Moché, contiguous to the coast of Chili.

He then left Valparaiso, and went to this island, with a view to form a settlement there. He remained here eleven months, and returned to Valparaiso in order to obtain some clothing, and engage men for the purpose of carrying on the seal fishery on Moché, which he thought would prove very profitable. Having succeeded in his object, he returned to the island, but soon after, the whole of the men (except Roberton and another man, who had remained on the island) being employed in sealing on some part of the coast, the boat was lost and every man in her perished. A short time after this catastrophe, some boats belonging to the Spanish privateer *Quintanilla* landed on the island, and finding Roberton there, immediately seized him, treated him with the utmost cruelty, and carried him forcibly on board the privateer, where he was put in irons, and otherwise treated with the greatest barbarity; he, however, after some time, contrived to make his escape, and went on board the American seventy-four, *Franklin*. The privateer *Quintanilla* having committed many acts of piracy in the Pacific, the American commander fitted out a large schooner, of which he gave Roberton the command, and sent him in pursuit of the pirate. Roberton, not succeeding in meeting with her, returned to Valparaiso, where he found a letter from Captain Guise (now Admiral of the Peruvian squadron) requesting him to come immediately to Callao to join the Peruvian service. Roberton went to Callao, and on

his arrival there, Admiral Guise gave him the command of the *Protector*, frigate.

An action took place soon after between the *Protector* and the Spanish ship *Asia*, sixty-four, in which Roberton was severely wounded, but behaved to the satisfaction of the admiral. In a few weeks after, the Peruvian squadron sailed for Guayaquil, in order to undergo some repairs, being in a very disabled state. Here some difference arising between him and his admiral, he demanded three months' leave of absence, on receiving which, he purchased a small schooner, of about twenty tons burden, with the intention of returning to the island of Moché. While employed in masting and rigging his vessel a quarrel ensued between the commandant of the place and Admiral Guise, which terminated in the sudden and unexpected arrest of the latter, and the appointment of an officer of the Colombian service to the command of the Peruvian squadron, with the title of Commodore. The crews of all the ships were at this time so irritated by the arrest of their admiral, who had been privately conveyed away during the night as a prisoner, that they were on the point of breaking out into open mutiny. The commodore, finding this to be the case, and perceiving that Roberton was looked up to by all the other officers (several of whom had already requested permission to leave the service), instantly fixed on him as the person best adapted to restore order, and through whose means he hoped to overcome the difficulties which seemed to render his own situation so critical. Roberton was accordingly called on to resume the command of the frigate; but he flatly refused. At length the government carried their point by threatening him with imprisonment, and the seizure of his schooner; he, however, stipulated that his little vessel (on board of which he sent his younger brother) should be allowed to take her station always on the frigate's quarter. The squadron left town, and on anchoring off the village of Poona, near the mouth of the river, Roberton asked permission of the commodore to go on board the schooner

to give orders to his brother previously to proceeding to sea. He went on board about eight in the evening, when the ebb tide had just made, and tripped his anchor and let the schooner drift round the point, when he hove up, made sail, and stood out to sea. This was in the beginning of March, 1825. He afterwards touched at a small fort on the coast of Peru, coppered his schooner, and after discharging two of his men, sailed, it is supposed, for the island of Moché.

While cruising in the schooner, for some alleged offence he took possession of an English brig, supposed to be the *Peruvian* of Liverpool, having on board about 120,000 Spanish dollars. Instead of returning with his capture to his commander-in-chief, he transhipped himself and crew into her; abandoned his own vessel; got rid of the *Peruvian's* people, who were never heard of; and then made for the Marianne Islands, on one of which, it is believed on that called Assumption, uninhabited (having previously distributed 40,000 dollars between his officers and crew) he landed with 80,000 dollars, which he had conveyed some distance from the beach, then sent back those who had carried his treasure, and privately buried the whole. Returning on board, he proceeded towards the Sandwich Islands, at a short distance from which he scuttled the vessel, and with her crew took to the long-boat, from which they were landed, giving out that they had escaped from being burnt. Roberton took the earliest occasion of passing over to New South Wales, where, concealing particulars, he chartered the schooner *Caledonia*, commanded by her owner named Smith, for a sum of 14,000 dollars, to take him to one of the Marianne Islands, there load with specie and return. On their arrival off one of those islands, however, they discovered some English seamen, who had landed from a wrecked South Sea whaler; and then, whether by design on the part of Roberton or by accident, Smith and he quarrelled, and their difference ended in Roberton and the newly discovered English

seamen deserting to the shore with the schooner's boat. Smith then proceeded to Guam and reported to the governor of that island that he had been robbed of 14,000 dollars and his boat, and said so much about the buried treasure that the governor, retaining Smith's schooner as security, fitted out a merchant ship, the *Ricafort*, at 2000 dollars' expense, put on board of her an armed force, and sent her under command of a Captain Pacheis, with Smith on board, in quest of Robertson and his companions. In a few days they arrived off the Marianne Islands, and on closing with one called Lapan Island, observed the schooner's boat, which at first appeared to be making for them, but suddenly turned and pulled for the shore, as soon as she reached which the crew got out and ran into the interior, whither an armed party followed and captured them, and they were brought on board and put into confinement.

The Spanish captain desired Robertson to conduct him to the spot where he had hidden his treasure, but the latter denied having hidden or knowing of any, upon which the captain ordered him to be lashed upon a gun, and there, having six men ready as operators armed with points of a topsail doubled, he ordered two of them at a time to inflict alternate lashes with their full force on his bare breech, and this punishment he stood and saw continued until the unfortunate man sank exhausted under the lash. He was then cast off, and told by the captain that he should either make the discovery required or under similar punishment expire on the gun. The consequence was that the wretched man watched for an opportunity, jumped overboard, and was

drowned. On H.M.S. *Cyren* touching at Manilla, and Captain Campbell's hearing of the fate of Robertson, he immediately addressed the governor requesting an inquiry into the reported barbarous conduct of the captain of the *Ricafort* towards a British subject; but he only received an evasive answer, tending to exculpate Captain Pacheis, and to make it appear that Robertson had thrown himself overboard solely in dread of the consequences that might arise from his act of piracy. On Captain Campbell's transmitting to the governor of Manilla the depositions of Smith and the four men found with Robertson to the facts similar to what is above stated, the governor expressed himself satisfied of the criminality of Captain Pacheis, caused him to be suspended from his command, and pledged himself in a letter to bring him as soon as possible to trial for the offence, and to enforce whatever punishment their laws awarded him. The governor also directed every assistance to be afforded to Smith in prosecuting the Governor of Guam for the illegal detention of his schooner, and to re-imburse him the expenses of fitting out the *Ricafort*.

One of the papers from which we have gleaned the preceding account of Robertson's career and end, says of him that "he was a man possessed of great courage, firmness, and presence of mind; his natural abilities were good, but his education had been evidently neglected. Had his mind been more cultivated, no doubt many of the irregularities which mark his career through life would have been prevented, as well as the act which led to his melancholy end."



ADVENTURES IN INDIA.

By WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

Author of "Great African Travellers," "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea," "Digby Heathcote," &c.

CHAPTER VII.—(*continued.*)

THE attention of the rebels having been occupied by us our friends fortunately had got across without even being fired at. Of course we expected to be followed by the rebels and we therefore pushed on as fast as the ladies could walk. I had directed my sycees, who were faithful fellows, to follow us if they could with the horses, but we looked back for them in vain. We were, however, thankful that the enemy did not appear.

At length we caught the sound of horses' hoofs. Could they be a party of the mutineers who had mounted to pursue us? We looked back anxiously, for to escape them would be impossible. To our intense relief we saw my two sycees, who had, they told us as they came up, crossed the river lower down, narrowly escaping being shot, but they believed that they were not followed. We trusted that they were not—still it was prudent to hasten on. We accordingly placed two of the ladies, each of whom carried a child, on the horses and again moved forward. Before going far we reached a hut in the front of which we found a hackery or country cart. Having managed to harness the horses to it, we were able to convey the ladies and poor Curry, who was not in a fit state to proceed on foot. Our progress was slow, but we hoped that, as we had escaped thus far, the

rebels would not think it worth while to pursue us.

The question now was how we should be treated by the country people, but Ally assured us positively that we need not fear them, and that they would give us every assistance in their power. We could still see in the distance the smoke ascending from the bungalows and other buildings in the cantonment, which showed us that the whole had been burnt down. We conjectured that the rebels would be going off to join the other troops which had mutinied, and this would give us a better chance of escaping.

Major O'Halloran proposed that we should endeavour to make our way to the fort of a rajah who had always been friendly to the English. Without hesitation his plan was agreed to by the whole party; for it was a strong place situated on the summit of a rocky hill, and could be defended against any number of besiegers provided they were not possessed of artillery. Evening was approaching, and it was settled that we should find some spot in the recesses of the jungle in which we could remain concealed until we could ascertain that the road was clear before us. We were on the point of turning off to a place we had visited in our last shooting excursion, when a number of savage-looking fellows, "pasees" I think they were called, appeared coming along the road directly in front of us. We endeavoured to turn off to the left to avoid them, but before we could do so some of them had sprung to the horses' heads, and others had seized the

ladies. So completely were we taken by surprise that the major and I suddenly found ourselves grasped by several of the ruffians before we could escape them. They did not however injure us, though they took away the only three guns we had

saved with the exception of the one Ally carried.

On looking round for him I found that he had disappeared. My first thought was that he had proved treacherous and had a motive for keeping out of the way. As it



was useless to struggle when we were so far outnumbered, Rice merely expostulated with the robbers, who after possessing themselves of our weapons and a few jewels worn by the ladies, took the horses out of the cart and left us to proceed on foot.

Though the women were dreadfully frightened we were thankful to get off without suffering further injury. We had

now to support poor Curry and to assist the ladies. It was just getting dark when Ally appeared. His object, he said, had been to preserve his gun and ammunition, as by so doing he could procure food and protect us.

"It would have been worse than useless to have fired at the robbers, as they would have retaliated on us, and had I remained

they would have deprived me of my gun," he added.

Our object was now to find a place where we could take shelter for the night. No huts or sheds were near. We therefore made our way into the jungle, where Ally discovered a tolerably open spot suited for camping. Some of the party immediately set to work to pull down boughs from the trees with which to put up a rough shelter for the ladies, while others collected wood for a fire. Though it might attract the notice of any passers by should the glare be seen, it was necessary to keep at bay any wild beasts which might be prowling in the neighbourhood. The arbour afforded very inadequate protection, but it sheltered those of the ladies who had had their clothes wetted when crossing the river, and they were thus able to have them dried by the fire.

The only food in the camp were a few biscuits which two of the ladies had brought away, and these of course were reserved for them and the children. They all showed wonderful courage. Not a cry nor a complaint was heard, though they were well-nigh bowed down by grief. One lady had reason to fear that she had lost her husband, and another her brother who had been with the troops when they mutinied, and had not yet appeared. I suspected that they themselves had no hope of escaping, but they knew that it was their duty to struggle to the last.

Though we were all pretty well worn out, we kept a strict watch during the night; the major and I, or Ally, taking it in turn to stand sentry with his rifle. We were fully aware that at any moment we might be shot down, should the sepoys discover our retreat, or that a tiger or panther might spring out of the surrounding jungle upon us. We had therefore to keep our eyes and all our senses wide awake. The major took the first watch, I the second, and Ally was to succeed me. The doctor and Rice volunteered their services, but as they were not good shots and were very tired, the major advised them to sleep during the

night. As I paced up and down throwing occasionally a few sticks on the fire to make it blaze brightly, I listened attentively for any sounds which might give me warning of the approach of a foe. Twice I heard the roar of a tiger in the distance, succeeded by the grunting of hogs and the growling of a bear. Now and then the melancholy notes of some night-birds reached my ears. The only sounds heard in camp were the crackling of the burning sticks, the plaintive cry of one of the children, and the low moaning of poor Curry uttered in his sleep, with an occasional snore from some of the men.

The major directed us all to supply ourselves with long poles which we pointed and hardened in the fire to serve as spears, though they would have availed us little had a tiger or bear charged into our midst. With the fire burning brightly, however, there was not much chance of that, though in spite of it a hungry man-eater might have attempted to carry off one of our number. At length the morning dawned, when Ally offered to go out and shoot some game, as without food we should be but ill able to proceed on our journey.

The ladies appeared from their hut as soon as it was daylight, and asked if we could procure some water as the children were crying out for it—their own parched lips showed how much they also were suffering from thirst. The doctor at once volunteered to try and find some, or obtain fruit or berries which might serve instead.

"I cannot let you go alone," I observed. "Two men are better than one, and we may at the same time ascertain if the road is clear and start as soon as Ally arrives with some game. We set off armed only with our sticks. After going some distance I began to fear that our search would be unsuccessful as no signs of a pool or spring were visible.

We had gone some distance when the doctor exclaimed that he saw a tree which he knew never grew apart from water as it required a large amount of moisture. He was a few paces ahead of me when I saw

him stop and hold up one of his hands. The next instant a huge tiger appeared slowly creeping among the bushes.

"Do not attempt to turn or run," I exclaimed, "keep your eye on the brute. It is our only chance."

I caught a glimpse of the doctor's countenance, which expressed the alarm he very naturally felt. I was greatly afraid that, his nerves giving way, he would bolt.

He followed my advice, however, and boldly faced the tiger, while I, holding the



stick in my hand, stepped up to his side. Though I had before seen so many savage creatures, I had always had a trusty rifle ready to encounter them, with the major or some other friend not far off, equally well armed; now, with only a stick to defend myself, the case was very different. If ever I felt my heart sink within me, I did on this occasion. How we were to

escape I could not tell. The tiger stopped and looked at us, but his eyes blinked as they met our steady gaze, and my confidence revived. I was afraid, however, of making the slightest movement, either to advance or retreat. In one case the tiger fancying himself about to be attacked might spring at us, in the other he would certainly follow. My only hope was to weary him out

and make him turn tail. The doctor was near a large tree, behind which he might, by the exercise of considerable agility, spring and conceal himself, but I could scarcely hope to reach it in time to avoid the tiger's rush. The spear I held would have availed me nothing, for although I might strike it down his open mouth, my strength was as nothing compared to the mighty force with which he would be upon me, and I should, before I could possibly get out of his way, have my skull battered in and my body mauled by his fearful claws.

It seemed an age that we stood thus, I anxiously watching the tiger while I offered up a prayer for our protection. Any moment might be our last. The brute began to move its tail, and to advance a step. The moments were passing away. We must decide what to do. In a low voice I told the doctor, if he saw the tiger again moving, to shout with all his might and to make as if he was about to rush upon it, but instead of doing so to spring behind the tree, I promising to follow him if I could, and to try and get up among the branches. I had faint hopes of success, but it seemed our only chance. However, should we be killed we might escape a worse fate from those tigers in human shape, the sepoys. My nerves were of course strung to the utmost, the slightest sound reached my ears. I distinctly heard the rustling of leaves behind me. It might, I thought, be produced by a family of lungoors or black-faced monkeys, who are especially addicted to watching tigers, or perhaps by another tiger stealing up toward us. If so our fate was sealed.

The doctor kept up his courage, and having got over the first natural feeling of alarm, was as cool as a cucumber. Not for a moment did I withdraw my eye from the tiger, and I concluded that his had been fixed in the same way on the brute.

Again it moved and began to crouch as a cat does when about to spring. I waited to give the word to the doctor, and prepared to shout and leap behind the tree, when I heard the report of a rifle

fired on our left side, not a dozen paces off; the tiger sprang into the air, and came towards us; and the doctor, not waiting for my signal, shouted with all his strength. I did the same, and followed him as he made a bound such as I could: not have supposed him capable of—behind the tree, I being only just in time to escape the tiger's claws, as it rushed forward to fall to the ground a few paces beyond where I had stood.

On looking round I saw our old shikaree rapidly reloading his rifle, but there was no necessity for firing again, as the tiger was dead.

Picking up a package of venison which he had thrown down to fire, he advanced.

After we had thanked him for the service he had rendered us, he told us that having killed the deer, he was returning to the camp, when he discovered the trail of the tiger, and soon afterwards, coming across ours, he had little doubt that we should encounter the brute.

On telling him what we were in search of, he showed us his own water-bottle full; so we returned with him to the camp, where the supplies he brought were thankfully received. As soon as the meal was over, we again set off, proceeding towards the north-west. Walking on for several hours, we got over, we calculated, nearly twenty miles, though we still did not consider ourselves safe from the risk of falling in with sepoys, or other rebels, who might be wandering about the country after quitting the stations to the northwards.

Several villages lay in our route, and as we should have to make a wide circuit through a difficult jungle to avoid them, and it was supposed that the country people and small proprietors were well disposed towards the British, we determined to throw ourselves on the protection of a zemindar whose house was the nearest to us. The major therefore went forward, while we halted under the shade of a banyan tree. We had not long to wait, when our companion returned accompanied by a fine-looking native, who told us that we should be welcome to

remain as far as he was concerned, as long as we desired; but should any of the rebels visit the place, he would be unable to protect us.

We were thankful at all events to get the ladies under the shelter of a roof for a night, while we were glad to escape having to keep watch against wild beasts. It was not likely also that our enemies would hear of our being there until the following day.

Our host gave us an outhouse in which we could remain with less chance of discovery than in his own residence, and sent us an ample supply of food. The major was successful also, through his means, in procuring a gun, which though of an inferior description, was better than nothing, and a brace of remarkably good pistols, once probably the property of an English officer.

Next morning, the zemindar obtained for us also a couple of camels with their drivers who could be trusted. We should have preferred horses and carts for the ladies however, for the camels could go as fast as we could march on foot; but we were compelled to be content.

Taking with us water and provisions, we again set out, hoping to get over twenty miles or more, before nightfall. The country was uncultivated, and, the camel-drivers told us, frequented by wild beasts, of whom they stood greatly in fear. Ally laughed at them, and declared that if any appeared, we should soon send the brutes to the right about. As the ladies and our wounded companion could but ill bear the jolting, we were obliged to camp in a wild region where there was little chance of our supplying ourselves with food, except we could manage to shoot some game.

The major had given me the gun that I might see what I could do, while he was assisting the ladies and arranging the camp. I was unsuccessful in shooting even a single bird, as darkness speedily overtook us. Fortunately we had food enough for the evening, and we hoped the next day to obtain sufficient for our wants.

We, of course, kept a strict watch, and some time before daylight, I got up to take

mine. I had heard during the night, at intervals, a peculiar howling and shrieking, which I took to be the cry of jackals, mingled I fancied occasionally with the roar of a tiger, hootings of night-birds, and chattering of monkeys, but the sounds were too far off to be distinct.

It was agreed to start before sunrise, as there was sufficient light from the moon to enable us to see our way.

I told the sycees to get the camels ready that the ladies might mount as soon as they were awakened.

Suddenly the hideous noises I had heard increased, and looking out in the direction from whence they came, I caught sight of a whole pack of hyænas who seemed resolved on making an onslaught on our camp.

As the brutes appeared about to rush down upon us, I ordered the men to shout, and at the same time I fired at the nearest, which I knocked over. The shouts and my shot roused Ally, who had hitherto been asleep, and at once seeing the state of affairs, though his eyes were scarcely open, he fired at another, while I rapidly loaded, when the hyænas, snarling and shrieking, bolted, we expediting their movements by another shot.

Had we been caught napping, they would have been down upon us, and though cowardly brutes, might have committed a great deal of mischief, and seriously frightened the ladies.

As no one was inclined to sleep in the camp after this, we got the ladies and Curry placed on the camels, and the moon having risen, continued our march.

We went on all the morning until the heat of the sun became oppressive, when we encamped on the bank of a stream near which we felt sure of obtaining game. Ally, who had gone out for that purpose, did not disappoint us, and soon returned bringing a spotted deer, and a couple of peacocks; but we were greatly in want of farinaceous food for the ladies and young children. Some wild fruit we obtained partly supplied its place.

Having no pots or pans, the only way we could cook the meat was by spitting it and roasting it on forked sticks before the fire. We had however obtained two small jugs from the zemindar, which enabled us to fetch water from the stream.

As we considered the place secure, and poor Curry had suffered considerably from the jolting of the camel, we agreed to wait here until the following morning ; while Ally, ever ready to risk his life in our service, undertook to visit the nearest village he



could find, and obtain rice and flour with some pots for cooking.

He returned late in the evening, unsuccessful, saying that he had heard of rebels being about in the neighbourhood. He advised, therefore, that we should start at the same hour as on the previous morning, and try to get to a distance.

This of course we agreed to do, for we had had an anxious night, fearing that our place of concealment might have been discovered, and that we might be robbed of the remainder of our property, or perhaps be murdered. We had little hopes of being able to defend ourselves against any party exceeding ten or a dozen men, as the two

guns and brace of pistols possessed between us, would scarcely keep them in check, though we resolved to fight to the last rather than allow the ladies and children to be injured.

Few of the gentlemen slept that night, nor did, I suspect, the poor ladies, as we feared we might at any moment be attacked.

Even earlier than we intended, we continued our journey, and though we had to ride at a slow pace, we had the satisfaction of feeling that we were getting further and further from our enemies.

Before noon we saw a house before us of greater pretensions than we expected to find in that district. On enquiry of two villagers we were told that it was the abode of the Tehseeldar, or native collector of revenue. As we believed that he could be trusted, we at once rode boldly up and asked for his protection.

He would rather not have seen us, but at the same time did not decline to accede to our request. He at once ordered food to be got ready, and allowed the ladies a room to themselves. He told us that, in all the chief places to the south, the native troops had mutinied, and that a large number of officers and civilians had been murdered. He warned us also that, though willing to assist us, he did not consider our lives safe in his house, and advised us to proceed at once; and, to prove his sincerity, he made us an offer of a couple of horses, which we were glad to accept, and he supplied us with a few cooking utensils, drinking mugs, a water-bottle, and the other necessary articles. In the evening we started, intending to conceal ourselves in the jungle, if we could not discover some solitary hut which might afford the ladies shelter.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE spent the night in the jungle, placing the ladies in the centre, while we kept watch round them, with the camels lying down on one side and the horses tethered on the

other. From the information we had received, we considered that it would be more dangerous to light a fire than to remain without one, though, in the latter case, we ran a greater risk from wild beasts.

The morning found us again on the march. We had now reached a rugged district, with rocks towering up on either side, while the road wound through narrow gorges, where, had we possessed arms, we might have defended ourselves should we be pursued.

I had sprained my ankle, and as I could with difficulty hobble, the major insisted on my getting up on one of the camels and taking a lady behind me.

Curry, I should have said, was sufficiently recovered to ride, and had charge of one of the little girls, who was placed on the saddle before him. My camel stalked on leading the party, when, suddenly, at a turn of the road, just as we were emerging from a narrow gorge, I saw before me a large party of armed men; and as the sun fell on their polished weapons and red coats, I perceived to my dismay that they were sepoys. To escape from their notice was impossible.

My poor companion was dreadfully alarmed. I endeavoured to encourage her by saying that, after all, the sepoys might not prove unfriendly, and that they would scarcely attack unarmed people, who could not possibly injure them. I must confess, however, that I was far from feeling sure on that subject.

I told the camel-driver, however, to halt until the rest of the people came up, when Ally, who had been in the rear, hurried forward, saying that he would speak to the men and try and obtain good terms for us. The major settled to proceed as if we had no reason to fear them.

We anxiously watched Ally's proceedings. There were about thirty men, who halted when they saw him coming up. We, in the meantime, continued on, so as to pass them on our left at about a hundred yards' distance. They gazed at us, but remained in their ranks. It was a nervous time, for

we knew that they might suddenly take it into their heads to fire at us.

I saw Ally addressing them. After a somewhat long speech, he produced a purse, the contents of which he distributed among the band ; then he again spoke, but what he said we of course could not hear. His object seemed only to detain them until we had passed.

We had already got to some distance in the more open country, when we saw him

coming towards us at a slow pace, which he gradually increased.

"Move on!" he cried out, as soon as he got within hailing distance, "they may change their minds, though they have promised not to stop us."

The camel-drivers made their beasts move forward as fast as they could go, the horses and men on foot following. It was fortunate that we had lost no time.

Presently a shot came whistling over our



heads. Another and another followed. Looking back, we could see some cowardly sepoys stopping to fire, while others were moving away from us. There was evidently a difference of opinion among them, as to how we were to be treated ; and while Ally's representations had induced some of them to allow us to proceed, others had determined on our destruction. Happily, however, the latter were in the minority, and as their weapons were not arms of precision, their bullets fell at some distance from us, harmless.

We were truly thankful when we lost sight of the gleam of their arms. As there

might be other bands about, as soon as we had got a couple of miles away from the scene of our encounter, we turned off to the left, out of the high road, thinking it more prudent again to camp in the jungle than to venture into any village, where, although the inhabitants might be friendly, we might be visited by those who were seeking our destruction.

The heat was excessive, and as we had no umbrellas, we cut down some boughs to shelter the heads of the poor ladies and children. It was very trying to have to proceed at the slow rate at which the camels walked, and we would gladly have

exchanged them for more rapidly moving animals ; but we could procure no additional horses and carts. As our lives might however depend on the progress we made, we continued our journey. Our animals

and the men on foot, however, at length requiring rest, we encamped in the jungle, at a spot where we were not likely to be observed by any passers-by. Soon after we halted, however, we caught sight of a per-



son coming along the path by which we had entered. He was a small dark man, with no other weapon than a tulwar by his side. He came up to us without hesitation, and proved to be a Ghoorka, who had, he said, been taken prisoner by the rebels, with several of his regiment, and that the rest had been murdered, though he had managed to effect his escape. Two wounds, which he exhibited, and his emaciated appearance convinced us of the truth of his story. All he required, however, was, he said, food and rest ; his intention was to try and rejoin his corps. Ally advised him, however, not to make the attempt, as he would be almost to a certainty cut off. He

offered, therefore, to remain with us, and, knowing the fidelity and bravery of his people, we were glad to accept his services.

After a few hours' rest, we marched on again until dark, when we were compelled to camp in the same sort of situation as we had before occupied. As we were still short of provisions, Ally undertook to go to a village to endeavour to procure some. Taking a huge bag, in which the zemindar had placed the stores he had given us, he set off.

We might possibly have shot some birds by going to a distance, but none were to be seen in the part of the jungle where we were encamped, and it would have been imprudent to go away with the fire-arms, in case, during our absence, a tiger or panther should visit the camp. We were all, indeed, too tired to make any further exertion.

The doctor had to keep the first watch, I the second; Rice and the major were to come after me.

I had thrown myself on the ground near the fire, the smoke of which contributed to keep off the stinging insects, when the doctor shook me by the shoulder, exclaiming,

"There's a hideous row going on not far from this—wolves or hyænas quarrelling over their prey, I conclude."

"What can it be?" I said, as I got up. I listened. "It sounds to me more like the yelping of dogs," I remarked. The noise came nearer, and presently I fancied that I could hear a man's voice crying for help. "Those must be wild dogs attacking some one, though I did not suppose they were to be found in this district," I exclaimed, taking up one of the guns. "You remain here, doctor, and arouse the rest of the party."

While I was rushing forward, the thought occurred to me that Ally might have been attacked on returning to the camp, and I fancied that I recognised his voice.

The moon was up and bright, so that I could easily see my way through the jungle. I had not gone far when I caught sight of our faithful friend, with a large sack on his shoulders, pursued by a pack of wolfish-looking animals, of a yellowish colour, with black muzzles, barking and yelping at his heels, and endeavouring to pull the sack from his shoulders.

(To be continued.)

ASCENTS AND ADVENTURES;

A RECORD OF

HARDY MOUNTAINEERING IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

BY HENRY FRITH.

Author of "The Adventures of an Engine Driver," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. EVERTS' ADVENTURE (*concluded*).



FOR two whole days the lost explorer was obliged to remain where he was, while the storm raged, his only food being roots and a poor benumbed bird, which he devoured raw. When the storm had somewhat subsided, Mr. Everts managed to reach the natural hot springs, near the mountain which had lately been named after him; and here, notwithstanding a recurrence of the

elemental warfare, he managed to exist for seven days more upon roots, boiling them in the hot springs as he required them. Although so near to heat as to be actually burned—and on one occasion severely burned when lying upon the ground asleep—the solitary had no means of producing fire. The falling snow benumbed him, and we can imagine the pitiable condition to which he was reduced. Such an experience as he survived would furnish material

for another "Robinson Crusoe" narrative; and were we not assured of the truth of the statements, the adventure would appear incredible. The want of fire was keenly felt, and Mr. Everts was actually erecting a cairn to his own memory, believing that he would not survive, when a sudden gleam of sunshine re-animated him. At that moment he remembered that the lens of the opera-glass he still retained would serve as a burning-glass, and he at once tried the experiment. To his great joy he at length succeeded in kindling some dried pieces of wood, and courage again rose in his breast. He determined to make an effort at release. He equipped himself with a "knife," formed from a sharpened tongue of an old buckle. With this, and the threads torn from his handkerchief, he mended his tattered clothes. Of a pin he fashioned a fish-hook; and by sewing up his boot-legs he made two pouches, in which he carried a supply of food. Thus accoutred, he quitted the hot springs. But now the feeling that his friends had abandoned him returned with tenfold intensity, and an insane idea—a dreamy sensation of "duality of being"—took possession of him.

It is impossible to follow Mr. Everts through all his wanderings in this Wonderland. Those who would read his narrative in its entirety, must seek it in the American magazine in which it first appeared ten years ago. We will therefore hasten to a conclusion; and for those who believe in ghosts, and (as some one has said) "Appearances are certainly in their favour," we can recommend the termination of Mr. Everts' adventure.

It was one day after he had inadvertently set the forest on fire, and had narrowly escaped destruction, that he experienced a strange hallucination, which led him eventually in the right direction. "An old clerical friend, for whose character and counsel I had always entertained peculiar regard, in some unaccountable manner appeared to be standing before me," says Mr. Everts, and gave him the following advice:—

"Go back. There is no food here, and the idea of scaling those rocks is madness."

After some expostulation from the wanderer, the shade replied, "Return at once. Travel as fast and as far as possible—it is your only chance."

So, all objections having been overruled by the spectre, which (or who) was kind enough to keep the lost man company, Mr. Everts plodded back in the direction he had come; and whenever he endeavoured to question the correctness of his convictions, the old friend "appeared to him with words of encouragement."

Thus the terrible struggle continued. Day after day the same dreadful privations, day after day the sickening uncertainty of deliverance, changing to the certainty of death in those desolate regions. Once the valuable lens was lost, and a weary tramp of five miles had to be undertaken in order to regain it. The last fire was lighted, and, seizing a burning branch, the wanderer struggled on. He was now on the trail, groping his way along, when suddenly the flash of steel caught his eye, and two men approached him:—

"Are you Mr. Everts?" they said.

"Yes, all that is left of him."

"We have come for you."

Thenceforth he was safe. From these humane if rough explorers, sent out through the kindness of Mr. Everts' companions, the nearly exhausted wanderer received every attention. After a long period of suffering consequent upon the privations he had undergone, Mr. Everts was at length able to be carried home, and not long after that he recovered his strength sufficiently to describe what he truthfully terms those "Thirty-seven days of peril."

CHAPTER XXX.

SOME MEXICAN MOUNTAINS. — POPOCATAPETL AND ITS CRATER.

WE must now hasten southwards, and as quickly as possible seek the Mexican volcanoes which rejoice in such wonderful

names. We have a good deal of ground to traverse, and a long flight to take over Mexico. We would gladly linger on the way, and give our Pegasus a rest, but we are bound for that distant peak of Culiacan in the Western Sierra before we can perch upon Popocatapetl and Orizaba near Santa Cruz.

If any boy seeking information as to the exact position of Culiacan will look along the twenty-fifth parallel in the map of Mexico, he will find the mountain. It is a most extraordinary peak, and ascends to a point not unlike a broken lead pencil from which the lead has fallen out. The name means in the Indian language, "Arrow-peak" and is pronounced Cool-ya-can. It is a volcano, and those desirous to reach it can do so from Mazatlan on the Pacific, from which town the mountain is distant about fifty miles.

This really extraordinary mountain rises to an elevation of thirteen thousand feet. The upper portion is covered with a cloak of snow, and is remarkable for its form which can scarcely be compared with any mountain of which we have seen a representation. It is so isolated, so pointed, and so very peculiar, that comparison would fail to give any distinct idea of its form, but the broken top of the pencil will suffice for an illustration. It appears perfectly inaccessible; we believe even Mr. Whympers would not succeed here, for though the slope is at first not very tremendous, the last few thousand feet are elevated at an angle of less than thirty-five degrees, and from its isolated position it is impossible to get very close to survey it. It is a spire and nothing less, and perhaps the most remarkable mountain in the world. Now having rested ourselves for a few moments upon Culiacan we will fly away south-by-east and alight in Vera Cruz in order to make the ascent of the famous Popocatapetl and Orizaba.

Vera Cruz is certainly the most convenient place from which to ascend these fine mountains which rise from the elevated table-land. In both the northern and southern districts we find similar features.

First we have a few miles' stretch of coast-line, then a gradually ascending slope up to the spurs, and then we reach the high lands which run parallel with the sea-board for many hundred miles.

The variety in dress, language, and general appearance of the inhabitants, will strike the visitor to Santa Cruz. Negroes, mulattos, Indians, Mestins, Europeans, Creoles, are all to be found there. Parisian costumes are seen side by side with native dresses, negresses smoking pipes and Mexican ladies puffing cigarettes; luxury, well clad, elbows poverty in rags and tatters. The country presents as great contrasts as its inhabitants: sandy tracts, volcanic regions; almost Arctic landscapes and tropical vegetation; beautifully wooded slopes and oak forests, and arid plains.

The Spanish appearance of the towns is striking, and Moorish characteristics will be noted in the interior of the houses. Out of doors black vultures and wretched looking dogs dispute for kitchen stuff, or other refuse.

Ascending from Vera Cruz the road lies over a sandy district, but before very long we shall reach a wooded region, where beautiful flowers rejoice the eye. By the river's brink various strange birds will be observed, herons and spoonbills may be seen upon the trees, and perhaps an alligator will show up upon the bank. Subsequently a palm forest may be reached, and then the plains being left behind, we ascend to the volcanic region, in which tremendous crevasses and chasms betoken the terrible forces which are ready to work such fearful havoc. These tremendous chasms, or "barranacas," are sometimes a thousand feet deep, and frequently of great width. Through these, as in the cañons of the more northern states, torrents sometimes rush with great force, making beautiful waterfalls and cascades.

From the city of Mexico, Popocatapetl is distant about twenty miles. The name is derived from the Aztec "popoca," to smoke, and "teptl," signifying "a mountain." Its height is said to be 18,362 feet above the sea, though Humboldt gives the elevation

at 17,773. If the former estimate be the right one, the "smoking mountain" is the highest point in North America. It is also very close to the equator, and thus in a tolerably warm situation, but nevertheless it is covered with perpetual snow. It is a volcano, as we know, but does not now condescend to produce more than an occasional smoke. More than three hundred years have elapsed since Popocatepetl has really been in eruption, but no doubt some day it will again burst forth, for we cannot imagine that the Smoking Mountain will not verify the proverb that where there is smoke there must be fire.

This splendid mountain rises up from the table-land, as you will see by the accompanying illustration. This plateau is about eight thousand feet above the sea-level, so we can understand that for all its eighteen thousand feet elevation, Popocatepetl will not appear very high—not more than eleven thousand feet above the observer. These circumstances naturally reduce the grandeur of the appearance of the mountain, and yet it is a splendid mass; still Orizaba which is not higher, appears very much more lofty because it can be seen from a much lower elevation, indeed from the sea-shore it is plainly visible.

There are other snow peaks besides the two we have mentioned (Orizaba is known also as Citlaltepētāl or the Starry Mountain). We have the "White Woman," or Istaccihuatl (pronounced Iztas-si-whatl). This mass is so called because the summits give to the whole range the appearance of a giantess, clothed in white garments, reclining upon her back. There are other peaks, which, though just now at rest, may any day break out in terrible eruption. That no immediate danger is apprehended, we may imagine when we read that men venture into the very crater of the Smoking Mountain to collect sulphur. These adventurous individuals are let down by ropes, and thus, suspended over the abyss, now and then illumined by the sudden gleam of subterranean fire, these hardy natives will run a terrible risk for a few pence.

We may gather from the foregoing that the ascent of Popocatepetl is not a very dangerous adventure, and yet so far as our investigations go, it is an ascent not very frequently attempted. It is reported that the extreme tenuity of the air offers the great objection, but lately Mr. Whymper, who (to use his own expressive phrase) has been "polishing off" the highest summits of the Andes, maintains that even nineteen thousand feet in that range is not an inconvenient altitude by any means. We shall refer to this question by and by; at present we are quite disposed to agree with Mr. Whymper, for do not people live and move in South America, happily and undisturbed, at an altitude at which (in Europe), we should feel very ill indeed? We are more inclined to think that in the uncertain snow, and dust and scoria of the volcano, adventurers without all the latest Alpine "improvements," find the "Smoking Mountain" rather out of their way.

The first ascent of Popocatepetl was made so long ago as 1522 by command of Cortes. Francisco Montano was then the pioneer of the expedition, and from the account of his journey, we gather that not only did he reach the summit, but he permitted himself, or rather desired that he should be, let down into the crater with ropes, to a depth of nearly four hundred feet. This was the more venturesome, because only just before the mountain had been showing signs of considerable activity, and some men had at that time been sent up to "look into it." They went as desired, but we may conclude they "didn't quite see it," because, though they came down boastfully declaring that they had explored it, Cortes distinctly states that, owing to the immense quantity of snow upon the mountain, such an ascent as they had described was impossible.

After a very considerable lapse of time, other ascents were made. In 1827 the brothers Glennie reached the summit. Samuel Birkbeck, Baron von Gerolt, and subsequently several officers of the United States' army, stationed in Mexico, "polished off" Popocatepetl, to their intense satisfaction.

The Minister, Don Manuel Siliceo, in 1857, sent a scientific commission to investigate the mountain, and on the 20th of January in that year they started with two guides, and no less than eighteen porters. These porters were men well acquainted with the mountain, and are described as "stout fellows." They found the road bad, but it at length led them into a ravine where it was easier going, and then it again ascended



Popocatepetl.

till a spur of the mountain was reached. After a rocky climb the party reached a spot where they determined to bivouac, and they accordingly did so, and went to bed—all but the Indian members of the party, who prepared for a hard day, by dancing and singing all night. At daybreak the whole party were on foot, and after an hour and a half of scrambling, a rocky wall was reached. Another hour was consumed in upward progress, and then the horses which had hitherto been serviceable, were discarded, and sent back. One of the Indians worked as a

guide, and cut steps in the snow and ice for the party. The Indians, by the way, seemed quite unaffected by the rarity of the atmosphere which affected the members of the expedition in a greater or less degree. Some became pale, others blue, and generally the scientific gentlemen suffered considerably.

Nevertheless, at half-past one P.M., they all reached the edge of the crater, and climbing up, cast themselves upon a warm bed of sand, on which they rested, and endeavoured to take a little refreshment. But this was not quite the place. Anything spirituous cracked the lips and tongue, and produced worse effects, which even the sight of a pulley and ropes, destined to lower some of the party into the burning crater, could not entirely remove. It must not be imagined that the crater of a volcano is a small hole in the top. It is an immense chasm, in this instance nearly a mile across as ascertained by the echo.* "The crater is cuplike in form; great icicles hang from the edges, strong sulphurous fumes attack the nostrils, and steam escapes with a noise as from a locomotive." Stones and rocks fall from the crater continually, and the uproar has been compared to volleys of musketry. Under these circumstances it may be regarded as a pleasant locality to choose for a night's rest! But when to these surroundings is added the chance of an eruption or the probability of an earthquake, or even suffocation by the fumes which are said to arise on all sides, the reader may consider it a mountain almost worthy of ascent by a real climber.

Let not the practised and *blasé* tourist yet despair, however. There is another chance. There is (or was) a certain "bed of volcanic sand and rock" at an angle of 35°, merely held up on the points of some rocks beneath, which rise from the edge of the crater. Anything that disturbed this sand, would, as a matter of course, fall with it into the depths below. Situated on the way to this slope is a grotto known as "Dead-

man's Cave," because a sulphur-gatherer once died there. Now one has only to enter this cave, and step out on the slope of *débris*, slanting at the angle of thirty-five degrees, to experience quite a new sensation. We learn from the quaintly worded report—"From hence the descent is made to the bottom of the crater." We can quite believe it. Nor is the rope absolutely necessary for the descent.

All round are certain "respiraderos," or blow-holes, whence issue columns of water, and of various coloured vapours—some are simple chimneys, about twenty feet wide. But notwithstanding all these "fumeroles" and hot pipes, the bottom of the crater is covered with snow. The members of this expedition give eight hundred yards as the diameter of the crater, and this is more probably the extent of the chasm. The whole party spent the night up close to the crater, and in the morning enjoyed a splendid view. They got to their former camp in safety, and subsequently made other expeditions in the cause of science.

An ascent was made in 1866, and the illustrations of the mountain and the incidents of the journey appeared in the "Illustrated London News." The party on that occasion were able to take their horses within two miles of the snow line, and in four hours and a half after that the crater was reached. Near the summit the whole party found great difficulty of breathing, and frequent pauses were necessary. From all accounts we may fairly judge that Popocatepetl is not such a very formidable mountain to ascend as perhaps its name might induce one to believe, and the difficulty lies in the pronunciation.

CHAPTER XXI.

ORIZABA. — M. DOIGNON'S AND BARON MÜLLER'S ADVENTUROUS EXPEDITIONS.

THE chain of the volcanoes of Mexico may be said to extend between the nineteenth and the twentieth degrees of north latitude across the country. Near Vera Cruz the region is

* We fancy a mile round would be nearer the measurement.—H. F.

very volcanic, and indeed all over the country the results of subterranean action are evident; and there is a decided connection between the outbursts in widely separate localities. So we may conclude that underground the fires are still burning, though "banked up," and ready to break out when circumstances shall favour the eruption.

Orizaba (or Orizaba) the "Mountain of the Star," "*Citlaltepetl*," had for a long time the reputation of being the most lofty of the Mexican Andes; but although it rises very nearly to the altitude of the "Smoking Mountain," we believe the latter is the superior, although Orizaba, from its more conical form, may readily be pronounced the higher of the two. There can be no doubt whatever about the volcanic character of this fine mountain. Even did not the occasional vapour rising from its peak tell us that the hidden fires were lighted, the immense crater plainly visible to the eastward of the cone would settle the question. When this mountain came out in eruption, it did not do the thing "by halves." We read that "about fifty years after the arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico, in 1569," an eruption of Orizaba took place, "which lasted, almost without interruption, for twenty years," but curiously enough was not accompanied by any discharge of lava.

After this little episode it is no wonder that the inhabitants in the district fancied it impossible to gain the summit of the mountain in safety, and so far as we are aware Orizaba remained unattacked for some centuries. In 1848 some American officers said that they had ascended the mountain in safety, yet according to M. Sartorius no one credited the statement. But whether they did or not, we learn that in the year 1851 a party of eighteen made up their minds to go up to the crater. On the first day they all started in high spirits and reached the limit of vegetation. Here they encamped for the night, and at sunrise next morning they attempted the really difficult part of the journey on the ice. At first all went well, but the struggle proved too

arduous. After a brave attempt to fight against the rarefaction of the air, one half of the party, which was composed of various representatives, viz., one Britisher, one American, a Belgian, two Frenchmen, and thirteen Mexicans, relinquished the undertaking and returned. The remainder pushed on, but this moiety again was diminished by half, and but six of the party succeeded in reaching the rocks which run across the snow-clad cone on the northern side. Here the half-dozen rested, and while resting, came to the determination that farther progress was futile, not to say absurd. So they turned their backs upon the "Mountain of the Star," and all descended to the plains once more—all but one man.

This one man—a Frenchman—repented. He would not succumb, and taking leave of his friends he turned about, and after a long and fatiguing, solitary, but not dangerous climb, he alone succeeded in reaching the summit, in five hours and a half from the halting place. The view he described as magnificent and perfectly unclouded. The crater is beneath the actual summit of the mountain, and lies upon the eastern side. He also made a discovery, and in the crater, or rather we should say planted at its edge, was a flag-staff, bearing a portion of an American flag and the date 1848; thus it became evident that the statement of the American officers was absolutely true, and that they had succeeded in mounting to the cone.

Notwithstanding the Frenchman's proof as borne out by the discovery of the American flag, the inhabitants of the village at the base of the mountain would not credit his statements. They determined to put him to the test, and, probably in the charitable expectation of proving him a romancer at least, they incited him to make a second ascent the following week. To make assurance quite sure, a number of unbelieving Mexicans determined to accompany the intrepid Frenchman, but as things turned out they might almost as well have remained below, for as soon as they reached the limit of the snow, they all "caved in;" and per-

mitted M. Doignon to continue the ascent or not as he pleased.

This time the adventurous climber was not so fortunate. Not only had a late fall of snow hidden his former track, but the numerous fissures and crevasses were quite concealed by the white carpet. Although proceeding very cautiously, Doignon fell into a chasm, from which he fortunately rescued himself by means of his staff. We cannot sufficiently admire this man's pluck and endurance. He had been doubted, his honour was at stake, and he determined to succeed. There was no inducement held out to him, no newspapers were ready to hail him as an explorer, or to write leaders upon his "doughty deeds." No modern appliances were at hand to mitigate the severity of the ascent. He knew that if he failed he would be ridiculed and held up to public opinion as an impostor, and he determined to go up again. He did. He reached the rocky ridge, which, standing up darkly from the snow, gave him a landmark whereby to fix his direction. Having gained this ridge he set off again, but unfortunately lost his way. By keeping too much to the left he soon found all farther advance apparently cut off by an enormous crevasse, or *bergschrand* we should probably call it in the Alps. This "chasm" is stated to be twenty-five feet wide, and four hundred feet deep, a sufficiently formidable obstacle for an ordinarily experienced climber. This *bergschrand* extended a mile and a half across the mountain, and M. Doignon could find no means to cross it except upon a "fragile ice-bridge." Such a prospect was not encouraging, but to return was almost as repugnant to him as to ascend. He chose the latter alternative, and after a most dangerous and giddy climb or crawl along the slippery bridge of ice, and over several small crevasses, the adventurer reached the opposite side in safety. Then he rapidly ascended the cone and was near the conclusion of his task, when a wall of ice interposed itself between him and the longed-for summit.

This was enough to break the spirit of many a bold climber, even if accompanied by a guide or two. A steep ice-slope ending in a *bergschrand* is not a pleasant termination to a mountain, and to an inexperienced and unaided climber must have appeared more than sufficiently terrible. But M. Doignon "pulled himself together" and boldly attacked the wall of ice. In momentary peril of being dashed to pieces, he at length reached the top of the ice. The snow here gave him firmer footing, and he rested in comparative comfort. His troubles were not ended though, for a thick fog soon enveloped him for a time, and when it cleared off he found "a succession of isolated rocks several hundred feet high, rising like a ruined wall" on the north-east side. But not to multiply descriptions, we may say that after a hot climb—and this is no figure of speech, for the rocks were hot, and sulphur with volcanic ashes were all around him—M. Doignon succeeded in reaching the crater once more and looked into it. The following is his description of what he saw:—

"A fearful gulf which on the east side may be five hundred and fifty feet deep. In this gulf enormous pyramidal rocks are seen dividing it into three openings, two smaller ones to the south, the largest one to the east. On the north side, about one hundred and fifty feet from the edge of the crater, a gigantic black cleft rocky pyramid rises to the height of more than four hundred feet. From the large opening to the east volumes of steam, strongly impregnated with sulphur, constantly rise as if from a flue. A low rumbling is heard in the depths causing a feeling of anxiety in this lifeless wilderness."

M. Doignon planted the flag he had brought up wrapped round his waist, and then made the descent in safety. He rejoined his companions at the foot of the glaciers in the evening. They could now no longer pretend that this courageous young man had not succeeded in gaining the top. His flag was there to prove it. A few days afterwards, he was entertained at a public

banquet, and his pluck and endurance received suitable acknowledgment in the shape of valuable presents, from the inhabitants of St. Andreas Chalchicomula.

Four years afterwards, another very interesting ascent was made by Baron Müller. After passing the night in a shepherd's hut nearly three thousand feet above the sea-level, and having a splendid view of a thunderstorm raging far beneath them, the party started next day, and reached the base of the peak. But when on the following morning the final essay was made, the guides gave in, and the travellers had to carry their instruments themselves. The ascent is described as exceedingly abrupt, the sunlight glare from the snow affected their eyes, and the snow was covered with a mere coating of ice which was continually giving way beneath their feet. Still they toiled upwards and were nearing the crater, when Baron Müller heard a cry from one of his companions. Turning round the baron saw that his friend had fallen into a chasm up to the arm-pits, and just then, the baron adds—"One of my legs broke through the ice, deep into the snow beneath. We were in fact standing over a vast abyss, from which we were separated only by a thin coating of snow and ice. It was in vain that the eye sought for indications of rock or soil, columns of ice and crystals filled the depths beyond, and the abyss instead of being dark, was splendidly lit up by some subterranean light."

It seems that the prospect was rather too dreadful for the baron and his friends, who moreover had scarce standing room. They accordingly let themselves slide carefully down until they reached firmer ground. Meantime thick clouds arose; and, as the provision basket had been relinquished in the *glissade*, it was judged advisable to return to the hut where the supplies and the "guides" had been deposited.

The night was passed in this extemporised shelter, and it is described as a most painful and distressing sojourn. Severe pain in the eyes attacked all the party, and when Baron Müller's two friends awoke,

they discovered to their horror that they were *perfectly blind*! This was a terrible calamity, and in such a position most distressing. To proceed under such circumstances was impossible, so the baron tried the western passage to the village as the most easy; but, notwithstanding, the journey was attended with great difficulties, as the poor blind travellers had to be led across very dangerous ground, and over a portion of the mountain where rolling stones and volcanic evidences were frequent.

A pine-forest was at length reached, and a supply of water and a certain lotion enabled the snow-blind travellers to obtain some relief. Still it was not for some time after the village was reached, that their eyesight was in any degree restored, and many days elapsed before the unfortunate sufferers were able to proceed.

The baron, however, finding his friends in a fair way of recovery, made up his mind to get to the top, and set off, accompanied by a Mr. Campbell and a M. de la Huerta who had volunteered to be his companions. The party started on horseback, and after a nearly fatal accident caused by an unexpected slip of the sure-footed animal ridden by M. de la Huerta, they reached their camping-place.

We need not follow them up the mountain, as the ascent has already been described. The suffering they endured and the many narrow escapes they had must, so far as we are concerned, now remain unrecorded. The enormous crater is described, and the night was passed in the grotto of the Vella de Lopes, the floor of which being more or less covered with water, did not add to the comfort of the party it sheltered. The descent was accomplished in safety after all, and when the travellers were approaching the town of St. Andreas Chalchicomula, they were met by the greater part of the population with music and banners, coming to congratulate them on the success of their expedition.

These various ascents tend to show that, although the gigantic Orizaba is as a rule quite quiet, there is still a tremendous

amount of subterranean fire glowing beneath the snow-lined crater which may burst out any day, even though three hundred years have now elapsed without any

serious eruption from the "Mountain of the Star."

We will now proceed to the Andes and Tierra del Fuego for a season.



Tierra del Fuego.

(To be continued.)

PUZZLES.

British Battles.

1.

A public proclamation; to strike (the word being beheaded); to ignite.

2.

A vowel; a spirit; a yard.

3.

A colour; a pronoun; a vowel.

4.

A colour; a hindrance.

Double Arithmorem.

5.

Initials and finals name a town of England, and the county in which it is situated.

1. 500 key on.

2. 500 O, O.

3. 101 N.E.R.

4. 100 rook.

5. 500 ate ate R.S.U.L.

6. 100 sea H.R.

7. 57 to.

8. 11 or tree.

1001 R.E. sq. words.

Word Squares.

6.

Smaller than a city, and larger than a village; a river in America; conquers; a part of the face.

7.

One of the Ladrone islands; one of the prophets; to agitate; a Russian town.

8.

Away; went on horseback; an European river; a lake.

9.

Ireland; a flower; a river of Europe; a Roman emperor.

10.

A son of Adam; a quantity of stuff; an island in the Mediterranean; to draw.

Logograph.

11.

Whole, I'm a fragment; beheaded, I'm a boy's name; curtailed, I'm a preposition; behead me, I'm a vowel.

Double Acrostic.

12.

My initials name an English author and my finals one of his works.

Odd; contrition; to permit; a Ghibelline faction; an affectionate salute; a medicinal tree of South America; a ruler; the founder of the Edomites; a gift; indisposed to exertion; a vehicle; young.

Transpositions—Scottish Towns.

Udhgnberi.

14.

Nrvlhycoei.

15.

Neiefndmlru.

16.

Mkklrnoica.

Onttlypwenu.

18.

Madnraahcnur.

Triple Arithmorem.

19.

207

100 + be sane.

1 + rag set R.R.

1 + ten R.

1000 + S as A.

My primals, centrals, and finals read downwards name three goddesses.

Higgeldy Piggeldy Proverbs.

20.

Moselkicpmnarecimyhaeinssldrsieueirene.

21.

Fwatingyfurmotelodtoohesghthsltooneltsae.

Drop Letter Puzzle.

22.

Tileltrfwtitelt,
Tabadyilaehmscue,
Advrieiglwyiecal.

[Shakspearian Puzzle.

23.

The enemy dead ; the right lamentation
is the excessive to moderate grief of the
living. Words to be transposed.

Square Words.

24.

A Turkish town ; a Grecian gulf ; to
fasten ; the foe ; a myth.

25.

Hard ; a river ; a letter ; wine ; to ob-
literate.

26.

More than once ; overpowering ; to drag
(transposed) ; grand ; a county.

27.

Two ; bad ; other ; want.

28.

A stud ; an instrument ; to rise ; a bond-
man.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

On pages 559—560.

1. In—fir—Mary = Infirmary.

2. Pro—file = Profile.

3. A—bun—dance = Abundance.

4. Lighthouse.

5. Stitch, Thread, Needle.

6. Virgil, Cowper, Dryden.

7.

When the cook still her guilt did most
strongly deny,

This speech so emphatic all shouted,

"*The proof of the pudding's the eating
thereof,*"

And the saying is not to be doubted.

8. Peculiar.

9. Eradicate.

10. Obedient.

11. Commonplace.

12. Sovereignty.

13. Labyrinth.

14. Sobriquet.

15.

B H O R

H A R O

O R T A

R O A N

16.

B A T H

A B H A

T H O R

H A R O

17.

A S A R

S A L O

A L C O

R O O K

18.

A L E A

L E N S

E N O S

A S S A

19.

Princess ! if our aged eyes

Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,

'Tis because resentment ties

All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word

In the blood that she has spilt ;

Perish, hopeless, and abhorr'd,

Deep in ruin as in guilt.

20. Respite.

21.

The flower that smiles to-day,

To-morrow dies ;

All that we wish to stay,

Tempts and then flies.

22. Clonmel—Newport.

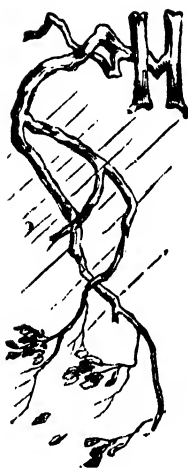
23. Newcastle—Gateshead.

ADVENTURES IN INDIA.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

Author of "Great African Travellers," "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea," "Digby Heathcote," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—(continued.)



uttered an exclamation of satisfaction as he saw me, begging me to drive off the brutes, who had already torn his clothes and legs.

I instantly fired, and knocked over one of them; then clubbing my musket, I rushed at the pack, striking right and left. Excited by the chase, they flew at me, and I had a hard matter to save myself from being seized by

their fangs, though I knocked over two or three more. The major, however, soon coming up with his rifle, followed by Rice with a pistol, and several of the men carrying burning brands, two more of the brutes were shot, and the rest took to flight, while Ally with his load of provisions made his way into the camp.

We found on our return that his legs were sadly torn, though he declared that his wounds were of no consequence; and having bound them up with some pieces of linen, he threw himself on the ground to rest. We lost no time in examining the contents of the bag, and distributing some of them to the ladies and children and our half-famished followers, not omitting, as may be supposed, to help ourselves—and desperately hungry I was, I remember. We regretted having had to fire at the dogs, in case the reports should have been heard by some of our enemies and bring them down upon us. That, however, could not be helped. Without mentioning our apprehen-

sions, we advised the ladies to go to sleep again for two or three hours, when we proposed calling them to continue our journey. We four gentlemen, however, remained awake keeping watch.

In a short time Ally sat up to take some food, as he had not had time to eat anything since he left the camp. He told us that the native dogs who had attacked him were almost as savage as wolves. They will even attack the large deer in the jungle, and hunt in packs. Having discovered a sambur in a valley, they separate, and lie in wait at the different outlets, crouching on the high ground above the paths taken by the deer. One of the pack then goes down and arouses the animal, who generally makes its way up hill. One of the dogs lying in ambush springs down on his victim, and fixes its fangs in its throat. The others quickly come up with the deer, and pull it to the ground. Sometimes, however, when the first dog misses his aim, he and his companions are killed by a single blow from the deer's fore-feet, with which it strikes at their heads; indeed, the dogs never venture to attack the large deer except in packs, and even then do not always succeed, though the smaller deer are easily killed by them.

The pack which had attacked Ally had been attracted by the smell of some kid's flesh at the bottom of the sack while he had passed close to one of the brutes, probably lying in wait for a deer.

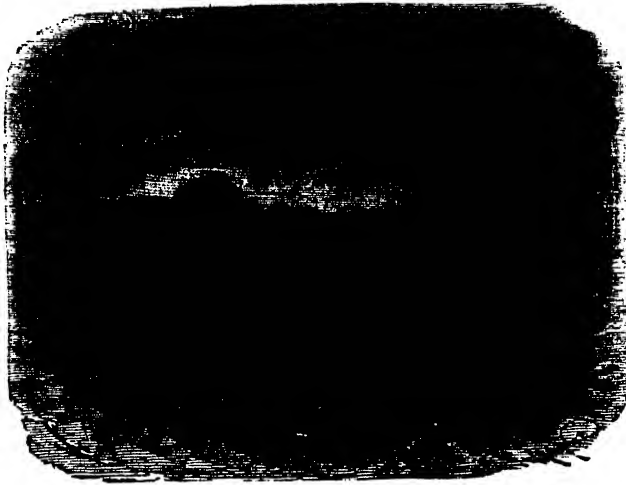
We were thankful that he had not been torn in pieces by them, for unarmed as he was, even had he abandoned his sack, he had no means of defending himself.

We got under weigh, as a sailor would

say, according to our intention, long before daylight, thinking probably that the firing might have attracted any foes who might have come to look for us. Before the sun rose we had made good about eight miles, as far as we could judge, and the heat then became excessive. The poor ladies and children suffered much. The country people whom we met were invariably civil, and would have been ready to give us every assistance in their power, had they not been afraid of the roving bands of sepoys, of

whom they told us there were several not far off.

This proved that the British rule had been beneficent as far as they were concerned; indeed, they contrasted it favourably with the tyranny of their native governors. We heard of one or two other parties of Europeans who had escaped, hiding, like ourselves, in the jungle, and endeavouring to reach some place of security. But at that period it was doubtful what places were secure; and even the rajahs who were



favourably disposed to the British would not venture to risk destruction from the hands of their countrymen by protecting us.

I, having recovered from my sprained ankle, was pushing on ahead with Ally, who carried his gun, just at sunset, and looking out for a fit spot to camp in, when I saw a figure stretched on the open ground ahead of us. We hurried forward, when I saw by the uniform that he was a British cavalry officer, who lay where he had fallen, with his sword in his hand. By the waning light I distinguished the features of poor Staunton, a lieutenant of the —th cavalry. He had been apparently endeavouring to make his escape on horseback, when he had been overtaken by some of the rebels. The deep dents in his sword, and several

wounds in his body, besides a desperate cut on his head, showed how bravely he had fought for life.

I sent back Ally to guide the ladies by at a distance from where the body lay, to save them from the shock its appearance would give them; and I was soon joined by Major O'Halloran, accompanied by a couple of men. After taking the sword and pistols, still loaded in the lieutenant's belt, with several articles which we found in his pockets, we dug a shallow grave with his sword and our sticks, and piled over it a number of loose stones which lay scattered around.

It was all we could do, for we had little time to spare, and we then hurried on to overtake the party, who had halted near a stream which flowed just outside the jungle,

at a spot tolerably well concealed by trees and rocks.

We should have preferred being further from the water, in case any tigers or other wild beasts might come down there to drink; but the approaching darkness prevented us from going on further. It would be necessary in consequence to keep even a stricter watch than before, for we might be attacked on one side by tigers, and on the other by no less sanguinary human foes. What had become of the rebels who had killed Staunton it was impossible to say, as it was too dark to discover their track when we found his body,

As we had all been awake the greater part of the previous night, sleep was absolutely necessary; but yet it was so important to keep on the alert, that only half of our party lay down at a time, while the other half kept pacing round and round the camp, each armed with one of the weapons we possessed.

Another night and another day, during which we travelled fifteen miles or so, went by. We were full of anxiety, for we had too much reason to believe that a party of the rebel horse was traversing the country, looking out for fugitives, and plundering the unhappy villagers, who were accused of harbouring them.

Once it was necessary to get some game, and the major and Ally went out with their two guns to shoot a deer, while the doctor, I, and Rice remained in the camp. Curry, in spite of the jolting to which he had been exposed, was decidedly improving.

As I had no gun, I took one of the pistols, with poor Staunton's sword, and set out, accompanied by the little Ghoorka, in the hopes of knocking over a few birds, for I could not expect to kill any larger game. My companion was a short distance ahead of me, in an open part of the jungle, when I heard a roar, and presently caught sight of a huge tiger, creeping out from among the bushes. I expected to see the Ghoorka retreat to a tree near at hand, up which he might quickly have ascended; instead, however, of doing so, he firmly stood his ground,

eying the tiger. Had I possessed a rifle I should have remained where I was, but as there was close to me a tree with easily accessible branches, I stepped back until I got behind it, when, grasping one of the lower boughs, I swung myself up as rapidly as I could, until I was beyond the tiger's reach. I did not feel that I was deserting my companion, because I saw that he was in no way afraid of the tiger. I guessed, indeed, that he could manage the brute quite as well by himself as with any assistance I might give him.

I was not mistaken. The Ghoorka, waving his hookery—the only weapon he possessed—then shouted, and, stopping for an instant, stepped back a pace or two to induce the tiger to come on. I watched him anxiously.

Out sprang the tiger, when with wonderful agility the Ghoorka leaped to the left, delivering a blow which cut off the animal's right paw as it bounded on. On reaching the ground it looked round at its foe, and now, furious with pain and rage, made another spring at the Ghoorka; but he was as active as the tiger, and had also sprung round so as to be on the side of the disabled paw, with which it endeavoured to strike at him, but the blow was harmless, and was again avoided.

The tiger, roaring and excited to the greatest fury by the pain it was enduring, once more sprang at the man; but as it did so he delivered a stroke at its throat which well-nigh severed its head from its body. But the brute was not dead, and, still animated by rage, it was preparing for a last effort. As the Ghoorka stood watching it with his brilliantly black eyes, it made a final spring, this time to receive a blow on the back of the neck, which severed its spine. Over it rolled, and lay motionless.

"You may come down, saib!" shouted the Ghoorka, as he wiped his hookery on the grass; "the tiger will harm no one now. You did wisely to get out of its way, for by remaining on the ground you would only have impeded my movements, and would

very likely have been seized by the tiger before I could rescue you."

I agreed in this, and complimented him especially on his achievement, of which, however, he seemed to think but little.

We greatly astonished our friends in camp when we returned with the tiger's head and skin, for as they had not heard a shot they

could scarcely believe that so fierce an encounter had been going on close to them.

The major and Ally returned shortly afterwards, with a couple of spotted deer and three peacocks, a very acceptable contribution to our larder. They brought, however, some alarming intelligence which they had obtained from natives whom they



had met. Lucknow was closely besieged by the enemy, who were running mines under it, and declared that they would enter it in a few days and put all the garrison to the sword. It was said also that the garrison at Cawnpore, being starved out, had yielded, and that the whole of the defenders, as well as the ladies and children, had been murdered; as also that the British garrisons at several other places had suffered the same fate. Had we not witnessed what took place at Orungapore, we should not have believed the reports.

I naturally regretted having come to the

country. I knew that my poor Ellen would be fearfully agitated on my account. Probably she would suppose me dead. I should have been happier had I succeeded in finding her young brother, but the chances of my doing so appeared less than ever. He might, had he been carried among Europeans, have shared the dreadful fate which befel so many other white children, cruelly slaughtered with their mothers, or, in the general confusion, all trace of him might be lost. Ally was the only person who encouraged me to hope that I should succeed, notwithstanding all difficulties. He said

that he had heard of a child exactly answering the description of young Dunmore, but he was as yet unable to give me more particulars.

We were now within three days march of the fort of the Rajah of Juggalore, under whose protection we intended to place ourselves. As we had escaped so many dangers we had great hopes that we should be preserved to the end. It was important, however, to get there as soon as possible, lest any emissary from the insurgent forces should arrive before us, and so work on the mind of the rajah that he might be afraid of affording us shelter.

We were now approaching Mattagore, a village of some size. It was impossible to avoid it, or we should have done so. It was agreed that we should ride through at daybreak, before the inhabitants were on foot, and we hoped thus to escape interruption. Scarcely, however, had we entered the village, than the havildar, who had been an officer in the English police, came out of his house, and stared at us with a look of astonishment.

The major at once went up to him, and explained who we were; when, with a profound salam, he expressed his readiness to protect us, and insisted on accompanying



us with a body of Thakoors, who would escort us until we had gained a place of safety. He offered to supply us with tattees for the ladies. He then requested us to come into his house, where we might rest until we were ready to proceed.

I, having heard so much of the treachery of the natives, had great fears that we were caught in a trap, but the major, without hesitation, accepted the offer.

CHAPTER IX.

WE left the village in a very different style from the way we had entered it, and we had at length some reason to hope that our chief difficulties were over. The major was mounted on one of the horses, and I had

the other; the doctor and Rice following on a camel; while the ladies and Curry were conveyed in tattees. The major, however, told me that he did not consider that we were altogether safe; for, should we encounter a large body of rebels, he was afraid that the Thakoors would run away.

"We must, however, try and keep up our spirits," he added, "and hope for the best."

We felt, however, that we could trust the havildar, and that our own people would fight to the last. They were soon to be put to the test.

A man who had procured a horse, went on ahead to act as scout. We were just passing the walls of a ruined temple, when he came galloping back at full speed, and reported that he had just caught sight of a body of horsemen, whose appearance

suspicious. The major, on hearing this, at once resolved to take possession of the temple, in which we might defend ourselves, should the horsemen prove hostile.

Scarcely had our party retired within the walls, than a body of cavalry came in sight, a wild-looking set, though not so numerous as we had expected. Still, we saw that, should they venture to attack us, we should be ill able to resist them.

They had discovered us, and came on with threatening gestures, but halted just beyond range of our muskets; this proving that their intentions were not friendly.

As the Thakoors kept out of sight, they probably supposed that we were but a small party, who could be easily overcome. At length, led by a young chief, approaching nearer, they began firing; but as their bullets did us no harm, we did not fire in return. On this they came still nearer, and discharging their carbines wheeled round and retreated.

This manœuvre was repeated several times, and on each occasion they drew nearer. At last the major, losing patience, exclaimed:—

“It will have a good effect, if we put those fellows to the rout; it will show that the British are not so completely crushed as they fancy. If we don't drive them off, they may keep us besieged here until a large body arrive, or they will molest us during the remainder of our journey. What say you, gentlemen?”

We all agreed, as did the havildar, and the chief man among the Thakoors. We waited until they again approached, when we poured in a volley which brought down the young chief's steed, he himself being apparently killed, while several others were wounded. We then, mounting our horses, dashed out of the gate of the temple, and, led by the major, charged the enemy, who—evidently not expecting to see so large a body, and disheartened by the loss of their young leader—took to flight. We pursued, and cut down several others.

The rest, urging on their horses, escaped; when the major, fearing that other enemies

might appear and that the ladies might be exposed to danger, ordered us to return.

We were galloping back to the temple, when we saw the young chief, who had apparently only been stunned, having extricated himself from his fallen horse, rise to his feet.

The major, pistol in hand, riding towards him, ordered him to surrender, when what was our surprise, to see him place his hands on his breast, and hear him exclaim—

“Spare me, saib, I am the Ranee of Mynapoor.” Of this we had no doubt when the turban of the seeming young chief, falling off, exposed the features of a handsome woman.

On hearing his exclamation, the major, placing his pistol in his belt, leapt from his horse and assisted her to extricate herself from the trappings of her fallen steed. We then, gathering round, escorted her into the temple.

She was a handsome person, still young, and unusually fair for a native. Though she thanked the major for his courtesy, she was reticent as to her object in travelling through the country. She had been slightly wounded in the left arm, which prevented her holding her rein, and it was therefore settled that she should be conveyed in a tattee.

The major had no intention of setting her free, as her presence with our party would prevent any of her people from attacking us; but though they would not dare to do so, they would to a certainty, should they fall in with any of the rebels, induce them to follow us. We immediately, therefore, continued our journey, so that scarcely an hour had passed from the time we had encountered the ranee's followers, before we were again *en route*.

Soon after we left the temple, Ally rode up to me.

“I have extraordinary news to tell you, saib,” he said. “The ranee is the person who has possession of the boy we are in search of. She would be very unwilling to give him up, as she intends him to inherit

her estates ; but as she is in your power, you can compel her to do as you wish."

I was indeed astonished at this news, and on my communicating it to the major, he fully believed that it was likely to be correct.

"People of wealth in India who have no child of their own, being anxious for an heir, follow the custom of adopting one," he observed. "As the ranee's husband was killed some time ago, in a quarrel with another chief, and she cannot marry again,



it is probable that she has acted as Ally supposes. I will at once speak to her on the subject, and endeavour to ascertain where the child is."

I can scarcely describe my satisfaction when the major shortly afterwards told me that, having spoken to the ranee, she acknowledged that her little boy was at a village, under charge of his ayah, the wife of a zemindar, a few miles off, and that she

had been on her way to visit him when she encountered us. He had told her that she should be allowed to see the child, provided she would take him with her, that we would protect her and set them both at liberty when peace was restored. "I was afraid of saying more, for fear that she might suspect the truth, and try to get the boy out of the way," he added. "We must also guard against treachery. She may hope by going

to the village to induce the zemindar and his followers to attack us, and set her at liberty, though I fully believe her story about the child."

To prevent this, we decided on sending Ally to the village to bring the zemindar, the child and his nurse to us, while we drew up at a distance.

We did not tell the ranee of our intention until we came in sight of the place, when a halt was called, and we then politely requested the lady to write an order to the zemindar, saying that we would send it by a trusty messenger.

As writing was an accomplishment the ranee did not possess, she answered that this was impossible. We therefore requested Rice to write the order from her dictation. She then put her mark to the paper, and, as a further evidence of its authenticity, she sent a jewel which she wore round her neck. She probably guessed our reasons, and thought it wise to yield to circumstances. Perhaps she had no treacherous intentions in her mind.

While we drew up in battle array, ready for any emergency, Ally started on his mission. We had not long to wait before a fine-looking native, accompanied by a woman dressed as an ayah, leading a little boy by the hand, came towards us from the village. I gazed anxiously at the child, believing that I should know him, should he be the younger brother of my Ellen. A glance convinced me that such was the case. He had her eyes and nose, the general shape of his features resembled hers, and he was much fairer than any native child. His hair was concealed by a cap, but a lock which had escaped was of auburn hue. I looked towards the major.

"Do you recognise the likeness of anyone you have known?" I asked.

"I could almost swear that he is the child of my friend Dunmore. He has the complexion and the eyes of his mother, and the mouth and general bearing of his father," he answered. "We must be careful, however, and still not let the ranee know what we are after. Perhaps the ayah

is the one who escaped with him, and if so his identification will be easy."

We narrowly watched the ranee. The child, when directed by the ayah, advanced towards her, but she received him, though affectionately, without any great exhibition of maternal feelings, nor did he show much affection for her. He went through the usual form of salutation. She kissed his brow, but he looked back more than once towards his nurse as if he would rather be with her.

The zemindar appeared somewhat astonished at what was taking place, and seemed scarcely to understand that the ranee was our prisoner. We took care that she should hold no private conversation with him. The major informed the ranee of our wish that the little boy and his nurse should accompany us. To this she demurred, saying that he would be happier in the village among those with whom he was accustomed to live.

The major politely replied, with a significant smile, that he should have supposed the child would have been happy with his mother wherever she went, and at all events it was our intention that he should accompany us, and that he would be well taken care of by the English ladies of our party.

He next told her to dismiss the zemindar, and to say that we would reward him for the protection he had afforded the little boy.

"I am your prisoner," she answered, "you must act as you think fit."

Rice was accordingly deputed to speak to the zemindar, and to tell him that his good behaviour would not be overlooked by the British Government; that the ranee would be taken care of, and set at liberty as soon as peace was established; and that he must now return to his home and endeavour to keep his people quiet, adding significantly that if any attempt should be made to rescue her, the ranee would be the chief sufferer. He was then asked as to how and when the child was placed under his care. I saw the zemindar after making a profound salam take his departure; when Rice rejoined us.

The man, Rice told us, showed by his manner that he desired to be faithful to the British, and had evidently no great affection for the ranee. The child and his nurse, he said, were given by her into his charge a short time before the troubles began, and he admitted that he had not from the first believed that the boy was her child.

No sooner was the little boy brought to the ladies of our party, than two of them, who had known Captain and Mrs. Dunmore, at once declared that he must be their child, and one of them discovered a locket round his neck which she recollected having seen Mrs. Dunmore wear, and which contained a lock of her husband's hair.

The ayah would be able to afford the most important evidence. The ladies undertook to extract it from her. I saw how, necessary that everything should be made clear, though thoroughly satisfied in my own mind that the boy was Ellen's brother, and the heir to the Dunmore estates. We were, however, not yet in safety. Our party might be separated, and remembering that one or two only of us might live to reach England, I felt that the safest course would be to gain all the evidence we could as soon as possible, to reduce it to writing, and to give a copy to the ayah, directing her as she loved the child to proceed to Calcutta, and to make known who he was without delay to the chief authorities. She was at once placed under examination, while Rice took down her depositions.

As soon as she understood that our object was to benefit the boy, and that should he be brought up as the son of the ranee he would be exposed to all sorts of dangers, and perhaps soon lose his life, she, without hesitation acknowledged that he was the child of Captain and Mrs. Dunmore, that she had been his nurse from his birth, and that she loved him as her own child. She told us that, though she had been wounded by the robbers, she had escaped with him when his father and mother were murdered, and that, having stained him a

dark hue, she had managed by always concealing his features to pass him off as her son. Ultimately she had taken refuge with the Rajah of Mynapoor, whose ranee was so delighted with him, that at the rajah's death she had adopted him, and intended to bring him up as her son, and heir to the estates, which she herself had inherited, the rajah having been only raised to that dignity when she married him.

She produced several articles which Mrs. Dunmore had given into her charge, and among others a small box containing a ring with the Dunmore crest. On enquiring of her whether she had ever had any communication with any other saib on the subject, she confessed that such was the case, but having had doubts as to his object, and believing that the child would be better off with the ranee, she had prevented the agent from getting possession of the boy.

The evidence being as complete and satisfactory as I could desire, I had several copies of it made and translated into English, and signed by the principal persons in our party. One I gave to the ayah, directing her carefully to preserve it, while I kept another myself.

By the doctor's suggestion the boy's initials were tattooed on his arm, though the little fellow somewhat objected to the operation; for it was considered that, should he by any chance be separated from us, this would tend to identify him, and a note to the effect that he had been so tattooed was added to the document.

My mission to India having now been accomplished, I would gladly have returned with my young charge to England, but to attempt to pass through the country at that time would have been madness, and I trusted that I might be able to remain in safety with the Rajah of Juggalore, until the fearful rebellion now raging should be crushed. That it would be so, our friends expressed their confidence, although things looked black enough at present.

At length the hill on which the fort was situated appeared in sight. Our friend Ally, ever ready to undergo danger on our

account, offered to ride forward and request the rajah to admit us, and afford us protection.

I should have said that the Thakoors and the havildar had left us before this, so that we did not present a very formidable appearance, although we had several fighting men who would be able to assist in the defence of the fort, should it be attacked by the rebels.

We waited anxiously for Ally's return. We could just see a narrow pathway leading upwards and partly round the rock to the entrance of the fort.

Below the gate was a precipice, with a torrent foaming at its base, but it was not so well protected on the other sides. Still we hoped that, should we be attacked, we might be able to hold out against any rebel force sent against it.

At last we saw Ally coming back. He wore an agitated look. The major inquired what news he brought.

"Bad news, saib," he answered; "the rajah declines the risk of receiving us. He bids us God speed, but says that he has many enemies; and should it be known that we are under his care, not only would his fort be attacked, but his fields and plantations ravaged; and that he has scarcely provisions to hold out for any length of time."

"To go on further will be almost impossible," observed the major. "The very fact he states, of having enemies in the neighbourhood, makes it of the greatest importance that we should find shelter within the fort—I must settle the matter. Our party must approach slowly while I go on ahead. Just keep out of gun-shot until you see the signal I will make." Saying this he dismounted, and advanced on foot to the fort, armed only with his sword and pistols.

We watched him with the greatest anxiety as he ascended the path, when we saw him dash forward, literally running a muck between the guards, who slashed at him with their tulwars, but he defended himself and kept them at bay, until, getting through the outer gate, he reached the inner one, where he sat down apparently exhausted.

"He's safe, he's safe!" cried the doctor; "the rajah will not refuse us admittance now, and any favour the major asks will be obtained."

On this, the doctor and I rode forward. A person whom we supposed to be the rajah appearing, the major, who had been beckoning to us to come in, took his hand and was at once treated with every mark of respect.

The rest of the party eagerly pressed on, for we knew that, at any moment, from the information we had lately obtained, the enemy might be upon us. The rajah, a fine looking old fellow in rich costume, looked somewhat glum, but received us courteously, and led the way through the inner gate, where an apartment was pointed out for the occupation of the ladies and children, who were accompanied by the ranee.

The rajah appeared still more disconcerted when he saw her, until Rice explained how she had been captured, and that we had detained her as a hostage for the good behaviour of her followers.

We found that the major's undertaking had been indeed a dangerous one, for he was wounded in three places by the points of the tulwars, at once requiring the doctor's attention.

He, however, made light of his wounds; and when they were bound up, he appeared as active as ever. He told the rajah that should the fort be attacked, we would undertake to defend it, as all our people could be trusted, an assurance which evidently gave the old gentleman much satisfaction.

The gates were closed, and we lost no time in examining all the points which were likely to be assailed, and making preparations for the defence.

Night coming on, and no enemy having appeared, we lay down to obtain the rest we greatly required.

Not wishing entirely to trust to the vigilance of the rajah's followers, one of our party remained on foot, continually going the round of the fort. It was fortunate

that this precaution was taken. Just before daybreak a shout was raised that the enemy were upon us, and having crept up to the fort, during the darkness, expected to take us by surprise.

We were all, in a moment, on foot, hurry-

ing to the point assailed. We could just make out in the dim twilight a number of figures stealing up by the narrow pathway. Should they once gain the gate they might blow it up with gunpowder. To prevent them, we sallied out, and quickly rolled the



leading men over the precipice, down which they fell headlong into the torrent below.

Their followers seeing their fate beat a rapid retreat, and endeavoured to conceal themselves by clinging closely to the rock. A few, however, escaped, although a dozen or more were thrown over.

As we were becoming exposed to the fire of those below, we retired again into the

fort. Our success encouraged the rajah's followers, who swore that we were veritable Rustans, and that they were ready to defend the fort to the last. The rajah himself also appeared with a brighter countenance, and treated us all with the greatest attention.

This change we found arose from a communication made to him by the major, who

promised that, if he would protect us, the government would exempt him from tribute for a year, and would make good any loss he might suffer from the destruction of his fields.

The rebels, who appeared to be very numerous, made another assault on the fort, but the rajah's people now joining with us, they were driven back with great loss. Finding, at length, that they were not likely to succeed, they retired to a distance. They revenged themselves, however, by setting fire to the surrounding villages, and devastating the country on either side.

"Never mind, rajah," said the major, "John Company will pay the damage. You will be a richer man than ever by-and-bye."

The rajah shrugged his shoulders. He was not likely to turn us out now; for if he did, he would certainly obtain no redress from either party.

We promised him that, as soon as the enemy had retired, we would go out and kill game, and collect other supplies, and that he need have no fear of starving.

Thanks to Ally, we were able to fulfil our promise, and the rajah's larder was amply supplied with venison and game of all sorts. The poor ladies, however, had a trying time of it, as they could not venture from the fort, and lived in constant anxiety about the fate of their relatives and friends—many of whom, they were doomed to hear, had perished, although others, after undergoing hardships of all sorts, gained the protection, as we had done, of friendly rajahs, or lived concealed in the remote villages or jungles, until the avenging columns, under the command of the gallant Lord Clyde (Colin Campbell), Sir Hugh

Rose, Adrian Hope, Napier, Stewart, and many others, restored them to liberty.

Not for very many months was the mutiny thoroughly put down, or were we able to proceed on our journey to Calcutta.

It was a day of rejoicing, at the same time one of mourning to many of our party, for they had just received the certain information of the loss of several dear ones, whom they had hitherto hoped to meet again. The old rajah received his reward; and the ranee being set at liberty, and her property restored to her, she, though not without reluctance, gave up all claim to my young charge.

Honest Ally received a reward which he considered magnificent, though every one will agree that he deserved the best we could bestow on him.

Accompanied by little Norman and his faithful ayah, I set out with the rest of the party for Calcutta, which we reached in safety; and thence we proceeded by the first steamer to England, where I received the reward I coveted, in the hand of my beloved Ellen, who had long mourned me as dead.

We were able to establish the claims of Norman Dunmore to his paternal property, though it was some time before he got rid of his Indian training, and became a thorough Englishman.

"You'll not go tiger-hunting, and pig-sticking, again, my dear Michael?" said Ellen.

I readily promised this, as I had no intention of returning to India, and, happily, tigers are not to be found in the English forests; and pig-sticking, as practised in England, is not looked upon in the same light that it is in the regions where I met with the adventures I have described.



SCHOOL-DAYS AT KINGSCOURT.

A TALE OF 1803.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,
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CHAPTER XXIII.



R. CHAPMAN followed Colonel Morley into the adjoining apartment, forgetting, in the mingled interest and alarm which Eugène's words had awakened, that the boys still remained in occupation of the smoking-room. The boys themselves, on their side, quite forgot that orders had been given for their immediate return to Kingscourt. The lawless designs of the smugglers, and the danger to which their schoolfellow was exposed in consequence of them, of course occupied a considerable share in their thoughts. But the topic which was uppermost with them all, was the deal-

ings of their schoolfellow Ralph Hewett with the lieutenant of the coast-guard. No sooner had the door closed behind Corporal M'Nab, who was the last to leave the "Chimney," than Holmes turned sharply on his cousin with the inquiry—

"I should like to know the rights of this matter, Ralph; and so I think would all the other fellows. I don't quite understand it at present, or rather, I can hardly believe what the coast-guard man seemed to say."

"I would willingly tell you anything, Steve," replied Hewett; "but I am sure you will see that I can't be answerable for his blunders."

"Nobody asks you to be; but we want to know whether he *did* make blunders. Is it the fact, that last summer you went over to the Preventive Station at Leddenham——?"

"While you were staying at my father's house," broke in Monkton.

"Just so. While you were staying at Mr. Monkton's house, for the purpose of giving information—like any police spy—against Phil Burn and his mates?"

"Well, it is certainly true, that one morning, while I had the pleasure of staying at Cheselden Park, I walked over to Leddenham, in order to see the Preventive Station there," replied Hewett. "I had met Lieutenant Roby at the Park, and he invited me to go over."

"He invited the whole party, not you only," said Monkton. "I remember it quite well, and you said nothing to anyone of your visit."

"If that was so, I am sure it was quite accidental," resumed Hewett. "While I was there, Lieutenant Roby and myself got into conversation. He asked me several questions about the coast and the people round Milstead. I remember that quite well. I am afraid I must unguardedly, have let something drop about the smuggling that everybody believes to be going on there."

"Something unguardedly," repeated Thorne. "May I ask, was this 'unguarded

something' a request to be paid the amount of the reward—fifty pounds, I believe,—which the Government offered to anyone who would give such information, as would lead to the detection of the smugglers?"

"I assure you, Dick, I never had a penny from the Government, or the coast-guard either," returned Hewett.

"Thorne didn't ask you whether you had," exclaimed Holmes, impatiently. "He asked you whether you applied for the reward. Will you be so good as to answer that question plainly? You may as well do so, for if you don't, I shall ask M'Nab the question myself, in very distinct terms."

"Well, I believe something was said about the reward which the Government had offered, and Lieutenant Roby may have supposed—but I need not, I am sure, point out that I cannot be held accountable for what he fancied——"

"What did he suppose?" asked Cook; "you can tell us that, whether you're accountable or not."

"He may have supposed that I considered myself entitled to the reward in consequence of the information which he had learned through his talk with me," said Hewett. "But I didn't for a moment suppose that it would be expected—that I should—should come publicly forward—should—should——" and here for once even Hewett's plausibility failed him, and he was unable to round off his sentence.

"You didn't suppose, in fact," said Holmes, "that in giving private information and pocketing the reward, you would have to run any risk; and when you found that you would, you preferred losing the reward to running the risk. That, putting all blarney aside, is near about the truth, isn't it?"

"Very near, I expect," assented Monkton.

"So near the bull's-eye that there is no room for another bullet," added Thorne.

"Well, Ralph," resumed Holmes, "you are my cousin, and I am heartily ashamed of the relationship. I suppose my uncle, when he comes to hear of this, won't shut

his doors upon you; but I do hope that James here and Everard will."

"You've always been unjust to me," whined Hewett; "but I trust the kind friends you have named will judge differently!"

"I don't know whether you mean to reckon me among your 'kind friends,'" remarked Monkton, coldly; "but if you do, I must beg to tell you, you are quite mistaken."

"You will not say so, Everard," said Hewett, turning appealingly to Northcote.

"I am really very sorry, Hewett," returned Northcote; "but it is impossible for me to invite a common informer to my uncle's house."

"And if you were to ask him," remarked Cook, "I judge he would hardly be such a fool as to accept your invitation!"

"Do you turn against me also, William?" exclaimed Hewett. "Really I think, considering the tricks you were quite ready to play off on Wood—which are quite as bad as anything that can be alleged against me—you, at least, might hold your tongue! Why should not I accept Monkton and Northcote's invitations, if after all, on second thoughts, they should ask me?"

"As for the trick that was to have been played off on Wood," returned Cook, "that was all of your making up, and I am very sorry now that I agreed to do what you asked, though nothing ever came of it. But that was a very different matter from turning informer, like any dirty snob in the streets. You didn't propose *that* to me, or I'd have kicked you round the playground for proposing it. As for the reason why you had better not go to Wavelsbourne or Cheselden, even if invited—that's plain enough, I think. Old Burn heard what passed between you and M'Nab. As soon as he is let out of gaol again he is safe to tell his mates all about it. They are not the sort of fellows to stand having information given against them. I would advise you to put a good long distance between you and them before they find it out."

"He's about right, I expect," added

Thorne. "I wouldn't be in your shoes for something handsome if you remain anywhere in the neighbourhood of Hagan's walking-stick, not to say his gun and pistols, after he knows that you have been splitting on him!"

"In short, you had better cut for it," suggested Holmes.

"Cut for it, and don't stop till you get back to Derbyshire," added Monkton.

"I should amend that, by proposing that he stops short at one of the towns on the road," said Thorne—"that he be sent to Coventry, in fact. If I don't mistake, all the school will agree to that when they hear the story."

"They shall be told it, any way," said Monkton, "as soon as we get back to Kingscourt; and talking of that, I suppose it is about time now that we return there."

The boys accordingly took themselves off, carrying with them their smoking garments and chairs, which might be of some use elsewhere; but leaving behind them their pipes and tobacco, which they knew the Doctor would not allow them to retain. The story of Hewett's dealings with the coast-guard soon spread through the school, and excited fully as much disgust among the juniors, as it had in the instance of the first-class boys. Hewett found himself everywhere shunned and ignored. He obtained leave to go to bed before the rest of his schoolfellows, and in the solitude of his apartment reflected dolefully over the trouble in which he was involved. But even the boys did not know the worst. It was plain that some serious evil had been designed against Wood. If he should be rescued from the smugglers, it would probably be discovered that Hewett had been in some sense an accessory to the plot. If they should fail to rescue him—Hewett did not like to think what might happen then!

Meanwhile, Colonel Morley, by a few rapid questions, had elicited from Eugène de Normanville all the particulars he required. He then arranged his plans as speedily as possible. His first step was to send off a messenger on horseback to

Lindley Bay, warning Lieutenant Roby that he had been misled by false information into believing that the cargo was to be landed at the last-named place, whereas its real destination was the Dane's Cove. He had better, therefore, bring the *Rodney* round without loss of time. The colonel himself, in the meantime, would proceed to the Cove with such men as he could muster, and try to prevent the departure of the smugglers before Roby's arrival.

The colonel then made up the party which was to accompany him. It consisted of Mr. Edward Chapman, the two Preventive men, Sergeant Pritchard, Corporal M'Kinnon, who had been privately summoned for this special service, and about half a dozen of the militia men, all stout, serviceable fellows, and keenly interested in the issue of the expedition. Eugène de Normanville attended the party as guide. All were well armed with cutlasses, carbines, and pistols.

Parson Podgett, of course, did not accompany the party, being, as he expressed it, a member of the Church, but not of the State, militant.

"But I may be of some service, notwithstanding," he said. "I think I'll go down to M. de Normanville's lodging, and try and comfort poor Mrs. Wood about her son. Has she heard of this business, Eugène, do you think?"

"She hadn't, sir, when I returned home an hour or so ago," said Eugène. "But I suppose the story has got about everywhere by this time."

"Take her up to Broadleigh, Podgett," said Colonel Morley. "If she hasn't yet heard the report, it can be kept from her more easily there than anywhere else. If she *has* heard it, that will be the place to which we shall return as soon as we have recovered this dear lad—if by God's help we succeed in recovering him—so that she will see him as soon as possible, or, at all events, learn the whole truth there."

They set out accordingly, taking the road that lay through Corfield's garden and a bye lane along the seashore, in preference to

the frequented highways. A long ladder, the largest that could be found, which had been fetched from Dr. Chapman's yard, was carried by four of the men, and a strong coil of rope picked up in Corfield's garden was entrusted to another. They proceeded as rapidly as possible, encountering no one in the way, and in a quarter of an hour had reached the spot where the outlying rocks began. The dusk, which had been gathering for some time, had now deepened so much that objects could not be clearly distinguished, unless close at hand.

"That's the place where I got up," said Eugène to Colonel Morley in a whisper. "You had better let me mount first, and then I can point out to the men the particular places I noticed. I doubt whether, by this light, they would be able to make them out clearly themselves."

The colonel assenting, the ladder was fixed and De Normanville ascended, with as little noise as possible. M'Nab and Hawkins followed, and then M'Kinnon and the others. Keeping carefully under the cover of the natural parapet, and speaking close to their ears, Eugène pointed out to the two Preventives the rude staircase by which the smugglers gained access to the mouth of the cave, and the archway in the rock, with its door, closing the entrance to the strait. The last named of these was now standing open, and a man—a foreigner, so far as it was possible to distinguish by the fast failing light—was keeping guard over it. Immediately under them two large boats—the long boat and pinnacle, apparently, of some ship, were lying. From both of these the whole of their contents, whatever they might have been, had been removed, except the oars and sails. There was a noise of voices inside the cave indistinctly audible through the slabs, which masked the entrance. It seemed as though some angry quarrel was in progress, though only a word here and there could be distinguished.

"If we could manage to shut to that there door, colonel," said M'Nab, "we should have these fellows as safe as rats in a trap, until the lieutenant comes up, which will, I

expect, be pretty soon now. But so long as that chap remains standing there, it is no use trying that. There ain't room for two to stand side by side on that ledge of his; and besides if any of us were to lower ourselves to it from above, he'd shove us into the water, before we could get our footing."

"Ye wadna like him pickit off, colonel?" inquired M'Kinnon who was standing close by, fingering his rifle. "I could joost take the chiel on the head, or between the ribs, or wherever it pleased your honour. If ye didna wish him killed clear off, I could hit him in the elbow, or the wrist maybe. Then he wadna shove ony-one in! Will I give him a shot?"

"No, no, of course not, M'Kinnon," said the colonel hastily. "Unless they refuse to surrender, when challenged in the name of the law, or offer violence to us, we should not be justified in firing on them. Besides which, if we were to shoot the sentinel, the attention of the smugglers would be instantly called to the spot, and anyone who should attempt to close the door, would be shot in his turn, before he could do it. We might slip down here, M'Nab—down this staircase of theirs and take possession of the boats. But we couldn't do it without attracting notice, and the sentry would shut to the door catching us in a trap. If we did get the boats out, it could only be with a heavy loss of life. We mustn't attempt that either."

"Couldn't some one go round in a boat and pull the door to," suggested Mr. Chapman. "The boat might be punted up silently, and the sentinel there couldn't see her, until she was quite close."

"That might be done, sir," replied M'Nab, "but I am afraid there's not a boat to be found nearer than Milham cove, I looked, as we came by, and all the fishermen's boats were out. But a man might swim in and do it, I've no doubt."

"It's too long a swim from Ebba's Stone," said Hawkins. "A man would have to go clear out to sea and then round. But I'll tell you what, sir. We might creep along under the ridge until we get beyond that

crag, then one of us might be lowered into the water and swim, or maybe wade in, for I don't think it's out of a man's depth there. The door is worked to and fro by two chains. He might catch hold of the outer one, and pull it to."

"You are right, Hawkins," said Colonel Morley; "that is possible enough, and it had better be done immediately, as I expect these fellows every moment, to come out. Who will volunteer for the service?"

"Let it be me sir, if you please," said Hawkins, as several pressed forward; "I proposed it, you know."

"So you did, and it is only fair you should have the preference, and it will be twenty pounds in your pocket, if you succeed. You had better take two men with you—Pritchard for one—I can trust his nerve. Yes, and you can be the other, if you like it, Eugène. You are to be trusted too."

The three moved off quickly and without noise. They had scarcely been lost to sight, when a number of men issued from the mouth of the cave, carrying lanterns which gave sufficient light to shew that nearly all of them were Frenchmen. They were engaged in an angry wrangle among themselves, or they might have caught sight of the red coats of two or three of the militia men who were showing themselves incautiously over the parapet.

"I tell you," said one, an Englishman from his accent, "I tell you, we will go in the first boat. We will not wait for the pinnace."

"And I tell you," returned another, who was as clearly a foreigner as the other had been an Englishman, and whose peculiar pronunciation Eugène at once recognised, "I tell you, M. Hagan, you shall not go in the premier boat. There is not room for more than Emil and Guillaume and myself, together with Paul and his men to work her. We will not run the chance to be taken."

"I don't see why we are to run the chance of being taken, any more than you," exclaimed Hagan angrily. "If I should be nabbed, after all that has passed, I should

be in danger of swinging, as much as you could be. And I won't have the lad left behind either. We will go, I tell you. Do you think Englishmen are going to be bullied in this way by a pack of Frenchies, M. Le Quaw?"

"I do not think on the subject, *mon ami*," rejoined La Croix coolly, "but I know I will blow out your English brains, and the boy's too, if you meddle further with us." He drew a pistol, as he spoke and pointed it at Hagan's head. "This is not the child's play, M. Hagan, you will take notice. If you come one step nearer, I fire."

While this altercation was proceeding the Bretons had been scrambling into the long boat, which, as the reader has heard, was the outermost of the two. It was now nearly filled, and the men were on the point of shoving off. Furious at La Croix's opposition and threats, Hagan caught up a cutlass, and a deadly encounter would have ensued, if Corfield and Lawler had not seized his arms, on either side, and implored him to forbear.

"It is no use trying it on with these fellows, Andy," urged Corfield. "There's more than three of them to one of us, and they stick together, like so many jelly-fish. There isn't a man of 'em either, that wouldn't shoot a fellow through the head, sooner than not. And we couldn't get this young swell of yours, into the boat, if we tried ever so much, if they was against it. Better let 'em go, and then man the pinnace, I say. We shan't be ten minutes after them."

"Well, Dan, I suppose it must be so," growled Hagan, "only it aggravates a man being bullied by a Johnny Crapaud like that! I suppose that lugger of theirs—the *Esperance*—what do they call her?—she'll wait for us, won't she?"

"She'll wait for the pinnace, you may take your oath of that," replied Corfield. "This Cap'en Drewy seems all right, and besides the pinnace is his boat, and he won't go without it."

"Very well, then we'll stay," said Hagan. "But do you keep an eye on the lad here,

and take care he doesn't give us the slip. I suppose you won't give me your word, to go quietly with us, if I untie your arms and legs, will you?" he added, turning to Wood, who was lying close by on a heap of straw, unable to move hand or foot. "I promised you, if you'd go aboard without making any fuss, your skin shouldn't be so much as scratched, but if you made any attempt to escape, or any-one tried to set you free, I'll blow out your brains myself, rather than allow it. You may as well go comfortable, as uncomfortable, seeing go you must. Will you give your promise."

"No, I won't," answered Wood. "You've seized me here in this violent and unprovoked manner, and I don't know what you mean to do with me. But I'll not give my consent to any part of it. And if I once get clear, I'll call you to account for it—that's more."

"Very good, my lad, we understand one another, then. If you do slip out of my hands, you will take what steps you like, and I must take the consequences. If you fail in the attempt, I shall take what steps I like, and *you'll* take the consequences. I shall say no more."

Meanwhile a hurried consultation had been held between Colonel Morley and Mr. Chapman on the shelf above. They had already heard enough to feel assured that Wood was not to be put on board the long boat; which, as they could see tolerably plainly, contained none but foreigners.

"I think we had better allow these fellows to escape," said the colonel. "Roby, when he comes up, will secure the cargo, and that is the principal matter, so far as he is concerned. They will hardly attempt to to land another cargo, now that they know their secret to have been discovered, and we shall be well rid of them. Moreover, with the slender force at our command, I doubt whether we could stop them. Certainly we could not do it without frightful loss of life."

"I am of your mind, colonel," said Mr. Chapman. "Even if the door could be closed, I think they have strength enough to

force it open, and make their way out again. The only thing is the danger to Hawkins. I thought I heard a faint splash in the water out there, half a minute ago."

"Hawkins knows how to take care of himself," said the colonel. "He will get out of their way, if he sees them coming. Ha, those fellows are off, and the door is still open. That settles the matter."

As he spoke the large boat, now completely filled with the Breton sailors, began to move, and passed between the walls of rock, gaining impetus as it progressed. Presently it approached the archway, and the light of the lantern in the bow, falling on the water, revealed the head of a man who, it seemed, was swimming towards the cavern. A cry of warning was heard from the rocks; but even as it was uttered, the head disappeared, and the smugglers boat, now in rapid motion, glided through the open cleft, and was lost to sight.

"Get on board," shouted Hagan, as he saw the passage clear. "We've no time to lose, we have stayed too long as it is. Bring up the prisoner there, Dan, and heave him in. Now then, loose the painter and push her off. Ha! confusion, who is meddling with that door!"

His eyes were fixed in mingled fury and astonishment on the archway, which was now unguarded, the smuggler who had been standing sentry having sprung upon the deck of Paul's boat, as it passed. As the pinnacle began to glide between the narrow walls, the massive door was seen slowly to move and shut to, though by what agency could not be discovered. For a moment Hagan stood confounded, but the next his daring hardihood returned.

"Never mind my lads," he shouted; "shove her off, and I will re-open the gate."

At the same moment the voice of Colonel Morley was heard from the heights above.

"Lay down your arms and surrender, in the King's name, or I shall order my men to fire!"

"Keep your threats for those that fear them, Colonel Morley," shouted Hagan in reply. "I've faced fire too often to be frigh-

tened now. Lads, fire on the rocks there above. I can see the fellows. There's not more than half a dozen of them, and they don't know how to shoot!"

His men obeyed and a desultory fire of

carbines was opened, and replied to ; but in the darkness and confusion little injury was done to either party. Presently the boat approached the archway, and Hagan prepared to spring out.



"I warn you once more," cried the Colonel, "that any one who lays a hand on that door will be shot without mercy!"

Again waving his hand in defiance of the threat, Hagan leaped ashore. He seized the chain, by which the door was opened, and drew it towards him. At the same moment

a discharge of musketry rang out. Half a dozen bullets flattened against the rock to the right and left and immediately over his head, but Hagan himself was untouched. Again springing on board he called to his men to force the vessel on through the now open archway. But at the same moment that his

foot touched the boat, a single shot was fired, and this time with a fatal aim. He had scarcely gained his footing before he again sprang aloft with a wild shriek of pain, and then fell backward in the stern of the boat a corpse.

Corfield and the others would still have pushed on and effected their escape. But at this moment the roar of cannon was heard to seaward ; and, through the opening between the rocks, the smugglers could discern the French lugger, standing out to sea with all her canvas set, pursued by the *Rodney*, which was firing after her. Almost at the same moment, a boat filled with armed men came round the furthest point of the Pinnacles, and the officer in command called to the smugglers to yield themselves prisoners.

All thought of resistance was now at an end, Corfield and his companions delivered up their cutlasses and carbines, and followed in the wake of the Preventive boat ; which was rowed round to Ebba's Stone, where Colonel Morley and Mr. Chapman were awaiting their arrival.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EDWARD CHAPMAN had watched with intense interest the progress of events, from the moment when he saw George Wood brought out in the custody of Corfield and Lawler, to that when the boats disappeared round the furthestmost point of the Pinnacle rocks. But in the fast gathering gloom of the night he could but imperfectly distinguish what was passing. If the smuggler's boat should succeed in effecting its escape, the boy would be entirely at the mercy of Hagan, whose vindictive animosity afforded the gravest reasons for believing that he would never permit George to return to his home ; unless his own terms, so revolting to Mrs. Wood, should be accepted by her. On the other hand, if a rescue should be successfully attempted, there was still ground for apprehending the worst violence, it being well-known that Hagan had sworn he would

rather shoot the lad with his own hand, than suffer him to escape. He heard Hagan's cry immediately after the discharge of M'Kinnon's rifle, and saw him fall upon the deck. But whether the wound he had evidently received, was a slight or severe one, he had no means of determining. If it should have been only the former, he might be irritated by it into some fatal outrage. The arrival of the Preventive boat almost immediately afterwards diminished in some degree this danger. But Mr. Chapman's anxiety was nevertheless so great, that it was with difficulty he could command himself so far as to follow Colonel Morley along the dangerous track over the crags, and the descent of the ladder to Ebba's Stone. They had scarcely reached this, when the cutter, with the smuggler's boat in tow, was seen approaching the landing place.

"Have you got George Wood safe on board ?" he shouted, as his eye strove in vain to discover the boy's well-known figure among the dark mass of men, with which the cutter was crowded.

"All right, sir," was the cheery answer. "He's here in our boat, and we've just untied him. He hasn't so much as a scratch upon him."

"God be praised !" said Mr. Chapman, as the keel grated on the sand, and George springing out warmly clasped the hand extended to him. "Here, shake hands, lad, with Colonel Morley, and Eugène de Normanville, who have had the principal share in your rescue ; and then let us hurry up, as fast as we are able, to your mother ; who has been suffering, I fear, far worse anxiety than ours !"

"How can I thank you enough, sir," said George, as Colonel Morley held out his hand to him. "I have learned, that if it had not been for you, I should have been, even now, at the mercy of these men !"

"You need not thank me, my dear lad," returned the Colonel, much affected. "None of us could have borne to see you carried off ! But you must not forget Eugène. If he had not exerted himself so bravely, we

could have done nothing. Where is Eugène?"

"Here, sir," said the young Frenchman, who had just exchanged a warm embrace with his father. "Here I am. Georges my friend, it delights me that I see you safe!"

"And it delights me hardly less to see you so," said the Colonel. "Why, what is this? You are dripping wet; and you, Hawkins, I see, on the contrary, are quite dry! Why, what does this mean? Was it not you after all, who shut to that door half an hour ago?"

"I sir!" said Hawkins in surprise, "certainly not. I did not know any one had shut it. I thought you must have seen, Colonel, that when we got round the edge of the crag we saw our boat standing in to the shore, and signalling to us. They did not know the way into that narrow strip of water where the boats were lying, and unless we shewed it to them, two to one but the smugglers would escape. We ran down, and got aboard at Ebba's Stone or they wouldn't have been in time. It was touch and go, as it was."

"You then, Eugène, were the person, whose head I saw in the water, just ahead of the smugglers' boat, and who afterwards pulled to the door."

"Yes, Colonel Morley. I thought it would at all events delay the escape of these men some minutes, if the door was shut. I did not need any help as I could climb down the crag easily enough, and when I was once in the water I was safe. I was too well used to diving, to run any risk from the boat passing over me."

"You are a brave lad, Eugène, and an honour to your name!" said the Colonel. "There, let George go up to Broadleigh now with Mr. Chapman, while I say a word to your father. M. de Normanville, may I presume to ask, whether you have formed any plans as regards your son's future career in life?"

"Eugène's future career?" returned the old Frenchman. "Ah, my friend, what plans can I form? How can a man who has lost everything—lands and station, and

home and country—how, I say, can he form any plans for himself, or his son either?"

"But what would you wish your son to be, if you had the choice in your power?"

"Ah, I should wish him to be a soldier, and Eugène would wish it himself. His ancestors, for I know not how many generations, have been soldiers. We have still the pennon the De Normanvilles have carried for ten generations past. 'Brave as De Normanville' was once a proverb in Dauphigny. But, I know not where Eugène could take service. He cannot wear the uniform of the Austrian, or the Prussian, and fight against our countrymen, nay not even yours, my friend. The *Fleur de lys* may one day take the field again, and we may march beneath it. Till then what can we do, but wait?"

"I will tell you what you can do, M. le Marquis. I have interest with some of the native Princes of India, to procure you a high commission in their armies, and Eugène also may serve under you. They are anxious to obtain the services of distinguished European officers, and no name is more distinguished than yours. There is no fear that there will be war between them and France; and whenever the time comes—and come it will, though not for many a year yet, when the banner of the Bourbon is again displayed—you will be free to join it. What do you say?"

"That I thank you, M. le Colonel, with all my heart, and gladly accept it. It is what I should have desired both for myself and for my son, had there been a hope, that I could obtain it."

"That is well, then. To-morrow we will speak further on this subject. I have long had it in mind, but I could not keep it to myself any longer. Now I must bid you both good-night, as there are matters to be arranged which require my immediate attention."

They shook hands and parted, and then the Colonel turned to Hawkins. "Is that unhappy man Hagan killed, or only badly wounded," he inquired.

"He is killed, Colonel," answered

Hawkins. "The ball passed through his chest, and must, I should think, have pierced the heart. He could not have lived a minute. A good job he didn't—that's more—for if he had, he would have taken that youngster's life. The men say that when he felt the shot, he clutched at the pistol, with which he had sworn he would shoot the lad, if there was any fear of his escape. Any way the stock of the pistol was fixed so firm in his hand, that we could scarcely wrench it away!"

"Poor fellow," said the Colonel, "none can doubt this is God's judgment on him. But he saved my life once, and he had fine points in his character, though this fatal passion marred them. The body must of course be medically examined, and an inquest held. But when that has been done, let a decent funeral be provided for him. I will attend it myself."

While this was passing at the Cove, Mrs. Wood was waiting, in a fever of anxiety and alarm, some tidings of her son. The agitation brought on by the receipt of the anonymous letter, added to the nervous excitement of the preceding weeks, had brought her to such a state, that Mr. Edward Chapman had at once despatched Eugène de Normanville to fetch George to her, as the only means of quieting her excitement. His failure to return filled her with a new alarm, which increased with every half-hour that elapsed. When Mr. Podgett reached M. de Normanville's lodgings, just as the twilight began to gather, he had some difficulty in persuading her to accompany him to Broadleigh Park. It was only when he told her that Colonel Morley and Mr. Edward Chapman who had gone out in search of George, had arranged to bring him to the Park, as soon as he was found, that she consented to go thither. The parson accompanied her, and used every argument in his power to persuade her that her fears were unfounded. But his efforts were vain.

"You are kind, Mr. Podgett," she said, "you have always been kind to George, I know, and I am most grateful to you for it.

But you cannot persuade me that some terrible event is not about to happen. This dreadful man has threatened to do George a mischief, and he is one who never threatens, what he cannot, and will not, perform."

"Remember, Hagan is Colonel Morley's servant, Mrs. Wood," said the parson, affecting a confidence he was very far from feeling. "The colonel has warned him that he will not permit him to interfere with your son at all, and Colonel Morley is a man, whom his servants know better than to disobey."

"That would be well enough, Mr. Podgett, if Andrew had not been driven to desperation, as I know he has been. No doubt he entertains a great respect for his master, as well as some kindness for me. But neither of these, nor any consideration under Heaven will restrain him, when, his passions are fully roused. No, I have a better safeguard than Colonel Morley's authority, and yet I feel that that too is failing me. Tell me, Mr. Podgett, will not God hear a mother's prayer——"

"Most surely," returned the vicar reverently, "that cannot fail you, if that be the safeguard of which you speak."

"Ah, but that is not all I had to ask. Will God hear a mother's prayer, when she prays Him to set aside the penalty of sin—the vengeance that is due for bloodshed? Will He do that?"

"I do not understand you, Mrs. Wood. What possible offence of the kind you speak of, can poor George have committed?"

"It is not he—it was his father——"

At this moment there came from the sea-shore, which was not more than a quarter of a mile distant, the sharp report of a gun. It was followed by several others in succession, and presently by the roar of cannon.

Mrs. Wood sprang up in wild excitement. "They are killing him," she cried. "My cousin's blood! Mark Harlow's blood. Frank ever dreaded this! I have heard him say it a hundred times—sometimes in his sleep, sometimes when his fit of despair was

on him,—‘My first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul.’ Mark Harlow’s blood! Oh, Andrew, spare him!”

She fell back on the sofa in a swoon of terror. Mr. Podgett hurriedly rang the bell and summoned Mrs. Terry. They loosed her dress, and laid her neck bare, removing some ornaments, which she had worn concealed beneath her gown. Presently she was somewhat restored, and removed to an adjoining bed-room, leaving the parson to ponder over the strange words he had heard her utter.

“‘Frank!’ ‘Mark Harlow!’ ‘My cousin’s blood!’” he muttered to himself, as he paced up and down the room in his perplexity. “Those are strange words. What can she have to do with Mark Harlow or that unhappy duel, to which I suppose she refers? ‘My cousin,’ too! It surely cannot be—as I have sometimes dreamed—that this lad, George Wood,—but no, it is impossible.”

As he mused thus, he approached the table, and mechanically took up one of the ornaments which Mrs. Terry had removed from Lucy’s neck. It was a miniature, painted on ivory, with an inscription on the reverse face. As Mr. Podgett looked half-absently at it, his face assumed an expression of extreme surprise, and hastily turning the portrait round, he examined the writing on the back.

“It is so, then,” he exclaimed aloud, “strange and incomprehensible as it is, it cannot but be so——”

At this moment a noise of voices was heard in the hall below; a light footstep sounded on the stairs, and a hand was laid upon the lock. Almost at the same moment the opposite door flew open, and Lucy Wood, pale as death, appeared on the threshold. In another instant George bounded into the room, and was locked in his mother’s arms!

“Are you safe, my boy? Are you sure you are unhurt?” she repeated again and again, regardless of the presence of Mr. Podgett and Mr. Chapman, who stood

looking on with glistening eyes at this joyful reunion. A hundred questions were asked and answered. Lucy heard with renewed terror of George’s capture at Whicheley End, his removal in the smugglers’ boat to the Dane’s Cove, the scenes which had followed in the cavern, and on board the pinnace, and finally of the fate of Hagan.

“Killed!” she exclaimed, when George came to this part of the narrative; “was Andrew killed? Is he really dead?”

“Yes, mother, he is dead,” said George; “I saw him shot. He fell within two feet of where I was lying, in the bottom of the pinnace, and never moved hand or foot again.”

“Poor Andrew!” said Lucy, compassionately; “there would have been no safety for you, my boy, nor peace for me, while he lived, and yet I cannot help grieving for him. He was kind to me once.”

It was some two hours afterwards, when Mrs. Wood had somewhat regained her composure, and Colonel Morley had at length returned from his anxious duties, when Parson Podgett, who had been watching for his opportunity, requested the attention of all present.

“I have something to tell you,” he said, “which concerns you all, and which I trust may bring you great joy. Mrs. Wood, I understood you to tell me to-day, that your own and your husband’s life had been saddened by the circumstance that he had been so unhappy as to kill a near kinsman——”

“Do not recur to what passed to-day, Mr. Podgett,” broke in Lucy. “I was half-maddened by terror, or I should not have spoken of it. Be silent about it, I entreat you.”

“I would, if I did not know that by speaking I should give you relief. I have to inform you that you have distressed yourself without reason. The man whom your husband wounded, did not die. He is still alive in India.”

“Alive! Mark Harlow alive! You cannot mean it!” exclaimed Lucy, a flush of joy irradiating her pale face. “Oh, Mr. Podgett, do not trifle with me.”

“Believe me, I would not do so for the

world. Morley, I see you look amazed, and half guess the truth. Yes, the search that has so long been made, without apparently the slightest prospect of success, has come suddenly and strangely to an end. This lady, whom we have known all these years as Mrs. Wood, has been proved to be no other than Lucy Burroughes, whom your brother, Francis Atherley, married."

"Colonel Morley's brother!" exclaimed Lucy, in breathless astonishment.

"His brother," repeated the vicar. "Francis Atherley was brother of Rupert Atherley, Captain in the East India Company's service, now Rupert Morley, in consequence of his marriage with Miss Sophy Morley, the heiress of Broadleigh——"

"And this lad, George Wood"—broke in the colonel.

"Is not George Wood at all, but George Atherley, the only son of your deceased brother!"

There was silence for a few minutes. Colonel Morley was struggling with the emotion, which, for the time, he found himself unable to repress.

"Podgett," he said at last, "you know with what feelings I must needs hear your information. You know how long and earnestly I have desired to clear up the mystery of my brother's disappearance—how great a relief it would be to me to welcome such a nephew, as you would give me. But this is a matter, in which I ought not to be satisfied without the clearest proofs."

"They can be furnished, sir," said Mr. Edward Chapman. "I can prove Lucy's marriage with Mr. Francis Atherley, my brother's early friend, though most strangely I never, till now, knew that he was your brother."

"Nay, Morley look here," said Mr. Podgett placing the miniature in the colonel's hands, "and ask yourself whether there can be any doubt. You remember that face better than I do, yet I remember it well enough. See too the writing at the back, 'Francis Atherley to his wife Lucy.' Do not you recognise his hand?"

The colonel took the picture, and gazed

for some minutes on the well-remembered face, and afterwards at the writing on the other side. Then he rose and, stepping up to the chair, where Lucy was sitting, speechless from surprise and emotion, took her hand and kissed it.

"Lucy," he said, "my first duty—a duty I have been for many years past anxious to discharge—must be to ask your pardon for the wrongs and calumnies, to which you were subjected in past years, in a great measure through my fault. I was misled to some extent, no doubt, by the unhappy man, who this day has gone to his account. But I was nevertheless greatly to blame. I must ask you to forgive me. If you knew the self-reproach and sorrow, which my injustice has caused me, which I have sought in vain to repair for many years past, I think you would do so."

"It is hardly for me to forgive," she answered. "I have long felt that I have been myself greatly to blame. We ought to have considered that, if injustice was done us, it was in a great measure through our own fault. But we too have been severely punished—I and my husband through all the years of our married life, and I through those of my widowhood—have been haunted by the belief that the curse of bloodguiltiness was clinging to us, when such was not the fact. If we had sought for reconciliation with the relatives, who had been estranged from us, and mutually asked and granted forgiveness, how much misery could have been spared to us all."

"We will forget the past, and look only to the future," said Colonel Morley. "I cannot tell you what happiness it is to me, not only to have found the heir I have so long been looking for, but to have found him in the boy, whom, among all I ever remember to have seen, I should myself have chosen! I need not point out to you, Lucy, that his proper home should be Broadleigh Park, which he will one day inherit. Will you not come and make a home for him there?"

"Yes," she answered sweetly, "yes, Rupert, if you wish it."

"'Quod felix, faustum fortunatum sit,' as our friend Dr. Forbes would say," exclaimed the parson. "Well, Morley, this has been a dark and stormy day, but the sunset has been a fine one nevertheless. I suppose you are going to give us some supper, for I have had nothing since one o'clock. Give us a bottle of your best wine and we'll drink the health of the heir of Broadleigh!"

The news soon spread through the school, that Wood had not only returned to Kingscourt safe and sound, but had been discovered to be Colonel Morley's nephew, and was to go and live with his mother at Broadleigh Park. It excited such a sensation, that for a week at least the boys could not quiet down to their work. Wood's intimate friends, Bell and Shute, were of course greatly pleased, and the other first-class boys, Holmes and Northcote and Thorne, offered him their hearty congratulations, even Monkton and Cook joining in the general expression of satisfaction, though it might not be so heartily as the others. In commemoration of the event not only was a general amnesty granted to the boys, but Colonel Morley gave a grand entertainment in the grounds of Broadleigh, to the whole neighbourhood; one great feature of which was a rifle-match between the Kingscourts and the Parnassians. At this the former more than retrieved the defeat they had sustained in the cricket-match of the preceding summer, out-shooting their opponents by a score of nearly two to one.

There was only one of the first-class boys who did not share the else universal rejoicing. Ralph Hewett had heard, some two or three hours after the scene with Mr. Edward Chapman in "the Chimney," that George Wood had been rescued from the hands of the smugglers, who had forcibly seized, and endeavoured to carry him off. Inquiry would of course be made into all the circumstances of the case, and his share in the conspiracy could not fail to be detected. A rumour, too, was circulated the next morning in the school, that it had come to light from papers found upon Hagan's

person, that the anonymous warning given to Mrs. Wood of the violence designed against her son, had come from old Phil Burn; who, in consequence was to be released from prison. If this should prove true, the consequences of which Cook had warned him, would probably ensue immediately. Sent to Coventry by his school-fellows, threatened with severe punishment from the masters, and with the still more formidable vengeance of the smugglers—Hewett dared not remain longer at Kingscourt. He disappeared one morning, and was not heard of for a week afterwards, when he suddenly presented himself at his uncle's house at Milnthorpe, brimful and running over with assurances that he had been greatly misunderstood, and, if the whole truth were known, had deserved reward rather than reprobation.

Mr. Holmes however had had too long experience of his nephew to concur in this view of the matter. Informing Master Ralph, that as the learned professions, were now no longer open to him, it was desirable he should do something for himself in a different line, he straightway sent him as a midshipman on board a frigate commanded by one of his old college friends; where it might be hoped that the sharp discipline and notorious indisposition of the first lieutenant to accept plausible excuses in place of solid work, might have in time their effect upon him.

There we leave him, and at the same time must bid farewell to the other characters of this tale, which has come to a conclusion. If the reader has been interested in the fortunes of Dr. Chapman and his scholars, it will rejoice him to hear that the Doctor and his brother continued to teach and to prosper, until middle life had long been passed; when they retired, rich and respected. Most of George's schoolfellows did well in life—more particularly Bell and Shute, the latter of whom had a prosperous career at the bar, while the former, who had entered orders, was presented, some fifteen years after the date of this story, to Parson Podgett's shoes, on the nomination of the

patron, Squire George Morley, of Broadleigh Park.

The Milstead Rifles, and more particularly the fourth company of that corps, was kept up with unabated spirit for nearly two years from the date of its formation ; nor was it until the removal of Napoleon's vaunted "army of England" from the shores of the Channel had declared the threatened danger to have wholly passed away, that it was

disbanded ; as were most of the regiments formed for the same purpose. A few months more, and the cannon of Trafalgar drowned for ever the last whisper of an apprehended invasion. Should that danger ever recur,—of which, in spite of alarmists, there seems happily no prospect—none can doubt that we—men and boys alike—should be as true to England in this generation, as our great-grandfathers were in theirs.



ANECDOTES OF SHARKS.

BY LIEUT. C. R. LOW, (late) I.N.



NDLESS stories have been told of sharks, and yet the theme bears repetition, for there is a fearful interest attaching to the "tiger of the sea," as it has been well called; and every seaman can spin a yarn concerning the shark, which excites the interest one can only feel in what is true. Sailors, as is well known, have a deadly hostility to the shark, and will take any pains and devote any amount of time to capturing a single specimen. When the word goes round the deck, and is "passed" down below, that a shark has been hooked, the excitement is intense. All hands "tumble up" to assist in hauling the natural enemy of Jack on to the deck; and though your sailor is kind-hearted, and not given to inflicting pain on any living creature unnecessarily, he hardens his heart towards the shark, and will watch the sufferings and death-struggles of the captive with unfeigned and demonstrative glee.

This enmity does not alone arise from the feeling of repulsion toward his natural enemy, who, if he was to fall overboard, would attack him in the water, and deprive him of a limb, if not of life, but also from superstitious notions which exist among them, that if any one of their number is dead on board, or is even suffering from a mortal illness, a shark is sure to know it, and will follow the ship until the body is thrown overboard, when it will immediately devour it. On this question, of the knowledge possessed by a shark as to a person being dead or *in articulo mortis* on board a ship, the writer need scarcely say that he offers no opinion, and in mentioning the following circumstance, he is only stating a fact that came within his cognizance.

Some twenty-five years ago, when he was

returning from China to England, a messmate of his, a young midshipman, hailing from Belfast, whose face and figure he can still recall, was taken ill of dysentery. The poor young fellow battled long with the fell disease, to which some others of our shipmates had succumbed; but though he possessed a vigorous constitution, and as brave a heart as any man I ever knew, he could not shake it off. I well remember the day poor H—— sent for me and others of his messmates, and the last words he addressed to us, and the ghostly appearance presented by his sunken face, with its large hollow eyes, and his attenuated form, which had been the model of grace and strength, and was always clothed with the greatest care, for H—— was a great dandy; and we always used to laugh at him in the days of his health, because whether it blew high or blew low, he was dressed with scrupulous care and neatness, and would change and replace his uniform two or three times a day.

Well, during the last ten days of his illness, it had been remarked that a huge shark followed the ship continuously; the ill-omened creature was first seen over the counter, on the same side of the ship where was the cabin in which young H—— lay a-dying, and indeed just below it. Every one saw it; and officers and men had only to lean over the rail, and look long enough, and a dim, shadowy form could be seen moving stealthily deep down in the calm sea. Sometimes it disappeared for hours; and a hope was expressed that it had taken itself off. "But no," said one of the quarter-masters, an ancient mariner, who had passed fifty years at sea, "the shark would not leave until it had got what it had come for;" and the old salt jerked his head on one side, to denote what he meant. The shark became a subject of daily discourse,

both in the fore-castle and quarter-deck, and its appearances were regularly chronicled. Sometimes it rose near the surface, and then it sunk low down, and looked more horrible in the deep stillness of the unfathomable sea. All this time the weather remained very calm, and we had scarcely any wind, though at night it sometimes freshened, only to die away in the morning.

At length H—— died, after much suffering and a brave struggle against a hard fate. Within a few hours of his death, this fine young fellow, the idol, as I afterwards learned, of his mother, and the pride of his father, a clergyman, was buried with all the tokens of respect we could command. The ceremony was performed under the simple conditions usual in a funeral at sea, but many regrets followed our shipmate as his body disappeared over the side with a dull splash, which becomes so audible amid the silence, only broken by the solemn tones of the reader of the burial service, accompanied, perhaps, by the wash of the waves against the ship's side, and the sighing of the breeze through the cordage.

That morning the shark was seen at his accustomed place under the counter, but after the funeral he was seen no more, and no one on board the good ship, either forward or aft, could after this gainsay the observation of the old quartermaster,—“I told you, sir, he knowed there was a dying man aboard us. You'll see no more of him, he's got what he wanted.”

Sailors are not in the habit of looking on the melancholy side of things; their lives are too full of peril, and shipmates, particularly in tropical countries, drop off so suddenly and frequently, that little impression is made on them by such events. In this instance, certainly, everything connected with poor H——, shark and all, was forgotten within twenty-four hours, for a heavy gale came on, which increased almost to the strength of a hurricane.

For weeks it continued to blow “great guns” without intermission, until all hands were worn out with fatigue. The ship sprung a leak, caused by the straining, and

for some days we hourly lived in expectation of her foundering. The captain called all hands aft, and informed them of the critical state of affairs, though there was no need for this, as the constant sounding of the well by the carpenter or one of his mates and the unceasing toil at the pumps told its own tale. At length the ship crept into Portsmouth, with fourteen feet of water in the hold, everything of which she could possibly be lightened having been thrown overboard in the struggle with the wind and waves.

So much for my own experience of the old nautical superstition that a shark will follow a ship on board of which there is a dead or dying person. Whether that belief is well or ill founded, I leave my reader to pronounce after a perusal of the above fact that came within my own cognizance.

Entertaining this view, it is not surprising that sailors regard the capture of a shark as an act of retributive justice; for even though the victim that has fallen into their hands may not have feasted on a live or dead seaman—which is extremely unlikely, as they never miss a chance of devouring human flesh—yet they look upon him as the representative of his race, and “serve him out” accordingly.

Before condemning Jack Tar for superstitious fear on the score of the preternatural instinct with which he invests his deadly enemy, Jack Shark, we should mention that, in the worst days of the West African slave-trade, it is a well-authenticated fact that shoals of them would follow in the wake of a slaver, in which disease or overcrowding was causing numerous deaths, waiting impatiently for the bodies of the dead and dying wretches on board. No less an authority than the poet Thomson, writes in his “Seasons” :—

“Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific armed with three-fold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lured by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease and death,
Behold he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along :
And from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey.”

The Shark belongs to the genus *Squalida*, of which there are numerous species. The white, or common, shark of the seas, has a long body covered with a hard skin, of a brownish, ash colour above, and white below, whence it derives its name. The head is large, muzzle short and depressed, and the tongue short, rough, and cartilaginous. Its upper jaw is furnished with six rows of sharp, cutting, triangular-shaped teeth, and the under jaw with four rows, with sharper points, but not so thin. The pectoral fins are large and powerful, the first dorsal fin is raised, the belly fins are small, and the tail is forked and powerful. The white shark moves with great rapidity through the water, and sometimes attains a length of thirty feet. The mouth is deep, and the opening so large that the fish can swallow an animal whole, and the writer has dropped over his shoulders the dried jaws of a shark caught in the Indian Ocean. It is under a disadvantage when its prey is on the top of the water, and has to turn over to seize it, which has many a time been the saving of a man; but it chiefly derives its food deep down in the sea.

The shark is very stealthy in his movements, and oftentimes makes his appearance when he is least expected, though generally his presence is indicated by the dorsal fin, which appears two or three inches above water; he never however shows any other part of his body, and this only for a few seconds. No sooner does the huge fish manifest his presence than there is a stir throughout the ship. The weather is calm, probably you are on "the line," and the time hangs heavy on your hands. No life is more monotonous and tedious than that of a sailor during the "Doldrums," as the light airs and calms which sometimes last for a fortnight at the equator are called.

The news of the advent of John Shark is a perfect God-send at such a time, and no time elapses before every one is craning over the side and striving to catch a glimpse of the creature. Meanwhile the apparatus for catching him is rapidly brought aft; for it was prepared in readiness soon after

the ship entered the tropics, and the knowing ones take the matter in hand. The fishing-gear consists of a hook about eighteen inches in length, made of bar iron, about the thickness of a man's little finger, with a chain attached, for he would make short work of hemp with his sharp teeth; and to the end of the chain, which is about half a fathom long, is attached a good stout rope. The bait generally used is a piece of fat salt-pork (for Jack Shark likes plenty of grease) weighing some 3 lbs., as he is also partial to a good mouthful, and would scorn to be ensnared by a meagre piece. Not many minutes elapse before the whole is thrown over the stern, and the line is paid out some twenty yards or so from the ship.

Now, oftentimes, ensues a strange and amusing scene. Though the shark is a most voracious fish, he is very wary, and conducts himself as if, to use a conventional phrase, he "smelt a rat." It is a very dull or inexperienced specimen that snaps at the proffered bait, and gives no trouble beyond that of hauling in and slaying him. No, he almost invariably dodges round and round the proffered dainty, sniffs at it, pushes it with his broad head, and then sails away. But though he is fearful of a trap—*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, he would say if he had learned Virgil—yet he cannot resist the succulent morsel, and after a few minutes returns and recommences the examination. One would almost think that he sees the hook and recognises the danger, but—alive to the impossibility of detaching the meat from the barb—debates within himself as to his powers of digesting the bolus entire. We are told, "The woman who hesitates is lost," and the dictum applies to John Shark. Unless he has sufficient resolution to make off after the first examination, his capture is only a question of time and careful management on the part of the angler. An old hand will, after all, sometimes succeed in either gradually rubbing off the bait, or carrying it off altogether without harm to himself. It is when he is engaged in the

former process that an opportunity may offer itself to a judicious angler, by jerking the chain, to capture the fish; though generally if he is hooked, he breaks away without much injury. The following is a well-authenticated instance of their strength.

For several days some sharks had followed a ship off the Brazil coast, and, notwithstanding every effort, the crew could not succeed in catching one. At length a shark suddenly made a snatch at the bait, and was soon plunging and lashing his tail in a most furious manner, as he found that he had got more than he bargained for. It was evident that he had taken the hook, and was so far secured, but still he was but half caught, as soon appeared. The men on deck "clapped on" to the line, and very soon the creature was alongside, but he plunged and lashed about so furiously, that it was found impossible to land him on the deck until he had somewhat exhausted his immense strength. To assist in effecting this, the mate proposed to harpoon him, and in the absence of a proper instrument, took the boat-hook, to which he attached a line. After a few attempts the mate succeeded in plunging the boat-hook in the fore part of the back, when the shark by a prodigious effort succeeded in snapping the line; and, freeing himself from the hook, made off with the boat-hook sticking like a flag-staff out of his back. He remained in sight some little time, evidently feeling very uneasy, and then disappeared; but whether he succeeded in disengaging himself from this unwonted appendage, could not be ascertained.

The sharks in Madras Roads are particularly fierce and voracious, and occasionally are found prowling about near the shore, so that they can find their victims in any unfortunate native who ventures into the surf that always beats on that open coast. The following is an incident vouched for by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, which appears in the "Oriental Annual" in 1833. One morning, a little boy, about eight years old, happened to be washed from a *catamaran* which is a primitive sort of raft which

forms a capital surf-boat for the use of one man. His father was managing the *catamaran*, and was thus early initiating him into the hardships of that mode of life which he intended him to adopt. Before anything could be done to rescue the child from the turbulent waters, a shark drew him under and he was seen no more. The father did not lose a moment in seeking a terrible revenge on the remorseless monster which had lost him a dearly-loved child. He calmly rose from his seat, and placing between his teeth a large knife which he carried sheathed in his *cummerbund* or waist-girdle, he plunged beneath the seething waves. For some time he disappeared, but after a while was seen occasionally to rise and then dive under the billows, as if actively engaged with his terrible antagonist. It was a period of painful suspense to those who were anxiously watching the issue from the boats outside the surf. Soon the white foam was visibly tinged with blood, which was viewed with sentiments of horror by those who could only surmise what was going on under the water. The man was again seen to rise and disappear, so that the work of death was evidently not yet complete. After some further time had elapsed, to the astonishment of all who had assembled on the beach (for by this time a considerable crowd had collected) the body of a huge shark was seen for a few moments above the whitening spray, which it completely crimsoned, and then disappeared; an instant passed and the man rose above the surf and made for the shore. He seemed nearly exhausted, but had not a single mark upon his body, which bore no evidence whatever of the perilous conflict in which he had been so recently engaged. He had scarcely landed when an immense shark was cast upon the beach by the billows. It was quite dead, and was immediately dragged by the assembled multitude beyond the reach of the surge. It presented a most frightful spectacle, exhibiting fatal proofs of the terrible struggle which had ensued between this ravenous tyrant of the deep

and the bereaved father. He had indeed taken a most signal revenge.

On the body of the huge creature were several deep gashes, from one of which the intestines protruded. The knife had been evidently plunged into the belly, and drawn downward with unerring precision, presenting an immense wound nearly a yard long. There were also several deep incisions about the gills, and below the fins; in short, it is impossible to describe the fearful evidences which the monster exhibited of the prowess and dexterity of its determined aggressor, who had so boldly perilled his life to avenge the death of his only child.

As soon as the shark was drawn to a place of security, it was opened, when the head and limbs of the boy were taken from its stomach. The body was completely dismembered, and the head severed from it; the different parts were, however, scarcely at all mutilated. It would seem that, after separation, they had been immediately swallowed without being masticated. The moment the father saw the truncated remains of his little son, the object of his affection, the reserve of the native gave way to the grief of the parent, and his grief was overwhelming. He threw himself on the sand in an agony of sorrow, but soon recovering himself, took his dripping turban from his head, unrolled it, and having tenderly placed the severed remains of his child into the ragged depository, he bore them to his humble abode of bamboo and palm leaves in order to burn them according to the practice of his religion. That father, in our opinion, exhibited heroism of the highest order.

I have known other instances of Madras boatmen, capsized in the surf out of their *catamarans*, being seized by these dreaded creatures, which also ascend the Hooghly, and attack bathers, at the *ghauts* or landing places.

In May, 1870, two instances occurred in one day. An old woman who was performing her morning ablutions at Coomertollee, was frightfully bitten in two places; an attempt was made to remove her

to the medical college, but she was so exhausted from the loss of blood, that her friends hurried her back to the banks of the river, where she expired. Within an hour or two of this incident, an unfortunate native who was bathing at the same *ghaut*, was attacked by a shark, which bit a large piece out of his thigh. The man was put into a *gharry*, and taken to the hospital, where his leg was amputated, and I believe, he recovered. During the week three of these monsters were caught by some fishermen, who carried them about as a show through the native town, and were well rewarded.

Shark nature is a strange combination of timidity and fierceness. Aden harbour is, or was, frequented by sharks, and I remember on one occasion, after bathing alongside the ship, we had hardly come up the companion ladder, than a large shark was caught from over the counter. It would not have been wise for one or two of us to bathe; but when all hands were "piped to bathe" the danger disappeared, as the sharks were frightened by the noise and the numbers of the bathers. Still I own it was not very wise venturing among sharks, trusting to their timidity; but sailors generally and midshipmen especially are not very prudent.

On one occasion, the danger of this practice became impressed upon us, though the effect was but transitory, and on our return from a long cruise, the pipe "hands to bathe" was heard along the decks, and responded to as cheerily as before. The following was the instance referred to. We were bathing at sunset one day, when one of the midshipmen expressed his intention of swimming off to pay a visit to friends in another ship of the squadron, lying some little distance off, which we were often in the habit of doing. J——, who was my chum, was as fine a young fellow as ever lived—though I am sorry to add, he died some years ago—and there was nothing he would not undertake to do, if anybody had done it before. He started off to swim to the ten-gun brig-of-war, and we thought no more about him until suddenly we heard a great shout, and looking in the

direction of the noise, saw J—— striking out furiously, back towards us. A boat was kept ready at the bows, to assist any one seized with cramp, or requiring assistance in the water, and quick as thought the men in her gave way and made towards the young officer.

In a minute or two the cause of the commotion became apparent, for not only were the officer and quartermaster on duty on board our ship, shouting at the top of their voices, "A shark! a shark, give way men;" but we could discern the fin of a shark in the water not far from the swimmer, who was straining every nerve to reach the boat. It was a time of terrible suspense and anxiety to us all, and especially to me his friend. We called out to the boat's crew to pull for their lives, though they needed no order or encouragement, for J—— was a general favourite, his generosity and daring being a theme of praise equally in the fore-castle and gunroom. It was a pull for dear life, and for some two or three minutes the issue was doubtful. Had J—— been but twenty yards further advanced in his swim towards the ship, nothing could have saved him from a fearful death, but mercifully he had detected the presence of the shark in time—as he afterwards told us, it was while in the act of turning round with the intention of calling me to follow him.

But the boat reached him in time, and he was saved. As it intervened between the monster and its destined victim, the bow-oarsman, rising from his thwart, tried to deal the shark a blow with the boat-hook, which he seized; in doing so, he over-balanced himself, and nearly fell into the water, which would have afforded the voracious fish another chance of a meal; as it was, the shark sailed away baffled of his prey, and J—— was safely hauled on board, none the worse beyond being much fatigued by his exertions, though he confessed his heart beat a little faster than usual. Still, as I have said, this did not put a stop to the bathing; but for some little time we did not indulge in long swims without being accompanied by a boat.

The shark is so voracious, that, in pursuing its prey, it will leap out of the water, and it also feeds on its own species. It has been said, that, on cutting open sharks, smaller ones have been found inside; for this I cannot vouch from personal observation, though I have seen a very miscellaneous collection of articles extracted from the stomach, such as towels, tooth-brushes, shoes, half a newspaper, and a rope's-end. The shark will devour anything, and may be regarded as the scavenger of the sea, thus performing the same office as the vultures and carnivorous animals on land.

The shark produces its young from a sort of egg, the shell of which is brown, and resembles leather; the egg is of oblong shape, with tendrils curling from its corners. When the term of hatching is fulfilled, the end of the case is pushed out by the young shark, which measures seven or eight inches in length. The flesh is seldom eaten, even by sailors whose fare for months has been salt meat; the flavour is unpalatable, and the texture tough and fibrous. The Icelanders use the fat, which can be kept for a long time, in place of lard, and eat it with the prepared fish. The liver affords a good deal of oil, and in Greenland the skin is used in the construction of canoes. Shark's teeth are frequently dug up in fossil remains, and specimens have been found of which the enamelled portion was $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, from whence a geologist has calculated that the shark which owned this tooth must have exceeded seventy feet in length.

We will conclude this article by an account, derived from a French source, of a fearful encounter between a seaman and a white shark, which the French call *requin*.

In the year 1831, an American ship, named the *Olympus*, anchored off the island of Bourbon, in the Indian Ocean, and some of the sailors obtained permission to go ashore and enjoy a walk after the day's work. Night was coming on, and the quartermaster on duty, tempted to indulge in a bath by the tranquillity of the scene and the delicious coolness of the water, undressed and jumped overboard from the

gangway. The quartermaster was a good swimmer, and was soon some distance from the ship, oblivious of danger. But the cook, a negro, who was sitting in the main chains cooling himself after his hot day's duty, chanced to espy the fin of a shark which was swimming near the surface of the water, on the other side of the ship to that on which his shipmate was disporting himself. His first impulse (after making sure what it



was, for so large was the size he thought it must be a plank) was to call out and warn him of his danger, but it seemed he wisely determined not to do so lest the news might paralyze him with terror. So he quickly warned some of the sailors, and in little more than two minutes a small dingy suspended at the davits was lowered into the water, and the crew were pulling with might and main towards their comrade. Whether it was that only now the shark caught sight of the man in the water, or the noise of the boat attracted his attention in that direction, the huge fish turned and made towards the quartermaster; who, still unconscious of the fearful danger menacing

him, continued to swim away with redoubled energy, as the quick click of the rowlocks warned him of the approach of his shipmates. Reticence would now have been misplaced, as, unless he was rescued within a few seconds, all would be over with him.

"Williams," shouted out the coxswain, "there are sharks near you; be quick, get into the boat, as you value your life."

Apprehending at length the full horror of his position, the quartermaster turned to the little boat, where alone was safety, and being a powerful swimmer, was soon almost alongside. But the shark was upon him. "Quick, quick," shouted his shipmates, while the bowman, glancing over his shoulder, threw in his oar, and quick as thought, jumped up, boat-hook in hand, to try and help the struggling seaman.

"Way enough," shouted the coxswain, as the boat, impelled by stout arms, shot almost over the quartermaster, who after a final effort, extended his arms to seize the gunwale of the boat, while two of the crew leant over the side, in order to help him out. But the shark was not to be thus easily baulked of its anticipated prey, and as it was near enough to make its venture, darted half out of the water, exposing its prodigious length, and turned over on its side, opening its cavernous jaws. At that

moment, when all appeared lost, the bowman exerting all his strength (and it so happened that he was the most powerful man in the ship) plunged the boat-hook right into the mouth of the animal, which, writhing in agony, fell back into the water and snapped the weapon in two. Turning upon the boat in its fury, it lashed it with its tail with such terrific force, that it staved it forward. The sailors had just time to draw in their shipmate, when they became aware of the new danger menacing all of them. The boat began to fill, when deliverance came from another quarter. Their cries for help, (which owing to the calmness of the evening, were audible a great distance) attracted the attention of the crew of a schooner anchored near the land, who quickly launched their long-boat, and made towards them.

The shark, lashing the water with fury and pain, appeared determined to exact revenge, and remained near the spot awaiting its prey; but it was again baulked, for just as the little dingy was settling fast by the head, the friendly long-boat arrived upon the scene; the crew, with Williams, were taken out of the sinking craft, and were soon on their way back to the *Olympus*, rejoicing in their escape from a terrible death.



ASCENTS AND ADVENTURES;

A RECORD OF

HARDY MOUNTAINEERING IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

BY HENRY FRITH.

Author of "The Adventures of an Engine Driver," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE ANDES.—MR. EDWARD WHYMPER'S ASCENTS.—CHIMBORAZO, AND THE VOLCANOES OF THE CORDILLERAS.



E spoke in our last chapter about Tierra del Fuego, and the illustration appended showed the pointed peaks of the Land of Fire.

But before we can penetrate so far South we have to look at the Andes, and we regret that space, or rather the want of it, will not permit us to do more than take a somewhat superficial inspection of the mighty volcanoes in this splendid mountain range, which has been estimated to extend actually from the mouth of the Atrato to the rocks of Diego Ramirez, a distance of four thousand five hundred miles. But if we include the connected chain of the North American continent, we have full nine thousand miles of continuous mountains. Geographically, the Andes are divided into groups.—We have therefore the Andes of Grenada, of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, Patagonia, and Tierra del Fuego. The summits of this chain vary from Cape Horn, which is three thousand feet high, to the magnificent Aconcagua, which is more than twenty-two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The geology of the Andes is comparatively little known, but it is pretty certain that these mountains were upheaved before the Rocky Mountains. There are numerous volcanoes in the range, no less than fifty-one having been counted. In Ecuador the volcanoes are particularly prominent, but all are not equally active. In the district near Quito, the greatest number of active volcanoes have been observed, and as is the case in Mexico, the issue of lava is not generally to be seen. Cotopaxi, which is perhaps the most generally active of the whole, shoots up fiery matter, it is said, to a height of three thousand feet, and the detonations and thunders of this mighty volcano have been heard at a distance of nearly six hundred miles; and on one occasion a mass of rock was hurled from the crater to a distance of more than eight miles. The rock measured three hundred cubic feet.

To climb such mountains as the Andes may well be considered a feat, or succession of feats, in mountaineering. These mighty summits till lately—that is, till February 1880—have defied humanity to overtop them. It has been reserved for our countryman, Mr. Edward Whymper, the conqueror of the once invincible and still formidable Matterhorn, to vanquish these giants, and in the following letter, which we reproduce from the *Times*, his grand triumph is recorded in a very unostentatious manner, though such results must have cost weeks and months of trouble, anxiety and calcu-

lation. Here is the letter—addressed to Mr. Tuckett, a well-known Alpine climber.

"Quito, March 18, 1880.

"MY DEAR TUCKETT,

"You will be glad to hear that I have succeeded in polishing off Chimborazo, Corazon, Sincholagna, and Antisana. We have also passed twenty-six consecutive hours on the top of Cotopaxi. This last I reckon a feat, and I am not aware that any one has ever before encamped at so great an altitude as 19,500 feet.

"Antisana is the most difficult of those we have been up, and few more difficult ascents have ever been made.

"We are now going off to Cayambe, the mountain on the Equator, and shall try on the same journey to polish off Saranen and Cotocachi. Cayambe is thought to be an active volcano, but it is not certain that this is the case, neither is its height well determined. The height of Saranen is not known, but it *is* high. Cotocachi is the volcano which destroyed Ibarra some years ago, and is reputed to be 16,300 feet high.

"We have grown out of being affected by rarefaction of the air, and can be quite gay and lively at 19,000 ft. At first I was fairly knocked over by it, and was rendered quite incapable. The Carrels also were nearly as bad.

"The way in which one's time gets muddled away here is horrible. Directly you get into a town or village you seem to be stuck fast. And we were unfortunate, first in getting stopped at Colon by the destruction of the Panama Railway, and secondly by Louis Carrel getting his feet frost-bitten on Chimborazo, and being useless to me for five weeks afterwards.

"The climate of Ecuador is the most utterly abominable that can be imagined. We have not had one single day fine from beginning to end, and not one view from a mountain top. An hour of clear weather from six to seven, A.M. is the most you can reckon on, and after that everything is bottled up in a mist. If this letter is deficient in clearness you will understand why.

"We carry about mercurial barometers everywhere, and boil water to an extent that would delight you heart.

"Faithfully yours,

"EDWARD WHYMPER."

Here we have the brief report of the victory gained over five immense peaks, and no doubt before these lines are in type, and at any rate before they are read by our young friends, a number of lesser mountains will have bowed their haughty heads to the irresistible Whympers. Climbing such mountains as these is no mere Alpine excursion. To the comparatively known dangers incidental to frost and snow, we have in the Andes the certain uncertainty of volcanic action. At any moment some huge gap may occur in the path, or a fissure yawn behind the traveller and for a time effectually bar his retreat. Even the passes of the Andes are at a great height, and Quito, where Mr. Whympers dated his letter is ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. From this elevated position the inhabitants can gaze upon the snow-clad giants, but we very much question if the most venturesome, if even the oldest, inhabitant ever thought of climbing up these mountains.

There is one point to which we have already incidentally referred, and which is commented upon in Mr. Tuckett's letter, enclosing Mr. Whympers's communication, and that is, the possibility of breathing without difficulty at an altitude of nineteen thousand feet. We think, putting Mr. Whympers's experience aside, that there can be no doubt that one may become accustomed to the rarefaction of the air, and not feel any ill effects from it. In foregoing chapters we have mentioned instances in which the "mountain sickness" has been very marked. Dr. Saussure felt it on Mont Blanc—people still experience it at even less altitudes. On this very Chimborazo, Humboldt, although he did not gain the top, "felt a disposition to vomit, and blood came from his lips and gums." But it is quite possible to get accustomed to rarefied air, for we know that in South America

women will dance for hours at an altitude not far short of that of Mont Blanc, and the battle of Pichincha was fought at a similar elevation. For other views in substantiation of this, *vide* Boussingault's "*Voyages aux Volcans de l'Équateur*."

Mr. Whympers is the first traveller who has ever gained the crest of Chimborazo, although Humboldt reached within a thousand feet or so of the summit. He pronounced Cotopaxi quite inaccessible, but Mr. Whympers has convinced us that Humboldt was in error on this point, and we have read that in 1872 the mountain was ascended by a German traveller. Monsieur Boussingault has also ascended Chimborazo, Antisana, and Cotopaxi, but did not reach the actual crests. This account of the ascent of Chimborazo is interesting, and we will glance at it briefly.

From Riobamba, where the traveller was staying, he made the attempt, and on the 14th December, 1831, he started. The party slept at a farm-house, some twelve thousand feet above the sea-level, and on the 15th they started on mules. The slope got very precipitous, and the mules halted frequently, and after attaining an elevation of sixteen thousand feet, the party reached the glaciers. The difficulty of breathing became very great, and only a few steps could be made at a time. The snow gave no secure footing, and after some hours' climbing the party found that they had scarcely ascended one thousand feet.

The expedition was at length given up for that day, and the travellers returned to the farm where they had passed the night. They determined to ascend the other slope by which Humboldt had gone up, and by this route they gained a height of 18,460 feet, but were by no means satisfied. From the place where they were resting, they had on the right a frightful abyss, and on the left an immense turret. It was important to gain this tower of rock, and at length by a series of gymnastic exercises sufficient to rouse the emulation of the native goat, the travellers reached the red tower. The next step was to test the immense snow-slope in

front, and here the leader of the expedition displayed much presence of mind. He directed his negro attendant to try it first, and finding the snow was of "a convenient consistency," the ascent was continued. What would have become of the negro if the snow had been of "inconvenient" consistency we can only conjecture.

But presence of mind was not confined to the nominal leader: Colonel Hall who had gone up, and had with the aforesaid negro planted himself firmly but kindly to receive the narrator. He, in sliding over, detached a piece of rock, which fell so close to the colonel as to cause him to totter. In nowise alarmed, this gallant officer drew his pocket magnifying-glass, and turned it upon the rebellious stone, which was good enough to keep quiet. The unlucky stone was a block of trachyte. Such heroism as this deserves record; the ascent was subsequently continued with excellent results. The air was found very exhausting, the snow most difficult, and underlaid with hard and slippery ice. Steps had to be cut, and as may be imagined this cutting fell to the lot of the negro, who was "exhausted in a moment." This was not promising, and as regards the duration of labour was rather disappointing. The narrator went to help and incontinently slipped, when, though held up by his companions, he and all were in imminent danger for a time. But courage returned, and in one hour and three quarters the party landed on the ridge, which is rather vaguely described as being "some feet in width." The travellers had now, and not without great risk, reached an elevation of 19,513 feet, which, it is added, "is I believe the greatest height to which men have ever climbed."

This was not the summit, however; and now that the evil effect of the rarefaction of the air was wearing off (as it did always when the party were at rest—a fact since confirmed by Mr. Whympers's experience)—all felt lively. A storm began to rage beneath, and, fearing a snow-storm or the approach of the clouds, the party began the descent, which in the face of a terrible hail-

storm was difficult and dangerous. M. de Boussingault's observations are worth quoting. He says—"I have seen repeated on Chimborazo all the facts I have noticed in treating of the volcanoes of the Equator. . . The mass of Chimborazo is formed by an accumulation of trachytic *débris*, heaped together without any order. There is nothing to indicate the existence of lava—nothing but muddy, elastic fluids, or incandescent blocks more or less solid, have come out of these craters."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"A RAILROAD IN THE CLOUDS."*

WE cannot leave the Andes without speaking of the wonderful high-level railway constructed over and through these mountains,—the work of an American engineer. This stupendous undertaking starts from Lima, or rather at Calláo, and following the valley of the Rimac on a winding and ascending gradient, crosses the Andes in a tunnel at a height of 15,645 feet above the level of the sea. From this elevation it descends to Aroya by the valley of the Yauli river. From Lima the traveller soon reaches the mountains; but until after we pass Chosica the difficulties do not appear very great. The line winds about and vanishes into distant tunnels in the far-away precipices, as the tiny Festiniog line does, only the Festiniog line and its mountain surroundings bear something of the appearance of the Andes railways looked at through an inverted telescope—the eye at the larger end.

Clinging tightly to the side of the mountains as it crawls upward, the line of railway winds about and crosses the river again and again. In some places the railway curves right up to the head of a valley, in a way familiar to travellers on the Welsh line to Hereford; but the scenery is very different. A fairy-like, almost gossamer, viaduct spans the gorge, 575 feet in length. It is called the highest bridge in the world,

and is known as the Verrugas Viaduct—a wonder indeed in this Land of the Incas. The clouds and storm-winds toss and rage beneath this thin spider-web structure; yet all the tests to which it has been subjected have failed to move it, or to deflect it from its foundations.

Away, away through the gathering clouds, and midst the roar of torrents, up to Matucana, nearly 8,000 feet high; while still above tower the Cordilleras in snow-capped masses twenty-seven miles away in a direct line. Snow-flakes now fall thickly, and the desolation increases with the grandeur as we advance. Now we pass the site of that enormous land-slip which dammed up the great river bed and made such a lake that even Lima was held in suspense for days by the fear of the outbreak in the mountains. However a railroad was surveyed and constructed in such regions as these is a thing few can understand. In some instances the triangulations were made from the opposite side of a valley, and the road mapped out from such calculations. Labourers and navigators were let down from the stupendous cliffs to dig and face and level the road, while birds of prey resented the intrusion. Engineers, their lives in their hands, were swung across the most tremendous chasms on wire ropes, and hauled along by blocks and pulleys, hundreds of feet in the air, swaying in the wind, seated on a board as on a child's swing, between earth and heaven.

In fifteen miles the road winds through twenty-two tunnels driven through rock so hard that diamond drills had to be employed to cut it. About this part of the line (near Anchi) a remarkable engineering feat was accomplished. Three enormous pinnacles of rock were tunnelled. By putting three tall extinguishers close together we shall have an idea of the pinnacles, but two were quite separated, and a bridge was necessary. To construct this bridge from tunnel to tunnel over a deep chasm was no light undertaking, and the bridge, over which the line now safely passes, is known as "Puente de los Infernillos." Here the

* The material for this chapter has been partly culled from "Scribner's Magazine," 1877.

rocks rise from above this awful gorge to a height of 15,000 feet perpendicular.

Anchi is seventy-four miles from Lima, and notwithstanding that we are (supposed to be) now 11,300 feet above the sea, there is another long ascent of 4,000 feet to be encountered before we can reach the summit of this very remarkable road. But if more difficult, the features of the route are much the same, and the Andes Railway takes its places amongst the grandest as it certainly is the highest of human achievements.

Up, up, still higher and higher, and at last the great Mount Meiggs Tunnel is reached. This culminating work is so named from Mr. Henry Meiggs the contractor who has given his name to the peak seventeen thousand feet high, which rises close to the tunnel. The history of this marvellous road has yet to be written. Besides such a work as this, the Alpine tunnels sink into insignificance. We have no desire to enter into details of construction and of the history of the line, the thousands of lives lost nor the millions of dollars expended in the undertaking. But even this modern work has a parallel in ancient remains, in energy and in skill. Read the following extract—"More than twelve thousand feet above the sea, two bleak islands in lake Titicaca, are covered with dilapidated temples and palaces and terraces where flowers once bloomed on a soil *that had been brought*, it is said, *four hundred miles*; and a fountain still flows with water conducted from unknown sources. A thousand feet below is Cuzco, the *once famous city* of the sun, and to this *day* it reflects the polity of its Incarial rulers who had palaces and pleasure-grounds in the valley of the Yucay, encircled by mountains still terraced to the summit of vanishing heights and still fortified on dizzy crags and forbidding passes."

Such engineering feats as these at a time when Egypt was in the zenith of its power, remind us that, after all, our grandest achievements can scarcely compare with

the efforts of the old inhabitants of the glorious land of the Incas.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A LAST GLANCE AT THE CORDILLERAS.— TIERRA DEL FUEGO.—THE AUSTRALIAN ALPS.—CONCLUSION.

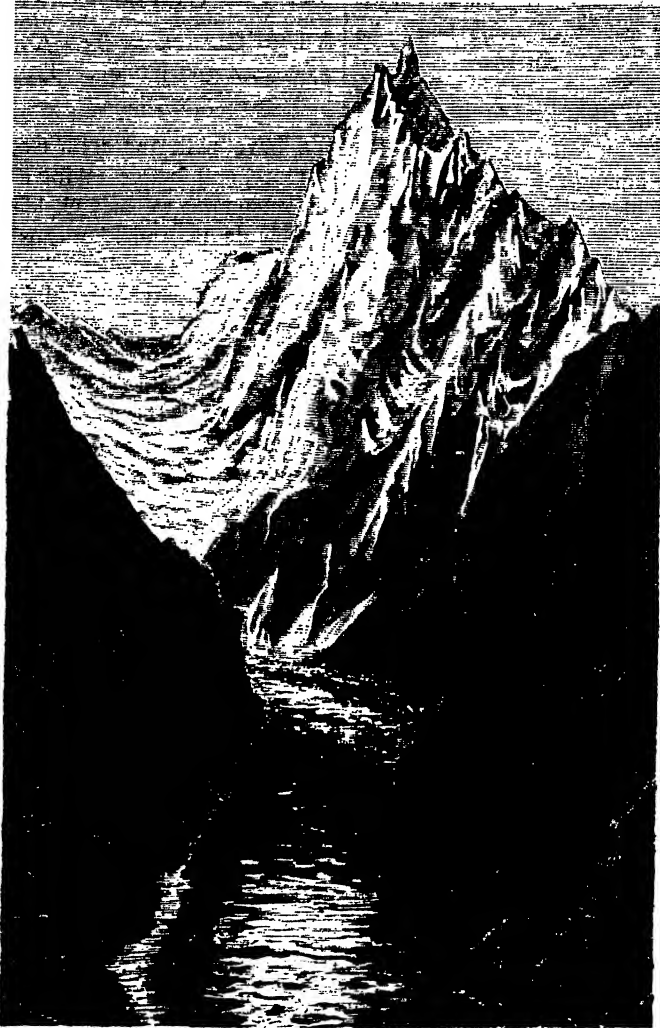
WE have used the term Cordilleras once or twice, and before taking a final leave of the mountains we may explain that "Cordilleras de los Andes," means the chain of the Andes. "Cordilleras" was the Spanish term, applied only to the higher and middle ridges of the Andes. There are four passes across the Andes into Chili and Peru, and the journey is magnificent. As we have already crossed the Andes by rail, we need not dilate upon the beauties and terrors of this expedition, particularly as there are a few more interesting facts to be chronicled. For up in the valley of the Cordilleras is an endless variety. The chain of the Andes divides into two parallel ranges, and these form all the great Western American valleys. In the higher regions, dominated by such tremendous guardians as Chimborazo and his Titanic relatives, we have "wind and storm, snow and vapour," volcanic action and most terrific thunder-storms, while as a variety, in the valley of the Cordilleras, sand and wind tempests give one a pleasant change. The Andes are wild, rugged, and defiant; there is no gentleness, no quiet beauty in their rocky fastnesses and thundering cascades.

Such wonders on such a wondrous scale cannot be seen elsewhere. Take one instance. On that sublime Mendoza route, there is one place where eleven waterfalls dash out from the towering rocks, like so many hose-pipes; and, forming a succession of glorious rainbows, pale and die away into spray that never meets the heated ground beneath. These valleys are none of your smooth, cultivated zones of earth, but terraced steppes and mountain spurs, rising gradually to the long range of snow-

capped mountains standing out against the sky.

We must now travel southward, for time presses, and we must warm our hands in

the Land of Fire ere we rest. So from Peru through Chili (a good preparation for the Fiery Land) to Patagonia and the South. Here at Cape Horn the infant Andes may



Glaciers of Mount Cook.

be said to begin their journey. This celebrated cape is but three thousand feet high. From this point the young hills skip from island to island, until their youthful strength is recognized as the Patagonian Andes, but of these we need not speak at length. Lower down in Tierra del Fuego, we find some

lofty peaked mountains, the famous Bell Mountain, rising five thousand feet. This inhospitable shore, bearing such names as Desolation Isle and Starvation Beach, will long be remembered as the scene of the deaths of the members of the expedition under Captain Allen Gardiner, who with

his followers perished in their worthy endeavours to ameliorate the condition of the Patagonians and Fuegians. The record of their manly attempt to bring a knowledge of the Gospel to the nations of that inhospitable land does not come under the headings of our declared object; so we must pass such adventures by with a rapid glance at the graves of our countrymen, who met an equally glorious death, at least, as many who even in the cause of scientific observation, and much more than those who in search of excitement, have met a terrible fate on the stupendous crags of some lofty mountain. Yes, here, far away from home and all that home held dear, this brave band encountered death by starvation; and yet, as in the case of that brave American on Mont Blanc, they kept a record of their sufferings till compelled to drop the pen and die.

What did those sufferers do? Written upon the gaunt rocks were words of terrible import—"Haste to Spaniard's Harbour. We are starving." In the hope of attracting attention these words were written on the crags and buried in bottles sent out to sea. But no relief came. Returning to Spaniard's Harbour, they endeavoured to eke out by every human contrivance the miserable supplies they could obtain. They hope that they will be able to survive for two months. But no! Scurvy grasps them. Mid-winter sets in. Starvation assails them. A fox, a few mice, and a fish or two: then mussels, limpets, and sea-weeds, are greedily consumed. Then the little band become separated, and some lingering in caves, some in the boat upon the beach—one by one they pass away and die. The succour despatched came too late. The painted words upon the rocks alone directed the attention of H.M.S. *Dido* to the spot, and the journals written by dying hands were found and sent home.

No one can touch upon Tierra del Fuego and ignore the noble self-devotion displayed by Captain Allen Gardiner and his trusty crew. Tierra del Fuego is an inhospitable shore, and the snow-capped summits, offer no

attraction to the mountain explorer; so we may pass on, for the last time, for a hurried look at the New Zealand Mountains, representatives of which will be found on pages close at hand.

Australia proper, and its explorers, its Blue Mountains, and the wonderful zig-zag railway ascent, must for the present remain undescribed. In New Zealand we shall find real mountains, volcanoes, geysers and glaciers, summits which may be compared with Swiss peaks, and glaciers which will compare with Oberland Ice-fields. Our goose-wing pen bears us lightly down upon the Maori-land. Captain Abel Tasman, a Hollander, in 1642 discovered New Zealand and bestowed a Dutch name upon the territory. Cook passed between the two islands, which had at first been supposed to be one, and the passage was accordingly called *Cook's Strait*. Our difficulties, and our wars with the native New Zealand races are well known. About 1840 the French took it into their heads that New Zealand would be a very excellent colony for *La Belle France*. The islands were not officially appropriated by any European government. But the numbers of emigrants from Europe were not sufficient. The English got wind of the matter and Britishers poured in. Might became right: the English appropriated New Zealand, and it is ours to this day.

The northern island is called, in the Maori language *Ti-Ika-a-Maoni*, or "Maoni's Fish," because that gentleman, an Antarctic Hercules, pulled it or hooked it from the bottom of the sea. New Ulster is, we believe, the official name, and this Irishism is well maintained in its natural attributes, for the Northern Island is really the more southern in its climate, and is said to be very beneficial to consumptive patients. Warm springs and geysers, somewhat after the manner of the Yellowstone district, are found in all directions. From Lake Taupo the traveller has an excellent view of some smoking summits—of no great height, however—Tongariro and Ruapehu, which dominate in snow-capped splendour the

lower heights called by the natives the giants' wives and children. Legends tell us that a third giant called Taranaki

was overcome by the two former, fled to the western shore, where, under the modern name of Mount Egmont, he keeps his



Mount Egmont.

solitary guard. We give an illustration of this extinct volcano, which is about seven thousand feet high.

In the Southern Island we have a chain of mountains which have been termed the Australian Alps, for the elevation of these mountains attains a height varying between of the Swiss Alps and the Pyrenees.

Mount Cook is more than eleven thousand feet high, and explorers may yet discover mountains worth ascending, when the more northern and more distant peaks have been exhausted. These Alpine heights extend along the west coast of the island. Here are not wanting all the attractions of Switzerland, except the cheerful horn blown

for a gratuity, and the cannon warranted to awake the echoes for fifty *centimes*. Here are glaciers and ice-caves and grottos, and probably tourists ; and in time there will be hotels, and all the accompaniments of advanced civilization, personally conducted, and why not ? The glaciers of Waiau and Tasman are very fine.

Now we have arrived at the end of the earth, and we must soon depart again. This time we will take our imaginary flight homewards to rest after our long journeys over so many hills and so far away. We have not said anything about adventures upon English or Welsh mountains ; for, although many very interesting adventures could be narrated touching our "tight little island," the excitement attendant upon and the romance connected with snow and ice and foreign mountain regions are necessarily absent. Therefore we abstain from any British mountains, which our young readers can scale for themselves, and we trust find health and strength in the process, as we ourselves have happily done.

We have travelled together over many lands, and looked upon many peaks since we started, and now our journeyings have come to an end. That the writer has been an infallible guide is not to be expected. He has endeavoured to the best of his ability to put facts and fearless adventures before you in a pleasant way ; and the "powder" of instruction, where it has been administered, has been as carefully as possible hidden in the jam and sugar of adventure.

So far as the narrator is concerned, he can affirm that he has enjoyed his mountaineering very much. Before these lines are in type, or, at any rate, before they meet the reader's eye, he hopes to welcome the old places in Switzerland once again, and from the well-known but ever-new Alpine peaks and passes to recall some of the hardy mountaineering records which he has for so many pleasant weeks gathered together for your amusement. So, young friends, we bid you, kindly and regretfully,—Farewell



ROBERT BRUCE.

By L. M. C. LAMB.



TILL Edward of England could not induce himself to believe that the fair kingdom of Scotland had slipped from his nerveless grasp. He summoned a parliament at York, and entreated his barons to devise some means of wresting the sovereign power from Bruce, or at all events of curbing his ever-increasing influence. He even wanted to lead the dispersed fugitives who had rejoined him back to Scotland, to try his fate in another battle; but this was totally out of the question: the very name of the Scottish king made his terrified sol-

diers quake in their harness, and it was quite hopeless to expect any assistance from them until this feeling had subsided.

1315 witnessed the marriage of King Robert's only child Marjory with Walter, the Steward of Scotland, and the act by which the succession to the crown was settled. Now also the Irish of Ulster who had long been yearning for an opportunity of throwing off the English yoke, implored Bruce's assistance, and offered to elect his brother Edward sovereign. No proposal could possibly have been more welcome to the ambitious and fiery Edward than this; and, full of ardour, we find him starting in May for the Emerald Isle with an army of 6000 men. Success attended most of his first efforts; numerous Irish chieftains

flocked to his standard, some of them even voluntarily giving hostages for the performance of their engagements; Dundalk, Atherdee, and several places of less importance fell into the hands of the Scots; the English were defeated at the battle of Coleraine, and Edward was solemnly invested with the crown of Ireland on the 2nd May, 1316. This, however, is anticipating our narrative; for before Edward could thus obtain the "coronal of royalty," there was much to arrange, and when the crown was once in his possession, he would probably have much ado to keep it; as the fact of their having been chased from Scotland by Robert Bruce was likely to make the English cling all the more tenaciously to their Irish possessions. Accordingly we hear that the Earl of Moray was despatched into Scotland to entreat the king to hurry over with as great a force as possible to Edward's assistance. Leaving his kingdom to the guardianship of his son-in-law the High Steward, and Douglas, Bruce hastened to obey his brother's summons, and embarking at Lochrian in Galloway, speedily found himself at Carrickfergus, which place Edward was for the second time besieging, and the garrison of which, reduced by famine, was now forced to capitulate. Elate with victory, Edward's next ambition was to make himself master of Dublin; and with this view the two brothers set out southwards, the elder very sceptical of the ultimate success of the Irish expedition, the younger exultant and doubting of nothing. Perhaps some occurrence on the road may have shaken Edward's faith; perhaps his brother's less sanguine anticipations may have had some effect on him: anyway, we find that the Scots turned aside at

Leixlip, where they encamped on the shores of the river Liffey, and directed their next march to Naas, Callan, and thence to Limerick.

Meanwhile the English were assembling their forces, and preparing for a desperate encounter with the two Bruces, when they learnt that the Scottish army had retreated into Ulster, their numbers greatly thinned by famine and illness. King Robert now, leaving a large body of troops with his brother, returned to Scotland, into which, taking advantage of his absence, the English had made numerous incursions, and where, had it not been for the courage and valour of Douglas and the High Steward, they would have worked considerable mischief. As it was, however, their designs had been frustrated, and the guardians had covered themselves with glory by their noble defence of the borders.

Bruce's return and the anticipation of his probable schemes for vengeance put the weak English king into a fever of nervous apprehension; and under these circumstances he determined to invoke the aid of Pope John XXII. and the powers of Holy Church to defend him from the Scottish king. The result of this application was a papal bull, forbidding any renewal of hostilities between the two monarchs, or rather "between the King of England and him who pretended to be the King of Scotland," for the space of two years, "to commence from the time of the notification of this bull." When Bruce had notice of this he was at Berwick, busily engaged in making preparations to assault the castle and town. Casting his eyes carelessly on the papers, which were addressed to "Robert Brus, Governor of Scotland," he coolly answered he knew no such person; that they could not be meant for him "who was King of Scotland;" and that though in his army he might have individuals named Robert Brus, "neither was any of them Governor of Scotland;" and he therefore declined to have anything to do with what did not concern him. A second messenger

met with no better success: his declarations to various barons, of the purpose of his errand, was treated with contempt, "no one seeming so much as to hear what he said;" and Robert, on being appealed to, said that though he had every desire for a peace with Edward of England, he would not listen to any papal bull or any other document in which his proper title of King of Scotland was withheld—"Moreover," he added as the crest-fallen friar was about to depart, "I stipulate that the town of Berwick shall be yielded to me." But careless and thoughtless as Edward II. undoubtedly was, he could but recognize the vast importance of defending this frontier town most jealously; accordingly, though in many respects heedless of the wise policy of his father, he had always kept the fortifications of Berwick in thorough repair, and garrisoned the castle with a force sufficient to repel attacks from the predatory Scots. There is, consequently, every probability that Robert's endeavours to gain possession of the town would, even if eventually successful, have involved some delay, had not the treachery of one of the inhabitants unexpectedly placed it in his power. Rendered vicious by some real or fancied grievances from the English governor, a man named Spalding resolved in revenge to betray the place to the Scots. Unable to obtain an interview with the king, he took the Earl of March into his confidence, and the latter immediately reported the proposal; adding that Spalding would in a few nights be on duty at a post near the spot still known as Cowport, and that by his assistance a party of Scots would have no difficulty in scaling the walls, and making themselves masters of the town. "You did well to acquaint me with this scheme," observed the king, "for if you had mentioned it to either Douglas or Randolph you would have incurred the displeasure of the one not in your confidence, and possibly endangered the success of the enterprise by the emulation of these two brave men; as it is they will act in concert, and be of great assistance."

When the appointed night arrived, March, Douglas, and Randolph rendezvoused at a place called the Dunse Park, and advancing to the town with a small body of men, entered it unperceived by any one but the treacherous Spalding. After some hard fighting, in which a young knight named Sir William Keith did eminently distinguish himself, the assailants were victorious, and at noon the town had surrendered. Not so the castle; for many of the townsmen having fled there for safety, and the already large garrison being in this manner numerically strengthened, the defenders obstinately sustained a siege of, some say six, and some, eleven weeks before they would own themselves vanquished, and then were only driven to capitulate by famine. Quarter was given to all who asked it; and King Robert appointed his son-in-law, the High Steward, governor of the new and important acquisition. Then he proceeded southwards, and invaded Northumberland, where he took the castles of Harbottle, Wark, and Milford. Another similar expedition took place in May, when, penetrating into Yorkshire, the Scots possessed themselves of several considerable towns, burnt and ravaged a great portion of the country, and finally forced the inhabitants of Ripon to redeem themselves by payment of 1000 marks; after which they returned homewards laden with booty, and "driving their prisoners before them like a flock of sheep."

News of the defeat and death of Edward Bruce at the battle of Dundalk now arrived in Scotland and added to the necessity already existing by the death of Bruce's only daughter Marjory, wife of Walter the High Steward, for making some fresh arrangements as to the succession to the Scottish crown. For this purpose the king summoned a council at Scone (December, 1318), when it was enacted, that, failing direct male issue, King Robert should be succeeded by his grandson, Robert Stewart, the only child of the deceased Marjory; and that the guardian-

ship of the kingdom, if he inherited during his minority, should be invested in Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, or failing him in Lord James Douglas. On this occasion many salutary laws were also made, some of which still show how carefully Bruce had his subjects' interest at heart; others, again, are almost textual copies of Edward I.'s enactments, so it is evident that the Scottish king did justice to the sound policy of his deceased antagonist, and was not above profiting by the example of the "English Justinian."

Though harassed on all sides—with the people of Wales menacing a rebellion, his government in Ireland opposed, the northern part of his kingdom overrun by enemies whose track was marked by devastation and ruin, and his barons openly dissatisfied at his boundless generosity to a succession of worthless minions—Edward II. was still haunted by regret at having suffered Berwick to be wrested from him. Its importance had never seemed so great as when he had lost possession of it; and in 1319, urged by an uncontrollable desire to see the English banner wave once more from the summit of the highest tower, he determined to comply with the most humiliating demands of his vassals rather than leave the border fortress any longer without a struggle in the hands of his arch enemy, Robert of Scotland. Full of this idea, he reconciled himself with the Earl of Lancaster and some of the most powerful barons, assembled his army at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 24th July, and prepared to attack Berwick on all sides. Engines of every kind known in the warfare of those days were brought to bear upon the walls; notably a "sow," or movable shelter of wood, under cover of which a body of men could undermine portions of the defences. This huge machine mounted on wheels, was drawn close under the walls, and the English began their operations; while the Scots on their side brought a huge crane (made by John Crab, a Fleming, "whereby stones of great weight might be raised on high," and then hurled on the enemy) to the edge of the fortifications.

Presently stone after stone came crashing down, with no effect; the garrison were hardly numerous enough to maintain the several posts simultaneously attacked by the English, and were becoming gradually disheartened, when one huge missile, better aimed than its predecessors, was launched into space, and, striking the beams of the "sow" with tremendous impetus, shattered it to pieces. Faggots of burning wood were speedily thrown down; the men's courage was reanimated by this success, and soon the dreaded and cumbrous "sow" was annihilated in flames. Foiled in this attempt, the English were only rendered more obstinate in devising other means of aggression. They now directed their attention to that side of the castle towards the estuary, and bringing up some vessels "fitted with falling bridges half-mast high," they ran in close alongside, and by means of these temporary passages thrown over the walls, entered the town in numbers. Here they met with a warm reception from the Steward, who, leading out a body of men, repulsed them most valiantly. From the distance, King Robert saw the desperate attempts of the besiegers and the gallant resistance of the beleaguered garrison. He knew the Steward would hold out to the uttermost, but he was also convinced that unless he received assistance in some manner, the enemy must finally force him to surrender. To afford any direct aid was impracticable, as the English army was between him and the besieged fortress: to remain inactive and witness the capitulation of its hard-pressed governor, equally impossible. Under these circumstances, the king decided on making an attempt to draw off some at least of Edward's forces, by sending 15,000 men into England under the command of the Earl of Moray and Lord Douglas. This step, to be of any use, must be effected immediately; the king therefore issued his orders to the two zealous generals, and the large body of men at once left the field in the direction of the western marches. At this precise period, King Edward, unable even when most in need of support to avoid contentions with

his barons, offended the powerful Earl of Lancaster so bitterly, that the enraged nobleman retired from the English camp with all his followers, and betook himself to his favourite domain of Pontefract in Yorkshire, leaving his sovereign to regret, too late, the error of policy which had allowed any consideration to separate him from such a puissant associate. Douglas and Randolph meanwhile pressed on towards York, having formed *en route* the daring project of carrying off Queen Isabella from Brotherton, where she was staying with her children, and after conducting her into Scotland, making the abandonment of all claim to Berwick by Edward the price of her ransom. This anticipation was doomed to disappointment; for intelligence of the proposed attempt had got abroad through a Scottish spy, whom the English had apprehended at York; and the queen had already been sent under a strong escort to Nottingham. Rendered all the more ferocious by the failure of their design, Douglas and Randolph vented their spleen upon the unlucky inhabitants of the north and west ridings, and made those districts the scenes of terrible devastations. Fired with a desire for military distinction, William de Melton, the Archbishop of York, collected an army, composed mainly of labourers and ecclesiastics, and with it determined to give battle to the Scots at Milton, near Boroughbridge. This untrained and ill-assorted multitude met with precisely the fate that any one less sanguine than the archbishop might have foreseen, and gave way in great disorder, leaving 3000 of their number to bear witness to their temerity.

Bruce had not been wrong in calculating the effect which the intelligence of this invasion would produce on the besiegers of Berwick: a council was held, and its decision was that the English should immediately retire southwards, and try to cut off the return of the Scottish forces. But Douglas and Randolph were too old soldiers to be caught in such a trap as this; and contrived to elude the English army, and to take back with them both prisoners and plunder.

In the following year (1320) King Robert sent ambassadors to Pope John XXII. to solicit a repeal of the sentence of excommunication which had been first pronounced against him in 1318, and lately renewed. The wily Pontiff would, however, return no direct answer, but contented himself with "allowing the King of Scots to renew his solicitations any time before the 1st of May 1321," and requesting him not to violate again the truce with the King of England, the observance of which the Holy Father had commanded, as we know before the taking of Berwick. Cordially as they detested one another, neither Robert nor Edward was at this period ill-disposed for a temporary cessation of hostilities; so negotiations were commenced, and resulted in a truce to endure till Christmas, 1321. Though the greater part of the Scots were now filled with loyalty and admiration for Bruce, there were still some disaffected spirits who, desiring rather their own advancement than the happiness of their country, entered into a conspiracy to dethrone the present monarch, and elevate in his place Sir William de Soulis, hereditary Butler of Scotland. This plot was revealed by the Countess of Strathern, and brought bitter punishment on all concerned: David de Brechin, the king's nephew, and three other knights were condemned to death and executed; de Soulis imprisoned for life, and all the other members of the conspiracy treated with rigorous severity.

In England many of the nobles—after having repeatedly urged the king to banish the two De Spensers (father and son) who had succeeded to Gaveston's late post of favourite—irritated beyond measure at his continual refusals, had put themselves under the leadership of the Earls of Lancaster and Hereford, and had flown to arms and devastated the rich possessions which Edward's lavish generosity had bestowed upon the ill-fated objects of his affection. Justly incensed at their conduct, the king swore to be revenged on the disloyal noblemen; and assembling as large a force as he could muster, marched northward to Pontefract,

where Lancaster had retired. Hearing of Edward's approach, the Earl started in great haste for his northern Castle of Dunstanburgh, but was intercepted on the road by Andrew de Hartcla, the governor of Carlisle, taken prisoner, and beheaded as guilty of high treason.

Elate with victory, Edward resolved to take advantage of this happy turn in his fortunes to make an expedition against the Scots. He accordingly sent to his foreign dominions for men and provisions, called together his English vassals, and appointed a general rendezvous at Newcastle on the 24th July. King Robert hearing of these preparations, and not the least disposed to wait Edward's arrival without trying to do him some damage, at once despatched Randolph and Douglas into the western marches with orders to destroy all the crops, lay waste the surrounding country, take possession of every head of cattle they could find, and send them back to Scotland with all speed. He then proceeded along the coast to Lancashire, where he seized everything of value, and with wagons piled full of treasures, retraced his steps, disposed his lately acquired valuables in secure places, and then burnt the whole country as far as the Frith of Forth, after which he retired to Culross to await the English king. Soon after the appointed day, Edward's army marched northward; waste and desolation surrounded them on all sides—a silence as of death and "to be felt." Weary, famished, footsore and dispirited, at last they reached the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where the scene of misery and ruin renewed itself before their eyes; and none were sorry when, after a miserable sojourn of fifteen days, the order was given for the troops to set out on their march southwards, and the soldiers could once more turn their faces towards the land of plenty they so bitterly regretted having quitted.

As a result of this fruitless expedition, a truce, to last fifteen years, was concluded at Thorpe, in Yorkshire, and signed by Bruce at Berwick on the 7th June, 1323. The Scottish sovereign made further efforts for a

reconciliation with the Church in the course of this year: the Earl of Moray was sent to Rome as ambassador, and as an extra inducement to the pope to relax his severities, was empowered to propose that Robert with a large force would, if His Holiness thought well, join the French king in a crusade to Syria. But once again the secret machinations of England frustrated Robert's desire, at the same time nullifying Randolph's diplomacy, and causing him to return to Scotland without having been able to effect the purpose of his journey.

We must conclude our notice of the occurrences of 1323 by mentioning an event which filled the court of Scotland with delight, and gave to King Robert the pleasant prospect of being succeeded in his dominions by a direct heir: we refer to the birth of Prince David, which took place at Dunfermline on the 5th of March. Although the arrival of this fresh member of the royal family would seem to have called for considerable and immediate alterations in the existing provisions with regard to the succession to the Scottish throne, King Robert appears to have taken advantage of the most unusual circumstance of a prolonged peace to regulate several other matters of importance, and to have put off the formal recognition of his successor until 1326, when, in a parliament held at Cambuskenneth, "the hail barones of the kingdome did giue ther othe of homage and fealtee to Prince David, and failling of him to Robert Steuarte, the Kinges grand chyld."

In January, 1327, the arrogant ambition of Queen Isabella and her favourite Mortimer, the discontents of the barons, and his own weak and impolitic conduct, combined to cause the overthrow of Edward II. of England, forced the sceptre from his incapable grasp, and sent this unworthy son of the gallant "Longshanks" to mourn in captivity the errors of a misspent existence. The crown, whose majesty he had so ill known how to guard, was placed on the brow of his young son, Edward III., at the palace of Westminster; and thus com-

menced that long reign of fifty years, than which there are few more glorious in the annals of English History.

One of the first steps taken after the accession of this young sovereign was the ratification of the truce with Scotland, an engagement to which it is evident that King Robert attached but small importance, since almost immediately bands of Scots broke into and ravaged Northumberland. To avenge this insult and use the sword with which he had been "solemnly girt by Henry of Lancaster," was Edward III.'s first desire; so he summoned an army of 50,000 men, among which were 500 auxiliaries from Hainault (then accounted the best soldiers in the world) to rendezvous at Durham, and, guided by the smoke of burning villages, marched off in quest of the devastating foe; but these were so lightly equipped, and carried so little baggage, that they had always time to make off before the heavily-accounted cavalry of the English king could come up with them. After much time wasted thus fruitlessly, a council was held, and it was decided to proceed northwards and cross the Tyne with the hope of cutting off the marauding Scots on their return journey. After lingering on the banks of the river for a week, Edward had cause to regret his temerity in venturing into a region so utterly bare and desolate: provisions were scarce, forage more so; the drenching rain came down in torrents, till the ground was a sea of black mud; added to this, the soldiers were becoming mutinous, and at length, in spite of all his ardour, the young king was compelled to admit the necessity of retracing his steps southwards, unless intelligence of the position of the Scottish army arrived soon. Reconnoitring parties were sent out in all directions, but one and all returned with the same report; on every side smouldering ruins were seen, but nowhere any other trace of the Scots. A proclamation was now made, by which, to stimulate his men to increased exertion, the king promised a reward of a hundred pounds and the honour of knighthood "from his own hand," to

anyone who should bring certain intelligence of their whereabouts. Four days passed in this manner ; continual parties of knights and squires departed, only to return more disheartened and weary than when they set out ; and Edward was about to give the order to abandon this seemingly useless quest, when an esquire,* galloping up to him hastily, said, "Sire, I bring you news of the Scots ; they are lying at three



leagues distance from here, lodged on the top of a mountain, where they have remained a week looking for you. They know no more where to find you than you did to discover them ; the truth of this you can believe, for to hear it I approached so near them that I was taken prisoner. They have now set me at liberty to tell you where you may seek them, and that they are as eager for battle as you are." Overjoyed at this information, the king put himself under the guidance of Rokeby (whom according to promise he had knighted) and marched to the spot indicated, to find that the Scots had taken up their position on a rising ground, where they had the river Wear in front and their flanks guarded by rocks and precipices. Recognising the impossibility of attacking the enemy while thus disposed,

* Named Thomas Rokeby.

Edward tried first to lure them from their vantage ground; and then, finding that Douglas and Randolph did not attempt to move, sent his herald to challenge them to fight in a fair field: "Either suffer me to pass the river unmolested, and give me room to range my forces," said he, "or come to my side of the water, where I will leave you room to range yours." But this proposal met with no success, and the Scottish generals returned the haughty answer that they had taken up their present position from choice, and that if their doing so displeased the king of England, he had better come and chastise them. Edward's great hope was that the Scots might be driven to make less arrogant terms by a scarcity of provisions; but in this he was doomed to disappointment, for, whereas he and his army lay on the desolate side of the river, the Scots on the south bank could light enormous fires and "fare sumptuously" on the herds of cattle they seized from the inhabitants. Two days passed, and still the armies remained within sight of one another; but when the grey dawn of the third morning cast the first glimmer of light around, the English looked in vain for their adversaries, who under cover of the night had decamped, and were now occupying an even more formidable position than that they had just quitted, two miles lower down the Wear. Here Edward followed them, and posted his forces on an opposite hill, where it would appear they kept but a careless guard; for the Douglas made a midnight entry into their camp, and penetrating to the king's pavilion very nearly succeeded in capturing the young monarch; and in all probability would have done so, had it not been for the "brave and devoted stand" made by some members of the household and his chaplain, who lost their lives while gallantly defending the person of their sovereign until further aid arrived. Disappointed of this hoped-for prize, Douglas sounded a retreat, cut his way through the English army, and returned to his own quarters, having only lost a small number of followers in this daring but unsuccessful enterprise.

Waiting once more till nightfall the Scots broke up their camp and arrived in their own country without further adventure; while Edward returned to Durham and the army was disbanded, its young leader considerably mortified and incensed at the utter failure of his first military expedition.

Preliminaries for a peace were commenced; and in a Parliament held at York on the 8th February, 1328, the English king agreed to resign all claims to dominion over Scotland, and to regard Robert I. as its lawful sovereign. The treaty was concluded on the 17th March, and ratified at Northampton on the 4th May; amongst other articles mentioned therein it was specified that "the stone on which the kings of Scotland were wont to sit at the time of their coronation;" the crown and other regal insignia; the deeds and documents "taken from the kingdom in 1296, and a document called 'Ragman's Roll,'" on which were inscribed the names of those barons who had sworn fealty to Edward I. of England, should be restored to the Scots. To further cement this good understanding between the two countries, a marriage was arranged between Princess Joanna of England, sister to the king, and David Bruce, son and heir of Robert I. of Scotland.

So at last the great wishes of the ambitious Earl of Carrick were all fulfilled, and he had lived to see the ratification of a peace which secured the independence of his country, and formally acknowledged his son David as heir to the kingdom of Scotland. Infirmities and disease, induced by the hardships and privations of his earlier years, had already, some time previous to the date at which we have arrived, necessitated King Robert's retirement from the active existence he loved to the seclusion of his castle of Cardross, near Dumbarton, where he now calmly awaited the summons to set forth on that far journey whence none return.

When he felt that his last hour was close at hand, he sent for the brave Douglas, and calling him to his bedside said; "Douglas, my best and most faithful comrade, I have

sent for you to ask you to help me once more. Years since, when everything around looked gloomy and hopeless, I made a vow, that if ever I were king of Scotland I would, so soon as I had put my dominions in peaceful order, assume the Cross, and devote the remainder of my life to warring against the enemies of our Lord. My last hour has come; my vow is unfulfilled, and I pray you, my gallant comrade of many a hard-fought battle, after my death to take my heart to Jerusalem, and deposit it near the Holy Sepulchre, that my soul may be so

acquitted from the vow my body is unable to perform. Promise me this, and I shall die content."

"Upon my knighthood I promise," answered the Douglas, as with sorrowful eyes he gazed upon the once stalwart figure his old companion in arms.

It seems that the gratification of this last desire had been all Bruce waited for; and soon afterwards, on the 7th June, 1329, he breathed his last breath, and forgot all his failures, successes, and ambitions, in the calm, dreamless sleep of Death.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

On pages 615—616.

1. Ban—nock—burn = Bannockburn.
2. A—gin—court = Agincourt.
3. Pink—i—e = Pinkie.
4. Dun—bar = Dunbar.
5. Doncaster—Yorkshire.
6. Town, Ohio, Wins, Nose.
7. Bato, Amos, Toss, Ossa.
8. From, Rode, Oder, Mere.
9. Erin, Rose, Iser, Nero.
10. Abel, Bale, Elba, Lead.
11. Atom.
12. Frank Smedley—Lewis Arundel.
13. Edinburgh.
14. Inverlochy.
15. Dunfermline.
16. Kilmarnock.
17. Pultneytown.
18. Ardnamurchan.
19. Carna, Vesta, Ceres.

20.

Soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.

21.

They that live longest must go farthest for wood.

22.

"It is the little rift within the lute,
That by-and-by will make the music

And ever widening slowly silence :

23.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

24. Seres, Egina, Rivet, Enemy, Satyr.
25. Stone, Tamer, Omega, Negus, Erase.
26. Often, Force, Trila, Eclat, Neath.
27. Even, Vile, Else, Need.
28. Boss, Oboe, Soar, Serf.

